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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Life and Death, the Sanctions of the Law of Love.* The Eighth Lecture on the Foundation of the late John Fernley, Esq. By G. W. OLVER, B.A., Principal of Southlands College, Battersea. London: Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road; Sold at 66, Paternoster Row. 1878.

IF we do not spend many words in commendation of this Lecture, it is not because we do not discover in it all the signs of those noble qualities, mental and moral, which we have been accustomed to associate with the name of its author. The transparent integrity in the investigation of truth, the uncompromising fidelity to formed convictions, the fearless and outspoken utterance, all these we were familiar with already, as well as with the trenchant logic, the terse and vigorous diction, the restrained affluence of illustration, which form their fitting embodiment. And they are all exemplified in the present Lecture. We thank God for men of such a type: the Church has need of them. The adherence to the old paths of evangelical truth of one such mind is worth more than the subscription of a thousand whom incompetency disables or indolence deters from the task of inquiry, or whom interest and prejudice cause to halt in its arduous prosecution. It is with satisfaction therefore that we note the author's fidelity in its main features to

the grand doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments. On some points which he deems less essential, he finds himself at variance with certain popular presentations of the truth, and even with some aspects of the truth itself, or what has been hitherto believed to be such. But the fearlessness with which he has discussed these points serves to strengthen his testimony to evangelical orthodoxy in those fundamental doctrines which he holds in common with it.

In those points in which he disagrees with the ancient and original belief of the Church we are compelled for the truth's sake to disagree with him. We do not regard his preliminary definitions as established, and we do not think they will sustain either the superstructure of views peculiar to himself, or the superstructure of views common to him and the Church, which he seeks to build upon them. The former, having no other support, must, as we think, fall to the ground: the latter, resting securely on a stronger basis, has no need, to say the least, to be injured by the disturbance of removal. Indeed, the time was not happily chosen for ventilating new theories on a subject which has been the theme of so much controversy of late. Not that Mr. Olver partakes in any degree of the curiosity of the mere truth-seeker. He writes like a man who knows that it is beings and their destinies that he is dealing with, not conceptions, and their harmonies or discords. Many lack this altogether. They know nothing of that spirit of modesty, not to say reverence, which compels the man who is actuated by it to attach some value to the opinions of other thinkers, not only of the present, but of former ages; the spirit which does not count all external tradition as fable nor take every internal suggestion for inspiration; the spirit that cannot be forward to broach new theories, lest the feeble should stumble and the scorners rejoice at their fall; the spirit, in fine, of that caution the lack of which turns courage into rashness and inquiry into dangerous speculation. From such men Mr. Olver differs *toto cœlo*. He has reverence for truth wherever found, whether in the original Christian records, or the doctrinal standards which embody their teaching. But in the present instance his usually unerring instinct has not availed to preserve him from error. Even in social and political matters, where only temporal interests are concerned, and where there exists no authoritative standard

of appeal, changes are not lightly to be introduced. How much more should we pause before we say concerning a revelation that has for ages been the study of the wisest and best of men, and subjected to the scrutiny of trained and untrained intellects alike, that its meaning has been misapprehended, not simply in respect of mysteries that transcend human intelligence, but in so plain a case as the perpetuation or destruction of our physical organisms. If there is room for speculation here, in what department may not the trumpet be expected to give an uncertain sound? If the unanimous voice of the Christian centuries, including those in which the revelation has been most searchingly examined, be liable to be set aside on such a point as this, what doctrine is there which may not henceforth be treated as an open question?

Before we proceed to criticise the Lecture itself, we must refer for a moment to a paragraph in the preface, in which the author strives to throw the burden of proof on those who follow the traditional belief. This is a remarkable demand. The *onus probandi* has always been supposed to rest on those who introduce novelties, not on those who stand in the ancient paths. The Christian Church has up to the present time been of opinion that there is no evidence from revelation to show that the bodies of the wicked will be destroyed after the judgment-day. Mr. Olver thinks he has found it. This discovery, if it be one at all, is nothing less than the discovery of a new article of the Christian creed. Whose business is it then in the first instance to "show Scriptural authority for his teaching"? Surely it must be the business of him who says he has found evidence that has hitherto been overlooked, and who claims a place in the creed for a new truth. His are the honours of the discovery if it be made good: his also must be the preliminary task of persuading men to accept it. He must take the responsibilities of his own position, including the risks of failure. He may bewail the indifference of men to his pleadings; he may be disappointed to find arguments unconvincing to other intellects that have commanded the homage of his own; he may even lament that his personal influence has proved impotent to move the inert mass of the average human understanding. But he ought not to deny that the presumption is always in favour of established beliefs: he ought not to delude himself with the idea that those

who cling to these beliefs are the sceptics, and he who departs from them the only true believer.

Mr. Olver's language on this point is somewhat misleading. He speaks of his conclusions as "falling short of the traditional belief." They do not fall short: they go beyond it. He says that, "knowing of no authority for the dogmatic assertion" of the continuance of bodily life after the second death, he has "presented the doctrine without" it. This is a misstatement of his position: he has presented the doctrine with the appendage of a second destruction of the bodily life, a conception which—apart from the destruction of the spirit—had never even dawned upon the Christian intelligence. Suppose the speculation had concerned the future destiny of the righteous, and the conclusion had been that—since there are to be new heavens and a new earth—the children of the resurrection shall for ever inhabit the reconstituted globe. How easy it would be for the holder of such an opinion to say that he "knows of no dogmatic assertion" assigning to them some other habitation, and therefore he has "presented the doctrine without" reference to such other habitation. But would this be a fair putting of his position? Certainly not. The lack of a dogmatic assertion respecting some future course of events must not be held to justify the adoption of any prediction whatever respecting them, much less the retorting on those who dispute its infallibility of a demand for proof to the contrary. The man who does not wish his divinations of the future to be on the one hand lauded as new outbursts of prophetic inspiration, or on the other laughed at as the conjectures of a wild imagination, must explain the grounds and reasons of his forecasts. This Mr. Olver has not satisfactorily done.

Our first inquiry must be directed to the sources, the accuracy and the completeness of his fundamental definitions. Life and death are the two terms on the legitimate rendering of which the whole argument is avowedly based. Unwarrantable inferences may be drawn from correct premises; but, where the premises themselves are faulty, it is hopeless to expect a sound conclusion. It may even be that premises and reasonings are both radically wrong, and we think it is so in the present instance. Let us then examine the definitions of these two terms. From whence are these definitions drawn? We are led to expect that they will be drawn from the Scriptures. "Our standard

of appeal will be the Word of God, taken in its simple and natural sense, and expounded with a due regard for the works of God as represented by the 'facts of science,' and the testimony of conscience" (p. 8). The ground here taken is safe and intelligible. The remainder of the paragraph vindicates the supremacy of that Word, and is equally unexceptionable. Other passages follow, confirming the expectation thus raised as to the source from whence the whole teaching, definitions included, is to be derived. But in the result we find that from the twelfth page to the close of the sixteenth, where the definition of physical life is attempted, scarcely a single text is quoted or adverted to. This perhaps is not to be wondered at, since Scripture has long ceased to be regarded as a revelation of the mysteries of nature. But when we are brought to the consideration of spiritual life and death, which commences on page 17, what is our surprise to find that even here Scripture is not appealed to at all! Abundance of texts are quoted, but not one of them with intent to furnish the means of arriving at the promised definitions. Not only so, but no definition is attempted of the terms life and death in their new application. On the contrary, the previous definition of physical life and death, drawn from sources outside Scripture, is assumed to determine also, *mutatis mutandis*, the bounds of their spiritual signification. The closest identity between the two is asserted. We will not at present discuss the accuracy of this delimitation, but must take exception to the method adopted. The supremacy of Scripture is first claimed and then set aside. It is stated at the outset that the definitions shall be drawn from Scripture, but the promise is not fulfilled.

Let us come now to the definitions themselves. The lecturer divides life into bodily and spiritual. His definition of life may be summed up in the words union and fellowship, or mutual action and reaction,—in the bodily between the soul and the external world, including man,—in the spiritual between the soul and God. "It is evident, therefore," he says, "that so long as this union between soul and body is maintained, it is equally correct to say that the man lives in relation to his fellow-men, or that the soul lives manward" (p. 14). An illustration is found in vegetable nature. "We watch the growth of a tree, and note its relation to the world around it. So long as it retains its union and fellowship with nature, taking all it

needs and yielding all it can, so long we say that it lives. . . . So is it with the branch. While it retains its union and communion with the tree, as a whole, we say that it lives. When the union and fellowship have come to an end so that action and reaction have ceased, we say that it is dead" (p. 15). This is more than an illustration: it is an example of what is meant by life. The definition is said to "satisfy, according to the nature of the subject, all known facts as to plant and animal, body and spirit, sinner and Saviour, the experience of this world and the revelation of things to come" (p. 11).

Our first objection is that the definition is one which does not discriminate the vast groups of objects to which it is applied from others lying outside them. Take the phenomena of meteorology. We will quote from Scripture a description of what is constantly coming under our own notice. "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither do they return again." Here there are mutual action and reaction on a large scale, but no life. Take again the law of universal gravitation. The sun attracts the earth in proportion to its mass, and the earth the sun in like manner. Here we have action and reaction of the most energetic type, but no life. If from mechanical changes we come to chemical, we see the same thing. Combustion cannot go on without a most intimate conjunction between the kindled fuel and the surrounding air, resulting in the evolution of light and heat. Here also are action and reaction without life. The definition fails in that the characteristic selected as peculiar to life is found where life is not.

But, secondly, is it always found where life is? Look at life in its beginnings. The seed found in the hand of the mummy had lain there for thousands of years. There had been no interchange between it and the outer world. Yet throughout this period it was possessed of life, as was proved by the wonderful crop it produced when sown. So likewise in the winter trees shed their foliage, sap no longer circulates through their branches, the active processes are suspended for a season. Yet the tree is not dead. Answering to these phenomena of the vegetable kingdom we have those of sleep and hybernation, besides other more extraordinary suspensions of activity, which occur in the animal kingdom. The action and reaction are here intermitted

without detriment to life. It may be quite true that these cessations of activity are temporary only, but the fact remains that a definition of life has been framed from a characteristic that does not always appear. It is beside the mark to say that internal activity is all the while going on: an active correspondence with external nature is what is laid down as the universal signature of life. Nor will it do to say that the possibility of such interchange must remain so long as there is life. That is true, and the statement is one that suggests the direction in which we should look for a correct definition. But it forms no part of the one now before us, which rigorously limits us to actual manifestations.

Lest however our examples should seem to be taken exclusively from the lower forms of existence, let us go to the fountain-head. Of the Divine Being it is said that He "hath life in Himself." Yet throughout the eternity that preceded the first creative act there was no going forth of His energy beyond the bounds—if we may use such a term —of His own being. If it be said that the definition was not intended to apply to the mysteries of the Divine nature, the answer is that it ought to have been. To say that, because life in God is original and independent and in the creature dependent and derived, therefore the two are totally dissimilar, is to place a gulf between the creature and the Creator that not even an incarnation can traverse. Nor in fairness ought the mutual communion of the three Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity to be quoted as coming within the scope of the definition. Action and reaction, going on unceasingly between that which has life and that which has not, or between one living being and another, are asserted to be the sole distinctive feature of life wherever found. Yet for incalculable ages it was lacking to Him who is pre-eminently the Living One.

We have noted two objections to the proposed definition of life: we proceed to a third. We demur strongly to the application of the same definition to objects differing so greatly in their nature as "plant and animal, body and spirit, sinner and Saviour." The definition appears to be purposely made as wide and vague as possible, in order to embrace all objects that possess life, of whatsoever kind or degree, in one comprehensive unity. But the unity is a forced and false one: the objects sought to be thus assimilated form classes that are mutually opposed, and it is

only by a violent straining of language that the identity can even be expressed. The words we have used to convey what we take to be the author's meaning are "action and reaction." He has employed them once himself. His favourite terms are, however, "union and communion," "union and fellowship." These terms are employed to denote the relations (1) between a plant and nature, (2) between an animal and nature, (3) between the human soul and nature, (4) between one human soul and another through the body, (5) between the believing soul and God. Now we object entirely to the application of the terms "union and fellowship" to these various classes of relations. There is a moral element in the words as applied to the highest of these classes which is wholly wanting in the case of the lower. By the choice of these terms the lecturer seems to invest the mutual service rendered to each other by the plant and the world around it with the benevolent affection that belongs to intelligence. He speaks (p. 25) of "the law of all life, wherever life is, on earth or in heaven, from the primordial cell to the crowned Man on creation's throne—the law of love." This is pure sentiment. To an intelligent being who beholds the plant and recognises how in the order of nature it ministers and is ministered to, the spectacle is a touching one: it reminds him of the obligations and blessedness of his own loftier existence. But the feeling is subjective only: it has no objective reality in the life of the plant. What takes place is not affection, for that demands emotion; it is not even service, for that would require volition: action and reaction are everything.

The same may be said of the relations between the human soul and nature, considered as maintained through the body, and as separated from intellectual and moral associations. Let us come to the relation of man to man. It is granted that this relation is maintained in the present state of things by means of the body. There is however, be the medium what it may, an undeniable relation between human souls as such. We have now to inquire whether that relation, as actually subsisting between man and man, deserves the name of life. The lecturer says it does. "So long as this union between soul and body is maintained, it is equally correct to say that the man lives in relation to his fellow-men, or that the soul lives manward." But what kind of "union and fellow-

ship" subsists between the beings so related? A higher kind certainly than that between plant and soil, but not of necessity the "union and fellowship" demanded by the law of love. There is a mutual action and reaction, not now of unconscious matter but of intelligent mind: there may be a species of natural affection, there may even be the bond of lofty moral convictions, binding man to man, and making society a homogeneous whole. But the law of love, which can only be obeyed by the regenerate, may not be so much as known.

When then the terms "union and fellowship" are employed to denote things in their nature so utterly foreign to each other, we feel that the apparent unity of the definition is at once dissolved, and with it the unity of the thing signified. Life is not one thing—even if we accept the author's definition—but many things. There are as many kinds of life as there are of the "union and fellowship" in which it manifests itself. The definition is not one but many.

Another objection is that the lecturer has not told us whether there are any conditions and limitations respecting those objects between which "union and fellowship" take place, in order to constitute their relationship life. Is it or is it not necessary that the objects so related should be similar and similarly endowed? Let us again survey the ascending stages of vital existence. In the vegetable world the "union and fellowship" asserted is that which exists between a plant and surrounding nature. The communion of a plant is with the sources of its pabulum, not with other individuals of its own or different species. This is true even of phanerogamic, much more of cryptogamic vegetation. It is not necessary to the life of a plant that it should be found in a forest or a conservatory. The same may be said of the brute creation. An animal is an animal whether it be gregarious like the crow, or solitary like the cuckoo. When we come to man, are we or are we not to employ the terms "union and fellowship" in the same latitude of meaning? Is or is not man's communion with nature by itself to be called a life? We presume it is. It is not necessary that man should be surrounded with other beings like himself in order to our saying of him that he lives. Adam lived before the creation of Eve. Man's "union and fellowship" with other beings like himself may add much to the pleasures or

pains of his existence, and may indeed constitute a new kind of life, but in their absence there is a species of fellowship, and therefore, by the definition, a species of life. We should have been glad if the lecturer had spoken clearly on this point. In the lack of any such utterance, we have been compelled to draw our own inference as to what his meaning must be.

The next objection we must make is that the definition, wide as it is, fails to embrace certain phenomena which, equally with those mentioned by the author, are the phenomena of life. We mean the phenomena of the human intelligence. About these, singularly little is said throughout the Lecture. It seems to have been overlooked altogether that there is such a thing as intellectual life, quite distinct from the bodily and the spiritual. The whole of the phenomena which do not fall under the head of spiritual life, in the sense of a supernatural union and communion with God, are thrown together under the head of bodily life. This analysis is obviously incomplete. Mr. Olver admits of course the fact of the soul's intelligence. "The body," he says, "has no consciousness of its own. Its peculiar life corresponds to the processes of vegetation. The soul is the thinking, conscious being, the higher, the personal element in the complex man" (p. 12). And again: "he is a self-conscious, accountable agent, existing in union with a material organism, which has no consciousness of its own, but which serves as an instrument and medium of communication with the material world" (p. 14). So far good. But in the next sentence we meet with a statement which even in the narrowest sense that may be put upon it we cannot persuade ourselves to accept. "This conscious self, which we call the soul, has all its relations to the outer world determined by the body." This, if it means anything, means that the soul employs the senses, and the senses alone, in all its relations with the external world. It means that the soul has nothing in itself which it did not receive through the senses from the external world. It means that its own faculties are the product of its bodily organisation. It means sensationalism, which denies to the mind an original constitution independent of matter, and regards the mutual adaptation of the soul and its instrument as proof that its instrument fashioned it. It means that very mate-

rialism against which the lecturer so strenuously contends. Of course, he does not mean all this, but the sentence does.

We have not, we think, put into this sentence more meaning than it may legitimately be made to bear. The lecturer would undoubtedly repudiate such an interpretation. But the language is so general that it is hard to see how any narrower interpretation can be assigned to it. He must mean more than that in this present world man inhabits a body. He must mean that the soul in all its activity is limited to what sense furnishes to it, and makes use of the products of sense alone in its relations with the outer world. Here we join issue with him. Before the eye there is spread a variegated panorama, on which appear the forms and colours of all that comes within the range of vision. They form a picture, which, as presented to the eye, is as if painted on a flat surface. The painter represents in two dimensions what actually exists in three. Nature is a painter, or rather sense, and does the same. What it presents to the intelligence is a particoloured screen. Intelligence interprets the representation, and supplies the third dimension, which the eye could not perceive. Is this a case in which the relations of the soul with the outer world are "determined by the body"? So again, the sense presents musical notes, simultaneously or in succession. The soul perceives in the latter case harmony, in the former melody. Are its relations to these sounds "determined by the body"? Again, a tremulous motion is felt throughout the ground on which I stand. The impression is made on the soul by sense. But is it sense that prompts within me the thought of an earthquake, or are not my thoughts determined by that principle, innate to my intelligence, which compels me to seek a cause for every finite event?

We are aware that the lecturer gives illustrations of this activity not widely different from our own. He says of the soul, for instance, that "in the harsh discord it detects the erring note, and silently substitutes the true." But he does not point out how, in doing so, the soul exercises a faculty which, if beholden to sense for its contents, is not beholden to it for its power to reproduce them. Nor does he anywhere appear to recognise the fact that not only in making use of the products of sense, but in their very formation, the soul exercises its own faculties in

accordance with laws of its own. The necessity for the soul's active co-operation with the body in sense-perception is nowhere stated. "Surrounding objects," it is said, "affect the nervous mechanism, and the soul perceives the effects, compares, classifies and interprets them." The whole course of the action would seem to be from without inwards. The "environment induces a corresponding state in the organism. But the soul analyses this state." According to this, the soul is entirely passive to the impressions made upon it by the senses. It slumbers within until aroused by some change in the environment without. This is, we know, the teaching of the sensational philosophy of the day. But the teaching is false. Even in receiving the impressions of the outer world, and before it has begun to elaborate them, the soul puts forth its activity, withdrawing attention from one portion of the phenomena in order to concentrate it on another, and showing in every movement that it is independent of the material world. In short—and this is a principle of the utmost importance—the soul's activity is a factor in every act of knowledge.

We have dwelt the more at length upon this topic, because, though of such moment to the fortunes of the whole inquiry, it has received from the lecturer but scanty notice. And we now have to ask whether the intellectual activities to which we have adverted are to be classed with the purely instinctive animal appetencies, under the title of "bodily life"? Are such communings with nature as the philosophic Wordsworth recorded in his poetry, and as many more have enjoyed without being able so to record them, to rank side by side with the processes of mastication, deglutition and whatever other functions are necessary to the maintenance of "bodily life"? Was Byron the poet living the same life in that capacity as Byron the drunkard and debauchee? We suppose not. "Man is," says the lecturer, "a complex being. He has a body and he has a soul. Neither is man without the other. Yet the two are different and distinct in nature and existence." If they are thus distinct, has not the soul a twofold life, a sensitive life, in which the bodily manifestations preponderate, and an intellectual, with which they have little or no concern?

Hitherto we have spoken of the communion of man with nature alone, as the outcome of his intellectual life. But it is not with nature alone that man communes. In fact,

nature only provides him with mental pabulum. His relations with it are like the relations of the plant to its surroundings. The witchery of mountain, grove, and stream is not anything of which the landscape itself is conscious: the soul's communings are with its own ideas, which the outward scenery suggests or excites, but cannot respond to. But when man converses with man, there begins a true reciprocal action. There is a transmission of ideas from one being to another. The ideas communicated are new to the soul that receives them, not simply as springing from a new activity of its own, but as coming from a new and similar source of such activity. One soul imparts to another ideas which by its own unaided efforts it could never have attained. An Aristotle, a Plato, or a Socrates—a Bacon, a Newton, or a Shakespeare—enriches the mental treasury of all mankind. Are all these manifestations only different forms of "bodily life"? The material world, including both the body and its environment, is undoubtedly instrumental in producing them. But it is only instrumental, and the manifestations are to receive their designation, not from the instrument, but from their real nature and dignity. The material world furnishes us with the organs of speech, nay, it furnishes us with the symbols by which the soul's essence and operations are expressed. Thus breath or wind is the material substance from which in all languages the designation of the spirit is derived. But it would be just as rational to affirm that the soul is matter because wind is matter, as to assert that the life of the soul is bodily because the instrument of it is.

We have spoken of the soul as communing with nature and as communing with other souls, and we have seen that in virtue of each of these relationships it manifests intellectual life. Let us now suppose that, after a longer or shorter period of such communion, both forms of intercourse are suspended. Will the intellectual life now come to an end? Certainly not. As the joint result of its external experience and its internal energies, it possesses a stock of images and conceptions which need never diminish. Though finite in amount, they afford the possibility of diversified combinations which may occupy the soul's activity for ever. True, the objects before it will, on this supposition, not be new. But novelty is not essential to intellectual life. Old truths, whether painful or pleasant, have for most men a greater fascination than those of

recent acquisition: so much so, that it is sometimes difficult to divert the mind from what we wish to forget. Freed from the interruptions of external things, such self-communings might, nay, must go on for ever. A man might mourn the loss of all his senses. Knowledge might be, not at one entrance only, but at all entrances, "quite shut out." Universal paralysis might take possession of the frame. Yet if in such circumstances there were enough of consciousness to enable memory and imagination, reason and intuition to remain in operation, there would be intellectual life still. When it was in communion with nature and man, the soul received or engendered new ideas: now it occupies itself with old ones. What the soil is to the plant ideas are to the mind, with this difference, that whereas the plant may exhaust the fertility of the soil, or wear out its own forces, the soul can never, so long as it is conscious, be without ideas, and can never cease to exercise itself upon them. It is true that in the case supposed it would not be in communication with sources or exciting causes of ideas foreign to itself, such as it found in nature and in man. But we must remember that when it was in communication with nature and mankind, it only intellectually apprehended them as the sources or occasions of ideas: anything like contact with their essence was even then impossible.

There is one field for the operations of intellectual life which we have not yet surveyed, viz., those which terminate neither in nature nor in man, but in God. Of this department of our intellectual being the lecturer says even less than of the others. The only form of life Godward is in his view the life that is imparted in the new birth. Of this we shall speak by-and-by. What we would ask now is whether those who are not the children of God through faith in Jesus Christ hold any relations at all with the Divine Being? We need not trouble ourselves with the question whether universal man receives in virtue of the atonement a measure of the Holy Spirit's grace. The question is not now as to the source from whence men derive the power to apprehend God, but as to the fact of their possession of that power. Do they or, whether they do or not, can they hold relations of any kind with the Father of their spirits, yet remaining destitute of regenerating grace? The answer is that they can and do. Every man possesses a consciousness of God, as distinct as

the consciousness of his own being, or of the external world. What use he may make of it is another thing. He may do his best to destroy it, and may think he has succeeded. But the power to apprehend God, whencesoever derived, is found universally in human nature. By the exercise of his own volition man may resist God's approaches. The lecturer rightly characterises this resistance as heinous sin. But the sin could only have been committed by one who held real relations with Deity. And these relations constitute a department of our intellectual life. Before passing on, let it be observed that we have treated the natural life of the soul in its fourfold relation—with nature, with man, with its own ideas, and with God—as intellectual only. In all these relations it is, without doubt, emotional and volitional as well. And what has been said of the intellect is true of the feelings and the will.

Putting together the results we have thus far obtained, what positive views are we to hold respecting life, as against the fictitious simplicity of the author's definition? We cannot pretend to give a satisfactory definition of what has been found in all ages to baffle the power of analysis. We will not crowd the page with melancholy instances of failure in such an attempt. Nor will we add another to the catalogue. But we will hazard a few remarks. The term life is employed with regard to substances and modes of existence so various that great caution must be observed in speaking of its different forms. So far as there is anything common to them all, it appears to consist in something which lies deeper than any outward manifestations. The life is more than the phenomena. The life is not "union and fellowship:" it is not "action and reaction." It is a power residing in some substance, material or immaterial. The power may be dormant or active. Action and reaction commonly go on between the centre of this force and its energies, which energies are often though not always directed to objects extraneous to themselves. These energies are generally of various character even in the same type of life, and in their variety furnish examples of what is called organisation, by means of which the unity and perpetuity of the type are maintained. In material substances this organisation is one of parts: in immaterial it is one of powers. Through all forms of life a purpose, a plan, is exhibited, the fulfilment of which may be confined to time or continued through eternity. This plan may be

frustrated by the living creature if it has volition, that is, so far as its volition extends. But no creature can frustrate all the purposes of the Creator concerning him, though he may frustrate the highest and best.

We shall now be prepared to consider the lecturer's definition of death, and we need spend the less time upon it as we have treated so fully of its opposite. Death, he tells us, is also both bodily and spiritual. "This is bodily death, the cessation of union and fellowship consequent upon the separation of soul and body." It will be well to cite the next paragraph, in which the subject is exemplified from the vegetable world. Life having but one definition, death can have no more. "We watch the growth of a tree, and note its relation to the world around it. So long as it retains union and fellowship with nature, taking all it needs and yielding all it can, so long we say that it lives; but when that union and fellowship have ceased, we say that it is dead. So is it with the branch. While it retains its union and communion with the tree as a whole, we say that it lives. When the union and fellowship have come to an end, so that action and reaction have ceased, we say that it is dead. So is it with the animal; and so we have seen it to be with man. This is all we can discover concerning death." The example of the branch is unfortunate. Many trees are propagated by cuttings. In their case there is a cessation of action and reaction without death. But this is a small matter. Take the case of the tree as a whole. "So long as it retains union and fellowship with nature, it lives: when these have ceased, it is dead." Is not this an inversion of cause and effect? Are the union and fellowship the source of the life, or is not the life in the first instance the source of the union and fellowship? The latter assuredly. And in the case of every plant that dies what we may term a natural death, the failure of inward vitality precedes the cessation of outward fellowship. Even when the tree falls to the axe of the woodman, the most that can be said is that the inward vitality and the outward communion are mutually dependent. The cessation of fellowship does not constitute death in this case any more than in the former: it is only the cause of death. The death itself is the failure of the hidden principle from which the outward relationship springs. In a word, when once the seed has germinated in the soil, action and reaction are a condition of continuing vitality, but the action

and reaction are neither the vitality nor the cause of the vitality, but a means of its predestined development. As with the life, so with the death of the plant.

Precisely the same must be said of the death of the human body. However brought to pass, bodily death is not cessation of fellowship with nature, but a loss of power on the part of the inward principle to continue its intercourse with nature through the body. In this case, however, the hidden principle has its source in the same soul which is also the seat of intellectual and all other life.

We must now inquire whether we have any reason to believe that the soul's relations with the physical universe are sundered as soon as it quits the body. The lecturer appears to think there can be no two opinions on the subject. But we think otherwise. We venture to affirm that we can find two contradictory statements within two pages of each other in this lecture. On page 14 he says that at death man's fellowship not only with nature but with his fellow-man ceases, and "all communion is at an end. In respect of this world, he dies, he perishes, he ceases to be, he is not." On page 16 he says, "Samuel is called up from the dead and Moses appears on the Mount of Transfiguration." We will not ransack the records of spiritualism, nor detail the horrors of ghost-lore. But here is a case in which, if revelation is to be trusted, two disembodied spirits stood face to face with flesh and blood. The possibility of communion with the visible universe on the part of the dead is thus certified. Indeed, between the two sentences quoted above, the lecturer interjects a statement which should have made him beware how he committed himself to the view that departed spirits are banished the universe. "Meanwhile," he says, "a human philosophy—heathenish philosophy, if you will—has looked upon death; and when it could no longer see the dead tree, or animal, or man, has rashly assumed that where nothing is seen, nothing is" (p. 15). This is directed against the annihilation of departed spirits, but it is equally good against their exclusion from the visible universe.

All reason and analogy are against such a view. The soul during its earthly sojourn has developed certain relations with matter. Surely these will abide with it when its tabernacle crumbles into dust. Unextended itself, the soul has an original faculty for perceiving the extended. Form and colour, melody and harmony, the sublime and

the beautiful, causation, coexistence and succession, all these are apprehended, not by the body but the soul. Why may not the power remain after death? The universe remains. It is itself the product of a Spirit to whom a body and parts have ever been denied as a limiting of His perfections and a lessening of His glory. Why then should a finite spirit be supposed incapable of relations to His handiwork? Analogy supports the suggestions of reason. Angels, both good and bad, are spirits. Have they no dealings with the universe? How then was Christ carried to the pinnacle of the temple? Or how was the stone rolled away from His tomb? All who believe the narratives of the Temptation and the Resurrection must admit the relation of spirit to matter apart from the medium of flesh and blood.

If fellowship be thus admitted between spirit and matter without the intervention of the body, how much more between spirit and spirit. Here also we may quote the lecturer against himself. He tells us that there is a cessation of union and fellowship, and yet he says: "The souls of martyred saints cry from beneath the altar, and the white-robed worshippers surround the throne as they wait for us above." This again is meant to disprove unconscious existence, but it does more: it disproves solitary existence. We need not refer to the "great company of the heavenly host" nor "to the principalities and powers of darkness," expressions which imply co-ordination and even subordination in the absence of physical frames. But we may advert for one moment to the promise given to the penitent thief, "This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." Sinner and Saviour here simultaneously endured the suffering of death, and almost simultaneously passed through the gates of paradise. They entered it as disembodied spirits, and yet, if the promise meant anything, they saw and knew each other there.

Besides these various relationships, there also remains after death the great relationship of the soul to its own faculties and their various complements of intelligence. This, the intellectual life, cannot be sundered from the soul by the stroke of death. The lecturer everywhere admits the full consciousness of the soul, and as there can be no consciousness without objects, he must hold that the contents of memory, the resources of imagination, the powers of comparison, are preserved intact. From the

activity which makes use of them he carefully withholds the name of life, and instead applies that of existence. But from what we have said already it will be seen that we cannot content ourselves with such a meagre denomination of such a rich and abundant mental efflorescence. The varied play and vast productiveness of powers like these are not to be denied the name of life. Existence apart from life, if predicable at all of intellectual beings, is only predicable as a logical distinction, and not as a description of any actual or possible experience. Strip off the attributes, it is said, and you come to bare existence. This may be done in thought, but in fact never. The soul passes into eternity "unclothed" as to its physical vesture, but who or what denudes it of its intellectual possessions? The use that may be made of them is another question: they may prove a blessing or a curse. But as certainly as there is a life of the intelligence in this world, so certainly there is such a life in the world to come. And to this agree the words of Christ—which we must quote without the lecturer's limitation—"God is not a God of the dead, but of the living, for all"—not Abraham, Isaac and Jacob only—"live unto Him."

We now come to spiritual life and death. From the foregoing observations it will be seen that we agree with the lecturer when he says that man has "a real relation to his Creator." But we assert it of every man, he of some men only. His definition of life as "union and fellowship" he applies over again to the peculiar relationship that obtains between God and regenerate souls. But be it observed that now for the first time the "union and fellowship" mean something more than action and reaction. There is demanded for them now the quality of love. This, as we have seen already, was in nowise necessary for plant-life, animal-life, or the life of man toward nature and mankind: in these, all that was essential was action and reaction. To the spiritual union love is essential. Where love is not, this spiritual life is not. Where this life is not, according to the definition, union and fellowship cease. The man is dead Godward. But when union and fellowship in the sense of moral harmony cease, do action and reaction cease likewise? Are there not relations, as real though not as blessed, between God and sinners as between God and saints? Do not enmity, distrust, rebellion, take the place of love, faith, and obedience? How then can the

lecturer say that according to his interpretation "death, as the Divinely appointed penalty for sin, has one and the same meaning throughout the Bible"? In the death of the body there is an end to the soul's fellowship with nature through the body as an instrument. But that fellowship was only action and reaction: it did not involve affection. In the death of the soul Godward, all that ceases is the loving communion, while the action and reaction remain. The holy relationship is succeeded by a guilty one, but all relationship is not, and never can be, broken off. This is only another instance, and it is not the last we shall have to name, of the lecturer's attempts to identify things that differ, and of his failure to do so.

No one will of course suspect us of questioning the lecturer's analysis of spiritual life, as connected with or issuing in union and communion with God. But in the spiritual as in the natural sphere we must regard such union as the outcome of life rather than its essence. The implantation of the new centre of force is effected by the impartation of the Spirit: then the fruit of His indwelling immediately appears. By this heavenly gift our relations toward God are rectified, but not originated. We begin to act toward Him as we ought; it cannot be said that before this change we did not act toward Him at all.

We cannot understand the lecturer's application of the same definition to things so different as bodily life and spiritual life. To say that the former is union and communion between man and man, and the latter between man and God, seems the very essence of simplicity. But there is a false as well as a true simplicity. Our objections may be briefly summarised as follows. First, the union and communion between man and man ordinarily resulting from bodily life are mere action and reaction. Action and reaction take place between the soul and God even where there is no spiritual life. The parallel, therefore, breaks down in this respect. Secondly, even action and reaction between man and man are not necessary results of bodily life. But between the soul and God in order to spiritual life there must be action and reaction, and something more. The parallel breaks down in this second respect. Thirdly, the union between man and man even in the closest of relationships is of a wholly different kind from that which subsists between regenerate souls and God. Man is sundered from his fellow by the very body which forms the

medium of his communication. More than that, he is sundered from him by the unfathomable gulf of a mutual ignorance—we can find no other word—which makes the dearest friends comparative strangers. The impenetrability of spirit is more true and real than the impenetrability of matter. But "he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." Here and here alone can two be made one. There is a mutual indwelling, a term that is never applied to the communion of saints. There is more than an union of the Divine Spirit with the human: there is an unity. Not even the relationship of the soul to the body will illustrate it. The Divine Spirit becomes the centre of authority and action to the human spirit, as the soul does to the body. But soul and body are of diverse nature, and the Divine and human spirits are not. The individuality of the human spirit is not destroyed, but every sacrifice short of that is made. By a supernatural energy the human is empowered to place itself at the absolute disposal of the Divine. Where is there any parallel to this in the relation of man to his fellow-man? The apostolic limit of possible human duty—"we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren"—does not furnish it, nor even that sublime self-sacrifice which sets the pattern—"He laid down His life for us." The devotion of Christ was first to His Father, and then for His sake to us. Ours must resemble His in its order as in its completeness. With this agree the terms of the two great commandments. The first enjoins love like the second. But there are two differences. One is that, in this world at least, the two affections must differ in kind: the former being unmixed complacency, the latter largely and principally compassion, while it is only in goodwill that both unite. The other is that, while the devotion to God is to be unlimited, in the relations of man to himself and his fellow-man there is to be an equipoise—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." St. Paul touched the limit when he said, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ." But he did not pass beyond it. He must, if need were, lay down his life: he could not and must not lay down his soul. Our fourth objection is to the kind of contrast set up between bodily and spiritual life. This objection is twofold. In the first place it is asserted that the body is the medium of the manward life and the spirit the medium of the Godward life. We have shown already that the body is not the sole medium, but

that the soul uses its own faculties in its relations to nature and mankind. We must now state that in its relations Godward the spirit is not its own sole medium, but even in this mode of its activity uses the body. The lecturer allows that the spirit "presents the body" to God. We add that in presenting the body as in presenting itself, the spirit makes use of the body. For the offering cannot be made without concentrating the mind on the act, and the mind's organ in this world is the brain. Secondly, we must refer again to the intellectual aspects of the soul, which we just now found to have been merged without mention in the phenomena of bodily life. These form a common basis both for the life manward and the life Godward, thus again in part effacing the contrast set up between the two. The relations of man to man are not all determined by the body: they are partly bodily and partly mental. The relations of man to God are not wholly determined by the spirit: they are partly spiritual, partly natural, and the natural are partly bodily and partly mental. Of course in our relations with man the sensuous may predominate, and in our relations with God the supersensuous. But the contrast is not so great as the lecturer would have us believe.

We must now state a fifth objection to the definition of spiritual life, as founded upon a supposed identity with the use of the term life in the natural world. We hope we shall not be mistaken when we say that we view the term life, like many others in Scripture, as symbolical. It connotes an unspeakable mystery. By this we do not mean that the thing symbolised has less of reality than that from which it derives its name. It has more. The supernatural sphere is as real as the natural sphere, and man even in this present world belongs to both. Of the two it is the former that must claim to be the substance, while the latter in comparison of it is but a shadow. And the shadow serves its highest function in furnishing images of so glorious a substance. But then they are nothing but images. A faint correspondence, a dim adumbration, is all that ought to be expected. And to compress within a single formula the whole significance of that stupendous revelation made by the Eternal Spirit to the soul that receives Him is an attempt that seems to border on temerity. Not the feeblest conception of the meaning can be conveyed by it to an

unregenerate man. To expound this life to those who seek it is the office of God the Holy Ghost, and He expounds the life by imparting it. And when He has done so, a reverent adoration is more becoming, even in those whom He selects to be His instruments, than the too hasty generalisations of a mind that still falls short of inspiration.

We must now pass on to the consideration of spiritual death. Here the force of our last objection becomes, if possible, still more apparent. We cannot indeed find fault with the statement that "the offer of this life comes to those who have it not, and who, as having it not, are dead." The question, how those can be spiritually dead who never spiritually lived, is one that the lecturer answers rightly though he does not ask it. For all died in Adam. The lecturer's fault does not lie here. It lies in his binding himself to a rigid parallel between physical death and spiritual, and to a rigid contrariety between spiritual life and spiritual death. Spiritual death is not an exact analogue of physical death. Neither is it the mere negation of spiritual life.

Spiritual death is not the exact analogue of physical death. Bodily death, as we have shown, is not the mere cessation of intercourse between man and nature or man and man. It is the failure of the hidden principle of vitality. What answers to the hidden principle of vitality in the spiritual man, as far as we may make any comparison? The Holy Ghost Himself. Here at once is a contrast and not a parallel. The soul is the source of animation to the body, and, when it loses its vitalising power, the body dies. The Holy Ghost does not thus lose His life-giving energy. He voluntarily departs from the soul because the soul voluntarily ruptures its relations with Him. It is not so between the body and the soul. The soul does not voluntarily depart from the body, and of course the body cannot voluntarily rupture its relations with the soul, seeing it has no will of its own. Even were we to admit that some kind of parallel might be drawn between the two kinds of death, as both issuing in a rupture of relations, still we should be obliged to qualify the admission. The lecturer says that all relations are severed by death; and, so far as the body is the medium of them, that is true. But in the case of the soul the severance from God is not complete. God is still the most important of all beings to the souls

that are dead in trespasses and sins: He is and ever must be the God with whom they have to do.

Neither is spiritual death the mere negation of spiritual life. This the lecturer admits when he says of the former "It is the most fearful reality in human existence." Yet in the next sentence he makes the reality a merely negative thing. "It robs existence of life." We cannot refrain from asking, Is this all that it does? In order that we may the better pursue this inquiry, let us consider the two cases of spiritual death as they occur in this world. We mean first the case of those who have never received spiritual life, *i.e.*, of all men prior to regeneration, and then the case of those who have forfeited it by sin. The lecturer has traced man's passage from death to life, and the retrograde movement likewise. Let us quote the two paragraphs in which he does so. "Hence the Scripture contrast between the saint and the sinner. Those possessed of spiritual life 'walk not after the flesh but after the spirit.' The man who is dead in relation to God lives manward only and by means of the body. He can do no more. Rejecting heavenly light and teaching, he is dependent upon his senses for all his information as to things beyond himself, and for all his judgments as to their relative worth. He is guided by his physical experience. 'He walks after the flesh.' He is 'sensual' or 'soulical'—'not having the spirit.' On the other hand, he who has received 'the spirit of life in Christ Jesus,' and is thus 'alive unto God,' recognises and uses 'the wisdom which is from above.' He corrects his fleshly judgments by the teaching of the Word, and revises under its guidance all previous estimates of truth and goodness. As he lives in the spirit so he walks after the spirit. Thus he walks with God, having 'fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ'—a fellowship as real in itself and as consciously enjoyed as are any of the fellowships which attend our earthward life" (pp. 21, 22).

In the following passage he seems to be describing the opposite movement of the soul—from life to death. He may however only mean to describe the downward course of the soul's history, whether abiding from the beginning in spiritual death or returning to it again. In either case our purpose will be served, which is to illustrate from the lecture the workings of death and life respectively. "He who rejects the wisdom which is from above, has nothing

left for himself except the wisdom that is from beneath, which is 'earthly, sensual, devilish.' It begins by confining its regards to the affairs of this life. Then it sinks down into habitual pandering to its own tastes and desires. At last, having rejected the life of goodwill and now grown weary of itself, it abandons itself to a life of malicious evil-doing and finds its only good in others' ill. Such is the natural history of the sin of self-worship" (p. 28).

We cannot but note here the extraordinary manner in which, without giving notice of his intention, the lecturer has exchanged "Spirit" for "spirit" throughout these paragraphs. In oral delivery the difference would not appear: in the written document it is marked and manifest. Such a variation on the currently received interpretation of Scripture ought not to have been silently introduced. The reason for the change is obvious. The lecturer implies that man has not a spirit until he has the Spirit. Elsewhere he states that "whatever it (the spirit) is in itself, in so far as it is the means or the medium of this fellowship, it is called into existence, is energised or developed in redeemed man by the agency of the Holy Ghost." The meaning of the sentence is ambiguous enough, and the context throws little light upon it. A thing cannot be "called into existence in so far." Existence has no degrees. A thing either is or is not. One or other of three meanings must be given to these words. Either the spirit was communicated by the Spirit in regeneration; or, being already possessed but latent, it was developed by the Spirit; or, being already possessed and developed in a wrong direction, it had its bias and bent modified by the Spirit. The lecturer wavers between the first two: we unhesitatingly adopt the third. The difference between us and him, whichever his view may be, is fundamental. Possibly he may quote against us a passage on which we have already commented—"He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." But we must quote it against him. The union becomes a mystical unity, but union can only take place between two. Indeed, another passage which the lecturer quotes is decisive. "The Spirit itself" or the same Spirit "beareth witness with our spirit." This shows that a real duality subsists under the mystic unity. The spirit was our spirit before, and received the Spirit first as the Spirit (here we put a capital S) of bondage and then as the Spirit of adoption and liberty. Even before

we had received Him as the Spirit of bondage, He had wrought upon us, and that from our earliest days. Such we believe to be the teaching of Scripture as to the whole race, else how is Christ the Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world? But if so, surely He must from the beginning have wrought upon us through the same organ by which He afterwards gained possession of our being.

And now the difference will be clear between the lecturer's position and ours. According to him the spirit in man—the organ of Divine relations—prior to regeneration either is not developed or does not exist. There being no relations between the unregenerate and God, there can be no antagonism against Him, and indeed it is difficult to see how there can be any apprehension of Him at all. Does this accord with Scripture and experience? What means then the antithesis between the spirit of truth and the spirit of error (1 John iv. 6), the spirit of power and the spirit of fear (2 Tim. i. 7), the spirit that dwelleth in us lusting to envy (Jas. iv. 5) and the spirit lusting against the flesh (Gal. v. 17), filthiness of the spirit (2 Cor. vii. 1) and sanctification of the spirit (2 Thess. ii. 13)? How can there be, in somewhat different phraseology, an evil heart of unbelief (Heb. iii. 12) and a pure heart (2 Tim. ii. 22), a heart exercised with covetous practices (2 Pet. ii. 14) and a heart established with grace (Heb. xiii. 9), a stony heart and a heart of flesh (Ezek. xxxvi. 26), a heart that is not haughty (Ps. cxxxi. 1) and a heart that fretteth against the Lord (Prov. xix. 3)? How can the evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bring forth evil things, as well as the good man out of the good treasure bring forth good things (Matt. xii. 35)? Or how, in putting on the new man which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him, is it necessary or possible to put off the old man with his deeds (Col. iii. 9, 10)?

We must detain our readers a little longer on this point before returning to the consideration of the two quotations made above, in which spiritual life and spiritual death are contrasted. We have asserted that the latter is not a mere negation of the former, and in proof of it we have cited texts which show that the spirit as the organ of Divine relations in man exists in full activity before it receives the quickening Spirit. Up to that time its activities are per-

verted. It is by the spirit that the Spirit is resisted in those that have not received Him, as well as grieved and quenched in those that have. We grant that the term spirit in Scripture much more frequently denotes the regenerate than the unregenerate organ of Divine relations. And the reason for this is obvious. As unregenerate, the spirit is in an abnormal state. It is acted upon from without by the Divine Spirit, but it strives against His strivings. Meanwhile—and this is of cardinal importance—its baneful activities, though self-determined, are prompted by another spirit, as distinct from itself as is the Holy Spirit of God. The Spirit of Evil, a personal being whose agency must not be overlooked, solicits and draws forth the evil tendencies of the corrupt heart. He is called "the spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience." And all the workings of evil in the human race, from the Fall downward, find their origin in him. He is said to fill the heart (Acts v. 3), to work in it (Eph. ii. 2), to go out of a man and to return (Matt. xii. 43, 44). For the authority that is accorded to him he is named "the prince of the power of the air," and for his blasphemous usurpation of the prerogatives of Heaven, "the god of this world." His affinities with the unrenewed heart are as real as those of the Holy Ghost with the renewed heart. The connection is so intimate that in the one case as in the other—though in neither preponderantly—there is sometimes a difficulty in determining whether the word spirit denotes the human faculty or the superhuman energy that acts upon it.

Applying then to these two opposed forms of the human spirit's activity the terms life and death, we see that the latter is not the mere negation of the former. Both are positive principles, both have personal representatives in the supernatural world. In both there is a centre of activity, a development of powers, an organisation of resources, a working toward an end. As in the body so in the soul death is represented as combating life, and the one or the other achieves a decisive victory. The parallel is not perfect indeed, inasmuch as the soul is first dead and then made alive, whereas the body is made alive and then dies. In the spiritual sphere the two opposing forces obtain their opposed designations from the fact that obeying the one the soul aims at pleasing God by doing what is right, and being sustained in its actings by the Divine Spirit, receives

eternal blessedness, while obeying the other the soul aims at dethroning God by disobedience to His laws, and being energised by the Spirit of Evil receives eternal misery. Either might be called life and either death, according to the standpoint of the speaker. True, spiritual death is never in the Scripture graced with the name of life, but spiritual life is frequently referred to under the title of death, and is not disgraced by the association. "For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." (Col. iii. 3.) The sixth chapter of Romans is full of this figure. "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (verse 6). Believers are said to be both alive and dead at once. "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (verse 11). In a similar manner freedom and servitude in the 22nd verse denote results of spiritual life and death respectively, and in the 20th denote the reverse.

Let us now return to the paragraphs in which the lecturer describes the upward movement of the soul from death to life, and the downward movement either from life to death or from death in its first workings to death in its full development. In the first of the two quotations not a word is said of the dominion of the principle of evil and the spirit of evil over the human heart, and of the manner in which that dominion is thrown off. It is asserted that "the man who is dead in relation to God lives manward only and by means of the body." To this we have already raised psychological objections, and we now add a theological one. Our counter-assertion must be that the man lives devilward when he is dead Godward. All that follows to the end of the quotation is in the same strain. The great source of evil, a spiritual being like ourselves, is nowhere mentioned. What then takes his place? The senses mislead us. We are guided by physical experience. The whole paragraph proceeds on one of two assumptions, either that we are not sinners in the proper sense of the term, or else that our bodily nature is the seat of sin. The former of the two alternatives the lecturer expressly repudiates by calling men sinners. The latter is the one he almost avowedly adopts. And he buttresses his view by a Scriptural quotation which surely has never been used for such a purpose since the days of the Gnostics and the

Manichees. "He is guided by physical experience" is given as the equivalent of "he walks after the flesh." We should have deemed it impossible that the lecturer could adopt such a rendering of the first verse of the eighth chapter of the Romans, if we had not seen it with our own eyes. He must know that in this chapter in almost every instance "the flesh" does not mean the body, nor the senses, but stands for the whole sinful nature. The sinful nature is called the flesh, no doubt, because it occupies itself largely with the things of sense. But filthiness of the spirit, when not formally contrasted with filthiness of the flesh, is included under the works of the flesh. This may be seen from Gal. v. 19, where of the three verses in which the Apostle enumerates these works the whole of those in the second and the first of those in the third are manifestly sins of the spirit—"idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings." Some of these, indeed, have reference to man, but they are all passions that can exist in a disembodied spirit. And the first two are distinctly sins of the spirit in its strictest meaning as the organ of relations with God and the supernatural world.

We are fully aware that "the flesh" sometimes means the body, as where the Apostle says "for though we dwell in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh." But what is the meaning of it in Rom. viii. 8, 9, "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God: but ye are not in the flesh"? Or how in the face of passages like these can the lecturer adopt as a rendering of "that which is born of the flesh is flesh," &c., the following burlesque upon interpretation, "As man derives from man the means of fellowship with man, so man derives from God the means of fellowship with God?" The strongest text for the proof at once of original sin and the new birth is diluted into the commonplace sentiment that our bodies come from our parents and our spirits come from God!

Nothing we have said is intended to gainsay the undoubted fact that the body, the senses, the world, our fellow-man, all furnish occasions to sin and a sphere in which the soul may occupy itself to the temporary exclusion both of the God against whom it rebels, and of the devil whom it obeys. But the unworthy rebellion and the unworthy obedience are still both of them in full operation, and if the soul is hoodwinked to the true character of its

relationships, it is not by the fleshly veil in which God has been pleased to enfold it, but by those spiritual devices with which "the god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not." What we complain of is, first, that matter is made the source of evil, or else the soul alone—without the tempter—its own sole defiler; and, secondly, that as a consequence of this omission of Satanic agency and this denial to the unregenerate of a "spirit" on which that agency may work, the sins of the spirit which are really "the head and front of our offending" are cancelled at a stroke.

Passing on to the second of the two quotations, in which the downward tendency of the soul is described, we come upon the three words "earthly, sensual, devilish." They are treated as representing three successive stages in the soul's career—first, absorption in "the affairs of this life," then, "pandering to its own tastes and desires," lastly, "a life of malicious evil-doing," which "finds its only good in others' ill." We cannot accept this order as an order of succession in time. This trinity of evil manifestations may like the trinity of the Divine Persons be such that "neither is before nor after the other." The coinherence of attributes may be alone alluded to. If there be any idea of subordination at all, it is simply one of degrees. The sin of the spirit may be mentioned last, as being the sin of deepest dye. But that does not hinder its being the first in actual manifestation. The lecturer himself uses language that accords with this. The first sin is that of rejecting the wisdom from above, and this belongs to the spirit, not to the flesh. It was so in the original transgression. Eve first yielded to the tempter, then she partook of the fruit. The false wisdom was desired as well as the fleeting pleasure. And as with our first parents, so with their guilty descendants. The carnal mind—the minding of the flesh—is enmity against God.

Spiritual death then, it will be seen, is not a mere negation of spiritual life. Let us now inquire into the lecturer's doctrine of holiness and depravity. It is closely connected with the points we have been discussing, and demands our careful attention. "Holiness is not life any more than health is life; but holiness is a characteristic of spiritual life, as health is of bodily life, and spiritual life is as essential to holiness as bodily life is to health" (p. 20). Over against this set the following. "Then depravity is not

death. It is the spiritual corruption, the inmost disorder of the soul's trinity, which follows man's suicidal rejection of his nature's law. It is the result of sin, and therefore ordinarily accompanies death; but where there is no sin there is no depravity. Depravity implies death, but death does not necessarily imply depravity. If, therefore, a case arises where death is endured but not deserved, there will be found cessation of fellowship without sin, death without depravity, the grave but no corruption. This must not be forgotten in its bearing on atonement" (p. 31).

One obvious inference from the first of these quotations is that if holiness is the health of the soul, depravity is its sickness only, and therefore cannot be, as stated in the second, the spiritual corruption consequent on death. Another inference is that a human being may be equally destitute of holiness and depravity. By the first quotation, "spiritual life is essential to holiness." That is, he who has no life has no holiness. By the second quotation, "death does not imply depravity." That is, he who is dead, or has no life, may have no depravity. Uniting the two, it follows that he who has no spiritual life can have no holiness, and may have at the same time no depravity. "This must not be forgotten," the lecturer says, "in its bearing on atonement." Christ on the cross had no life, and therefore no holiness. But the death being only "endured, not deserved," He had no depravity. The same statement "ought not to be forgotten" in its bearing on the doctrine of original sin. In virtue of their descent from Adam, children are born in spiritual death, and therefore can have no holiness. But as in their case also this death is "endured, not deserved," it follows that they have no depravity.

We have not however quoted these sentences to call attention to their inconsistencies. It is the doctrine itself we object to. We cannot accept the distinction between holiness and life, nor the distinction between depravity and death. The term life is the symbol of holiness considered as a principle rooted in the soul, and working from within outward so as to govern its relations to other beings. Death is the symbol of the opposing principle of sin. And both are employed as also comprehending the blessedness or misery which is the issue.

We have now done with our investigation of the lecturer's definitions. Our minute examination of them will

facilitate the inquiry which must follow into life and death viewed as "sanctions of the law of love." We may consider these sanctions, as he has done, in reference to transactions in Eden, on Calvary and at the judgment seat of Christ. And first, we observe, he takes it for granted that "death, as the divinely appointed penalty for sin, has one and the same meaning throughout the Bible, and that it does not mean one thing in Eden, another on Calvary, and a third in hell." Whether or no with this assumption he succeeds in establishing the final destruction of the body and all he would deduce therefrom, remains to be seen. By his own admission without this assumption the attempt must fail. But to justify an assumption like this there needs something more than the difficulty without it of establishing a preconceived theory. By what authority does he make the assumption? Is it the authority by which he has without notice substituted "spirit" for "Spirit" in the authorised version of the Scriptures? Is it the authority by which he has assured us that the "spirit" in man is "called into existence by the agency of the Holy Ghost"? Is it the authority by which he has laid down that "the soul has all its relations to the outer world determined by the body"? Is it that by which he has declared the soul to be "dependent on the body for its communication with the outer world"? And by which he has made "the flesh" mean "physical experience"? If so, we must pause before we bow down to it. The question must first be raised whether in Scripture like terms are ever employed in different circumstances to denote different things. We think we have found examples in the various uses of the words spirit and flesh. And even when denoting the penalty of sin, the word death might mean different things as applied to the first Adam and the second, seeing that the one was "of the earth, earthy," and the other "the Lord from heaven." And it might mean a different thing from either of these when applied, not to the representatives of the race in time, but to the destinies of the race in eternity.

Let us see whether the unity of meaning is maintained. And first, let us compare the curse pronounced in Eden with that borne on Calvary, and see whether the two be really identical, or whether there be not such a correspondence only as the circumstances of the case will admit. But before we do so, we must call attention to some distinctions which

the lecturer makes in order to clear his way. They will help to clear ours also. To one of them we have referred already, viz., that which distinguishes depravity from death. Another is that suffering is not death. Another that death might be threatened without reference to duration, but "in the nature of the case unless life is forthcoming from some other source, the death must be and is eternal." And again there is the distinction between the natural and the judicial consequences of wrong-doing. "Spiritual death is the natural result of sin. Bodily death is the judicial consequence of sin. The spiritual suicide is cast out from the family."

With these distinctions in our mind, let us proceed to our comparison. Bodily and spiritual death were threatened and executed, it is said, both in Eden and on Calvary, and they meant the same thing in each case. With regard to bodily death we have only to observe that the execution of it did not take place on the day of the transgression. Mortality then began its work, but did not finish it. This postponement of the sentence was, however, due to Redemption, and we shall not insist on the failure of the parallel here. Next, compare the spiritual death of Adam with that of Christ. Adam, as all admit, was cut off from communion with God by sin, and so lost the Divine life. This was a "natural result of sin." According to the teaching of the Lecture, Christ also was cut off from communion with the Father. But this, if allowed for the sake of argument, was not a "natural result" but a "judicial consequence." In this point, therefore, the two do not agree. Next, we must ask how the communion was interrupted. The answer is, in the one case by the withdrawal of the human from the Divine, and in the other by the withdrawal of the Divine from the human. Here we note a second disagreement. In the third place, we must inquire as to the result of the withdrawal. In the case of Adam, we hear nothing of suffering. Indeed it would seem to be unnecessary, for "suffering is not death." There was none in the way of natural result, and none in the way of judicial infliction. Now turn to Christ on the cross. We need not quote the lecturer's description of His sufferings. But we ask, if suffering is not death and Adam did not suffer, how are we to account for the agony of Christ? Is it answered, He was "cut off from fellowship and cast out as evil?" So was Adam, and he indeed

justly, but this Man had done nothing amiss. In Him the suffering was not a natural result: it must have been judicially inflicted. But why, if suffering is not death, should suffering have been inflicted at all? There must have been something more than interrupted communion. Moreover, the spiritual death that came upon Adam as a consequence of sin was one which, unless salvation were both provided for him and accepted by him, must have been eternal. For some of the race it will be so. But in the case of Christ it was of limited duration.

Before passing on, we must pause here to observe that in our view the cause assigned for Christ's sufferings, viz., His being cut off from fellowship with the Father, is wholly inadequate to account for them. A mysterious reserve concerning them is maintained in Scripture, and we will not try to lift the veil. But side by side with our Lord's quotation from the psalmist, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" we must put the testimony of the evangelical prophet, "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him: He hath put Him to grief." What then is our astonishment to find that in the paragraph succeeding that in which Christ is spoken of as "severed from God," the following passage occurs: "Up through that darkness there was reached forth the hand of faith to an unseen and unfelt God; and down through the darkness there came to meet it the unseen hand of a faithful Creator and a loving Father." The fact here referred to is not to be doubted for a moment. But, if so, how can it be said either that the spiritual death which Christ then endured meant the cessation of all union and fellowship, or that it meant and was the same as Adam's spiritual death when he forfeited the Divine favour by transgression? The identity sought to be established is by the lecturer himself overthrown, and in the place of it another identity is assumed—and one equally false—between Christ and His own saints when the sensible manifestations of God's favour are withdrawn and they cling to Him by a naked faith. Surely something more than desertion was involved in the transaction that redeemed the world.

Passing on now to the events of the last great day, what evidence do we find of identity between the death endured by Adam and his descendants in time, and that endured by those of the race whose death is eternal? In

the first place we find a great contrast in this respect, viz., that in this world the spiritual death is endured in the living body, and in the next—according to the hypothesis—without it. Here the body is only mortal: there it is actually destroyed. But again the soul is dead in this world, yet life is very tolerable to those that are still going on in their trespasses. In the world to come there is suffering of the most intense kind. Now in the circumstances supposed by the lecturer—those namely of a soul shut in on itself and deprived of companionship with the creature—suffering is certain to follow. But then the distinction comes that "suffering is not death." And the question arises, why means should be taken to ensure suffering, when the penalty is only death? Why not mitigate the suffering by arrangements similar to those of time? The answer will be that "the spiritual suicide must be cast out of the family." But in order to this it is not necessary to do more than shut him out of heaven. The wicked do not belong to the family. Why must their natural penalty of spiritual death be aggravated by the torment of solitary remorse, if "suffering is not death"?

Comparing the results of our comparison, we find that in Eden there were death and depravity without suffering, on Calvary death and suffering without depravity, while in hell there will be death, depravity, and suffering too. Possibly it may be rejoined that we have wrongly excluded from the transactions in Eden the reference to a future state, which must have been in the minds both of the Lawgiver and the law-breakers. If we are wrong we have been misled by the lecturer. He gave us three meanings of death to compare, but if hell was threatened in the first paradise—and of course it was—it follows that the meanings are but two. He will probably say that in Eden the penalty actually inflicted was only liability to death, for soul as well as body. But this will hardly do. Spiritual death actually took place in Eden, it was not merely threatened. It will be said perhaps that we must distinguish between death as the "cessation of communion" voluntarily effected by the sinner, and death as the penalty in the way of "natural effect" resulting from the sin of breaking off communion. If we do so distinguish, it can only be in thought. Death the sin and death the penalty are one. Death is its own punishment. The act is one, however viewed. Death as sin and death as penalty com-

menced together in the Fall, and expire together in salvation. But if so, what means the suffering which follows in the world to come? It is something "separable" from death, for it is not present or not always present in this world, where yet death both as sin and penalty must be acknowledged to exist. And as "suffering" is thus "not death," the "law of love" demands that even though it be a "natural effect" it should in some way be neutralised in the next world, as it obviously is in this.

We must cease from the vain attempt to harmonise the lecturer's views among themselves. We have shown that a true simplicity is not attainable by them, and must now go on to show that the ends supposed to be secured by this hypothesis are not secured, and that it is not taught in Scripture. Let us begin with the latter. And first let us consider how the lecturer treats the passages which in his view refer to the final destruction of the body. "The bonds, the prison, the fire, the worm, the Gehenna may be figurative; but they are figures which represent realities. . . But of all the expressions used to describe the punishment of the wicked, none is more frequent and none more fearful than the everlasting fire. We will not discuss the question of 'material fire.' If we did, the term itself would need explanation. If it means fire which will consume matter, then we know of no other. If it means fire which is itself material, we do not know that there is any. If the expression is literally taken, it must mean such fire as we daily use or observe. If it signifies any other, it is figurative. There is a speculation which etherealises or spiritualises both bodies and fire; but it need not detain us, since it leaves the analogy undisturbed. How far will the Bible aid us here also"? (pp. 38, 39.)

Here the lecturer plainly tells us that he does not know whether the everlasting fire is literal or figurative. Now let us quote him again. "Whether this everlasting fire will retain the body as an unconsumed 'carcase' according to the imagery of Isaiah, or will resolve it into its ultimate elements according to the analogous action of fire on the present body—whether the fire itself will abide as an agent or as a perpetual symbol and memorial—whether, if so abiding, it will determine the bounds of the eternal 'land of separation,' the habitation of the hopelessly lost—these and many other questions of a like nature I have not discussed" (p. 61). It is quite true that he has not discussed

the action of the fire. Nor has he discussed the nature of it. In the former of the two quotations he said Gehenna might be figurative. He said he would not discuss the question of material fire. In the second quotation, he assumes throughout that the fire is material, and it is the manner of its action only that remains doubtful. How then in the twenty pages which intervene between the two quotations is the question settled which the lecturer said he would not discuss? The only argument we can find is one in which an inference is drawn from the previous definitions of life and death. "The only life which the wicked will possess in that day will be the bodily life which resurrection has restored. The only death which they can die will be the corresponding bodily death. This therefore, whatever it implies, must remain, for eternity as for time, the one penalty inflicted upon the sinner spiritually self-destroyed." Some passages of Scripture precede and follow this statement. And we presume the lecturer's meaning to be that on the authority of his definitions of life and death, those passages must threaten physical death by fire. This is evidently his view, for on page 65, in a sentence that appears to indicate the development of his view to its final maturity, he says, "the flesh is destroyed."

A different meaning might have been put upon the passages he quotes if, instead of comparing them with his own definitions, he had analysed their contents and compared these with one another. The texts he quotes are the following. "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire." "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." "This is the second death." When the lecturer speaks, as he afterwards does, of all the sinner's memories of the outer world as "bounded by the never-forgotten and never-modified, last, terrible sensation of the scathing flame," no doubt is left upon our minds as to his interpretation of these texts. But the first text in the series contains an allusion which might have suggested a different line of thought. The lecturer rightly parallels our Lord's words with those in the closing chapter of Isaiah, "And they shall go forth and look upon the carcases of the men that have transgressed against me: for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh." There can be no doubt that our Lord had these words in

His mind when He uttered His own predictions. But as the whole language of the sixty-sixth of Isaiah is manifestly figurative, why may not our Lord's language be so too? In that chapter the Lord is said to come, not only with fire, but "with his chariots like a whirlwind," and to plead with all flesh—not some but all—by sword as well as by fire. Must these be taken literally too? Moreover it is expressly said that it is on the "carcases" that the worm and the fire shall feed. The reference is obviously to the manner in which bodies were consumed after death—in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom for instance—not to the manner in which death was inflicted. Now upon the carcases of men or beasts cast into such a place both agencies might be at work—the worm here and the fire there. But employed as means of destroying life, the two are simply incompatible, for the operation of a worm upon the living body is exceedingly slow, while the operation of fire is swift. And the fire that consumed the body would consume the worm.

Coming to the next passage, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire," there is no need to dwell upon the fact that the fire is said to be endless. There is no contradiction in our saying that the "fire" symbolises some dread but inconceivable form of spiritual punishment, and that it is "everlasting" in the sense of being literally endless. But it does seem a contradiction to say that the fire operates on the flesh, and that the everlastingness of it may mean the everlasting remembrance of it by the spirit. The lecturer does not say that that must be the meaning. He only suggests it as an alternative, that is, he suggests what involves a contradiction. We marvel, however, that he did not quote the whole of the verse. It concludes, "prepared for the devil and his angels." Now this proves one of three things, either, first, that the devil and his angels inhabit physical frames, contrary to the whole tenor of revelation; or, secondly, that fire may operate on spiritual beings without the medium of a body; or, thirdly, that the fire signifies some dreadful but to us inconceivable form of punishment which is to be the deserved portion of both embodied and unembodied spirits for ever. The last of these alternatives seems the only tenable one.

Let us now consider what is said of the resurrection of the wicked. "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come"? This question was asked and answered eighteen centuries ago. The answer has been by

the universal Church understood to mean that all men will be raised with spiritual bodies—bodies which resemble spirit at least in this particular that they can die no more. The lecturer says the Church is wrong. For "I believe in the resurrection of the just and of the unjust," he would have us henceforth say, "I believe in a resurrection of the just in spiritual bodies and of the unjust in material bodies." And the reason, if reason it can be called, is that "with what bodies the unjust will come, the Scripture does not say." Certainly in the 15th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul is holding forth the resurrection as the hope of the righteous. The lecturer on this ground denies our right to appeal to it as the basis of our belief that the bodies of the wicked will be incorruptible. But if he denies our right to appeal to it in order to establish the mode of the resurrection of the wicked, we must deny his right to appeal to it in order to establish the fact of their resurrection at all. That he does so appeal is patent. Pressed with the difficulty of accounting for a resurrection so soon to be followed by a destruction, he falls back on the "mediating relationship" of Christ. The mercy and justice of God are to be vindicated before angels and men. "To this end the race is to be assembled in its unity, and the fellowship of man with men is to be restored by the resurrection. Even for the rebellious, the mortality inherited from Adam will be remedied by Christ." Now the only text that supports this doctrine—a doctrine we cordially accept—is taken from this very chapter, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." Is this chapter to be relied on as proving the resurrection of the wicked, and not to be relied on as proving the manner of their resurrection? Or does the absence of any explicit statement to the contrary warrant the lecturer in the assertion that the Scripture "has no spiritual body for the sinner"? Does not the omission to specify any distinction count as an argument against its being made? "All flesh is not the same flesh," says the Apostle. Why does he say it? To prove that there might be a natural body in this world and a spiritual body in the next. But he adds "there is one kind of flesh of men." Surely he means that all men have natural bodies in this world, and all men have spiritual bodies in the next.

We need say but little on that part of the lecturer's creed which concerns the eternity of the soul's punishment.

Here he verbally agrees with the Church; but we cannot see how even on this point he can be made to agree with himself. "Unless life is forthcoming from some other source, the death is and must be eternal." Now this is language that would be intelligible enough in the lips of those who accept the orthodox view of death which we have enunciated above. With such, spiritual death, like spiritual life, is a positive principle working out positive results according to its own necessary laws. With the lecturer it is otherwise. He means by it only the cessation of union and fellowship. This is no principle at all. It is a momentary act. How then can it be said to be eternal? It can only be called so in virtue of the endless train of consequences which it entails. The separation from God is certainly a separation which means that man can never be united to Him again. But the act is not one that can be repeated: by the nature of the case it can only take effect once. Here then, as in the case of the body, the penalty is only figuratively eternal. In the lecturer's own words, the fact that it has happened is "an eternal fact," a statement equally true of the most insignificant as of the most momentous events. In the case of the soul as in that of the body it is not the momentary act that is to be dreaded, but the consequences which must follow it. In other words, though death as "the sanction of the law of love" is the penalty of transgression, it is not the penalty that is to be dreaded, but the consequences of the penalty. If so, death may be the penalty, but it is certainly not the punishment, of sin. If instead of this, the orthodox view be adopted, that death is the positive principle of evil working in the hearts of the rebellious, then the same name may be given both to the principle and its results. What are the results but the principle carried out to its fullest extent? Take an illustration from the opposite principle of life. The life is in the seed before it is cast into the ground. After it has sprung up, the life is still in every part of the plant, in the branches and leaves, in the flower and in the fruit. In strictness the name should be confined to the hidden principle, but it may also be applied to all its products—to the beauty of the form it elaborates and the blessing of the fruit it brings forth. Life is thus, to speak in a figure, the reward of life. We speak in no figure, however, when we apply these observations to spiritual life. Here, life is its own blessing. This the

lecturer admits. And if he could regard death as the antithesis and not the negation of life, he would be able to say with the consistency of the orthodox that death is its own curse.

Pursuing this antithesis a little further, let us observe that besides this "natural effect" of life there is the blessed "judicial consequence" of favour and approval from God. Similarly in relation to death. The curse is set over against the blessing. It consists in actual manifestations of the wrath of God, answering to manifestations of His favour. This, though a chief element in final punishment, is by the lecturer wholly overlooked. True, he speaks of the wrath of love, and admits that, "so long as evil exists, there cannot but be wrath." But the only form the wrath assumes, beyond the destruction of the body, is the exclusion of the sinner from Divine fellowship, is in fact a ratification of his own act in excluding himself from it. The "natural result" of sin is allowed to come to pass. That is all. "The only penalty judicially superadded and inflicted is bodily death." Is this in accordance with the Scriptures? How then are we to understand the "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish" which God "will render," and which will come "upon every soul of man that doeth evil"? Is all this to be included in the "natural effect" of spiritual death? The language of Scripture cannot be dealt with so. And this wrath is a part of the "death" which is the "wages of sin." The lecturer admits the principle of a "judicial consequence" of transgression. If then penalty is to be commensurate with transgression, if as Judge and Sovereign of mankind God does something more than leave causes to work out their effects, nay, if even as a holy Being it be congruous to His majesty to disclaim all complicity with evil by tokens of His personal displeasure, then surely it will not be in physical torture, momentary or protracted, inflicted on men's bodies, but in the woes which He alone can pour upon their spirits, that His righteous vengeance must be displayed.

And here we have a clue to the true meaning of that loud and bitter cry upon the cross. The fulness of its meaning indeed will never be unveiled in time or in eternity. The real fellowship between Christ and His Father was not interrupted for a moment. The words "and yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me," were spoken

as He was entering into the cloud of His Passion. Prayer ascended from Gethsemane and from Calvary, and we know "He was heard in that He feared." But "it pleased the Lord to bruise Him: He hath put Him to grief." This, the judicial portion of the penalty of sin, was the burden which He bore in His own body on the tree. It was not desertion only, though that did take place. It was more than desertion: it was chastisement. It was not love withheld that afflicted Him, but love changed into wrath. Yet the vital bond was not sundered. Had it been so, we were ready to say that not only the hypostatic union, but the very triune essence, must have been dissolved. Even Satan cannot be divided against Satan: how much less can Christ be divided, either from the Father or Himself?

And now to what purpose has the lecturer devised this whole hypothesis? We know no good end it can be thought to have secured, and we see much mischief that may spring from it. The final destruction of the body is supposed to do away with the element of physical torture in retribution. Instead of that, it formally introduces it. Unwarrantable statements as to the action of the everlasting fire have been common enough in popular representations of futurity. The lecturer sanctions those statements as to the fact, and only contests, and that doubtfully, the duration. Again, the destruction of their bodies is supposed to bar communication of the spirits that tenanted them, both with one another and the universe. But this, as we have shown above, is not proved. The destruction of the flesh is not necessary to the confinement of the spirit. One would deem it to be the means of its liberation. If the spirit is to be incarcerated as in a prison, what place so appropriate as the body it inhabits? Again, the destruction of the body is spoken of as effecting the sinner's separation from "the family." "He will not have the family fellowship; then he may not have communication with the children." Note here how the rejection of the communion of love is said to be visited, not by the prohibition of communion, but by the prohibition of communication. The two words mean different things. But even if communication be prohibited with the family, is it therefore prohibited with those companions in sin who are to be cast out into outer darkness? The outer darkness is taken to symbolise solitude. But that is because only one guest is spoken of as not having on the wedding-

garment. Instead of one there might be many: would darkness prove solitude then? Something might have been proved by that strong passage in Luke xii. 46, "The lord of that servant . . . will cut him in sunder (margin, cut him off)," if it did not add, "and appoint him his portion with the unbelievers." This, with other kindred texts, does not seem to point to solitude but to society. And "this conclusion," not the lecturer's, but the opposite one, "is confirmed rather than otherwise by the fact that Death and Hell are cast into the lake of fire."

There is only one other end that we can conceive of as sought to be served by the hypothesis. And this is not the vindication of the character of God from aspersions of undue severity. "Had there been the semblance of a revelation of such a doctrine"—of the doctrine namely of eternal physical pain, which happily there is not—"I could not have opposed it as impossible, unjust, or horrible." Not for this reason therefore, but as affording an argument against Annihilationism, was this hypothesis perhaps principally valued. If so, how does it work? To any ordinary man among the common people—a class of the community undeniably important, and to whose unsophisticated judgment the lecturer rightly attaches great weight—to such it would seem as if the lecturer's hypothesis goes at least half way toward the Annihilationism he would defend us from. Of many a victim of unbelief and carnality it may be said that, more literally than St. Paul, the lecturer has "delivered such an one to Satan for the destruction of the flesh," not that "the spirit may be saved," but that the spirit alone may be permanently punished "in the day of the Lord Jesus." But this is only the verdict of an uncultivated mind, which, though sometimes useful, is not to be set over against the deeper soundings of a trained intelligence. Let us then try, with what boldness we can summon, to gauge these deeper soundings. We still fear that, when we have done so, we shall convict the lecturer of setting a stone in motion which he is surprised to find rolling to the bottom of the hill. All life, he says, is forfeited to the sinner. Whatever life he has possessed shall be destroyed. And there are two forms of it, the bodily and the spiritual, the manward and the Godward, life. Both these shall be taken away. But this does not mean that the sinner himself shall be destroyed. All the intellectual

activities, all the emotional susceptibilities, all the volitional energies, remain. All that belongs to the domain of his "conscious, accountable" being is preserved intact. For what reason? Because all this is only "existence, not life." Who will accept this argument? Not the man of the "common people," nor yet the Annihilationist from whose heresy the lecturer would deliver him. Mark the position. Man's fellowship with man is life. Man's fellowship with his Maker is life. But that interior fellowship with himself, which gives all the meaning to the other, which in fact constitutes him, if anything does, a "conscious, accountable" being, is not worthy of the name. Emotions expressed in the living countenance are life: emotions pent up within the soul are not life, but existence. Imaginations, memories, hopes, fears, flashed through language upon the consciousness of other men, are life: imaginations, memories, hopes, fears, for want of vent burning their way into the very substance of the soul that gives birth to them, are not life, but existence. We had always thought life was life in proportion to the concentration of the consciousness and the intensity of the feeling. But now all this is reversed. The comparatively torpid state of the sinner in this world, in which conscience is overlaid by the preoccupations of time, is called life. The keen realisation of his fate, consequent on the awakening of dormant convictions, is not life, but existence.

The Annihilationist will deny, and rightly, this distinction. He will say: If man has spiritual life and bodily life, he has intellectual, emotional, and volitional life too; and if all life is forfeited by sin, then consciousness itself must die. Why is the sinner's spiritual fellowship forfeited? Because he has dishonoured it. Why his bodily fellowship? For the same reason. Then for the same reason, viz., because he has dishonoured it, his life of inward consciousness must also come to an end. Thus does the lecturer furnish premises to the Annihilationists, and yet stop short of their conclusion. The orthodox believer is not thus inconsistent. He maintains that a man may forfeit spiritual life with all its heritage of blessing, yet retaining that mental life which is the inalienable prerogative of his being, and that bodily life which will be given back to him in the morning of the resurrection.

The mischief of reasoning like that we have had before

us is not confined to this department of theological inquiry: its influence, if allowed to extend, would be felt in every part of the field. If the conclusions actually arrived at are dangerous, much more so is the method —or rather want of method—by which they have been reached. That method, or want of method, we pointed out at the commencement of this paper. Its chief vice is as follows. An arbitrary definition is adopted in the first place, and then every text of Scripture and every fact of experience must be made to square with it. Imagination is set to work to invent an hypothesis, and then observation and comparison are employed to bolster it up, thus reversing the proper order of critical inquiry. That it was so in the present case is manifest from the lecturer's own statement. He has given us the natural history of this new article of his creed. "Never shall I forget the Sabbath morning when, in the quiet of my college room, the mists which had so long confused the vision rolled away for ever, and I was able for the first time to read in the clear light of my Father's love the mystery of earth, of heaven, of hell." The revelation was received as from heaven: no mists remained to darken the intellectual horizon. With this discovery "troubled surprise gave place to thankfulness and rest." We are aware that many good men have regarded the comfort that has followed a seeming solution of their doubts as an additional argument for its correctness. But if it be an argument to them, it cannot be to others. Christian confessions have never been founded upon principles like these. The precedent, if established, would be perilous indeed. We marvel much that it should not have been remembered how seldom sudden inspirations can be trusted.

It may be that the lecturer would deny that this criticism, though just in its general tenor, is strictly applicable to himself. The final settlement of his doubts might be referred with exactness to one particular day and one particular spot. But it had been preceded by many months, nay, many years, of anxious deliberation. No doubt it was so. But that being so, the lecturer descends from those heights where no arrows of earth's workmanship can molest him, and comes again within the range of argument. Disabusing our minds then of the spells which his vision had for a moment cast upon them, let us calmly survey his whole system, and ask ourselves whether there may be

found in it any cardinal errors which, consciously or unconsciously to himself, have vitiated and spoiled the whole. We believe such errors may be found, and they are these. First, though this is far from being consistently worked out, there is a theosophic error—the error of the Gnostics and the Manichees, which makes matter the source of evil. Sense misleads us. Our judgments are fleshly. Our estimates of truth and goodness need correction on this account. Till he is regenerate, man has no spirit. He is "sensual," or "soulical," "not having the spirit." The antagonism of good and evil is the antagonism of the spirit and the flesh, or, in other words, of mind and matter. This principle is not, however, consistently maintained. If it were, we should expect the bodies of the righteous to perish, and the bodies of the wicked to remain. Their actual destinies are just the reverse. It is the purified spirit that retains the flesh—glorified of course, spiritualised if you please—but flesh still, like the body of our Lord. The unpurified spirits have their fleshly tenements—the instruments, nay, the sources to them of so much evil — destroyed, instead of surviving, as we should have supposed, to share their penalty.

The second error is a philosophical one. It consists in the adoption of the maxims and phraseology of a school which stands almost avowedly opposed to revelation, and on whose principles, or rather negation of principles, no sound theology can be established. We mean the sensational school in mental philosophy, with which stands closely connected the utilitarian school in morals. The adherents of this twin system deny to the mind any original constitution as governing its relations either with the world of thought or the world of action. According to them, the mind is passive in perception, and if not in its very essence the offspring of bodily sensations, it is at least determined by them. Instead of a coordination of subject and object, there is a subordination of the former to the latter. As the soul has no fixed mental principles, so it has no fixed moral principles. It is guided by maxims which are the products of experience, not governed by laws stamped indelibly on its nature by its Creator, which experience develops but does not impart. Conscience for such teachers has no greater authority than public opinion, of which it is only the reflection. There is

no essential and eternal distinction between right and wrong. The good which men must aim at is not the right, but the happy. The welfare of mankind, or at least the wellbeing of being, is their ultimate goal. We do not say that the lecturer endorses all this, but his phraseology leans too much in this direction. For some theologians, indeed, such teaching has its attractions. What is lacking to man naturally they think revelation will preternaturally supply. But this is imposing too hard a task on revelation. The supernatural everywhere presupposes the natural, and builds upon it. Indeed, the light of nature, which no man ought to wish to put out, is itself a sort of natural revelation.

It is, however, in the region of theology proper that the true test of a man's philosophy is to be found. Principles maintained in the latter might inconsistently be repudiated in the former. In the present case the inconsistency would be a happy one, if it existed, but it does not. The lecturer appears to carry the same unsatisfactory views which he had held in philosophy into the higher region. The utilitarian scheme in morals has its counterpart in divinity in the elevation of love to the supremacy among the Divine perfections, the love, that is, of the happy as distinguished from the love of the right. This is the lecturer's avowed position. The law for God and man is the law of love, and this, if it means anything, means that the greatest happiness of the universe is the greatest end that can be sought. But it should be remembered that in St. John's epistle the statement, "God is light," takes precedence of the statement, "God is love." The light denotes holiness, or the love of the right, as the whole context shows. The lecturer reverses this order, or rather overlooks it altogether. Hence, when he speaks of God as casting the spiritual suicide out of the family, he makes His motive to be simply a regard to the welfare of the rest. So, in severing the sinner's relations with Himself. He simply casts him off: He bars all further intercourse. But there is no judicial visitation. This merges the Sovereign and Judge in the Father. As Father, He still loves His erring child, and, since love inflicts the least it can, He leaves the impenitent sinner to eat the fruit of his doings. This is not in accordance with Scripture. The great question of the judgment day is not what is the least love can do, but what does the sinner

deserve? And the answer is, he deserves the wrath of God. "The Lord loveth the righteous, but the wicked, and them that love violence, His soul hateth." When their minds are irrecoverably fixed on evil, He not only hates their sin, He hates them. But He is not therefore Hate as well as Love. God is Love, but God is also Light. And where the light of His holiness fails to penetrate, there the fire of His wrath must burn. And it is a fire that shall never be quenched.

The importance of the subject has led us beyond the customary limits of an article—we trust the editor will forgive our trespass—or we should have dwelt on some of the practical aspects of the question. These we must leave our readers to ponder for themselves. Our aim has been impartiality. Our duty to the Methodist Connexion required that we should defend what has hitherto been regarded as the truth.

ART. II.—*Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile around the great Lakes of Equatorial Africa and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean.* By H. M. STANLEY, Author of "How I Found Livingstone," "Coomassie and Magdala," "My Kalulu," &c. In Two Vols.; Maps and Illustrations. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1878.

"MANY shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." This prophecy of "the time of the end" was never so conspicuously illustrated as in the restless age in which our lot is cast. The human mind has burst its ancient narrower limits, and, no longer content to leave past mysteries unsolved, occupies itself with the most daring researches into the hitherto unknown. Heaven and earth are laid under contribution for stores wherewith to satisfy the insatiable, and our breakfast tables, as well as the shelves of our libraries, groan beneath the ever accumulating results. The profoundest intellects and the widest culture, with amplest leisure for research, can scarcely keep abreast of the day, whilst ordinary busy mortals are fain to content themselves with mere snatches at the luxurious feasts provided for their intellectual delectation. In the volumes before us, as though to mock the sense of fatigue which those experience who desire to intermeddle with all knowledge, a new world is opened to our wondering eyes, and the central wilds of a continent hitherto peopled but by imaginary monsters, that alone could thrive amid the wastes supposed to forbid all human approach, fade away into scenes of such surpassing loveliness, fertility, and superabounding resources of population, as fairly to stagger the amazed reader. The narrative of Bruce, regarded in his day as too marvellous for credence, pales into the prosaic and diminutive before the gigantic achievements and discoveries chronicled in Mr. Stanley's narrative. He would, in all probability, have been similarly disbelieved but for the stern fact that the enterprising traveller, himself almost conquered by

nature's mighty forces, backed by savage man's ferocity, at length emerged at the western mouth of the magnificent Livingstone or Congo, after starting nearly three years previously from eastern Zanzibar. The terrible ordeal thus successfully terminated is significantly suggested by the successive portraits of the heroic leader, with which the two volumes before us are introduced. Few could recognise the identity of the vigorous and comparatively youthful face and figure, photographed a week before the departure from England, with the gaunt yet resolute features of the white-haired, travel-worn man, depicted at the Cape of Good Hope three months after his return to the amenities of civilised life. A still more affecting illustration of the severity of the conflict is supplied on pp. 510–513 of the second volume, where we are furnished with a melancholy list of 173 lives sacrificed, including the leader's three European companions, the largest items being fifty-eight who perished by "battle and murder," forty-five by small-pox, twenty-one by dysentery, fourteen drowned, and nine by starvation. The remnant that returned with Stanley to Zanzibar was but 108, including twenty women and children, and he himself escaped a thousand deaths.

To our minds there is a striking contrast between Mr. Stanley's former volume, *How I Found Livingstone*, and the present ones. The effervescence of youthful enthusiasm has given place to the more sober tenacity of steadfast purpose. The discipline of suffering has in no small degree elevated the character of the chief personage, who, as though conscious that grand achievements need little comment or advertisement, modestly states the unadorned truth, but incidentally displays some of the noblest traits of high-toned unselfishness, combined with much reverent recognition of the Divine sovereignty and claims, and even an earnest yearning for the extension of Christ's kingdom. It is in relation to these highest objects that this thrilling narrative possesses its greatest interest. We shall reserve a brief space for the statement of our views on this subject, after presenting our readers with a bird's-eye view of the course over which Stanley's explorations took him. He himself states the circumstances under which, in connection with Livingstone's funeral at Westminster Abbey, where he was one of the pall-bearers, he first conceived the resolve, which the united liberality of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* placed it within his

reach to accomplish, to complete the unfinished work of the great missionary traveller, for whom his former deliverer ever expresses the profoundest veneration. The threefold nature of that work was indicated before the arrangement was entered upon, in Stanley's own words, in answer to the inquiry, "What is there to do?" namely:

> "The outlet of Lake Tanganika is undiscovered. We know nothing, scarcely, except what Speke has sketched out, of Lake Victoria. We do not even know whether it consists of one or many lakes, and therefore the sources of the Nile are still unknown. Moreover, the western half of the African continent is still a white blank."—Vol. I., p. 8.

The volumes before us describe the complete accomplishment of the triple task thus suggested and undertaken. They are accompanied with superb pocket maps, and are profusely illustrated by the help of photographic sketches taken throughout the various journeys. Yet such is the wealth of new-found information that it has proved impossible to compress it within the space originally intended, and a third volume is promised, during the present season, to contain supplementary "chapters on the hydrography, ethnology, and natural history of Central Africa, and 'Considerations' on the lakes, lands, and peoples of the Equatorial regions; as well as chapters on the hydrography and physical geography of the western half of Africa, with especial reference to the Livingstone Basin and River, and the volcanic formation of the defile through which the Livingstone falls into the Atlantic; with, also, calculations of the volume and velocity of fifteen of the greatest affluents of the Livingstone" (Publishers' Preface). Mr. Stanley's indomitable perseverance and rapidity of execution are scarcely less noteworthy in literature than in travel.

The value of these volumes is considerably increased by a preliminary series of five maps of Equatorial Africa, successively representing the geographical conceptions which the Western world has entertained during the last two centuries of that part of the "Dark Continent." In conjunction with the introductory chapter of "Explanations," these comparative maps enable the reader to form a tolerably correct conception of what had to be done, and has been effected. Then follow two chapters descriptive of Zanzibar life, the important reforms effected by Sultan Barghash, including the prohibition of slavery, interesting

speculations on the necessities of Eastern Africa, among which tramways are foremost, and equally attractive delineations of its races. A piquant description is given of the organisation of the expedition, nearly £1,300 being disbursed in advance pay and rations, issued to 224 men, who were all that were available in leaving Zanzibar.

When the expedition had been nearly recruited to its full strength at Bagamoyo, on the continent, 356 souls, including women and children, filed westward on Nov. 17th, 1874, with burdens to the amount of nearly eight tons, in connection with the Anglo-American expedition. Hence, says our traveller:

"After inoculating the various untamed spirits who had now enlisted under me with a respect for order and discipline, obedience and system (the true prophylactic against failure), I should be free to rove where discoveries would be fruitful. This 'inoculation' will not, however, commence until after a study of their natures, their deficiencies, and weaknesses. The exhibition of force at this juncture would be dangerous to our prospects, and all means, gentle, patient, and persuasive, have, therefore, to be tried first. Whatever deficiencies, weaknesses, and foibles the people may develop must be so manipulated that, while they are learning the novel lesson of obedience, they may only just suspect that behind all this there lies the strong unbending force which will eventually make men of them, wild things though they now are. For the first few months, then, forbearance is absolutely necessary. The dark brother, wild as a colt, chafing, restless, ferociously impulsive, superstitiously timid, liable to furious demonstrations, suspicious and unreasonable, must be forgiven seventy times seven, until the period of probation is passed. Long before this period is over, such temperate conduct will have enlisted a powerful force, attached to their leader by bonds of good-will and respect, even, perhaps, of love and devotion, and by the moral influence of their support, even the more incorrigible *mauvais sujet* will be restrained, and finally conquered."—Vol. I., p. 71.

The earliest march inland severely tested the capacity of the people to bear fatigue, two men having to be discharged at the first resting-place, in consequence of serious illness, and one of the prize mastiffs dying of heat apoplexy. Such was the experience of the first out of 999 days, at the end of which the shrunken remnant reached Boma, at the mouth of the Livingstone, as Stanley insists on our calling the Congo.

It occupied the rest of the year to reach Mukondoku,

where for the first time our travellers left "the path to Unyanyembe, the common highway of East Central Africa." All had not gone smoothly during those six weeks, numerous desertions having taken place in spite of every precaution, and severest trials from heat, flood, and even famine continued to test the endurance of the expedition. In no part of its wanderings did it suffer more severely than in inhospitable Ugogo on its way northward to Lake Victoria. To such straits were the company reduced, that a party of forty of the strongest men had at length to be sent forward to a village twenty-eight miles ahead for food for the perishing, and all that could be done in the meantime was to furnish each individual left behind with two cups of thin gruel. The expedition at length emerged from this terrible wilderness at Suna, in a state of distressing sickness, and alas! mourning the loss of the first European, Edward Pocock, who died of typhus fever on Jan. 17th. A week later Stanley and his followers had to fight their first battle, or series of battles, being assailed by the hostile Wanyaturu during three successive days, the result of which was, that though the savages were completely routed, twenty-four men were killed and four wounded, whilst twenty-five were on the sick list.

It was not till a fortnight later that the fertile uplands of Usukuma were reached, and famine was no longer an object of dread. During this period the southernmost sources of the Nile, though not the largest, which are to be traced to the Alexandra Nyanza, were discovered. The first tiny rivulets trending toward the north-west, gradually develop into the river known at first as the Leewumbu, then the Monangah, and lastly as the Shimeeyu, which enters Lake Victoria by Speke Gulf, after a course of 300 miles, making the extreme length of the Nile 4,200 miles, the second greatest in the world, though inferior in volume to the Livingstone or Congo. Nothing could surpass the richness of the beautiful pastoral country of Usiha, to the south-east of Lake Victoria, through which the wearied expedition plodded on for ten days, till it reached the miserable village of Kagehyi, to gaze on the broad waters of the magnificent inland sea, and to recruit its exhausted energies. The number of miles thus far traversed was 720, occupying seventy marching, and thirty-three halting days. This rate, including all stoppages, of seven miles a day, fairly represents the average across the continent, the

entire distance from Bagamoyo in the east to Boma in the west, being 7,013 miles.

At the spot now reached the majority were left under the superintendence of Frank Pocock and Fred Barker, whilst their leader, after a single week of busy rest, entered upon the first part of his enterprise in the circumnavigation of the great lake. It was this project, together with his wish to avoid the temptations to desertion to which the Arab settlement of Unyanyembe would have subjected his people, that had induced him to strike to the right from Mukondoku. But so fearful did this voyage into the terrible unknown appear, that not one volunteer, even with the offer of reward or extra pay, offered himself; until at their own suggestion, selected by their leader, ten sailors and a steersman resignedly though dolorously responded to the summons. Three deeply interesting chapters are devoted to a description of this adventurous voyage, which included twelve days spent at the court of that remarkable potentate Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda. On Stanley's return to Kagehyi, it was found that scant fare had reduced his weight to 115 lbs., whilst Frank Pocock, who had rested amid plenty, now weighed 162 lbs.

The chief geographical result arrived at in this exploring achievement is the discovery of the existence of a noble inland sea, of 21,500 square miles in area, considerably more than twice as large as Tanganika, or Nyassa, though each of those two lakes extends over five degrees of latitude. Lake Victoria may be described in the rough as an irregular quadrilateral, somewhat like an inverted anvil in shape, with an extreme length and breadth of 160 miles. At its south-west extremity lies Speke Gulf, to the north-east of which is the Island of Ukerewe, through the aid of the king of which Stanley's entire expedition ultimately found its way, after many difficulties, across the lake to the court of Mtesa, who reigns over territory extending along the entire north of the great lake, and roughly estimated to contain nearly three millions of people,—many of them under tributary kings. Not far from Ukerewe, in Speke Gulf, is the small island of Wezi, unhappily notorious at a later period for the melancholy death of Lieut. Shergold Smith, and Mr. O'Neil, of the Church Missionary Society, who, with many others, lost their lives in an enterprise which had aroused the jealousy of Lukongeh, the king of Ukerewe. We are glad to observe that the

authorities of the Society have thoroughly exonerated Mr. Stanley from the blame which some were at first disposed to attach to him for this tragedy. His relations towards Lukongeh were altogether amicable, and even hopefully suggestive as to future intercourse with Europeans. Our space does not permit us to dwell on the varied experiences of Mr. Stanley's first remarkable voyage of discovery on Lake Victoria. It had, however, its almost miraculous escapes from terrific storm, as well as from hostile assault. In these parts of Africa, as everywhere else, the travellers encountered the most singular alternations of friendly hospitality, polite duplicity, and ferocious hostility, so that their only safety lay in ceaseless vigilance. But when they reached Mtesa's dominions their experiences were most pleasant, in consequence of the warmth of that monarch's friendliness. His people presented a striking contrast to the nude tribes around, whom they regarded with contempt; and their country was exquisitely beautiful.

In the middle of the Bay of Kadzi, Magassa, the naval commander, a fine lusty young man of twenty, met Stanley, and, springing into the *Lady Alice*, knelt before him, and thus proclaimed his errand:

"'The Kabaka (Emperor) sends me with many salaams to you. He is in great hopes that you will visit him, and he has encamped at Usavara, that he may be near the lake when you come. He does not know from what land you have come; but I have a swift messenger with a canoe, who will not stop until he gives all the news to the Kabaka. His mother dreamed a dream a few nights ago, and in her dream she saw a white man on this lake, in a boat, coming this way, and the next morning she told the Kabaka, and lo! you have come. Give me your answer, that I may send the messenger. Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi' (Thanks, thanks, thanks). Whereupon, as the young commander understood Kiswahili, I delivered the news to him and to his people freely and frankly; and after I had ended Magassa translated what the information was into Kiganda, and immediately the messenger departed."—P. 184.

Magassa implored his visitor to rest for one day, "that he might enter the Kabaka's presence in good humour," and treated him with such prodigal hospitality, as to raise Mr. Stanley's concern on behalf of the people, who were, he feared, being victimised on his behoof for the glory of their

imperial lord. After a considerable amount of ceremony the explorer found his way to Usavara, the Kabaka's hunting village. The whole account of the preliminaries and the meeting is exceedingly interesting, and often amusing, but we content ourselves with the following:

"'The Kabaka invites you to the burzah,' said they. Forthwith we issue from our courtyard, five of the boat's crew on each side of me, armed with Snider rifles. We reach a short, broad street, at the end of which is a hut. Here the Kabaka is seated, with a multitude of chiefs, Wakungu and Watongoleh, ranked from the throne in two opposing kneeling or seated lines, the ends being closed in by drummers, guards, executioners, pages, &c., &c. As we approached the nearest group, it opened, and the drummers beat mighty sounds, Tori's drumming being conspicuous from its sharper beat. The foremost Man of Equatorial Africa rises and advances, and all the kneeling and seated lines rise—generals, colonels, chiefs, cooks, butlers, pages, executioners, &c., &c. The Kabaka—a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a tarbush black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold—shook my hands warmly and impressively, and, bowing not ungracefully, invited me to be seated on an iron stool. I waited for him to show the example, and then I and all the others seated ourselves."

After other interesting details, Stanley adds:

"Five days later I wrote the following entry: 'I see that Mtesa is a powerful Emperor, with great influence over his neighbours. I have seen to-day the turbulent Mankorongo, King of Usui, and Mirambo, that terrible phantom who disturbs men's minds in Unyamwezi, through their embassies kneeling and tendering their tribute to him. I saw over 3,000 soldiers of Mtesa, nearly half civilised. I saw about a hundred chiefs, who might be classed in the same scale as the men of Zanzibar and Aman, clad in as rich robes, and armed in the same fashion, and have witnessed with astonishment such order and law as is obtainable in semi-civilised countries. All this is the result of a poor Muslim's labour; his name is Muley bin Salim. He it was who first began teaching here the doctrines of Islam. False and contemptible as these doctrines are, they are preferable to the ruthless instincts of a savage despot, whom Speke and Grant left wallowing in the blood of women, and I honour the memory of Muley bin Salim, Muslim and slave-trader though he be—the poor priest who has wrought this happy change. With a strong desire to improve still more the character of Mtesa, I shall begin building on the foundation stones laid by Muley bin Salim: I shall destroy his belief in Islam, and teach the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth."—Pp. 192—194.

We must do Mr. Stanley the justice to say that this praiseworthy design he never seems to have lost sight of in either of his two visits to Mtesa. On the 10th of April he writes:

"Since the fifth of April I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence but I contrived to turn it towards effecting that which had become an object to me, viz., his conversion. There was no attempt made to confuse him with the details of any particular doctrine. I simply drew for him the image of the Son of God, humbling Himself for the good of all mankind, white and black, and told him how, while He was in man's disguise, He was seized and crucified by wicked people who scorned His Divinity, and yet, out of His great love for them, while yet suffering on the cross, He asked His Great Father to forgive them. I showed the difference in character between Him whom white men love and adore, and Mohammed, whom the Arabs revere; how Jesus endeavoured to teach mankind that we should love all men, excepting none, while Mohammed taught his followers that the slaying of the pagan and the unbeliever was an act that merited Paradise. I left it to Mtesa and his chiefs to decide which was the worthier character. I also sketched in brief the history of religious belief from Adam to Mohammed. I had also begun to translate to him the Ten Commandments; and Idi, the emperor's writer, transcribed in Kiganda the words of the law as given to him in choice Swahili by Robert Feruzi, one of my boat's crew, and a pupil of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar. The enthusiasm with which I launched into this work of teaching was soon communicated to Mtesa and some of his principal chiefs, who became so absorbingly interested in the story, as I gave it to them, that little of other business was done. The political burzah and seat of justice had now become an alcove, where only the moral and religious laws were discussed."—Pp. 202, 203.

It was at this crisis that Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, one of Gordon Pasha's officers, who subsequently fell in a hostile fray on his return northward, found his way to the same spot, and the two travellers spent a few pleasant days together. Stanley remarks:

"The religious conversations which I had begun with Mtesa were maintained in the presence of M. Linant de Bellefonds, who, fortunately for the cause I had in view, was a Protestant. For, when questioned by Mtesa about the facts which I had uttered, and which had been faithfully transcribed, M. Linant, to Mtesa's

astonishment, employed nearly the same words and delivered the same responses. The remarkable fact that two white men, who had never met before, one having arrived from the south-east, and the other having emerged from the north, should nevertheless both know the same things, and respond in the same words, charmed the popular mind without the burzah as a wonder, and was treasured in Mtesa's memory as being miraculous."—P. 207.

Before leaving Usavara the leader of the expedition concluded writing the letters of appeal for a Christian mission to Mtesa, which produced so deep an interest in this country, and led to the sending out of the party already referred to by the Church Missionary Society.

It was not before August 24th that he succeeded in bringing back from Kagehyi his entire party to the court of Mtesa, then removed to Jinja, near the Ripon Falls, which form the sole outlet to the lake, and by which its waters empty themselves into the Victoria Nile. Here the expedition was subjected to an unexpected and vexatious delay until the commencement of November, in consequence of a war in which the monarch was engaged with his contumacious subjects, the seafaring inhabitants of the island of Uvuma, to the north-east of Lake Victoria. A vivid description is given of this struggle, in which the myriads of Mtesa's land warriors, unused to naval warfare—though sometimes successful—were rather worsted than otherwise before the hardy rebels, accustomed from their youth to marine life. An appeal to Stanley for help, whether with men or material, was resolutely refused, and there appeared to be no prospect of a termination to the struggle, till the superior intellect of the white man hit upon a ludicrous device, whereby, without injury to the brave islanders, they were induced, on the promise of pardon, to submit, and once more pay the tribute which they had withheld. Stanley's stratagem lay in the construction of a gigantic floating fortlet, erected upon three strong canoes, placed four feet apart, and forming a sort of stockade, as it were, of wicker-work, only made of seven-foot upright poles, intertwined with inch ones. The structure was impervious to spears all round, and, when surmounted by cloth flags of various colours, being propelled by its concealed garrison, it appeared to move mysteriously of its own accord, till it stopped within fifty yards of the island. A proclamation had been previously made, announcing terms of forgiveness,

but threatening that a terrible thing was approaching, which would blow the rebels into atoms, if they did not at once acknowledge Mtesa's power:

"'Speak,' said a stentorian voice, amid a deathly silence within, 'What will you do? Will you make peace and submit to Mtesa, or shall we blow up the island? Be quick and answer.' There was a moment's consultation among the awe-stricken Wavuma. Immediate decision was imperative. The structure was vast, totally unlike anything that was ever visible on the waters of their sea. There was no person visible, yet a voice spoke clear and loud. Was it a spirit, the Wazimu of all Uganda, more propitious to their enemies' prayers than those of the Wavuma? It might contain some devilish, awful thing, something similar to the evil spirits, which in their hours of melancholy and gloom their imagination invoked. There was an audacity and confidence in its movements that was perfectly appalling. 'Speak' repeated the stern voice, 'we cannot wait longer.' Immediately, to our relief, a man, evidently a chief, answered, 'Enough; let Mtesa be satisfied. We will collect the tribute to-day, and will come to Mtesa. Return, O spirit, the war is ended!' At which, the mysterious structure solemnly began its return back to the cove where it had been constructed, and the quarter of a million of savage human beings, spectators of the extraordinary scene, gave a shout that seemed to split the very sky, and Ingira's bold height repeated the shock of sound back to Nakaranga."—Pp. 340, 341.

This absurd fiasco terminated the protracted struggle, to the satisfaction of both parties; and, a few weeks later, Stanley and his party were able to proceed on the long-projected journey to the western lake Muta Nzigé.

Copious information is supplied in the first of these two volumes, not only as to the character of Mtesa, but also as to the Waganda over whom this remarkable sovereign reigns, their customs, legends, history, and country. The preceding king was the ferocious Suna, whose deeds of cruelty rivalled those of Chaka, the scourge of Kaffirland. On his death Kajumba, his eldest son and favourite, a headstrong youth of gigantic size and strength, proclaimed himself king; but, fearing his violence, the chiefs bound him hand and foot, and, having selected the mild-spoken, large-eyed Mtesa, made him emperor by acclamation. It was not long, however, before the latter revealed his true character by slaying all his brethren, and then the chiefs, asserting that—

"He would have no subject about him to remind him that he owed his sovereignty to him. According to his father's custom, he butchered all who gave him offence, and that lion in war, Namujurilwa, as also the Katekiro (or prime minister), he caused to be beheaded. Frequently, when in a passion, he would take his spear in hand, and rush to his harem, and spear his women, until his thirst for blood was slaked. It is probable that Mtesa was of this temper when Speke saw him, and that he continued in it until he was converted by the Arab Muley bin Salim into a fervid Muslim. After this, however, he became more humane, abstained from the strong native beer which used to fire his blood, and renounced the blood-shedding custom of his fathers."—P. 378.

The influence which Stanley was enabled to exert over this extraordinary man was very remarkable, one evidence being his success in overcoming his savage paroxysms of fury against an old hostile chief whom he had condemned to the stake. Indeed Mtesa was led to make a formal profession of faith in Christianity, the erection of a church was commenced, and Dallington, a youth who had been trained in the Zanzibar Universities' Mission, was left behind to conduct public worship, till one more worthy to take his place should arrive. Stanley's last words on the subject describe the mode in which he and his imperial catechumen spent the eve of his departure:

"We went together," he says, "over the grounds of the Christian faith, and Mtesa repeated to me, at my request, as much as he knew of the advantages to be gained by the adoption of the Christian religion, and of its superiority to that of Islam, in which he had first been taught. By his remarks he proved that he had a very retentive memory, and was tolerably well posted in his articles of belief. At night I left him with an earnest adjuration to hold fast to the new faith, and to have recourse to prayer to God to give him strength to withstand all temptations that should tend to violate the Commandments written in the Bible."—Pp. 417, 418.

Enough has been said to indicate that the change which had taken place was, as might be expected, only nominal, and this Mr. Stanley himself frankly admits on pages 404 and 405 of his first volume. A little farther on he gives details as to the people over whom Mtesa reigns, and altogether displays genuine interest in the evangelisation of these African tribes. This is especially observable in one passage, having reference to the islet of Musira, north-east

of Lake Victoria, where he touched on his way back from Usavara to Kagehyi. After describing a stroll and climb to the highest point of the island, he writes:

"It is a spot from which, undisturbed, the eye may rove over one of the strangest yet fairest portions of Africa—hundreds of square miles of beautiful lake scenes—a great length of grey plateau wall, upright and steep, but indented with exquisite inlets, half surrounded by embowering plantains—hundreds of square miles of pastoral upland, dotted thickly with villages and groves of banana. From my lofty eyrie I can see herds upon herds of cattle, and many minute specks, white and black, which can be nothing but flocks of sheep and goats. I can also see pale blue columns of ascending smoke from the fires, and upright thin figures moving about. Secure on my lofty throne, I can view their movements, and laugh at the ferocity of the savage hearts which beat in those thin, dark figures; for I am a part of Nature now, and, for the present, as invulnerable as itself. As little do they know that human eyes survey their forms from the summit of this lake-girt isle as that the eye of the Supreme in Heaven is upon them. How long, I wonder, shall the people of these lands remain thus ignorant of Him who created the gorgeous sun-lit world they look upon each day from their lofty upland! How long shall their untamed ferocity be a barrier to the Gospel, and how long shall they remain unvisited by the Teacher!

"What a land they possess! And what an inland sea! How steamers afloat on the lake might cause Ururi to shake hands with Uzongora, and Uganda with Usukuma, make the wild Wavuma friends with the Wazinza, and unite the Wakerewé with the Wagana! A great trading port might then spring up on the Shimeeyu, whence the coffee of Uzongora, the ivory, sheep, and goats of Ugeyeya, Usoga, Uvuma, and Uganda, the cattle of Uwya, Karagwé, Usagara, Ihangiro, and Usukuma, the myrrh, cassia, and furs and hides of Uganda and Uddu, the rice of Ukerewé, and the grain of Uzinza, might be exchanged for the fabrics brought from the coast; all the land be redeemed from wildness, the industry and energy of the natives stimulated, the havoc of the slave-trade stopped, and all the countries round about permeated with the nobler ethics of a higher humanity. But at present the hands of the people are lifted—murder in their hearts—one against the other; ferocity is kindled at sight of the wayfarer; piracy is the acknowledged profession of the Wavuma; the people of Ugeyeya and Wasoga go stark naked; Mtesa impales, burns, and maims his victims; the Wirigedi lie in wait along their shores for the stranger, and the slingers of the islands practice their art against him; the Wakara poison anew their deadly arrows at sight of a canoe; and each tribe, with rage and hate in its heart, remains aloof from the other. 'Verily the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.' Oh

for the hour when a band of philanthropic capitalists shall vow to rescue these beautiful lands, and supply the means to enable the Gospel messengers to come and quench the murderous hate with which man beholds man in the beautiful lands around Lake Victoria."—Pp. 222, 223.

We must not leave this region without adverting to the tragic episode of Bumbireh Island, to the west of Lake Victoria, which took place in the course of the same intermediate journey between Usavara and Kagehyi and backward. Apart from the thrilling interest of the narrative, the incidents referred to, as first described in a letter which Mr. Stanley sent to the *Daily Telegraph*, so far aroused public criticism, and even reprobation, that Lord Derby, then Foreign Minister, to whom strong representations were made on the subject, endeavoured to convey a message, requesting the American explorer to abstain from using the British flag in Central Africa, as it was alleged that he had done. Without directly alluding to this circumstance, Mr. Stanley, in an earlier part of the first volume, explains how the employment of a small British flag arose exclusively from the earnest request of his English followers, who wished to keep before their eyes a permanent reminder of their national associations. In justice to Mr. Stanley's English assailants, it should be said that the fragmentary account of his Bumbireh achievements might well leave on the minds of readers a very unfavourable impression. After a careful perusal, however, of the more detailed narrative now at hand, we are constrained to hold the brave explorer fully acquitted of the sanguinary guilt of which not a few were at first disposed to accuse him. We had marked out lengthy extracts for quotation, which we are compelled unwillingly to omit; but they go to show that, not merely on his first visit to Bumbireh, but when, later on, he was compelled to return by the same route, he was driven to the destructive measures adopted by the necessities of self-preservation. Our readers may form their own judgment by a references to pages 227—239 and 271—294. No one can read the thrilling narrative of Stanley's peril, the hardships to which his people were exposed, and the punishment inflicted on his piratical assailants, without the conclusion that, however lamentable the loss of life may be in conflicts like this, they are more or less unavoidable when scientific expeditions are sent into barbarous regions, where the rule is all but universal that the stranger is

regarded as an enemy, and a fair object for attack. Mr. Stanley's entire narrative goes to show that he never allowed his people to fight till every art of conciliation had been exhausted; and his experience, indeed, taught him that murderous savages generally mistake peaceful words as expressive of cowardly fear. Even Livingstone, whose retinue was so much smaller, is quoted as saying in his *Last Journals*:—"It may have been for the best that the English are thus known as people who can hit hard, when unjustly attacked, as we on this occasion certainly were" (p. 277, note). And in Manyema, after his life had been attempted four times, the missionary explorer gave the order to his men, "Fire upon them, these men are wicked." Either such a conclusion must be formed and acted upon, or geographical research, with the resultant introduction of the humanising influences of civilisation, must be altogether surrendered.

One cause of Stanley's troubles was that Magassa, the Emperor's representative, had failed in the mission assigned him to help the expedition in its voyage over the great lake. Our explorer's later experiences in the same line were equally unsatisfactory. Mtesa, having promised his help towards the exploration of the country between Lakes Victoria and Muta Nzige, and having invited his guest to select a leader for the auxiliary force, Sambuzi was chosen as one whose gallantry had been conspicuous during the recent war. That worthy accepted the commission with the usual amount of rhodomontade, walked over the intervening region with his forces, and then, alarmed by the hostile demonstrations of the natives, utterly failed the explorers at the last, not daring to wait even two days longer, so as to embark his canoes with the *Lady Alice* on the unknown waters that lay before them. The contagion of dread communicated itself to Stanley's own followers, and, defeated almost for the only time in his wanderings, the intrepid adventurer was compelled unwillingly to turn his back on the lake, satisfying himself with naming its eastern bay—as it lay at his feet—Beatrice Gulf. The united expedition returned, and Stanley sent a letter to Mtesa, describing Sambuzi's failure, as well as the shameless thieving of which he had been guilty; and that functionary was ignominiously degraded. The Emperor, indeed, being greatly incensed, sent our explorer a letter (for writing is practised at the court), begging him to try

once more, and offering him a convoy even of 100,000 men; but Stanley finally and wisely declined the offer with thanks, and started southward for Ujiji, doing all in his power, without murderous warfare with hostile natives, towards the exploration of the country, through which the Alexandra Nile pours its waters, in one place 450 yards broad, into Lake Victoria. He found it impracticable, however, to reach the Alexandra Nyanza or Lake, from which the river issues, and which is supposed to be connected with the lakelet of Kivu near the sources of the Rusizi, which, after a southerly course of some forty miles, flows into the northernmost gulf of Lake Tanganika. It is singular that Rumanika, King of Karagwe, expressed the opinion to Stanley that the Alexandra Nile ultimately issues from Tanganika. This was the former impression of the geographers, but had been thoroughly disproved by Stanley himself in his explorations of the northern end of the lake, in conjunction with Livingstone, when they found that the Rusizi flows southward, with a strong current into it. Yet, if the theory hereafter to be explained is correct as to Lake Tanganika which Stanley was ultimately led to adopt as the result of its circumnavigation, it is possible that Rumanika's idea may, at a remotely past period, have answered to the fact, even if it should not again do so.

The two most interesting personages whom Stanley encountered between Lakes Victoria and Tanganika were this Rumanika, and afterwards Mirambo, the freebooting terror of the countries of that region, the alarm of whose exploits had followed the traveller to almost every spot to which he directed his steps. The person of this latter chieftain quite captivated our traveller; "for," says he, "Mirambo was a thorough African gentleman in appearance; very different from my conception of the terrible bandit, who had struck his telling blows at native chiefs and Arabs with all the rapidity of a Frederick the Great surrounded by foes." The intercourse between the two was of the friendliest, culminating in the peculiar ceremony of "blood-brotherhood," which is common in Africa, and was performed by Manwa Sera, Stanley's chief captain. Having caused them "to sit fronting each other on a straw carpet, he made an incision," says our informant, "in each of our right legs, from which he extracted blood, and interchanging it, he exclaimed aloud, 'If either of you break this brotherhood now established between you, may the

lion devour him, the serpent poison him, bitterness be in his food, his friends desert him, his gun burst in his hands, and wound him, and everything that is bad do wrong to him till death.'" Stanley's journal of April 22, 1876, has the following entry:

"This day will be memorable to me for the visit of the famous Mirambo. He was the reverse of all my conceptions of the redoubtable chieftain, and the man I had styled the 'terrible bandit.' He is a man about 5 ft. 11 in. in height, and about thirty-five years old, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him—a handsome, regular-featured, mild-voiced, soft-spoken man, with what one might call a 'meek' demeanour, very generous and open-handed. The character was so different from that which I had attributed to him, that for some time a suspicion clung to my mind that I was being imposed upon, but Arabs came forward who testified that this quiet-looking man was indeed Mirambo. I had expected to see something of the Mtesa type, a man whose exterior would proclaim his life and rank; but this unpresuming, mild-eyed man, of inoffensive, meek exterior, whose action was so calm, without a gesture, presented to the eye nothing of the Napoleonic genius which he has for five years displayed in the heart of Unyamwezi, to the injury of the Arabs and commerce, and the doubling of the price of ivory. I said there was *nothing:* but I must except the eyes, which had the steady, calm gaze of a master. During the conversation I had with him he said he preferred boys or young men to accompany him to war; he never took middle-aged or old men, as they were sure to be troubled with wives or children, and did not fight half so well as young fellows who listened to his words. Said he, 'They have sharper eyes, and their young limbs enable them to move with the ease of serpents, or the rapidity of zebras, and a few words will give them the hearts of lions. In all my wars with the Arabs it was an army of youths that gave me victory—boys without beards. Fifteen of my young men died one day, because I said I must have a certain red cloth that was thrown down as a challenge. No, no; give me youths for war in the open field, and men for the stockaded village.'"—Pp. 492, 493.

But a still greater charm attaches to the gentle Rumanika, whose dominions border the Alexandra Nile and its beautiful lakelets, and who might almost be claimed by the Society of Friends as their representative in Central Africa. Some twenty pages are devoted to the narrative of Stanley's communications with this monarch, who is a tributary of Mtesa:

"The sons of Rumanika," writes the explorer, "nourished on a milk diet, were in remarkably good condition. Their unctuous

skins shone as though the tissues of fat beneath were dissolving in the heat, and their rounded bodies were as taut as a drumhead. Their eyes were large, and beaming and lustrous with life, yet softened by an extreme gentleness of expression. The sculptor might have obtained from any of these royal boys a dark model for another statue to rival the classic Antinous.

"The youths, who welcomed us with a graceful courtesy, soon ushered us into the hut wherein Rumanika sat expectant, with one of the kindliest, most paternal smiles it would be possible to conceive. I confess to having been as affected by the first glance at this venerable and gentle pagan as though I gazed on the serene and placid face of some Christian patriarch or saint of old, whose memory the Church still holds in reverence. His face reminded me of a deep, still well; the tones of his voice were so calm that, unconsciously, they compelled me to imitate him, while the quick, nervous gestures and the bold voice of Sheikh Hamed—seeming entirely out of place—jarred upon me. It was no wonder that the peremptory and imperious, vivid-eyed Mtesa respected and loved this sweet-tempered pagan. Though they had never met, Mtesa's pages had described him, and, with their powers of mimicry, had brought the soft, modulated tones of Rumanika to his ears as truly as they had borne his amicable messages to him.

"What greater contrasts can be imagined than the natures of the Emperor Mtesa and the King Rumanika? In some of his volcanic passions Mtesa seemed to be Fury personified, and, if he were represented on the stage in one of his furious moods, I fear that the actor would rupture a blood-vessel, destroy his eyes, and be ever after afflicted with madness. The Waganda always had recourse to action and to gesture to supplement their verbal descriptions of his raging fits. His eyes, they said, were 'balls of fire, and large as fists;' while his words were 'like gunpowder.' Nature, which had endowed Mtesa with a nervous and intense temperament, had given Rumanika the placid temper, the soft voice, the mild benignity and pleasing character of a gentle father."—Pp. 457, 458.

Nothing could be more delightful than the zest with which the king entered into all the matters of inquiry that interested his white visitor.

"When I spoke," says the latter, "he imposed silence on his friends, and leaned forward with eager attention. If I wished to know anything about the geography of the country, he immediately sent for some particular person who was acquainted with that portion, and inquired searchingly of him as to his knowledge. He chuckled when he saw me use my note-book, as though he had some large personal interest in the number of notes I took. He appeared to be more and more delighted as their bulk increased,

and triumphantly pointed out to the Arabs the immense superiority of the whites to them. He expressed himself as only too glad that I should explore his country. It was a land, he said, that white men ought to know. It possessed many lakes, and rivers, and mountains, and hot springs, and many other things which no other country could boast of."—Pp. 458, 459.

Ultimately a great geographical discussion took place, the two chief personages exchanging their information; and one of Rumanika's racy contributions being the following:

"'Some of the Waziwa saw a strange people in one of those far-off lands, who had long ears descending down to their feet; one ear formed a mat to sleep on, the other served to cover him from the cold, like a dressed hide! They tried to coax one of them to come and see me, but the journey was long, and he died on the way.'

"Dear old Rumanika," comments his visitor, "how he enjoyed presiding over the Geographical Society of Karagwé, and how he smiled when he delivered this last extraordinary piece of Munchhausenism! He was determined that he should be considered as the best informed of all present, and anticipated with delight the pleasure old and jaded Europe would feel upon hearing of these marvellous fables of Equatorial Africa. He was also ambitious to witness my note-book, filled with his garrulity, and I fear he was a little disposed to impose upon the credulity of sober Christians."—P. 470.

Interesting information was obtained, among others, from a young lad who had acted as one of Sambuzi's pages in a great raid a few years back on Usongora, near Muta Nzige, and whose faculty for philosophising was somewhat startlingly developed by the inquiry:

"'Stamlee (Stanley), how is it, will you tell me, that all white men have long noses, while all their dogs have very short noses; whilst almost all black men have short noses, but their dogs have very long noses?' The young philosopher," his interlocutor remarks, "had observed the broad, short noses of my British bull-dog and bull-terrier Jack, and he had hastily arrived at the conclusion that all white men's dogs were pug-nosed (p. 472). It was not long afterwards when ancient 'Bull,' the last," says his master, "of all the canine companions which left England with me, borne down by weight of years, and a land journey of about 1,500 miles, succumbed. With bull-dog pertinacity, he persisted in following the receding figures of the gun-bearers, who were accustomed to precede him in the narrow way. Though he often staggered and moaned, he made strenuous efforts to keep up; but at last, lying down in the path, he plaintively bemoaned the weakness

of body that had conquered his will, and soon after died, his eyes to the last looking *forward* along the track he had so bravely tried to follow."—P. 486.

The spot where the faithful dog breathed his last was not far to the south of the valley of Uyagoma, in western Usui, to the east of the Alexandra Lake.

"Along this valley," writes our guide, "there stretches east and west a grass-covered ridge, beautiful in places with rock-strewn dingles tapestried with ferns and moss, and bright with vivid foliage. From two such fair nooks, halfway down either slope, the northern and the southern, drip in great rich drops the sources of two impetuous rivers—on the southern the Malagarazi, on the other the Lohugati. Though nurtured in the same cradle, and issuing within 2,000 yards of each other, the twin streams are strangers throughout their lives. Through the thick ferns and foliage, the rivulets trickle each down his appointed slope, murmuring as they gather strength to run their destined course—the Lohugati to the Victoria Lake, the Malagarazi to distant Tanganika."—P. 483.

We have yielded to the temptation to dwell so long on Mr. Stanley's first volume, as perforce to be compelled to be briefer in our extracts from the second, which commences with graphic sketches of Ujiji and its surroundings, as well as its people and its legends. It was while busy one day with his comparative tables of African languages, valuable lists of which occupy sixteen pages of the appendix, that he hit upon the probable meaning of the name Tanganika "the plain-like lake." A fortnight's rest sufficed; and then, selecting a crew of eleven picked men and two boys, the *Lady Alice*, after her arduous journeys by land and sea, is once more launched on the 11th June, 1876, on her natural element, her object being—

"To explore the mountain barriers which enfold the lake, for the discovery of some gap, which lets out, or is supposed to let out, the surplus water of rivers, which, from a dim and remote period, have been pouring into it from all sides."—Vol. II., p. 18.

Our readers will remember that Livingstone and Stanley had decisively disproved the older theory which connected the lake with the Great Victoria and the Nile, by means of the Rusizi in the north. The remaining portion of the Tanganika was now to be as carefully circumnavigated as had been the Victoria Lake. In this voyage of discovery the beautifully constructed English boat, which had been made in sections, so as to be separated or united accord-

ing to convenience, was accompanied by the *Meofu*, a heavy teakwood canoe, lent for the purpose by the Arab Governor of Ujiji. The natives predicted dismal things of the smaller craft, but her crew had learnt confidence by their experiences on Lake Victoria, nor were their prognostications disappointed. The expedition returned to headquarters after a sail of over 810 miles, effected without disaster or illness, in the course of fifty-one days, although they had encountered weather severe enough to justify the apprehensions of those whom they had left behind.

The south-eastern part of the lake is exceedingly wild and romantic, being edged in one place by—

"One successive series of gigantic blocks and crags of granite. Rock rises above rock, and fragment above fragment. Here towers a colossal mass the size of a two-storied house, bearing upon it a similar mass, perhaps entire, but more probably split with a singularly clean and fresh fracture; and there springs up from the surrounding chaos a columnar block, like a closed hand, with outstretched forefinger. But everywhere there is the same huge disarray, ruin, and confusion."—P. 31.

Toward the south-west extremity, again, is the sacred ground of this part of the continent.

"Each crag and grove, each awful mountain brow and echoing gorge, has its solemn associations of spirits. Vague and indescribable beings, engendered by fear and intense superstition, govern the scene. Any accident that may befall, any untoward event or tragedy that may occur before the sanctuaries of these unreal powers, is carefully treasured in the memories of the people with increased awe and dread of the Spirits of the Rocks."—P. 86.

This spirit of superstition, not unnaturally, cleaves to a region where the sea is bordered by lofty cliffs and mountains, some tower-like in appearance, whilst others are regularly terraced, with intervening scrub. The western shores of Goma, opposite Ujiji in the north, rise to a still loftier grandeur, but this is veiled by a luxurious abundance of vegetation, amid which multitudes of crystal streams urge their headlong course into the lake.

The central point of geographical interest in this voyage was, however, the River Lukuga, or Luindi, supposed to be the outlet of Lake Tanganika, whereby its waters would flow by a north-westerly course into the Lualaba, Livingstone's great river. This was the conclusion arrived at by Lieutenant Cameron, who, though unable to navigate the Lukuga farther than four or five miles, in consequence of

floating vegetation, yet found himself driven *from* the lake, by a current of one and a half knots, while the weed set in the same direction. But Stanley was puzzled by the directly contradictory assertions of a number of natives whom he met, including Para, Cameron's own guide; whilst some from the very banks of the river asserted that there were two Lukugas, one flowing *eastward* into the lake, and another *westward!* Hence, having circumnavigated Tanganika without discovering any outlet whatever, he subjected this stream to a series of elaborate and ingenious inquiries, experiments, and soundings, during a period of three days.

A map of the creek, on the scale of three English miles to the inch, is here supplied to assist the reader to understand the letterpress. Mr. Stanley was accompanied up the creek by the chief of the adjoining district, whose statement was that there was water flowing both eastward and westward. The result of an experiment made in the morning with a disc of wood, the wind blowing strong from the lake, was that it floated *from* it, towards the papyrus undergrowth which choked the bed, 822 feet in an hour; but in the afternoon, without wind, and the water being calm, the disc floated *towards* the lake eastward, at the rate of 600 feet in the hour. This proved that on the day in question there was *no* current, whilst it suggests how Cameron may have easily come to a wrong conclusion. Finding it impossible to penetrate the papyrus-choked watercourse, our explorer, with the chief and fifteen men of the expedition, next day started inland along the banks, meeting with sundry streams trending lakeward. At length they reached the dry bed of the Kibamba, about ten miles from the Tanganika, and observed that the grass stalks, still lying down from the force of the last rainy season, pointed towards the lake. But soon afterwards the ground began to be moist, hollows of cool water multiplied, and ere long the chief triumphantly pointed to water indisputably flowing westward, which was seven degrees cooler than that of the Lukuga, near the lake! This name clings to the stream for a few miles inland, when it becomes known as the Luindi. The expedition pursued its course yet three miles in that direction, and then retraced its steps to the Lumba Creek, near the lake, which it reached late at night. The third day was devoted to soundings.

We have not hitherto called attention to the fact, which, by universal testimony, as well as by Stanley's personal observation, and the written descriptions of preceding travellers, was overwhelmingly clear, that Lake Tanganika has for a number of years been steadily rising, and encroaching upon the land; which could not but be the case, if there is no outlet. But to this transformation there is one remarkable exception all along the wild, confused coast line, to which reference has already been made: on the south-east, there are "numerous traces that the lake has been many yards higher than it is at present. All this dreary ruin of wave-dismantled and polished rock was at one time covered with water" (p. 32). Here it was that the suspicion flashed across the explorer's mind that in remote times the south-east part of Tanganika was a separate lake; and, after a minute examination of the entire problem, he continues to hold this opinion. The only feasible explanation of the difficulties connected with this great lake is, that at some remote period the southern portion was of much greater altitude than at present, and flowed by the Lukuga into the Luindi and Lualaba; that, in connection with some great convulsion, the northern barrier of this lake was rent asunder from Cape Kahangwa on the west to Cape Kungwé on the east: that an enormous fissure northwards was created, *where the depths are unfathomable;* that the unprisoned waters naturally flowed in that direction, while the course of the Lukuga river was at least partially reversed, as also possibly may have been that of the Rusizi at the extreme north of the present lake; and that from that distant epoch all the circumjacent streams have been emptying themselves into the ever-enlarging basin, until it begins, even in the south-east, to some extent to approach its original level. The peculiarity is that the period of the termination of this vast cycle should so closely correspond with the visit of Europeans, that the probability should now be calculated upon, that in a short time the affluent of the Lukuga will, after the vast parenthesis in its history, "resume its old duties of conveying the surplus waters of the Tanganika down into the valley of the Livingstone, and thence, along its majestic winding course, to the Atlantic Ocean." It requires an additional rise in the surface of the lake of three feet, when—

"The accumulated waters of a hundred rivers will sweep through

the ancient gap with the force of a cataclysm, bearing away on its flood all the deposits of organic *débris* at present in the Lukuga creek down the steep incline, to swell the tribute due to the mighty Livingstone."—Pp. 50—52.

With what eager interest the great physical crisis will now be watched by the scientific world! What will be the effect of so enormous an accession to the already gigantic river?

On his return to Ujiji, the leader of the expedition found his subordinate, Frank Pocock, pale, sickly, and anxious, as he well might be, having suffered so long and severely from fever; whilst small-pox had burst forth virulently, and eleven of Stanley's own followers, who had eluded his efforts to vaccinate all his people near Bagamoyo, had been taken seriously ill, five having already died of the epidemic. He was very anxious to leave, but, being himself attacked with heavy fever, the start was not effected till the fourth week after his return, on August 25th, 1876. The march to the Lualaba River leading through the midst of Manyema cannibals, even his chiefs were almost beside themselves with fear, and he was astonished to find thirty-eight men deserted out of 170; notwithstanding every precaution, five more disappeared during the first few days of the journey, including Kalulu himself, whom he had taken to England and the United States, and placed in an English school for eighteen months. This defection caused him to send back Frank Pocock with the detective of the party, the ever faithful and gallant Kachéche, at the head of a squad to Ujiji, with suitable instructions. They succeeded in pouncing on six fellows, who, after a tough resistance, were secured; and they afterwards recovered the runaway Kalulu also. These seven, with a few other attempting deserters, were punished, and the expedition was saved from utter wreck. Stanley's solitary criticism on Livingstone is that he was over-lenient to those who broke their pledges to him, the result of which was that only seven out of nearly seventy remained faithful to him to the end. And to this cause are attributed his loss of "at least six years of time, and finally of life itself" (pp. 66, 67). The journey to Nyangwé, the extreme westernmost locality inhabited by Arab traders from Zanzibar, occupied Mr. Stanley forty-three days altogether, the distance traversed being 338 miles; and the expedition reached this *ultima Thule* in excellent health.

Their course had led them, among other places, through Uguha and Ubujwé, where the art of hair-dressing is carried to an absurd perfection; and Uhombo, where human nature presents its in the most degraded aspect conceivable. The ejaculation, "Fearful!" involuntarily burst from the lips of the experienced traveller; though he found, before he left the place, that the people were kind and hospitable. Next came Manyema, where Nature is even terrible in her prodigality of vegetable life. The natives were kindly, but lavished their highest admiration on the riding-asses of the expedition, the sonorous bray of one of which sent them flying in all directions. Interminable mutual conflict is the normal condition of these tribes, who are humble and liberal to the strong, but murderous and cannibalistic to the weak. A few days before reaching Nyangwé, Stanley sighted the main body of the Livingstone, near Mpungu, at the junction of the Luama with the Lualaba, and was even then reminded of the Mississippi, before its union with the Missouri. He now first discovered that his predecessor Cameron had followed the river no further than Nyangwé, Livingstone's most distant point, but had diverged westward by the land route, in consequence of the want of canoes, the hostility of the savages, the reluctance of the Arabs to allow him to proceed, and the cowardice of his followers. Terrible accounts were given to Stanley of the desperate hostility of interminable hosts before him of dwarf cannibals with poisoned arrows, to say nothing of boa constrictors, leopards, gorillas, and poisonous insects. But a bargain was struck with Tippu-Tib, the Arab who had accompanied Cameron part of his way toward the west, and who agreed to conduct the expedition sixty marches farther, Frank Pocock having nobly volunteered to back up his leader in the daring attempt to explore the mysterious stream. It was here three-quarters of a mile wide, the season being that of the lowest level. At a later period it is more than three times as broad.

The numerical strength of the expedition, as it started northward from Nyangwé, was 154, including women and children. They set out with cheerfulness, as the Arab escort that accompanied them consisted of 700 persons, 300 of whom were, however, after a few days to diverge on another enterprise.

"The object of the desperate journey," writes Stanley, "is to

flash a torch of light across the western half of the Dark Continent. For from Nyangwé east, along the fourth parallel of south latitude, are some 880 geographical miles, discovered, explored, and surveyed, but westward to the Atlantic Ocean along the same latitude are 956 miles—over 900 geographical miles of which are absolutely unknown."—P. 127.

The start was effected on November 5, 1876, and the next day they entered the fearful and interminable forest of Mitamba, in the Uregga country, the dark horrors, gloom, and fatigue of which completely demoralised the expedition in ten days, when, the Arabs repenting their agreement, Stanley resolved to strike for the river itself. The natives of the forest were found to be acquainted with the art of the smith, but alas! also to be cannibals; though they asserted that the human-looking skulls, which, to the number of 186, adorned each side of the street of one village, were those of *sokos* or gorillas. It was only by bringing home two of these skulls, and securing the judgment of Professor Huxley, that it was proved that they were those of a man and a woman. One half of the number seen by Stanley bore the mark of a hatchet, evidently driven into the head of the living victim. The missing zoological link has therefore not been discovered. Mr. Stanley met with another spectacle in the same region which suggested to his mind a hint throwing possible light on the great caudal question, which every now and then crops up.

"The men of Uregga," says he, "wear skins of civet or monkey, in front and rear, the tails downwards. It may have been from a hasty glance of a rapidly disappearing form of one of these people in the wild woods that native travellers in the lake regions felt persuaded that they had seen 'men with tails.'" —P. 146.

The river was struck forty-one geographical miles north of Nyangwé at Kampunzu, where the name Lualaba terminates; and henceforward the mighty stream in Stanley's pages bears the name of Livingstone. Here it was that, peacefully resting on its banks and pondering the past and future, he first resolved on braving the perils of the waterway rather than fight his way by land.

"My people's hearts," he thought, "have become faint. I seek a road. Why, here lies a broad watery avenue cleaving the Unknown to some sea like a path of light. Here are woods all

around sufficient for a thousand fleets of canoes. Why not build them?"—Pp. 148, 149.

Springing to his feet, the leader had his weary followers summoned by drum; and, inspired with the great thought that had just struck him, addressed them in a stirring appeal, forthwith answered by thirty-eight brave men, who there and then pledged themselves to cleave to him to the death. The rest ultimately followed suit, and for a time the Arab convoy continued to accompany them. By a little skilful dealing with the apparently hostile natives on the western shore, the people were amicably ferried across the river to where the country was open, and the expedition proceeded onward, partly by water in the *Lady Alice*, and the larger remnant by land.

The exigencies of space compel us only briefly to summarise the mighty achievement now entered upon. It was not long before the twofold conflict commenced, with infuriated natives, among the multitudinous tribes of which the expedition had to run the gauntlet for hundreds of miles, and with the rapids and falls of the great river itself. It was on the 22nd of November that they first encountered the strange war-cry, "Ooh-hu-hu! Ooh-hu-hu! Ooh-hu-hu!" A month later it was exchanged at Vinya-Njara for the eccentric tones of "Bo-bo, bo-bo, bo-bo-o-oh!" And two months later the harsh semi-equine, "Yaha-ha-ha!" succeeded. The leader of the expedition says that had he not been able to ascertain the names of the tribes, and had he contented himself with mentioning these singular indications of their aggressive designs, any succeeding traveller would have easily identified them by the classification. It became evident, before very long, that no expedition could by any possibility have penetrated the regions traversed except by the help of the river, as it ever bore its living freight toward the ocean. This mighty assistance derived from Nature involved, however, the keener opposition from man, inasmuch as Stanley almost invariably brought news of his own approach to the various tribes who thickly peopled the shores, and were generally each other's enemies. One happy exception is most interestingly delineated. The people of Kankoré, hearing from some fishermen of the approach of the expedition with peaceful words, sent a canoe up the river with abundance of provisions, under charge of a woman and a boy. "Had you seized that

canoe," said the people, "our drums would have sounded for war." As it was, of course, the canoe was greeted with the word, "Sen-nen-neh" (Peace); and, when Stanley and his people came in sight, they were greeted with the same gentle and welcome exclamation by hundreds of unarmed men and women, whose genial hospitality supplied them with a brief parenthetical luxury amid widely different experiences. We are, however, anticipating. A week before the incident just referred to—which happened on January 3rd, 1877—the Arab escort, appalled by the terrific conflicts already encountered, receded from its pledges, and returned homeward, handsomely rewarded, however, for the aid they had rendered. This desertion was hastened by the tremendous struggle which had taken place a few days previously with a powerful chief at Vinya-Njara. The conflict had lasted two days, and, though the natives had been repulsed with enormous loss, it would have been resumed but for a stratagem, whereby Stanley, under cover of a dark night, cut the moorings of thirty-six canoes which had been fastened along the shore. Frank Pocock was waiting lower down with a picked company in four little canoes, for the purpose of stopping the drifting barks — an exploit which, with his leader's help, he successfully accomplished. As the result of this night expedition, Stanley was able next morning to offer terms of peace, which were ultimately agreed to, whereby fifteen of the canoes were returned and twenty-three more were purchased. It was by this means that it was found practicable to pursue the voyage with his entire company. The determination of the Arabs to return greatly discouraged Stanley's followers; but by a stirring speech (a singular parallel to which, pointed out by a poetical friend, is quoted in the note to p. 191, as placed by Tennyson in the mouth of Ulysses) the explorer revived the courage of his men, and 149 souls accompanied him still northward, on the day after Christmas Day, 1876. Most interesting details are supplied of thirty-two battles fought with savage assailants, who constantly greeted the unfortunate expedition with hideous cannibal cries, "We shall have meat to-day!" invariably, however, to be repulsed with more or less severity by the travellers, who defended themselves with Snider rifles and captured shields. Still the loss of life was heavy, and the people's sufferings were intensified by the terrible rapids and

cataracts to be passed, seven of which, near the bend of the great river toward the west, go by the name of the Stanley Falls, whilst two-and-thirty more, near the west coast, are called the Livingstone Falls. Between these two series of falls a distance of 750 miles was traversed with comparative ease, chiefly from east to west and north of the equator, the river flowing steadily onward, with a thousand isles on its broad breast, which in some places widened to a breadth of seven miles or more. In this part of the route the people were able to keep out in mid-stream, so as to avoid the incessant hostility which was gradually wearing them out, and to recover something of their former elasticity. The sense of weariness experienced in the reader's mind through those incessant conflicts is renewed by the story of the severe struggle with the Livingstone Falls. Here Stanley was completely deceived by the impression that the cataract reached some sixty years ago by Captain Tuckey from the mouth of the Congo was near at hand; and this idea was fostered by the constant intelligence received from the dimly-instructed natives that there were but two or three more waterfalls. The narrative is most distressing of the sufferings of the men in dragging their heavy canoes overland, and of the successive losses of canoes and men. By-and-by, among others, poor Kalulu is swept over a cataract and perishes; but the climax of sorrow is reached, when the faithful and generous Frank Pocock meets a similar fate. This terrible catastrophe, which took place on June 3rd, 1877, at the Zinga Falls, almost stupefied the survivors, who thenceforward exhibited a kind of pathetic sullenness and despair, whilst Stanley himself was prevented, probably only by the necessities of others, from yielding to the choking sense of unutterable grief and despondency.

For a long period the unexpected course of the river northward from Nyangwé had caused our explorer to hesitate; but, when at length, exactly on the equator, the long-expected trend to the west began, his impression was confirmed that he was, after all, pursuing the course of the Congo; and this conviction was intensified as he continued to proceed westward. But he did not meet with the word that he was seeking till he reached Rubunga, near the most northerly part of the river's great bend, where the local chief, when asked the name of the river, replied in a sonorous voice, "Ikutu ya *Kongo*" (p. 283). This magni-

ficent stream receives successively tributaries only less noble than itself, in the Lumami, Mbura, Aruwimi, Ukere, Sankuru, Ikelemba, and Ibari-Nkutu rivers, to say nothing of multitudinous smaller influents. What a wealth of hitherto unimagined fertility is suggested by these uncouth and unfamiliar names!

At length, "after a journey of nearly 7,000 miles up and down broad Africa," the gallant little *Lady Alice* was "consigned to her resting-place above the Isangila cataract, to bleach and rot to dust" (p. 443). She had done memorable work during the three years that had elapsed since Messenger, of Teddington, commenced her construction. The weary people were overjoyed at their master's assurance that in five or six days they would see Europeans; but they entered on this last land journey "a wayworn, feeble, and suffering column," nearly forty of them sick with dysentery, ulcers, and scurvy, and the victims of the latter disease were steadily increasing. Here Mirambo, the last riding-ass, after traversing the continent, lay down, apparently wondering in his exhaustion to find himself deserted, and was left under the pastoral care of the chief of Mbinda. On the third day of the march such was the state of his gaunt procession, that Stanley anxiously availed himself of an opportunity to send a note "to any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma" of earnest appeal for help for the starving. Four volunteers of his gallant company went with the guide, and on August 6th, 1877, the welcome supplies arrived. Three days later the already refreshed remnant reached Boma, and their fatigues were over. But the utmost resources of hospitality and medical skill at this place, at Kabinda, to which a steamer took the wondering natives, and then at San Paul de Loanda, only partially succeeded in saving the people from the stupor of indifference which reacted with deadly effect. The hearty hospitalities of the Cape wondrously assisted in the recovery of the invalids, and the remnant, with their faithful leader and friend, finally arrived at Zanzibar on November 26th, 1877, "blessed with redundant health, robust, bright, and happy," with one single exception: Muscati, who had left her husband in African wilds, had never rallied, and died the following day in her father's arms, the last victim of this destructive enterprise.

And now, in view of such an amount of suffering and mortality as we have briefly indicated, the question, *cui*

bono? may be put. And the answer is not unsatisfactory. The greatest possible discovery has been effected in the geography of our earth; for, as has been well and authoritatively stated, no other so grand remains to be made, or so full of probable ultimate commercial promise. The story, too, is left for ourselves and future generations, as a noble and elevating record of the capabilities of manhood. And is it not suggestive of the true relation in which western civilisation should stand, and is intended by Providence to stand, toward the much-enduring African race? The heroic self-resource of the Anglo-American leader was paralleled by the equally heroic faithfulness of his Mangwana followers. And this again invites a consideration of the point of deepest interest of all, the bearing of the whole enterprise on the evangelisation of Africa. We are sanguine enough to accept Mr. Stanley's poetic title, *Through the Dark Continent*, with its prominent illustration on the binding of his volumes, as typical of a lofty Providential design in his marvellous achievement. "The dark continent" is depicted on these covers with a golden line across its inky blackness to indicate the explorer's path; and shall we not dare to hope that this opened pathway shall indeed prove an avenue of light to those benighted regions?

Who can fail to be struck with the successive instrumentalities which Divine wisdom has employed in Africa during the nineteenth century? Sixty years ago Tuckey's enterprise, though launched under Government auspices, was a failure, as it could not but be, starting from the western coast up the great river toward the interior. Heaven's time had not yet arrived, for those were the dark days of slavery and the "middle passage." But not long afterwards Robert Moffat commenced his splendid though unostentatious career from the Cape of Good Hope—surely a prophetic cognomen. He was the means, in due time, of calling David Livingstone into the field, and gave him a wife to cheer him in the wilderness where he was to lay the foundation in sequestered missionary experiences of his later heroic labours in the northern interior. When Livingstone in turn became the old man, the interest which his marvellous achievements and his mysterious disappearances aroused in Christendom, culminated in the first remarkable mission of Henry M. Stanley, when America provided the discoverer of the grand British explorer at

Ujiji. The grasped hands of the veteran and youthful adventurers in the heart of the great continent symbolised the common work to which the two countries are called of God for the elevation of the African race, by both alike so grievously injured. Almost simultaneously with Livingstone's indignant denunciations of the infamous slave-trade which was desolating so many fair regions of the interior, the final death-blow was given to the "sum of all villanies" by the emancipation of the slaves in the United States. And now from that very land a man was sent, who, at the honoured grave of Livingstone receiving his commission, started forth to emulate and consummate his magnificent achievements. The result is that by these marvellous travels, as well as by those of Burton, Speke, Grant, Cameron, and others, the dark continent is tracked with many a line of golden light; and Christian men and women wonder and sigh as they behold the millions of Ham's degraded children, who have never heard the name of Christ. What heart is it that does not cry, "How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?" The sorrowful consideration is forced upon us that Africa will never be converted by European instrumentality, which cannot in sufficient force reach the populous but distant interibr. Our missionaries are waging a dire war in Western Africa with disease and fever, nor can the work of evangelising the regions beyond be said to have taken root, until training institutions have been founded beyond the malarious coast-belt. For this emergency has not Providence been preparing a people? The African race, so cruelly deported across the Atlantic, was deprived by man's cupidity of the rights of earthly freedom, in order in that distant land to acquire a truer liberty. The black man was permitted to be violently brought to the land of the white man, that he might learn of Jesus, and in the hour of his agony receive His salvation. No one can converse with the intelligent, Scripturally-educated negro, now at last politically and socially free, without observing how fondly he traces the parallel of his history in that of the enslaved Hebrews in Egypt of old. "Do you suppose," we have heard him ask, "that God permitted Joseph to be sold into the land of the Pharaohs, because He did not love him?

No, but because through him He purposed to bring about a stupendous salvation. And did the Lord allow His ancient people to be led captive into the same country, because He hated them? No, but that He might bring them out with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, and through their instrumentality effect a world-wide deliverance."

What is the prominent aspect of the negro question at present in the United States? Christian philanthropy is achieving magnificent results in the education of the coloured people. But, side by side with this Godlike work, unscrupulous political selfishness is straining every nerve, by social contempt, by emasculated Civil Rights Bills, and by Ku-Klux secret societies of murderous tendencies, to keep down the negro. Can we wonder that the desire is spreading far and wide among the despised class to recross the Atlantic, and find a more congenial home in the land of their fathers? Only a short time ago it was announced that a large line of ocean steamers had been started for this very purpose in the Southern States, with 160,000 negro shareholders, and that some 40,000 persons had already expressed their intention to emigrate to Liberia. We anticipate a vast development of this movement. The sons of Africa are returning home, richer for their night of captivity, and with a blessing in their hearts for their benighted brethren. Physically adapted to brave the yellow fever, in particular, which is so deadly to the white man, they will gradually push their way inland, and take the Gospel with them into the fertile regions to which He is so marvellously pointing them. Be it remembered that to Simon of Cyrene was assigned, probably because he was a man of despised colour, the unique honour of bearing the Saviour's cross. On the descendants of Ham the burden and the curse have long rested, but not for ever. Does not the narrative before us suggest the Christian duty and privilege which lie before the civilised West to lead the van and to foster this promising work? What Anglo-Saxon enterprise dares to initiate, however feebly, African patience and tenacity will by Him be guided to consummate. "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

Art. III.—*The Immediate Future of the United States.*

Bound as England is to the United States by so many and such tender ties of blood, speech, literature, commerce, laws, and religion, it is impossible not to watch without the deepest interest the history and progress of our American cousins, and to anticipate the immediate future lying before them. During the last twenty years they have passed through a grave crisis, out of which they have emerged, we may believe, stronger and nobler. Yet there are some things that must awaken concern, if not apprehension, on a careful survey of the present state of affairs; politically, socially, commercially, and morally. The present article is designed to give the results of observations made during a long and extended tour. It is not proposed to enter upon the wide and important subject of national education in the United States; which has of late years received ample treatment in the pages of this Review. Nor is it proposed to deal with ecclesiastical questions, especially with the position and prospects of American Methodism, which demand and will speedily receive consideration by one pre-eminently qualified for the task. But there are certain problems now being worked out across the Atlantic which cannot fail to awaken intense interest among Englishmen. The immediate political future presents a horoscope by no means easy to decipher and interpret. There seems at first sight but little to choose, in many respects, between the two great political parties of Republicans and Democrats. Both are largely infected with a political taint of corruption, and both are often unscrupulous as to the means employed to snatch a party victory. There are numerous and honourable individual exceptions, as is the case with every system; but the general statement is too true. An Englishman who has not travelled in the States, or mixed freely with all classes of the people, can have no conception of all that is involved in "lobbying," and "wire-pulling," and "log-rolling," and the construction of "platforms," and all the

other processes so familiar to partisanship across the Atlantic. The State Legislatures include not a few inferior men, to whom the small money payment for membership is a consideration, and who use politics as a gainful trade. Concerning one of these bodies, a leading man recently remarked, in highly-spiced American vernacular, "If the infernal regions were raked with a small-tooth comb, they could not yield a worse set than the —— Legislature." That of New York has been for years notoriously venal; and in varying degrees a similar remark applies to some other States. Congress is not respected. Its members, speaking broadly, are open to "influence." Some of the worst features of English vestrydom are reproduced and exaggerated in municipal and legislative affairs. Intelligent, respectable, and devout Americans have themselves to blame for this, because many of them have deliberately abstained from the performance of citizen duties, either from indolence or from pride. As a result, the guidance of public affairs has been largely seized by adventurers, and office-seekers, and unprincipled demagogues, who ply their trade for profit. Scandals perpetually occur, such as Englishmen, happily, have no conception of. Thousands of the wealthy and influential classes refuse to attend the district conventions, or "caucuses," where the initial steps are taken in all electoral matters, because they will not encounter the rough elements there assembled, and because they despise the methods resorted to by party managers for winning the popular vote. Yet this abstention has had the effect of throwing power into unworthy and incompetent hands. No class of men can abnegate their just position or evade their public responsibilities without entailing penalties on themselves and on the community at large. Probably, with the equivocal blessing of universal suffrage in the United States, the immediate results might not be different so far as regards the popular vote. At the same time intelligence and high character ought to make themselves felt, and might have arrested in some degree the downward course of partisan politics. In any case, a testimony should be borne in behalf of national honour and integrity. As it is, the whole system of government—Municipal, State, and Federal—is injured and degraded. Things are said and done, for party purposes, and in order to snatch a party victory, which would be scorned and scouted in private life. Fright-

ful jobbery is perpetrated in the appointment to offices. Men of notorious incompetence and of scandalous character are often nominated to responsible posts. Those which are filled by popular vote, such as judgeships in various States, are manipulated by clever intriguers. With every new President a clean sweep is liable to be made of all postmasters, Customs officers, and others, to the number of about 100,000 in all, in the employ of the central government at Washington, in order to place this large amount of patronage in the hands of the new Cabinet or of the incoming party. This brief tenure of office, and the miserable pay attaching to it for the most part, present strong temptations to men of no moral fibre of character to make hay for themselves while the sun shines. Even President Hayes, with his high and deserved reputation, has been unable to carry out the scheme of Civil Service reform on which he was bent. This Augean stable is too vast and too polluted to be cleansed by any modern Hercules. The mass of the Republican party do not desire a change, and the Democrats will do nothing to effect this, in anticipation of coming into office in 1880. They have been too long in the chilly shade of opposition to submit to the loss of a coveted opportunity of materially rewarding themselves. Thus the whole political system is honeycombed with self-seeking and corruption. Hence the profligate venality of which so much has been heard, and which is spoken of, not secretly and in a corner, but without disguise, and often, sad to say, without a blush. Public morality is being sapped and weakened by all this, and the numerous cases of defalcation and breach of trust are not surprising. Nor is it strange that the old spirit that prompted repudiation of State obligations to foreign creditors, still occasionally appears, as in the discussions on the Bland Silver Bill, and in the desire manifested by some legislators at Washington to renounce the recent award in the Halifax Fisheries Commission, on the plea that it is not so favourable to the United States as some of her people desire. Perhaps, also, it is not too much to say that if a sentiment of chivalrous justice widely existed, there would have been an immediate refunding of the half million sterling paid by England in excess of the Alabama claims as now ascertained.

Yet there are hopeful signs. A better public sentiment is appearing in influential quarters. Within the last

twelve months large meetings of respectable citizens have been held in New York and elsewhere to protest against the existing condition of things, and to agitate for a needed reform. It is not improbable that an independent and patriotic party will gradually organise itself on broad national grounds, as an escape from mere partisanship and from political tricksters. Notwithstanding all that has been written above, it must not for a moment be supposed that universal wrong-doing prevails. Many bright and glowing tints belong to the picture. They, however, are not the best friends of America who flatter her people to the top of their bent, and encourage the "spread-eagleism" that is always ready enough to break forth. A cheerful optimism pervades the minds of many Americans, and while admitting the political and social evils that exist, they have a blind faith that, somehow, all will turn out right. Doubtless this will be the case if wise and good men seize upon and retain the helm; but not if everything be left to the "all-and-sundry," or to chance. Ministers and leading men have thrust upon them a grave responsibility, which they can evade only at their peril. Recent events indicate that they are rising to a sense of duty and of privilege in this respect. Within the last two months Massachusetts has nobly asserted herself against the impudent rowdyism of the Butler-Kearney faction. There is the more pressing need for such action, as the tone of the public press, with a few honourable exceptions, is low and unworthy. The hateful system of "interviewing," and of raking up, with a view to publication, all the details of a man's past life, with exceedingly free and personal comments thereon, has led to an amount of license and of libertinism in journalistic matters, a parallel to which can only be found in the very darkest and worst days of the old French Revolution. All this has helped to create and foster a morbid love of sensationalism and of highly-seasoned newspaper dishes. Everybody lives in a glass house, through whose transparent walls not only his actions but his very thoughts and motives are supposed to be discernible. If not, they are surmised; which serves equally well for the purpose of the hour. There is also a tendency on the part of numerous writers in newspapers to pander to the ignorance and selfishness of the lower strata of society, and to discourse in the strain known as "high-falutin'" on the rights and prerogatives of "the sovereign

people." The practical outcome of all this is just what might have been predicted. There is a disposition on the part of what claims to be the Working Men's Party to sink all other considerations, and to look only for the highest bid for the vote of its members. It is difficult to determine with accuracy as to the extent and influence of this new element, but probably it has been greatly overrated, alike by the hopes of the wire-pullers among the Labour Party, and by the fears of their opponents. A convention was held last autumn at Troy, in New York State, at which there was a large representation of working men. The preamble to the "platform" then laid down arraigns capitalists as legislating to promote their own interests and to oppress the operatives. The following principal points were included in the new demand then set forth:— "That labour has a perfect right to an equal share of the wealth which it creates;" "that the invention of labour-saving machinery should have the effect of reducing the hours of labour"; "assessments upon taxable property to be made on the cumulative principle, increasing the rates according to the amount of property actually owned, with just discrimination against unproductive property;" "gratuitous administration of justice in all courts of law;" "the establishment of a bureau of labour statistics in every State, the officers to be taken from the ranks of labour;" abolition of the contract system in prisons and reformatories; railroads to be purchased and managed by the State, and passengers and freight to be carried at cost; the right of suffrage to be held sacred; the life and limbs of *employés* to be protected; the prosecution of necessary public works, wages for the same being settled by arbitration from time to time. It will be observed that this "platform" is tolerably broad, and there is no doubt that some of its "planks" were inserted in order to secure the widest possible constituency. How far the bolder Socialistic demands may become ultimately attainable depends greatly upon the attitude assumed by the leaders of the two great parties of Republicans and Democrats who now divide the United States. Each seems inclined to outbid the other for the acquisition or retention of political power. The general public, however, who must always be discriminated from professional politicians, have by no means recovered from the scare caused by the railway riots in July, 1877, at Pittsburg, Chicago, and else-

where, and are not likely to concede the claims of the so-called Working Men's Party. The result of the agitation and effort in the State of New York was that only one member was returned to the State Legislature at the last election. This can scarcely be regarded as commensurate with the exertions put forth; but they will not have been entirely thrown away if the working men come to learn that they can have little or no abiding influence on State elections so long as they act as a separate body, refusing all connection and affiliation with other parts of the community. Should they continue their organisation, they might for a time exert a disturbing influence; but the probability is that they will disintegrate from the force of circumstances; and meanwhile they are in danger of falling into the hands of political tricksters and demagogues. Similar movements in this and in other countries have been so controlled and used, not for the benefit of the men who in good faith were the originators, but to further the personal ambition or the corrupt schemes of a few unscrupulous leaders. If the working men of the United States would improve their condition by the exercise of political rights, they must beware of disreputable wire-pullers who know least but talk most about their wants, their trials, and their sufferings. They must remember, too, that neither they nor any other class of the community have political or social rights that conflict with law, order, and good government. They are as much interested in having public affairs directed by honest, faithful, and intelligent officials; but whether these be merchants or shoemakers, lawyers or bricklayers, doctors or workers in railway shops, is relatively immaterial. The accident of a man's position should be no barrier and no assistance, provided only he is qualified by knowledge and character.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that, in theory, the American Constitution is as perfect as any such instrument can be expected to be; but its successful working presupposes wise and good administrators, and the highest style of patriotism on the part of the nation. It is a notorious fact, however, that the majority of people are neither wise nor good. Human nature must be dealt with as it is; not as it ought to be, according to theorists. If the whole people of the United States were like Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Livingston, Adams, and the other worthies who left their own mental and moral impress on the early history of the

Republic, its subsequent career and its present position would have been very different in many respects. But those times were exceptional, and the stress of circumstances brought the best and the noblest men to the front. They did their work loyally and well; and it is no discredit to them that their lofty conceptions were not always embodied in heroic deeds by their successors. The leaders of the English Commonwealth period were in advance of their time, and aimed at an ideal which the nation was not prepared to reach. Yet their memory is fragrant and beautiful. In like manner, in America, the original Declaration of Independence, and the constitution of the various States, breathe, for the most part, a pure and noble spirit, and express exalted sentiments in stately language. The practical developments in the nation's life have not always corresponded to the verbal theory; but that is tantamount to saying that the instrumentality was human. The principle of universal suffrage is a national blessing only to the extent that it is an educated suffrage, honestly and patriotically exercised. The creation of more voters, to be bought and manipulated by demagogues, is a subtraction from the aggregate national strength. Attempts have been made elsewhere, and in past ages, to found republics with ignorance as the corner-stone, and the results have been disastrous. Neither universal suffrage, nor the possession of the ballot, nor fulsome laudation of a republican system of government, will make a great and vigorous nation. As the Rev. Dr. M'Cosh, the President of Princeton College, wrote in the *International Review* of March, 1874, "All Americans feel that if their republican institutions are to continue and to prosper, they must have an education as universal as the suffrage. But in gratifying their national sin of self-adulation, they must not allow themselves to forget that other nations are making rapid progress; and if the States are to keep before them, or even to keep up to them, they must be anxiously looking round for suggestions, and ready to adopt improvements from all quarters."

Much has been written of late years concerning the spirit of commercial gambling that has broken out in America, perhaps to a larger extent than in other parts of the mercantile world. Without staying to institute invidious comparisons, or to apportion degrees of blame, it is impossible not to perceive that in the undue and eager

haste to become rich many have indeed fallen into temptation and a snare. The Civil War gave a factitious impulse to certain branches of manufacture and trade. Opportunities were presented for making sudden and enormous gains. The inflation of the currency helped for the time to give a false appearance of prosperity. All ranks in the community became accustomed to this unsound and artificial state of things, and imagined that it would be permanent. They forgot, or did not understand that the real prosperity and wealth of a nation consists of what is grown or made, and that millions of dollars in greenbacks would inevitably become worth less than the paper on which they were printed. It was supposed that the short road to riches had been discovered; never again to be closed or lost. Money was freely spent, because it seemed to come easily, and because the delusion was cherished that the sky would continue to rain greenbacks. People spent four times, ten times, or twenty times what they had been accustomed to spend; never dreaming that the supply would abate. Even the artisans and labourers, finding their nominal wages increasing, concluded that it would always remain so with them, and received their two, three, and even four dollars a day with natural complacency. But a great law of compensation was coming into play. Prices of all commodities increased gradually but surely; and ere long house-rent, provisions, tools, clothing, and all the staples of life cost proportionately as much more as the currency had been inflated. Then it was found that the true value of money is what it will buy. An artisan receiving in nominal money four dollars a day; or a clerk at a nominal salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; or a tradesman selling goods at double or threefold the usual prices, discovered to their dismay that their actual position was in fact worse than before, because the purchasing power of the dollar had diminished by two-thirds at least. At the close of the war the country found itself saddled with a gigantic debt, and opinion is divided as to whether full value was received for this. Probably not, when the terms on which the later loans were negotiated are considered. True, the wonderful resources of the States and the energy of her people are shown by the manner in which the vast indebtedness has been reduced, at a rate far beyond the legal requirements or the original intention. Still, a manifest evil was entailed in the spirit of gambling and

speculation that infected so many merchants and traders, and in the reckless extravagance and waste that characterised nearly all classes. Such an evil is not be cured even in a decade, or without some drastic remedies; and the commercial history of the United States during the last five or six years is the necessary outcome of what went before. Last year there were 8,872 bankrupts, whose total liabilities were £38,133,800. In 1876, the number was 9,092, and the amount £38,223,200; but the failures of last year were really above the average of the four years since the panic of 1873. In 1871 the failures were one to every 163 traders; while in 1877 the ratio was one in every 73. All this denotes an unhealthy condition of commercial life, and a lowered tone of commercial morality. Whether the spirit of eager and excessive speculation has received an adequate check remains to be seen. The classes of persons who plunge into such contests are still very large. Agents and middlemen of all descriptions present themselves in legions; raising the market price of commodities without increasing their real value, or adding to the production of the country whose wealth they so largely consume. The mere trading element is vastly in excess, and "stores" are superabundant. It is impossible not to view without concern the fact that Americans, generally speaking, regard manual labour with disdain, and leave it to the Irish and to foreigners of all kinds. Native-born American youths enter one of the professions, or seek employment as clerks or as assistants in stores, where they need not soil their hands, but may assume the garb and appearance of gentlemen. Girls will not, with rare exceptions, submit to what they regard as the drudgery and the degradation of domestic service. The "helps," as they are termed, are mostly Irish; American young ladydom preferring to enter the already crowded ranks of teachers, clerks, and factory workers. In all the chief centres of commerce, hundreds of clerks and assistants may now be procured at salaries ranging from 20s. to 28s. a week. An advertisement of the kind is certain to be followed by an avalanche of letters from applicants. This is an evil which will gradually work its own cure, for when one branch of the labour market becomes overstocked, the surplus is sure to seek other outlets for employment. It may be some help to this, and the lesson is valuable for our own

country, to cite the following particulars from the last census of the United States, taken in 1870. The aggregate population was then given at 38,925,508, of whom 28,228,945 were over ten years of age. Of the adults engaged in various classes of occupations, the following particulars are given :—

	Males.	Females.
I. Agriculture	5,255,503	396,968
II. Professional and Personal Services	1,618,121	1,066,672
III. Trade and Transportation	1,172,540	18,608
IV. Manufactures and Mechanical and Mining Industries	2,353,471	353,950

Under the above principal heads, the most numerous of Group I. were farmers and planters, 2,977,711, and agricultural labourers, 1,885,996. Under Group II. there were labourers (not specified), 1,031,666; domestic servants, 975,734; teachers, 136,570; physicians and surgeons, 62,383; laundresses, 60,906; clergymen, 43,874: Government officials, 44,473; lawyers, 40,736; restaurant keepers, 35,185; hotel keepers, 26,394; barbers, 23,935; soldiers, 22,081. Group III. comprised clerks, 245,368; traders, 362,369; draymen and lockmen, 120,756; various *employés*, not being clerks, 192,207; sailors, 56,663; bookkeepers, 31,177; boatmen, 21,332. Under Group IV. we find carpenters and joiners, 344,596; bookmakers, 171,127; tailors and sempstresses, 161,820; miners, 152,107; blacksmiths, 141,774; cotton-mill operatives, 111,606; milliners, 92,084; masons, 89,710; painters, 85,123; iron-workers, 81,087; woollen-mill operatives, 58,836; machinists, 54,755; saw-mill operatives, 47,298; butchers, 44,354; cabinet-makers, 42,835; carriage-builders, 42,464; coopers, 41,780; mill and factory workers (not otherwise specified), 41,619; millers, 41,582; cigar and tobacco operatives, 40,271; printers, 39,860; engineers and firemen, 34,323; harness makers, 32,817; tanners, 30,524; curriers, 28,702; bakers, 27,680; fishermen, 27,106; brickmakers, 26,070; plasterers, 23,577; wheelwrights, 20,942. The whole number of 12,505,923 is further grouped thus :—

	Males.	Females.
Age 10 to 15 ...	548,064	191,100
„ 16 to 59 ...	9,486,734	1,594,783
„ 60 and over	634,837	50,405

Another cause for anxiety is the great increase of tramps and mendicants. Constant complaints are made in the newspapers of the terrorism exercised by idlers and vagabonds in the suburbs of cities and at detached houses in the country. In some of the older States, like Massachusetts, there has been in operation a modified system of relief in the form of county poorhouses for the old, the infirm, and the disabled; but the number of those receiving aid and the cost of their support have hitherto been insignificant when compared with English pauperism. There are not in any of the States enactments similar to the Vagrant Act in this country; and hence the local authorities are perplexed in dealing with what threatens to become a grave evil. Americans have been accustomed to speak of abundance of work being ready for all who are willing and able to do it. But the floodtide of emigration has brought on its broad surface not a few who do not choose to work, and who have an unconquerable dislike to honest industry. Many more have sunk to this condition out of the troops of mere labourers who have crossed the Atlantic during the last twenty years. Of those who left our shores in 1877 for the United States (45,481 in all), 4,305 are vaguely described in the emigration returns as "gentlemen, professional men, and merchants;" 10,543 as "labourers;" 3,001 as "mechanics" (their trades not being specified); 7,567 as of no occupation;" besides 17,682 females similarly designated. Thus the unproductive and casual classes are continually augmented. A few years ago, passers-by were rarely accosted in the streets by mendicants; but now this is habitually done. As has been already remarked, professional beggars abound, but besides these numerous artisans out of work find themselves reduced to the painful necessity of soliciting alms. In New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other chief cities, which heretofore were busy hives of industry, the unemployed are numbered by scores of thousands. At the principal street corners and in the public squares groups of men are to be seen at any hour of the day, standing or sauntering about, in the dim hope of finding some occupation. Such places as the Cooper Institute, in New York, with its spacious free library, are crowded all day by men, to while away the time, and to avail themselves of shelter and warmth. The mild winter that prevailed in the greater

part of the United States until the beginning of February last, materially lessened the suffering and misery that always result from such an arrest of work. Yet the distress has been very great, and the resources of private benevolence have been taxed to the utmost. Among the subjects discussed last autumn at the Saratoga meeting of the American Social Science Association, there was none of more general interest than that which occupied the attention of the Conference on State charities. The principal topic in this department was the proper treatment of tramps and mendicants, and the distribution of aid by individuals and the State. Two papers read by Professor Francis Wayland, of Yale College, on "Outdoor Relief," and on "Tramps," attracted much attention at the time, and have since been published in a pamphlet form, and are having a wide circulation through Boards of State Charities and similar associations. It must not be supposed that eleemosynary institutions are few or feeble in the United States, or that there is a lack of support on the part of the public. In addition to the State and municipal organisations for dealing with the pauper and criminal classes, there are numerous voluntary societies, having vast aggregate funds, and there are very many benevolent individuals who devote their time and money to works of social amelioration and improvement. But in the present state of affairs all these only touch the fringe of the difficulty, which must be grappled with on a much more comprehensive scale, or it will speedily become unmanageable.

Much of this arises from the wide-spread and long-continued depression of trade. Great industries like that of iron, with the dependent coal trade, both employing thousands of men, have suffered to the last degree; and this seriously affects the railroads, with their numerous dependents. Such a paralysis in any one staple industry is felt by all the others; for the ramifications in every civilised community are so many and so sensitive, and the mutual relations and interdependence are so close and subtle, that if one member suffers all the members suffer with it. In the mining regions of Pennsylvania and Ohio there are three men ready to do the work of one. Two-thirds of the iron furnaces are out of blast, and not more than one-half of the rolling mills are fully employed. In the Atlantic States handicraftsmen are in excess,

and skilled labour can earn only a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a day, instead of from three to four dollars, as was the case down to 1872. This stagnation in most departments of commerce and industry is the inevitable rebound from a former period of inflation, and feverishness, and gambling. The future was then heavily discounted, and the bills have since been dishonoured. Yet it is impossible not to believe in the recuperative power possessed by a new and fertile country like America, with its enormous mineralogical resources. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of land to be subdued and cultivated, even in the more settled Eastern and Middle States; while the West presents boundless scope for industry, energy and capital. In its vast agricultural districts labour is in great demand; but, unfortunately, crowds of the unemployed have no knowledge of and no inclination for field labour, even if they could find the means of transporting themselves and their families half across the continent. Mere "loafers" cannot be transmuted by some cunning alchemy into skilled and successful farmers. Men of stout hearts, willing hands, and possessing knowledge, determination, and a little money, may be sure of eventual success. The natural resources of the country are practically illimitable, and they only require careful and honest development. The mineral wealth, vast though it is, must always stand second to the enormous grain harvests and meat supply which the United States can raise. Herein lies the chief hope of the future. In the report of the last census, taken in 1870, it is stated that 995 out of every 1,000 farmers till their own land. The owner, if he does not care to work it himself, or if he has more land than he can personally supervise, will allow some competent man to do so, finding the necessary stock and implements, and receiving as rent two-thirds of the produce. But the aim of all agriculturists is to secure land of their own; and hundreds of thousands of acres may still be bought at prices ranging from one dollar to five dollars an acre, according to the quality and the position. Immediate payment even of this small sum is not required; so that a settler, having a little capital, can at once apply himself to clear the land and raise a crop, the produce of which will serve for his immediate wants. There is no disguising that much hard work, patient waiting, some rough life, and not a few privations, have to be encountered

before tracts of new land can be made productive. The great distance from towns and villages, the difficulty of procuring stores, and the lack of educational and social advantages, all combine to render the position of the first settlers in new districts peculiarly trying. Unfortunately, many have tried the experiment with no knowledge of practical farming, with no capital, with no aptitude to endure the roughness and to surmount the difficulties of such a life, and disastrous failure was inevitable.

Yet there are few positions more enviable than the life of an American farmer; especially in the older States. He has no landlord to please or fear; his land is his personal property; game laws are unknown; a ready market is found for produce; he need not spend one-half or one-fourth of what it yields; and yet he may live on the best of provisions and enjoy all the comforts and not a few of the luxuries of life. Scientific farming might be introduced with advantage on land in some of the New England and South-Eastern States, where impoverishment and exhaustion have followed upon over-cropping. This Nemesis, however, will bring its own remedy. There are in the West vast tracts of virgin soil answering to the description once given of our Australian colonies, "You have but to tickle the earth with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest." America will become increasingly the granary of the world. Last year her surplus growth of cereals, beyond the requirements for home consumption, was estimated to be worth £20,000,000. All this is in process of exportation, mainly to Europe, and such an amount of natural wealth cannot fail to effect a gradual improvement in trade. Good farming lies at the basis of national prosperity. If much of the time, money, labour, and energy now devoted to unproductive mercantile and professional pursuits could be turned to agriculture, the results would be astonishing and gratifying. No legislation can effect this; but it would be a beneficial thing for America if a self-denying ordinance were individually acted upon for ten years to come, so that the ranks of the mere distributors and consumers might be diminished. The true deliverance from her present commercial and financial difficulties will be found in increasing the number of producers of national wealth, and in developing rapid facilities for dispersing that wealth abroad in exchange for foreign commodities. To those who carefully read the

signs of the times, it is manifest that the days of Protection are numbered. Forty millions of people will not long submit to be heavily taxed for the benefit of a few thousands of manufacturers, under the delusion of fostering native industry. The great agricultural interests of the West and South are opening their eyes to the fact that they have for years been paying tribute to the manufacturing interests in the Middle States and New England, without reaping any commensurate benefit. Even the manufacturers in the latter States are beginning to perceive the advantages which they would derive from the abolition of the duties on imported machinery and coal. They have hitherto suffered serious injury by the exclusion of free coal from British North America in order that the mining interests of Pennsylvania might be legally bolstered up in high prices.

Closely allied to the agricultural wealth of the country, and having most important bearings on its immediate future, is the development of the export trade in meat. Texas and Illinois are the chief grazing districts at present, although the rearing of cattle and sheep is being rapidly introduced into other States. At West Albany, on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, spacious sheds, covering 100 acres of ground, have been erected for the temporary housing and resting of the live stock brought from the West. Twenty-two years ago the average number of cars arriving at this station was thirty a day; now the average is two hundred. Each car contains an average of 18 cattle, 100 hogs, or 200 sheep; and the average weight of each load is 20,000 lbs., 22,000 lbs., and 28,000 lbs. respectively. All these are unloaded at Albany, to rest and feed, prior to being dispatched to their respective destinations, either to be consumed in the Atlantic States or to be slaughtered at New York and sent to Europe. Besides these, heavy trains arrive from the West, laden with dead meat for shipment, and the transit arrangements are improving. The quantity arriving in Liverpool of late has averaged more than a thousand tons weekly. That this trade might be greatly increased there can be no doubt. Refrigerating cars now run on the principal through lines from the West to New York, and vessels have been specially fitted up for this traffic. A special line of steamers has been laid on between Galveston and Liverpool, so as to transmit the stock and other products

from Texas direct. The trade in American meat has rapidly extended in this country during the last three or four years, but it would assume far larger proportions if the quality of the meat were improved. The beef only needs to have more fat to suit the general English palate; but most of the mutton can only be spoken of in terms of condemnation. As a rule, it is stringy, tough, and insipid. Of the tens of thousands of sheep passing through Albany every week, an English grazier or butcher would at once pronounce an unfavourable opinion in strong terms, as being mostly small, poor, lean, and scraggy. There is no reason why good and juicy mutton should not be raised, if only the proper methods were adopted; but at present sheep are valued mostly for their wool. This can be packed into small compass and sent at slight cost to market; whereas the transit of the animal for purposes of food is tedious and costly. But, with the growing demand, a supply will, doubtless, be forthcoming, not only adequate in quantity but satisfactory in quality. There is no reason why English Southdowns and Leicestershires should not be introduced so as to improve the breed; and two or three years would then begin to exhibit improved results. England alone could take at once ten times the quantity now sent, for thousands of families of the middle class, to say nothing of our working population, are seriously taxed by the existing high prices. Butcher's meat is about half the price in the chief American cities of what obtains in England, and it is to be hoped that effectual means will speedily be devised for exporting in much larger quantities the superabundant supplies of the West. A similar remark is true of apples, canned fruits, poultry, eggs, and oysters; in all of which some trade is being done, although, with the exception of apples, by no means commensurate with the possibilities on the one side of the Atlantic and of the requirements on the other side.

The New England States may be regarded as the combined Lancashire and Yorkshire of America; the factory system there being carried out on a comprehensive scale. Those States still supply the bulk of the textile goods to the West and the South, and they will probably continue to do so for some time to come, although vigorous attempts are being made to establish spinning and weaving mills near the producing districts of cotton and wool. Ultimately, these attempts must be expected to succeed, owing to the im-

mense distances over which the raw materials now have to be carried for manufacture, and the finished goods brought back for sale. It will then be a question of competition as to quality and prices, just as it was until recently between Lancashire and India as to the coarser kinds of cotton cloth, and just as it was also until recently between Great Britain and America as to the production of many articles of which the former country enjoyed a monopoly, owing to her appliances and experience. Meanwhile the New England States hold chief possession of the field, and a journey through some parts like Fall River, Lowell, Nashua, Manchester, &c., especially after dusk, almost creates the illusion that our own English manufacturing districts are being traversed. The great State of Massachusetts may be selected as furnishing an illustration. This State has an admirable system for ascertaining after every decade, not only the actual population within its borders, but their employment, wages, social condition, the value of mills and machinery, the extent of motive power, shipping, fisheries, newspapers, libraries, agriculture, stock, and a variety of other particulars. The last census of this State was taken in 1875. The schedules of inquiry were prepared with great care, and the whole number of topics comprised was 1,397; not that the whole of these applied to any one individual, but that these were requisite to meet all cases, in all industries and in all conditions. The total population of Massachusetts on May 1st, 1875, was 1,651,912, showing a gain of 384,881 in ten years. There were 107·95 females to every 100 males, and the population per square mile was 212; that of England and Wales being 389. The classified occupations, as given by Col. Carroll D. Wright, were as follows:—

1. Government and professional	29,780
2. Domestic and personal offices	424,289
3. Trade and transportation	104,935
4. Agriculture, fisheries, &c.	81,156
5. Manufactures and mechanical industries	316,459
6. Non-productive and propertied	65,480
7. Students, all grades	282,784
8. Not given (including children under five, the unemployed, and children of school age not attending school)	347,129
Total	1,651,912

The number of persons having occupations in which something is actually produced was 450,742. In other words 27 per cent. were engaged in raising food or in producing manufactured articles; and the result of their labour for the year was 643,478,277 dollars, or a product of 1,427 dollars to each man, woman and child in the actually producing occupations. Those engaged in the leading industries were classified thus:—

Textile fabrics	85,287
Agriculture and care of animals	74,500
Boots and shoes	48,279
Building	46,255
Clothing	28,935
Metals	22,699
Machines and machinery	14,995
Leather	8,101
Furniture	7,067
Wooden goods	5,377
Stonework	4,945
Paper	4,939
Printing	4,641

Productive mechanical industries are classified, for census purposes, into Manufactures and their Related Occupations. By the former term is meant all those products the making of which require labour and raw materials; that is, things produced by hand or machinery from materials called "stock." By the latter term is meant those industries where an added value is given to an article by new processes or manipulations; with the use of little, if any, additional stock. Thus the value of Manufactures is the cost of the labour and the stock which enter into their production; while in Occupations the value is simply the work done. In most censuses no such distinction has been attempted; all being brought under the broad term of "Manufactures." The general results, in the case of Massachusetts, are as follows:—

	Number of Establishments.	Capital Invested.	Value of goods or work.
Manufactures ...	10,915	$267,074,802	$532,186,333
Occupations ...	11,313	15,608,916	60,195,629
	22,228	$282,683,718	$592,381,962

Taking the list of leading industries already given in the first table, we find the following details under the three items specified in the second table:—

	Number of Establishments.	Capital Invested.	Value of goods or work.
Textile	480	$92,716,235	$136,251,783
Boots, shoes, and leather	1,955	27,092,714	118,056,567
Buildings	379	1,484,045	8,656,471
Clothing	1,088	9,184,826	29,840,962
Metals	768	21,907,602	37,884,873
Machines	311	13,859,618	16,399,230
Paper	120	10,860,281	15,602,599
Printing	533	6,413,427	12,120,674

From this it appears that the manufacture of textiles and of leather make an aggregate of 249,308,350 dollars; or nearly one-half the total value of all the goods made in the State. The magnitude of the textile products is shown by their growth from 195,759,729 yards in 1845, to 992,506,132 yards in 1875; or a bandage long enough to be wound around the globe nearly 23 times. The influence of machinery is further shown in the fact that in the case of woollen goods 18,753 persons were required in 1865 to produce 46,008,131 yards; whereas 90,208,280 yards were produced in 1875 by 19,306 persons. The particulars of the textile industries are thus stated:—

	Number of Establishments.	Capital Invested.	Value of goods and work.
Bags and baggage	6	$437,000	$670,595
Carpetings	24	3,855,950	6,190,239
Cotton goods	220	63,844,708	77,934,753
Mixed	28	4,571,597	8,107,999
Linen	5	924,000	790,609
Woollen	183	17,209,980	39,566,378
Worsted	14	1,693,000	2,991,210
Total	480	$92,716,235	$136,251,783

The looms and spindles used are as follows:—

	Hand.	Power.	Spindles (or sets of machinery).
Cotton	30	80,964	3,859,237
Woollen	131	8,412	1,383
Worsted	3	5,114	191
Total	164	94,490	3,860,811

Of manufacturing establishments, the value of the buildings in 1875 was returned at 80,997,503 dollars, and that of the machinery at 73,434,914 dollars. Of the latter sum, only 5,120,488 dollars' worth was imported in the decade 1865-75, the remainder being made within the State. It possessed 2,525 steam engines, with a nominal horse-power of 109,307; and 2,950 water-wheels, with 110,582 horse-power. Of the 316,450 persons employed in manufactures and mechanical industries, a statement of wages is given respecting 266,339, showing an average per annum for both sexes of $475 76c.; of males above fifteen, $568 13c.; of females above fifteen, $343 42c.; and of both sexes under fifteen, $146 65c. These averages are for all industries. The highest wages paid were in the manufacture of musical instruments, $866; and the lowest in the manufacture of bags and bagging, $249 59c. Particulars are cited of the average yearly wages in some principal industries:—

Manufactures.	Both Sexes, all ages.	Males, above 15.	Females, above 15.	Both Sexes, under 15.
Boots and shoes	$455.05	546.02	325.17	165.90
Building	604.97	605.12	—	—
Clothing	445.75	689.75	349.20	154.82
Cotton goods	333.15	446.13	295.41	136.18
Furniture	569.39	601.80	260.04	112.91
Leather	589.28	596.54	319.33	268.09
Machines	641.47	652.46	326.31	200.95
Metals	577.09	611.55	307.62	158.56
Paper	490.00	591.50	316.91	172.10
Woollen goods	350.84	420.67	293.78	151.00
Occupations.				
Bleaching and dyeing	400.32	578.98	262.21	—
Carpeting	658.63	658.63	—	—
Masons and plasterers	593.82	594.16	—	150.00
Painting	568.92	—	—	—
Paperhanging	585.98	590.15	310.00	—
Plumbing	685.20	687.44	—	174.60
Stonecutting	650.17	650.77	—	225.00

The equivalent value in English money in 1875 may be approximately ascertained by dividing the above amounts by 5.30; the product being pounds sterling. The purchasing power of money in America at that time, as compared with England, may be generally stated as double for rent, and from 20 to 30 per cent. more for most articles of food and clothing, except bread and meat, which are cheaper

than in England. Even allowing for this, an American artisan could live much better and obtain more of daily comforts than his English brethren; while education is absolutely gratuitous.

The vast and rapid development of such States as Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin during the last two decades has led to a sudden and unwise expansion of the railways, as is the case with New England. Speaking roughly, it may be said that twice as many lines have been constructed as the territory is likely to require during the present generation, even with its marvellous developments. Any railway map will show this when the actual traffic is considered, for the sole produce of those four States is agricultural, and although the amount of this is enormous the existing lines are too many and too contiguous. The great trunk roads from the West, like the Pennsylvania and its numerous connections and tributaries; the Atlantic and Great Western; the Lake Shore; the Erie; the New York Central; and the Baltimore and Ohio ought to become remunerative if properly managed; but the misfortune is that so many of them, and other lines that might be named, always excepting the Pennsylvania, are suffering from past incompetency, blundering, fraud, and plunder. Then there has been for years an insane rivalry among railway presidents and managers, with the result of enormous loss upon the traffic and consequent depreciation of the property of the shareholders. This has partly come to an end, as all the litigants are weary of the strife, and the fear now is lest a gigantic monoply should be set up for the purpose of making the travelling public bear the loss which railway magnates have brought upon themselves. The outlook is not a very cheerful one for English investors who have placed so large an amount in American railroads. These might be rendered fairly productive with vigorous and honest administration, especially considering the vast quantities of corn, wheat, fruit, vegetables, and meat needing to be transported from the West and the South, and the mineral products waiting to be dispersed from the wealthy regions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Tennessee, and West Virginia, where there are coal-fields and iron-mines of almost inexhaustible extent. In spite of all this, the entire railway system of the United States is suffering and staggering from the financial mistakes and crimes of the last decade or two. Fabulous sums of money have been

squandered in the construction of imperfect railroads, for which no adequate value has been or ever will be received. Stock has been "watered" to an incredible extent for purposes of speculation and gambling. Bonds and debentures have been issued at usurious and ruinous rates, so that not only have the original shareholders been virtually defrauded, but the later creditors have had to pay the penalty for their greed in the stoppage of payment of interest. Capital accounts have been swollen by methods well known to men of the Fisk and Gould tribe, and yet the roads and the rolling-stock have been impoverished and left to decay for lack of necessary repairs. At the close of the year 1877 one-tenth of the entire railway system of America had been actually sold under orders of foreclosure; and proceedings had been commenced or sales ordered in the case of nearly three-tenths more. The number of roads answering to these descriptions was 190, with a mileage of 23,394, and a capital of more than £300,000,000 sterling. Figures like these may appear startling and incredible, but they are taken from the *Railway Age* of Chicago, of Jan. 3, 1878, one of the highest authorities on the subject. This alone will go far to account for the severe and prolonged commercial depression through which the United States are passing: a depression that has also affected this country, not only by mercantile sympathy, but owing to the many millions of money hopelessly locked up in railways that are now bankrupt and in the hands of receivers. Yet it may be concluded that the commercial tide is turning, if we accept the authority of so high a personage as President Hayes. In his Message to Congress, on Dec. 2nd, he used the following words: "We are at peace with all nations; our credit is probably stronger than ever before; we have been blessed with abundant harvests; our industries are reviving, and we are promised future prosperity." It is also gratifying that the President states his persuasion that the welfare of legitimate business and industry will be best promoted by abstaining from all attempts to defer the resumption of specie payments.

The Irish question is a thorny one, which still entangles and harasses American politicians. More than thirty years ago, in the great exodus that occurred during the Irish famine, a mighty stream of emigration set forth towards the United States. In all, nearly six millions have settled there from Ireland, and they have increased

and multiplied with a fecundity far beyond the usual rate. They are the labourers, coachmen, domestic servants, and general hewers of wood and drawers of water in all the chief towns. They have succeeded in driving the negroes from all competition with them in the Northern and Middle States; just as the English sparrows imported into New York have almost exterminated the native sparrows. The abolition of slavery in the South has, of course, attracted many of the negroes to its more congenial climate, but it is the fact that wherever they have been brought into competition with Irish in the labour market they have invariably been driven to the wall. The Irish retain their clannishness and their brogue, while they speedily cast off their native rags and tatters. They remain as a distinct race, and exhibit no signs of amalgamating with others. In some cities, and notably in New York and Boston, they are sufficiently numerous to decide the elections; and astute party managers turn this to account. The law is that an alien cannot be naturalised until after a residence of five years; but thousands of votes are said to have been manufactured in New York by the easy process of bribing compatriots to swear that newly-arrived emigrants from Ireland have been resident for the necessary period. The infamous Tammany Ring could never have seized upon or retained power in New York but for this ignorant Irish vote, which is always waiting to be bought. It may be asked, Will not the common school system put an end to all separate nationalities in America? The reply is, that so far as concerns the Irish, it is practically powerless. They have carried with them their religion, and they are heavily taxed by their priests for its support. Roman Catholics have done their utmost to abolish or neutralise the common schools, since they were prevented from turning them into active propaganda. The priests retain a firm hold upon their people, and are assiduous in extending their own political influence. It is impossible, in traversing the country, to avoid noticing the many churches, schools, and other buildings belonging to the Romish hierarchy; and yet numbers of Protestants are dumb in the pulpit, on the platform, and through the press, lest they should arouse antagonism or embarrass party movements. This whole question of Romanism is intimately mixed up with the Irish question, but its ecclesiastical bearings do not come within the immediate scope of this article. Nor can we here do

more than mention, in passing, the fact that, in many of the large cities, among native-born Americans, large families are discouraged and prevented; and the other fact that there is, to a great extent in the large cities, an absence of family life, and that the children are precocious little men and women. Nor can justice be done to the negro question. Briefly, it may be remarked that many of the Southern planters heavily mortgaged their estates prior to the Civil War, to meet severe losses caused by the occasional failure of crops of rice, cotton, and tobacco, or to provide means for wasteful expenditure during prolonged visits to Europe. Added to this, the losses suffered during the war, and the crowning loss entailed by the sudden emancipation of the slaves, led to almost universal ruin among the planters, and to the deterioration of estates. Valuable lands, with houses and buildings, may now be purchased in Virginia, Maryland, and other Southern States, for almost nominal sums. But settlers from the North are viewed with suspicion and dislike by such of the old planters as remain; for the feud that came to a crisis in the Civil War has by no means died out, and probably it will continue until that generation has passed away. That emancipation was the right thing to do cannot now be doubted; but for this to be followed so soon by a bestowal of the suffrage must be regarded as a mistake, although it was done as a matter of political exigency and for party purposes. The conflicts that broke out in 1877 between the rival Legislatures and Governors of the two States of South Carolina and Louisiana, and the alleged terrorism exercised over the newly-enfranchised negroes by the whites, reveal the existence of a state of things that cannot be contemplated without profound concern. Nothing short of an independent commission of inquiry can settle the points in dispute. It will be remembered that President Hayes was chosen by a majority of only one vote in the Electoral College, and it is still said by the Democratic party that this vote and another were fraudulently given, so that their candidate ought to have gone to the White House at Washington. The Committee of Congress appointed to investigate the dispute refused, as they termed it, "to go behind" the appointment of the Returning Boards, some of which, on the side of both Democrats and Republicans, were held to be invalid. Without entering into this question, the Committee of Congress only examined into the actual voting in the Electoral

College, and on this declared that Mr. Hayes was chosen. But the members of one of the Returning Boards alleged to be in default have since been prosecuted by their State officials, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment; and the Executive at Washington are powerless to interfere, although the delinquents acted in the interests of the Republican party to secure the return of Mr. Hayes. One thing is certain, that if that gentleman was duly elected, then the Republican Governors and Legislatures of South Carolina and Louisiana were also duly elected. Yet the Federal authority was invoked and granted to displace them, and now Democratic Governors and Legislatures reign in their stead. To understand all this, it is essential to bear in mind that, for most practical purposes, each State is independent and absolute within itself. For certain strictly-defined objects, there is a Federation of the States, but the rights and prerogatives of each are stringently guarded. In such matters as foreign relations, the levying of customs duties, the postal service, the currency, patents, bankruptcy, copyrights, the standard of weights and measures, and adjudication between citizens of different States, the United States, as a whole, represented by the President, his Cabinet, the Senate, and the House of Representatives at Washington, exercise control in the name and on behalf of the nation at large. At the same time, each State is a commonwealth for many other and more important purposes; and each has its own constitution, laws, and methods of procedure, which may differ, and in many respects actually differ, from those of the other States. Each, also, has its own Governor, Legislature, Judges, and numerous officials, whose functions are restricted within the State boundaries, and who cannot be interfered with by the officials of adjoining States, or by the Supreme Court of the United States, except for the few matters strictly defined by the common Constitution. This doctrine of separate State rights is rigidly upheld, and any tendencies at centralisation would be promptly resented and suppressed. The inquiry arises whether the centripetal force arising out of common interests is sufficient to retain as a Federal whole the fifty States and Territories now stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Canadian frontier to the Gulf of Florida. There have been within this half of the century enormous accessions and annexations, such as the original founders of the thirteen

commonwealths that formed the United States never dreamed of. The one State of Texas comprises an area of 237,504 square miles; and the Territory of Dakota has 220,000; each being more than Great Britain, Holland, Bavaria, Portugal, and Switzerland united. True, Texas State and the Western Territories are at present but sparsely peopled; yet it is certain that a rapid increase will take place within a few years from emigration. Will there be a prolonged community of interests between the East and the West, and between both and the South? It is impossible to speak positively, but the impression seems to be reasonable that, ultimately, and sooner than some may suppose, what are now known as the United States may be divided into two or three groups or Federations. The bare suggestion of such a thing is scouted by those who are accustomed to glory in the Republic as one and indivisible; yet others are coming to regard it with equanimity, if not with absolute approval. This, however, is a contingency that need not trouble us. On the whole, it may be concluded that while the immediate future of the United States is not free from anxiety, on account of the conflicting elements that exist, there are solid grounds for hope and trust as to the ultimate future. If only her people are true to themselves and their illustrious lineage, it rests with themselves to attain to the lofty ideal which patriotic citizens have set up, and to take a share yet more prominent and commanding in the extension of commerce and civilisation, of humanity and religion, not only through the wide expanse of the States, but all over the world. In their progress and prosperity England cannot help taking a deep interest, and it is gratifying to be assured, apart from occasional diplomatic wrangles and from occasional incendiary writing in newspapers on both sides, that there exists between the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples a tender and sacred bond that is strengthening with time.

ART. IV.–1. *Albert Gaudry. Recherches Scientifiques en Orient. Entreprises par les Ordres du Gouvernement pendant les années* 1853—54. Paris: Imprimerie impériale. 1855.

2. *Mémoires de la Société Géologique de France.* Deuxième Série. Tome VII., iii. *Géologie de l'Ile de Chypre.* Par M. ALBERT GAUDRY. Paris, au Local de la Société. 1862.

3. *Historie Générale des Royaumes de Hierusalem, Cypre, Armenie, et lieux circonuoisins, contenant l'entière Description et Situation d'iceux, de l'Origine des Roys, Princes, et Grands Seigneurs qui y ont commandé, dont la plupart estoient François; curieusement recherchez des anciens Historiographes et Chroniqueurs.* Par R. PERE F. ESTIENNE DE LUSIGNAN, de la Royale Maison de Cypre, Lecteur en Théologie, de l'Ordre S. Dominique. A Paris. 1613.

4. *Description de toute l'Isle de Cypre, &c.* Par R. PERE F. ESTIENNE DE LUSIGNAN. A Paris. 1580.

5. *Cyprus, its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples.* A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during Ten Years' Residence as American Consul in that Island. By General LOUIS PALMA DI CESNOLA, Mem. Royal Acad. Sciences, Turin. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Murray. 1877.

6. *Histoire de l'Isle de Chypre, sous le Régne des Princes de la Maison de Lusignan.* Par M. L. DE MAS-LATRIE, chef de section aux archives de l'Empire, etc. Paris: à l'Imprimerie impériale. 1859—61.

7. *Mariti; Voyages in the Isle of Cyprus, Syria, and Palestine.* Translated out of the Italian. London. 1791.

8. *Reisen nach Kos, Halikarnassos, Rhodos und der Insel Cypern.* VON LUDWIG ROSS. Halle. 1852.

9. *Cyprus; its History, its present Resources, and Future Prospects.* By R. HAMILTON LANG, late H.M. Consul for the Island of Cyprus. With Two Illustrations and Four Maps. Macmillan. 1878.

10. *Cyprus; Historical and Descriptive.* Adapted from the German of Franz von Löher, with much additional matter by Mrs. Batson Joyner, and Two Maps. Allen and Co. 1878.

THE latest utterance about Cyprus—those very cheering words of Sir Garnet Wolseley, in which he says that the

climate of the island is delightful and that there is already a surplus—will, we trust, be found to be far truer than the doleful anticipations which the presence of a little easily explained sickness among the troops had raised in the minds of our newspaper scribes.

The fact is, Sir Garnet knows something of Cyprus, for he has lived in it; while most of those who have hitherto alarmed the public with their prophecies know absolutely nothing. For, though a chance visitor landed now and then at Larnaka, the island had long been unexplored.

It lay out of the ordinary lines of travel. Richard Pococke, the indefatigable, went there; but though he made the tour of the island, he travelled far too quickly to learn much about its condition. Nearly twenty years after Pococke, in 1790, the Abbé Mariti published an interesting book, which was translated into French and English. He tells a good deal about the modern history of the island, describes the salt-works, and the process of making and burying the wine.

After him, Olivier, sent out by order of the First Consul, made a hasty run through the island. His account of Cyprus is the least valuable part of a work which contains a great deal of information as to other parts of the Ottoman Empire (*Voyage dans l'Empire othoman, l'Egypte, et la Perse, fait par ordre du Gouvernement pendant les six premières années de la République.* Paris, An. 9—1807). No wonder he has not much to tell; for he says: "We went to Cyprus at the most dangerous season. We traversed this island, of which the Greeks sang the glories, and which the Turks have turned into a hot-bed of deadly disease. We left it as quickly as we possibly could."

We cannot help thinking, however, that the Power which very nearly succeeded in seizing Egypt had even then designs on the island which is a half-way house between the mouth of the Nile and that of the Orontes. Napoleon III., we know, prided himself on carrying out, as far as possible, his uncle's plans; and it is significant that, in the dearth of serious English or German treatises on the island, there are not only the two books of M. Gaudry, one of them published at the Imperial press, but also a memoir, by De Mas-Latrie, in the Archives des Missions scientifiques et littéraires 3e. cahier, Paris, 1850, on the saltworks of Cyprus and its geographical features, besides the voluminous history of the Lusignans, to which we shall refer by-and-by.

M. Gaudry's books, however, bring Cyprus for the first time within the sphere of regular scientific research. Sent out in 1853 by the Minister of Agriculture, he spent a long time in the island in company with his friend, M. Damour; and his *Recherches* go minutely into the then state of tillage, of sericulture, of wine-making, &c. Of course such questions could not be thoroughly treated of without an investigation into the physical geography of the island. This he discusses in the *Recherches*, while the geology is admirably dealt with in the book that stands second on our list, the geological map appended to which is far the clearest and completest map of the island which we have yet seen.

M. Gaudry, who, we may remark, has since gained a European reputation by his researches in the bone-caves of Attica, does not fail to note that the position of Cyprus makes it, as it were, the key to the geological geography of the Mediteranean. He also carefully quotes all the classical notices as to its mineral productions, remarking, for instance, that while Pliny (who asserts that copper-smelting was invented here) says *Cyprium frumentum fuscum est panemque nigrum facit*, an old comedian, quoted by Athenæus, says the bread of Cyprus is so pleasant to the taste that it draws men as the magnet does iron. Mariti, who was there towards the end of the eighteenth century, praises the wheat, especially that of Paphos; and thinks that the export of it to Leghorn, considerable even in his day, might be easily increased. The flour is rather dark, he admits, "because of the seeds of weeds"—not, as Pliny fancied, from any natural peculiarity.

Gaudry does not think the climate of Cyprus worse than that of most of the Mediterranean seaboard. Martial, he remarks, speaks of *infamem nimio calore Cyprum;* and St. Louis, wintering there in 1248, lost twenty-six of his noblest knights. But the Roman Campagna and the Maremma of Tuscany are at least as bad as the worst parts of the Messaoria, and the swampy parts of Calabria are far worse. A friend of the writer, who has been in the island, says: "turn up two spits of earth and you get fever." This may account for a good deal of the sickness of our troops; though the want of adequate shelter, which caused such mortality during the Burmese war, is partly answerable for this. But the same fact,—fever coming on whenever fresh soil is disturbed,—has been often noted in India; and it must always be so in hot climates where the soil has

been long undrained. There is no doubt that Cyprus has been getting less and less healthy; but it would not in early days have been celebrated as the home of gods and goddesses had it not been in this respect the opposite of what our alarmists now declare it to be.

The climate is enervating, the winds often hot; but a country in which the grand central range (Olympus, now Troodos) rises to nearly 6,600 feet, and the rugged northern sea-wall of the Cerines to more than 2,000, cannot fail to contain many Simlas and Ootacamunds: health resorts, where soldiers and civilians may get braced up after the relaxing air of the hot central plain.

Such a refuge from the heat of Larnaka, General Cesnola found for his wife and children on a much lower level, in a lemon and orange grove near Dali, the ancient Idalium; and his description of its charms reminded us of an old mezzotint, *The Paphian Bower*, which some of our readers may perhaps have seen, representing a cleared spot of greensward girt around and wholly shaded overhead with cedars and all manner of trees.

Gaudry tells us that for fever the Turks prescribe generous diet: coffee and wine of the Commandery (the best from the vineyards of those excellent farmers, the Knights of St. John). For dysentery, no wine, and not over much lemonade, and moderate diet. He notes the total absence of field-mice and other such plunderers of the wheat-stack, the cats being thus left at liberty to pursue the snakes to whom they are sworn foes, catching them cleverly by the neck. In regard to snakes Cyprus seems the exact opposite of Ireland. Vipers are very numerous, especially near the cape named after them; and "le mot seul d'aspic (*κούφη*) glace les Chypriotes de terreur" (*Recherches*, p. 145). There seems plenty of game; hares, but no rabbits; some rare hawks, and a few moufflons (wild sheep) on the northern mountains.

But we will leave matters of this kind, of which the newspapers have been telling us *ad nauseam*, and introduce the reader to authorities of whom he is almost certain to find very little in modern compilations. And foremost amongst these stands the Dominican Father who, himself a Cypriote, was present at the ruin of the island. Lusignan is a delightful chronicler. At the outset he is careful to establish his kinship with the royal house of Lusignan; and to that end he gives the attestations of Hierosme de

Lusignan and others, all signés a costé du cachet et marque du sérénissime senat de Venise. He himself translated into French his earlier work, of which the full title is: *Description de toute l'Isle de Cypre et des Roys, Princes et Seigneurs, tant Payens que Chrestiens, qui ont commandé en icelle; Contenant l'entière Histoire de tout a qui s'y est passé depuis le Deluge uniuersel l'an* 142 *et du monde* 1798, *jusques en l'an de l'Incarnation et Natiuité de Jésus-Christ, mil cinq cent soixante et douze.* He tells us on the title-page that he is "de present à Paris," and that his book, "composée premièrement en Italien et imprimée à Bologne-la-grasse," is now augmented and translated into French.* Poor man, he doubtless hoped that Christian kings, and above all the King of France, might be moved to drive out the Turks and once more restore the Lusignans; but, though admiring friends wrote sonnets, Cyprus remained under the Mohammedan yoke. One of these sonnets (a very prosaic one) looks forward to a speedy crusade:

"Grand est le creue cueur (crève-cœur) de tous bons Chrestiens
(Docte Religieux de la maison Royale
Des François Cypriots) d'entendre la totale
Ruine de ta Cypre, huy rongé des chiens,
Mais tu as ce jourdhuy appliqué les moyens,
D'alleger leur douleur. Ton Histoire locale
Les fera maintenir en amour cordiale,
Voire bien tost s'armer contre les mescreans."

* * * * * * *

It is strange to see how many of his facts are facts still; thus he quotes from Ariosto an account which might have been written last year of the stagnant lake that makes Famagosta so unhealthy.

But one does not go for facts to quartos three centuries old, published "à l'enseigne du Temps et de l'Occasion." The amusing part of Lusignan is his disquisitions on the Cypriotes, their origin and disposition, and the effect of the climate on their temperament. He begins from the begining: "In the year after the Deluge 104, Cetim [Chittim] received this island as his share from his great-grandfather,

* His Italian edition, published at Bologne-la-Grasse, was imperfect, and owing to his absence full of errors; "moy donc estant à Paris au couuent de Sainct Jacques, vulgairement appellé des Jacobins, et ayant pitié de voir ce mien labeur tant desfaict mutilé et enlaidy, ay prins peine de la corriger et augmentir et me suis efforcé de la faire mettre en François. . . . . Loüange a Dieu."

Noah; but as to his children and heirs, how many he had, or how long he reigned, or who were his successors, I can find nothing. . . . . The island formed part of the empire of Ninus, and Semiramis built there a city called Amathus, which in Chaldee means hot springs (the true meaning, of course, is sand, ψάμαθος, from the nature of the soil). Then in the 579th year after the Deluge, began to reign in Egypt Amasis-Pharaoh, who, by reason of the friendship of Joseph, became very powerful, and conquered Cyprus, destroying its capital city, Chittim."

Of course Lusignan is right as to Cyprus having been closely connected both with Assyria and with Egypt. The traces of Assyrian influence on Cyprian art are manifest to any one who will glance at the valuable collection of remains, chiefly from Dali, placed by Mr. H. Lang in the British Museum. Very few of these are Greek of the purely classical type; the majority have a decidedly Assyrian look, and some are more or less Egyptian. It is the same with the plates in Cesnola representing the treasure found in the tombs at Curium, the Argive colony, as Strabo (xiv., 683) and Herodotus (v., 113) call it. General Cesnola is very proud of his discoveries at Curium, for the place had escaped the notice of earlier travellers, notably of Count de Vogué, who, in the *Revue Archæologique* for Oct., 1862, says he had thoroughly explored the whole island. Cesnola's finds were splendid; among them gold necklaces with agate clasps, earrings, signet rings, and above all two gold armlets weighing over two pounds, the inscriptions on the inner side of which show them to have belonged to Eteandros, King of Paphos, whose name, under the forms Ithuander and Itudagon is given by Mr. Geo. Smith, in his *History of Assyria* (p. 129), and *Records of the Past* (iii., p. 108), among the Cypriote kings who paid tribute to Esarhaddon. The description of these Curium treasures takes up a considerable part of Cesnola's book; and the little attention which the book received compared with that given to Dr. Schliemann's discoveries shows the advantage of having a renowned topic like Troy and Mycenæ, and a famous trumpeter like Mr. Gladstone. To us, the unquestionable remains at Curium are at least as interesting as the somewhat doubtful finds at Hissarlik; and, as we said, a glance at the plates shows how strongly tinged early Cyprian art was both with Egyptian and

Assyrian, or we may say (so as to include Phœnician), with Semitic influences.

To return to Lusignan; his difficulty is how to combine history with poetry—Chittim and Semiramis and Amasis-Pharaoh with Venus and her crew. This he does in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable. The gods of the ancients were very handsome men and women: "pour la complexion et bon temperament de leurs corps estoient appelez par le peuple Dieux et Deesses. Or estoient-ils ornez d'une parfaicte beauté, d'une nature forte et florissante, d'un visage beau et plaisant, et d'une perfection tant bien composée, que encor qu'ils furent hommes comme les autres, le peuple pensoit que cela fust signe de diuinité, les estimant ne pouvoir estre procreez par les hommes mais par quelque Dieu ou Deesse." And so, in the year of the world 2494, Pygmalion passed over into Cyprus, and was there reputed a god. His son Paphos by his wife Eburna, or Ivory, beautiful as a statue (whence the legend), succeeded him. Then follow Cinyras and Adonis, and then the matter-of-fact becomes yet harsher, for we read:—"Venus, tres-belle fille, nasquit en Aphrodisie, ville de Cypre, laquelle estant grande, et en age conuenable, fust mariee au Roy Adonis et coronnee Royne de Cypre. Les Poëtes et Historiens racontent infinies choses de cette femme, lesquelles il seroit trop difficile esplucher et raconter de mot à mot." Were we not right in saying that Lusignan is a delightful chronicler? All the evil customs, such as that mentioned by Herodotus, which had its parallel at Babylon, he goes on to attribute to this naughty Queen, whose son Cupid "a surpassé tous les hommes en beauté et en douceur." But, in spite of matter-of-factness which would delight Euhemerus, our Dominican cannot wholly emancipate himself from the supernatural. He remembers that William of Paris, doctor in theology, "asseure les Cypriots estre nez des esprits incubes et succubes," and if any of his readers are puzzled as to how bodiless demons could become fathers and mothers, he refers them to the Angelic doctor, S. Thomas of Aquinum, Part I., qs. 13, art 3, argument 6, "ou tu pourras, amiable Lecteur contenter ton desir." Farther, he notes how long the evil spirits lingered on in Cupid's castle, yea until they were banished thence by St. Hilarion; "nor need we, indeed, marvel, if it were true, as Dr. William of Paris aforesaid writes, that demons, knowing the nature and quality of

bodies celestial, and the arrangement of the human frame and its parts, do bring it to pass by adjusting everything that according to nature could help them, that their children should be born tall, upright, shapely, and well-favoured;" all which truly mediæval slur on personal beauty we leave to the strictures of the Swinburne school. As for Venus, Lusignan admits with sorrow that not only did the ancients build temples to her everywhere, but: "mesme de nostre temps sa memoire n'est encore abolie; et semble que maintenant on la veuille derechef adorer, et luy dresser de nouveaulx temples. Elle a encore pour le jour dhuy des troupes de jeunes esuentes amoureux qui chantent ses louanges, l'appellent Deese et nomment ce lasche Cupidon du nom de Dieu, couurans soubs le manteaû de Dieu et Deese leur puante abominable et tres-ord appetit, estans plus petulans que Satyres ny que les boucs. Mais c'est assez." Enough, indeed; and yet the good Father returns again and again to the subject, and has a chapter on pure and carnal love, and explains that, if the air of Cyprus makes inhabitants prone to love, their good Christian feeling for the most part keeps this love spiritual: whence it has come to pass that so small a spot of land has produced a multitude of saints of both sexes, and therefore some who might well claim to have the Holy Spirit, have called it the isle well-beloved of Jesus Christ. Of course he tells with unction how at Paphos, the old capital of Queen Venus, our Lady now reigns, and that there is to be seen a miraculous picture of her, said to have been painted by St. Luke. He gives, too, the edifying history of King Afer and his wife Hilaria, who, according to custom, dedicated their daughter Afra to Venus, and of the conversion of all three at Augsburg (whither they had been banished) by Narcissus, Bishop of Geronda. Then comes the beautiful legend of St. Catherine, daughter of Costus, Afer's successor. How she went to Alexandria and confronted the tyrant Maxentius, upbraiding him with his cruelties against the Christians; and how Maxentius, "esmerueillé et confus," got together fifty of his most learned philosophers to confound the arguments of a young girl of seventeen or eighteen years; and how, when he ordered her to be burnt, the fire would by no means touch her, no, not a thread of her garments,—is known to every reader of Christian legends. The Emperor's wife Faustina, seeing Catherine's constancy, incontinently declares herself a

Christian; and when Catherine baptises her, there happens a right wondrous thing—an angel is seen wearing a crown, which Catherine takes from his head, and therewith crowns the Empress, exhorting her to be constant in the faith, and foretelling that in three days she, too, shall suffer martyrdom. Then follows the breaking on the wheel and the beheading ("finalement il luy fit trancher son sainct chef"); and from this saint follow the noble army who gave the isle that renown which Lusignan delights to claim for it. After the death of Catherine, and in requital thereof, followed a terrible drought for five-and-thirty years, which killed almost all the trees in the island and forced the inhabitants in great part to emigrate. But when Empress Helena, the British slave girl mother of Constantine, landed with a piece of the true cross, straightway the rain began to fall and the isle recovered its fertility, and Constantine, seeing that it was naturally fit to support much people, sent in thither colonists from all parts.

This and his other legends are far more to Lusignan's taste than classical history, though he lingers long over tales like that of Solon, a Cypriote, by his showing, who for his excellent wisdom was made citizen of Athens,—how he by a stratagem recovered the island from the Megarians. Solon took a number of comely beardless youths, dressed them as girls, taught them to dance, and then landed them in Cyprus. The islanders saw them dancing, and took them for goddesses, or at least for nymphs, and soon the fame of them was spread abroad over the island. Solon then moved them off to a little islet near the coast, and invited the Megarians to come and see his dancers. They coming forth with, and in their haste for the most part unarmed, were set upon and slain by the supposed nymphs, "Venus la deesse se changeant en un cruel et braue Mars, lequel Mars s'estoit auparauant changé en une tres-belle et plaisante Venus." But of all his history naturally the most deeply interesting is that which refers to what he himself saw and suffered in the siege and sack of Nicosia. Strangely sad amid the account of heads cut off just to try the sharpness of a sword, of legs chopped to prevent prisoners from flying, of unborn babes torn from their mothers' wombs and dashed against the walls, is the remark (following just after the simple statement, "among those thus beheaded for fun was my mother, Lucretia Calepienna"), "of all such babes I only managed

to baptise one." Not only were the Turks slaying, ravishing, mutilating, practising every form of cruelty on the bodies of the conquered, but they were thus consigning poor innocent babes to the "limbo of infants." We shall return by-and-by to this most graphic chapter; meanwhile it is time to give a brief sketch of the earlier history of Cyprus from more authentic sources than those who guided Father Lusignan's curious researches.

Within a day's sail of the Syrian coast, a half-way house between the mouths of the Nile and the Orontes, Cyprus could not fail to be highly prized in the days when Phœnicia and Egypt were teaching Greece the alphabet of art as well as of letters. It was valuable for its copper-mines—its name, usually explained as the Hebrew Kopher—the plant henna, is at any rate identified with the metal for which it has always been famous. Its timber was magnificent—its cedars in old days surpassing in size those of Lebanon.

It has its place in the Homeric legends. In the *Iliad* (xi. 19), Cinyras is described as giving Agamemnon a famous suit of armour. Another legend tells how Cinyras promised Menelaus to send fifty ships, and kept his promise to the eye by sending one real ship and forty-nine clay barks, manned with clay mannikins.* He also undertook to feed the Greek army during the siege, but failed in this also. The strange way in which the Greek legends about Troy drift eastward, taking in Egypt, as well as westward to the island of Circe, has not escaped the later Homerologists. Certainly, Greek colonies were founded in Cyprus after the Trojan war—notably Salamis, so named by Teucer, after the little island whence he came. All the Greek settlements, save the Argive Curium, were on the north and west. It was early divided into eight Greek kingdoms and two (Citium, *Chittim*, and Amathus) belonging to the Phœnicians.

The Egyptian conquest did not last long; the Persian occupation and the struggles to which it gave rise—so graphically told by Herodotus—exercised far more influence on the island. Nevertheless the old mode of government—a group of petty royalties over which the hereditary high priests of Paphos exercised a sovereignty not unlike that of the Jewish high priests (Mr. Disraeli's favourite "despotism tempered by theocracy" not disowned, we suppose, by

* Cesnola found terra cotta boats in tombs of Amathus.

Lord Beaconsfield)—lasted on till the time of Ptolemy I. (Lagos), who conquered Cyprus, slew or banished its kings, and altered the whole system. The end of the Paphian royal family was as tragic as anything which, centuries after, befell the Lusignans. Nicocles, finding that Ptolemy had sent orders for him to be put to death, fell on his sword; his wife slew her young daughters with her own hand, and then killed herself on his corpse. Cesnola recounts at some length the struggle between the Antigoni (Seleucidæ) and the Ptolemies, ending in the complete ascendency of the latter who in due course were dispossessed by the Romans. Cato, the elder, was ordered to turn the island into a Roman province. The Cypriotes made no resistance; their king, Cleopatra's uncle, showed a Semitic unwillingness to submit combined with the cowardice which afterwards, exhibited by his niece, ruined Antony's cause. Shrinking from his first determination—to sail away with his gold, and sink it and himself, so as to deprive the Romans of it—he heaped his treasures round him, locked his palace doors, and took poison. The plunder of his palace was worth the incredible sum of 7,000 talents, of which Cato reserved for himself only a little statue of Zeno, the philosopher of Citium.

Of St. Paul's visit nothing need be said, save that the Jewish colony, of which Barnabas was a member, had much increased since the Herod family had farmed the Cyprus copper mines. Jewish labour was cheap, and seems to have been largely imported. In Trajan's reign, A.D. 115, the Cypriote Jews rebelled, and for two years held the island, killing (it was said) nearly a quarter of a million Cypriotes. When their revolt was crushed, a law, rigidly enforced for many centuries, was passed that any Jew who landed on the island (even if driven ashore by shipwreck) should at once be put to death.

One of the culminating periods of Cypriote prosperity was the reign of Constantine, during which the islanders dreamed of recovering their old independence. Their leader, however, was captured and afterwards flayed alive and burnt at Tarsus; and from this date the Byzantine rule was only disturbed by the incursions of the Arabs. Phocas (A.D. 602) transferred the isle from the Senate, to whom Augustus had given it after Antony's death, to the Empire and placed it under a Duke, as the Imperial Governors now began to be called. The last of these Dukes of Cyprus was Isaac

Comnenos,* who was deposed by our Richard Cœur de Lion. Richard sold the isle to the Templars; but either owing to their misconduct or because they repented of their bargain the sale was not completed—as Ross expresses it (p. 108): "A rebellion broke out which induced them Cypern gegen den erlegten Kaufschilling wieder an Richard abzutreten;" and a new purchaser was found, viz., Guy of Lusignan, who had lately lost his kingdom of Jerusalem at the battle of Tiberias.

The three splendid volumes of Mas-Latrie, one of the many works which Europe owes to the Second Empire, contain a very minute account of the Lusignan period, along with the text of every document bearing on the subject to which the writer could gain access. He speaks in high terms of the help given him by many Italians, notably by M. Paravia of Turin University, as well as by our countryman, Mr. Rawdon-Brown, long resident at Venice. Paravia put in his way the archives of Asolo, the place of retirement of Catherine Cornaro, last Queen of Cyprus, whose romantic life is well known to most amateurs of out-of-the-way history.

From 1191, the date of Richard's conquest, to 1291, the year in which the Saracens took Acre and destroyed the kingdom of Jerusalem, the Lusignan kings of Cyprus were mostly kings of Jerusalem also. The break up of the Christian power in Palestine did good instead of harm to the island. Its sovereigns ceased to embark in foreign enterprises, and up to 1372 its state was one of peace and great prosperity. Then came the unfortunate quarrel with the Genoese, whose notables Peter II. threw out of window at his coronation-feast, ordering at the same time a general massacre of their countrymen. In requital for this the Genoese seized Famagosta, deposed Peter, and set his son James on the throne. His son and namesake was taken by the Egyptians in 1426, and thus after some 2,000 years the isle became once more tributary to Egypt. The next king, John, "as selfish, effeminate, and indolent as the others of his race" (says Cesnola, whose summary of Cypriote history is somewhat marred by his dislike of the

* Isaac has been painted blacker than he was. His "insult to the princesses" was merely an attempt to get them into his hands with a view to ransom; and at the battle of Tremithusia he charged bravely into the midst of the Crusaders and struck Richard with his mace; but, instead of supporting him, his men left him to be taken prisoner.

Lusignans), married Helena, daughter of Constantine Palœologus, and this able princess was the author of many valuable reforms. Their only child, Carlotta, married Louis of Savoy; but John had an illegitimate son, James, who was the favourite of the people, and who, getting aid from Egypt, not only forced the *fainéant* Louis to give up the crown but also drove out the Genoese, whose supremacy had only brought disaster, for the Bank of St. George, to which the island had been made over till the indemnity for Peter's massacre should be paid, had got the Lusignan kings deeper and deeper into debt, while at the same time it frightened off foreign trade by vexatious exactions. James naturally looked to Venice to uphold him against her rival; and, falling in love with the miniature of Catherine Cornaro, he asked her in marriage. The Senate adopted her as daughter of the State, and gave her a dowry of 100,000 ducats; but soon after James died—not without suspicion of poison—his death just chiming in with the designs of the Venetians.

His posthumous son died soon after his birth; and after being treated with much duplicity during her sixteen years of nominal queenship, Catharine was forced to abdicate in 1489, and was located by the Republic in the city of Asolo, where the legends about her have not wholly died out. The Venetian rule of 82 years was marked by a series of disasters. Earthquakes more than once did great mischief; locusts inflicted such ravages that the inhabitants had for some years to be fed on imported food; and in 1547 the rains were so heavy that the Mesaoria, whose river-outlets must even then have been silted up, became a lake.

In 1570, Selim II. asked the Venetians to let him have the island by purchase or exchange; and on their refusal prepared to take it by force. The Republic sent their engineer, Savorniani, to repair such fortresses as might be made defensible, and to dismantle the others, and Pius V. tried to preach a crusade. But no troops came from Venice; and when the Turks landed with 100,000 men and 200 cannon, the garrison of Nicosia was only 10,000 and that of Famagosta 7,000. The former place was carried by assault, after seven weeks' siege, and over 20,000 people were killed after it was captured. Famagosta held out ten months, and then was taken by treachery, its brave defender, Bragadino, being inhumanly tortured after he had surrendered on terms.

From that time Cyprus has steadily declined. At the end of the fifteenth century Leukosia (Nicosia) contained 250 churches and chapels and about 50,000 inhabitants. Old Lusignan describes a procession on St. Mark's Day, in which Christians of every sect took part. First came the Greeks with their cross, the clergy carrying the famous picture of the Virgin Mary. Then the begging friars; followed by the Indian bishop and clergy in all kinds of strangely fashioned robes; then Nestorians, Jacobites, Maronites, Copts, and Armenians, with their priests and bishops; and last, the Latin clergy, "as being the most famous and the ruling sect of all;" and then the procession was closed by a body of troops, followed by all the nobles on horseback. "And a fine thing it was (says the chronicler) to see so many sects and nations of Christians of divers rites and names." Part of the town, including eighty churches, was pulled down when the Venetians put it in a state of defence; but, shrunken as it then was, the difference between Turkish and European rule was never better exemplified than in the contrast between Leukosia nowadays and Leukosia just before its capture.

We have already said something of the horrors of that capture; but Father Lusignan's account of the "stupid waste of the Turks is so graphic that we must quote a few sentences more from him: "Le fourment, febues, laines, cottons, chairs salees, lards, tout par terre, et assez d'autres choses par les ruës; et ce qu'ils n'auoient peu emporter ou manger souillé et foulé aux pieds; comme mesmededuns les caues, les muids pleins de vin tresbon et exquis et vieil de soixante et octante ans rompus et les huyles respanduës. Il n'y auoit lieu sacré ou profane qui ne fust reuisité, iceux cherchans et esperans trouuer quelque thresor. Et la ville estoit ja si pliene de puanteur à cause des corps morts tant des hommes que des pourceaux pour auoir demeuré cinq iours à l'ardeur du Soleil que c'estoit merueilles." This sight seems to him crueller than even the horrors of the capture; and he goes on to describe the bodies of Christians mutilated in the most frightful ways, "que blessé en vn endroit, qui en vn autre." A papasse, or Turkish priest, took our poor Father, and saved his life, though he was stripped of everything, even the chaplet of the Dominican Order of the Rosary of the Virgin, "qui est vne confrairie qui a de merueilleux effects et miracles," and which, he thinks, saved him from the

power of "these mad dogs." Strange that, amid such scenes, just after noticing the heroic death of a daughter of Peter Lasez, his cousin, "a martyr to her chastity," he cannot help remarking on the way in which precious stones were sold for next to nothing: "ils cognoissoient autant les marguerites ou perles et autres pierres precieuses comme les pourceaux, et celui qui en auoit quelque cognoissance gaguoit ce qu'il vouloit." We can better understand his remark that, had the Pariques, "stranger villagers introduced by Empress Helena," been enfranchised and armed, things might have gone differently. "The Venetian Senate had ordered these serfs to be set free, and our notables said they wished it; but it was not done."

The islanders repaid Venetian ill-treatment by declining to take any part in the defence. The Venetians had far too few troops; and their succours were lingering in Candia. In one of the desperate sallies they burst into the Turkish camp and took not only spoil of all kinds but the very food that was cooking in the pots, and then "quelques reniez (renegades) nous ont asseuré depuis que si les Chrestiens eussent poursuyui leur poincte peult estre nous eussions emporté la victoire." But their numbers were too small to push their advantage. There seems, too, to have undoubtedly been treachery on the part of the chief commander, a Dandolo; he was suspected of dealings with the renegade Jew Miquez, afterwards made Duke of Naxos. The defence of Leukosia was as weak as that of Famagosta was heroic. And "thus Cyprus was conquered; and is doomed to remain a part of the Turkish Empire as long as enlightened Christian Powers uphold by their jealousies such an impracticable and monstrous government" (Cesnola, p. 40).

The ruin of the Lusignan power M. Mas-Latrie attributes to the absence of amalgamation between Franks and Greeks. The Frank yoke was very light; Franks and Armenians freely intermarried; but the Greeks always kept "une arrière-pensée d'espérance et de dédain dans leurs relations leurs alliances et leurs soumissions." All lived comfortably enough on the same soil, but of that religious and political fusion out of which a new nation might have grown up there never was a trace. This leads him to remark somewhat sadly on the slight result of all this long occupation by Franks of some of the choicest parts of the East. It used to be said that, if we English were

suddenly driven out of India, we should leave absolutely nothing behind us but bitter-beer bottles enough to build a pyramid. The Lusignan dynasty has at any rate left its mark on the architecture of Cyprus; the ruins of the cathedral of Famagosta (figured in the *Illustrated News*, Nov. 16th) is just like the west front of one of our more ornate abbeys. Yet M. Mas-Latrie says: "Je ne vois pas ce que les Français ont laissé en Chypre. Dans l'ordre politique, pas plus que dans la sphère des choses religieuses, pas plus en Chypre qu'en Syrie ou à Constantinople, les Francs n'ont communiqué aucun principe aux Orientaux même aux Orientaux Chrétiens, et ne leur ont fait aucun emprunt." Let us trust that our occupation may lead to far different results, and that while an English king first brought Cyprus within the range of Western influence, our Empress-Queen may be the means of reviving that influence and giving it permanence. M. Mas-Latrie, who, much as he abjures the political questions of the day, cannot help hinting at a possible and desirable renewal of French rule, says there lasts on in the most out-of-the-way corners of the isle a vague tradition of old Frank rule, "vaniteuse peut-être, mais au fond débonnaire et éclairée, dont les Chypriotes rêvent instructivement le retour pour échapper à la stupide oppression des Turcs."

Let us trust that this dream may now be fulfilled by that nation which, France's sister in arms, since the Crimean War, should now work with her in this mighty task, this new and holier crusade, which is to wrest the fairest portions of the old world from "the stupid tyranny of the Turks." M. de Laveleye, in the November *Fortnightly*, most unselfishly combats the opinion of Señor Castelar that England, in taking Cyprus, "has been at her huckstering tricks again." The island, he says, will cost us probably a million a year; but by occupying it we prove to the world that we mean to do something for the cause of good government throughout that lesser Asia which to Herodotus seemed to contain not the richest only but the fairest portions of the earth.

Cavillers talk of the dream of a romantic politician, or of the wish to astonish by a *coup de théâtre;* but there is nothing dreamy or theatrically unreal in the desire to see the Levant once more what it has been and what it ought to be. No thoughtful schoolboy can have looked at the map without contrasting the past with the present; and,

though our too general ignorance of the history of the middle ages makes us think exclusively of that greatness in Greek and Roman times, those who will take the trouble to look through a book like Mas-Latrie's will find that the commercial riches of these now miserably backward regions lasted on to comparatively modern times. At any rate, it is only 300 years since, with the commencement of Turkish rule, the decay of Cyprus began.

This grand work of Mas-Latrie is an instance both of the good done by those prizes of which so many are periodically offered in France, and of the thoroughness and scrupulous exactitude of a nation whom we are accustomed to sneer at as superficial. In his introduction the author explains how his book grew to be what it is. The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres offered in 1841 a prize for a history, to be sent in in 1843, of Cyprus under the Lusignan princes. Those competing were invited to look specially into the commercial relations of mediæval Cyprus with Genoa, Venice, and Egypt. M. de Mas-Latrie determined to go as deeply as he could into what he calls "les sources de l'histoire gallo-chyprienne." Not content with Lusignan, and with what he could get from Loredano's *History of Venice* (1667), he went to Turin, Genoa, Florence, Montpellier, and Marseilles. He even visited the Berne Library, which contains the MSS. of Bougars on his edition of the *Gesta dei per Francos*. He gained the prize; but this success only stirred him up to fresh exertions. He acted on the maxim that genius consists in an infinite faculty for taking pains; and, going to Rome, he found in the Vatican Library the Italian version of the lost Greek history of Diomede Strambaldi of Nicosia. At Venice he got hold of Francisco Amadi's chronicle, translated from the lost *Gestes des Chypriotes* of Philip of Navarre. In London, at the British Museum, he found the *Istoria di Cipro* of Bustrom, Venetian Secretary at Nicosia. All this, and much more, he tells us in the introduction to Vol. II.; at the opening of Vol. III. he shows how rich a treasure he discovered in Spain—*Los Condes de Barcelona vendicados* and other works; for we must not forget that not Anjou only, but Spain was mixed up with the intrigues which marked the decline of the Lusignan dynasty.

The reader must not imagine that Mas-Latrie's work is merely a dry history, with the *documens et pièces justificatives* printed at length. It is full of collateral matter, much

of which is of general interest. Thus, speaking of religious feuds, and of their weakening effect on Christianity in the East, he prays that the clergy of the Greek Church may be better educated, and therefore more enlightened. There would then (he says) be more of such bright exceptions to the general intolerance as George Gregorios in the thirteenth, and George Lapithés in the fourteenth century. Both these were patriarchs; yet both men of great culture and wide views, who valued the Franks as protectors against Arab and Turk, and did not let religious squabbles interfere with their clear-sighted policy. On the Maronites, those special *protégés* of France, he has (liv. i., chap. v., p. 106) some very interesting remarks. Are they the Mardaites of the early Byzantine writers, who are usually identified with the Mardi, a tribe who moved out of Persia into Syria? St. Maron, the reputed founder of the sect, lived in the sixth century near Apamea; and, as Eutychius had taught them Christ had only one nature (monophysite), he taught that in the joint nature there was only one will (monothelite). The sect flourished much along the Orontes valley; and built a great cathedral at Hamah. In 681 they were condemned by a General Council, and fled to the mountains of Lebanon. When the Crusades began, they, like the Armenians, received the Franks with open arms. In 1182 Amaury, the Latin Patriarch of Antioch, converted 40,000 of them, and induced them to acknowledge the Pope's supremacy. When the sect first crossed into Cyprus is uncertain. Mas-Latrie thinks it was at least as early as the seventh century. On the destruction of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem great numbers of them took refuge in the island, not settling down in the towns but living as herdmen and tillers of the soil. But the bad treatment they received from the Greeks led many of them to recross the sea and join their brethren in Lebanon. In 1249 they still possessed twenty-three villages with nearly 8,000 souls; they have now only five or six villages and 1,250 souls. Their persecution by the Greek clergy continued till quite lately, when the French Consuls in Cyprus interfered.

This is a sample of Mas-Latrie's conscientious way of treating all that bears on his subject; we hope many of our readers may be able to look into his work.

General Cesnola, whose name has for some years been before the public in connection with the *Cesnola Collection*, was ten years American Consul in Cyprus. He had served

in the American War, and one of the last acts of President Lincoln was to appoint him to the consulate. He tells us that, if his diggings are not so artistic and his clearances not so thorough as those of Consul Lang at Dali (Idalium), he has a twofold excuse—first, he was under a bond to fill up again all that he excavated (and it is best so, he remarks; for any stones left exposed will be carried off or broken up whenever the neighbouring peasants want to repair a wall): the other reason was that he was solely dependent on his private means. Even, later, when the New York Government was induced to grant a small sum towards the cost of exploration, this, owing to the sudden financial depression, was left unpaid. In exploring tombs, Cesnola's method was the Italian one, of which Captain Burton gives so many instances in his *Old Bologna*, of sinking a vertical shaft till the virgin soil below was reached. On p. 255 is an interesting woodcut of "how tombs are excavated, and with what tools." The difference between a traveller and a systematic explorer is strikingly seen by comparing Cesnola's magnificent finds at Curium with the poor fragments of pottery, not exceeding what might be expected in an English barrow, which were all that Ross could discover in the same locality. Ross measured the old stadium, 222 metres at its greatest length, built of well-squared sandstone blocks, still called *ἱπποδρομίον* by the neighbouring peasants. He also explored the remains of the great temple of Apollo Hylates, mentioned by Lycophron the poet, by Tzetzes, and by Stephanus of Byzantine. They are in the Doric style; and among them were several inscriptions of the age of the Ptolemies. That is all the gossiping German has to say about a place where Cesnola unearthed a treasure as costly as that of Dr. Schliemann. He soon takes a four hours' ride to Pisurin, where he finds very comfortable lodging at the house of the old priest, whose wife will have it that Chrysopolis is the real name, Aphrodite only a *beinahme* of the goddess. "Anyhow (she said), they sometimes call her one, sometimes the other" (*τώρα δὲν τὴν λαλοῦσιν Ἀφροδίτισσαν, τώρα τὴν λαλοῦσι χρυσοπολίτισσαν*. The same lady related many tales about the raids of Maltese pirates; her aunt, who lived (*credat* Mr. Timbs) to be over 120, remembered several landings of these invaders; "but now we hear (said she), that Malta has become a rich trading town, and they don't do that kind of thing any

more." Ross always has his eyes and ears open to other things besides antiquities; Phœnician inscriptions, glass vessels, terra cotta vases, rock-chambers, he comes upon at almost every turn; but he often pauses to describe a ride along a mountain-path through a wood of cypress (the Cyprian tree), wild olive and carob. Even at Old Paphos, his hostel and its surroundings interest him almost as much as the famous Phœnician graves with columns quite Doric in style, which style Von Hammer says they learnt in Egypt, and then handed on to the Greeks. "That evening (he tells us) I dined with the Archimandrite in the open porch of his pretty little house. The air was soft and balmy, the frogs kept up a cheerful croaking in the valley, and the francolins were uttering their harsh cry all round us. All sorts of fruit trees were in bloom (it was early in March); the planes, willows, vines, figs, and pomegranates were flourishing marvellously. The river, despite the failure of the rains, was pretty full of water, and furnished eels and big cray-fish." Here he learnt that the betterment in the revenues was only apparent; for, since the war of Greek independence, the piastre had been steadily sinking in value, so that now it was only worth the twenty-third instead of the seventh or eighth part of the Spanish dollar. Hence, though more piastres were paid in, the value was less. He comments on the ridiculously small revenue—"500,000 Prussian thalers from an island like this!" and notes the decline in population—"from over a million in classical times, and between five and six millions under the Lusignans, it has now sunk to less than 125,000." Near Curium he travels with a Turkish peasant who is loud in his complaints of the grinding tyranny of the Government: "they spare neither Turk nor Greek (*ἔν ἀφώνουσι νὲ Τούρκούς νὲ Ῥωμήους*). Even the poorest peasant pays at least 300 piastres tax. Didst thou mark the deserted villages? Therein dwelt aforetime hundreds of men; what's become of them now?"*

At Larnaka, our German has a very pleasant time of it among the different consuls. He explores the Church of St. Lazarus—after our Lord's ascension, Lazarus, to escape the malice of the Jews, retired to Cyprus—saw in the crypt the saint's tomb, a plain white marble coffin

* Consul Lang does not hold that the taxes were heavy—nearly a quarter of the revenue was raised from the Government salt works.

with two rosettes, and noticed how the twin cupolas of the church had been cut down by order of Cutzuck Mehemet Pasha, because he deemed them far too fine for a Greek building. He then makes the acquaintance of a modern Turkish saint—for Mohammedanism has its saints too: "in the Mohammedan burying-ground a body had lately been discovered almost as fresh as when it was first buried. This is explained by the ground being strongly impregnated with salt and saltpetre; but, as the Greeks always say that such a corpse is a vampire (*βουρκόλακας*), the Turks, to avoid this disgrace, claimed the nameless body as a saint. The old Pasha of Nicosia was delighted: sent off word to Constantinople, built a little shrine in the graveyard, and appointed a dervish to pray beside the holy corpse. When I saw it, it was in a small whitewashed room, lying on a couch under a green coverlet. The dervish sat smoking in a corner with the inevitable coffee-cup beside him."

Ross has some interesting remarks about the belief, nowhere in all the East so deeply rooted as in Cyprus, that Franks who come to look for inscriptions and such like are really in search of buried treasure. The strength of this belief he accounts for in various ways. First, large sums of money have at various times really been found; next, not long before his visit, several Italians had come over, professing to be guided in their search by old family papers, in which the position of the hidden valuables was described. Again, various consular agents have gone about with dowsing rods (*Wünschelruthen*), and by thus giving countenance to the superstition, have intensified it in the minds of the Cypriotes. Ross signalises among these a Corsican at Limessus, who went about Paphos and Amathus professedly inscription-hunting, but confessed to his friends that he usually broke the slabs in the absurd hope that they might be hollowed out and filled with gold. Some peasants told our traveller that lately two Franks landed near Amathus, and went straight to a big stone a little inland. They took a peasant to help them, and when they had read words out of a book the ground opened and all three went in. The vault they entered was full of gold; but it burnt the peasant's fingers as soon as he touched it; only the Franks could handle it with impunity. As soon as they came out the ground closed again; and, though he often searched, the man could never again find the spot. As usual, our

facetious German gets a joke out of the credulity of the natives; he shows his heavy meat-tins and cooking-pans to a peasant woman, and assures her they are full of his treasures, at the real nature of which the good woman is not a little astonished.

No doubt treasure-hunting will receive a new impetus from the astonishing success of Dr. Schliemann. It is to be hoped that, under British occupation, what is found will not be suffered to be carried off by private individuals. There should be a Cyprus museum, in which such treasures should be stored.

One result is certain to follow from the English occupation. There will be a general advance in prices. Herr Ross could hire mules at Citium far cheaper than he had been able to do not only on the mainland of Greece but even in the most unvisited parts of Lesser Asia. He also notes (p. 127) the marvellous cheapness of land, attributing it in part to the law that when a man dies without male heirs of his body his land falls to the Sultan, and if his wife or brothers wish to redeem it, they must pay from two-thirds to three-quarters of its value. "This rule, called *ταπιλίκι*, keeps the valuation of land far below its real level." A horse, he found, cost from 100 to 1,000 piastres; a pair of oxen from 200 to 1,500; a mule from 200 to 2,000; an ass from 50 to 400; a sheep or goat from 20 to 30. As in Greece, the cows are used exclusively for breeding; sheep and goats, the former the fat-tailed kind with often four and six horns, supply the milk and cheese.

The great plain, which, as every writer says, is so marked a feature in the physical geography of the island, he supposes to have been caused by denudation; and in proof of this he notes the numerous little hills, called from their table-like form *τράπεζα*, with which its surface is studded. Its name, Mesarea or Messaoria, *μεσαΓορία*, land between the mountains, he compares with *ἡ μεσσηνή χώρα*, the level between Arcadia and Lacedæmon, the original form of the proper name *Μεσσήνη*. The dependence for tillage of a large part of this plain on the overflowing of the Pedieus and Satrachos strikes him as a foretaste of Egypt.

Herr Ross is a shrewd observer, full of fun. At Citium, as he is travelling without any servants, his Christian host lends him his negro, "who, like a true Mussulman, girds himself with a pair of pistols for the very peaceful work of cooking

my fowls and brewing my coffee;" and at their halt, in the Franciscan monastery of Leukosia (Nicosia), full of sturdy young fellows who (he hints) might be better employed, he notes how strange it was that a heretic and a Mussulman should be the guests of a set of Spanish monks. This monastery belongs to the great foundation of Terra Santa, which has branches in Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo—all over the East. At Leukosia he is taken by the richest Greek in the island to pay his respects to the pasha, whom he finds in a tumble-down house ("after the Turkish style, a pitiable bandbox of a place, with badly-hung doors, holes in the flooring, and paper instead of glass in the windows") built into a corner of the old palace of the Lusignan kings. The pasha's furs are magnificent, but all his other surroundings inexpressibly mean. Our traveller presents his letter from the Grand Vizier, and receives a permit to travel about where he pleases; but his sturdy German independence is so disgusted at the cringing way in which his Greek companion, tschelebi (nobleman) Jankos Georgiades, behaves before the Turkish *Machthaber*, that he brings the interview to a hasty end.

At the Archbishop's house he falls in with the three bishops, and this interview leads him to draw a parallel between the large amount of temporal power exercised by the Archbishop and the position of the old Jewish high priest so like that of the priest of Paphos. According to Engel (*Cypros*, i., 479) the government of Cyprus in the earliest times was a theocracy. The intrigues constantly going on nowadays between the Archbishop and his suffragans, often resulting in the deposition of the former and the advancement of one of the latter by the Turks, remind us of the state of the Jewish priesthood in Roman times. The archbishop is styled *μακαριώτατος*, and is, alone among Greek clergy, entitled to wear the old imperial Byzantine colour, cinnabar, and to sign his name in red ink. This privilege was granted to the office by the Emperor Zeno when the Gospel of St. Matthew was discovered in the grave of St. Barnabas, not far from Salamis. Another parallel with Judaism our traveller finds in what is by far the most interesting relic that he mentions—the huge spherical stone laver with four handles, which some shepherds showed him behind the acropolis of Amathus. This huge vessel, more than two yards deep inside, and broad in proportion, he compares with the brazen laver of the Jewish temple, and with the Sidonian mixers

described by Homer (*Il.*, xxiii., 798; *Od.*, iv., 616). This *Riesengefäss*, as he calls it, has four handles, terminating in the so-called "Phœnician" palm-leaf ornament. In the hollow of each handle is a figure of an ox. How this laver was filled and how it was cleaned, the sides bulging out so far beyond the contracted rim, could only be determined by digging around it. This Ross had no opportunity of doing. He left it as he found it—half covered with earth and bushes. He does not even mention the companion laver, of the fate of which we shall speak below.

Of the probable fate of what metallic remains were discovered by the natives we have an instance at Episcopión, a summer resort of the bishops of Tamasus, when that now ruined village was a bishop's see. Here, in 1886, after a long drought, some peasants who were digging for water in the dry bed of the river came upon a bronze statue, rather over life size. The head Ross's informants described as seemingly shaved (*ὡσὰν μαρμαρισμένον*), a fitting description of the smooth-lying hair of the Apollo of Thera and other archaic statues. The body was quite naked, with a wallet over the shoulders. The head and arms were broken off, two oxen that were going across having trampled upon it. Will it be believed that, partly through ignorance, partly through fear of the Turks, who would be sure to have accused them of having also found treasures, the peasants hacked the statue to bits, and sold it little by little for old copper, realising on the whole 400 piastres (at five piastres the okka)? Only the head was saved, and came into the hands of a Signor Bondisiano, in Larnaka, who sold it for 1,800 piastres to Mr. Borrell, in Smyrna. "It is no doubt (adds our traveller) somewhere in England."

We do hope that, under the British protectorate, such vandalism may be henceforth impossible. No time should be lost in giving notice that all "finds" will be purchased at a fair value by the State; and State property they should remain. In our view, it savours of the greed of Romans like Mummius, rather than of an enlightened Christian spirit, to carry off to our museums, public and private, the spoils of every country that we visit. The founding of the museum at Athens, and that of St. Irene at Constantinople, were steps in the right direction; and we cannot help rejoicing at a circumstance which seems to have much mortified General Cesnola, viz., that in his absence a

colossal statue of Melicertes (Melcarth), found at Amathus, was taken to St. Irene. If Europe and America are interested in such remains, they may well be content with casts of them.

Ross naturally does not neglect mediæval ruins, which in Cyprus are many and interesting. Thus at Cerines, on the north coast, is the grand castle in which Queen Carlotta and her husband, Louis of Savoy, made their last stand, in 1460, against James and his Egyptian allies. On the walls still lie the Venetian cannon—some rusty iron, but over thirty of them fine undamaged bronze. The strength of such places makes it certain that Selim's generals were helped in their conquest by treachery. Our German often makes merry over the proverbial dulness of the natives (*βοῦς κύπριος*); the muleteers, he says, are an exception, but then, the story goes, that they are Venetians by blood: "when Ammochostos (Famagosta) was taken, most of the nobles were killed; but, at last, even Turkish hands grew tired of slaying, and the remnant was spared. Too poor to return to Venice, where, moreover, in several generations their families had become strangers, these nobles took to mule-driving and porterage, and therefore migrated to the capital."

Of course Ross visits Dali (Idalium), south of Leukosia, half way on the road to Larnaka; and he has plenty to say about Phœnician statuettes and rock-tombs and pottery. But, after all, his remarks are singularly superficial. He is more interested about beccaficos, off which, washed down with the best of Cyprian wine, he dines at the Prussian consul's. He quotes Lusignan to show that these birds, which abound in the vineyards, used to form an important article of export. Carefully plucked, plunged for a short while in boiling water, and then cooked, with certain roots, in strong wine, they were fit for exportation. The price was nine Venice ducats the thousand; and hundreds of thousands were sent, mostly as presents, to all parts of Italy. The export goes on largely at the present day.

We must say a little more about Cesnola's valuable and lively work. Dedicated to his wife, "a tribute to her love and devotion under great trials," it is full of personal interest. His account of the landing at Larnaka is exceedingly humorous. The mahone in which the new consul, his wife, and the consular staff, who, with silver-tipped staves, had come to meet him, were being rowed

ashore, ran aground, and they all had to be carried in on men's shoulders. Mrs. Cesnola, however, stoutly refused such a mode of transit. Rather than submit to it, she would go back to her native Brooklyn. She even declined a chair which was brought as a compromise. Fortunately the mahone, lightened of its load, got clear, and the lady was able to spring ashore unaided, or else her husband's discoveries might never have been made and his book never written. We can understand Mrs. Cesnola's weariness after ten years of "the arid life of an Oriental town," varied only by trips to lovely but lonely retreats among the hills and groves of the interior. When her husband's friend and fellow-explorer, Dr. Siegismund, was killed by falling back into an excavation the crumbling soil of which gave way under him, no wonder she was anxious to leave Cyprus, despite the marvellous beauty with which its plains are clothed in spring time.

From the first, Cesnola met with opposition in his diggings. His troubles began with his appointment of one Mustapha as a member of his consular staff. The man came to him and begged for the place and the protection it involved, as Genab Effendi, the deputy-governor, was his enemy, and was trying to get him drafted into the army. What was Mustapha's real character we have no means of determining. Certain it is that, if Turkish governors are often lawless, the plan of using the consular flag to protect law-breakers has been greatly abused. Genab was very angry when the consul refused to choose another instead of Mustapha; and, some time after, the man was "run in" by the police though he was in the dragoman's house, and was accused of being a deserter. Cesnola acted with the utmost vigour; he went to Constantinople by the very first steamer, and laid his case before the Honourable Joy Morris, the American minister. A mixed commission was appointed to inquire into it, and the deliberations were helped by the opportune arrival of two American war ships off Larnaka. In spite of what he calls Turkish prevarication, the consul won the day, and, besides making ample apologies, the Turks had to pay 10,000 piastres to the dragoman for the insult to his house. The Turks then became very courteous, acting on their proverb: "the hand that thou canst not cut off thou must kiss;" and the diggings, begun amateur fashion in 1866 on some mounds near Larnaka (the old Citium, Chittim, which

succeeded Tyre), soon grew in importance. The book is profusely and admirably illustrated, the gems having been superintended by Mr. C. W. King, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the well-known author of the *History of Gems*. Besides the history of the island in ancient and modern times, Cesnola gives many notes on the trade in old times, on the sculpture—connected with the name of Simos, the embroidery, the shipbuilding (Ezek. xxvii. 6). Demetrius Poliorcetes built a ship of Cyprian cedar, 180 feet long. He reminds us that the unhappily lost poem, the "Cypria," was by a poet of the island, probably by Stasimos, who is called Homer's son-in-law, because of the subject of the poem of which he was the reputed author. The island produced several other poets, and yet the disparaging epithet *βοῦς κύπριος* was applied to the natives. The belief in their dulness was owing, thinks Cesnola, to the want of athletics, which, in other Greek communities, counteracted the evils of the Paphian worship. We may remark that Solon died in Cyprus; Lusignan, as we have seen, believes him to have been also born there. If our limits allowed, it would be interesting to endeavour to reproduce the Cyprus of Shakespeare; we can only recommend our readers to turn once more to their *Othello*. The terrible story will come to them with new power now the island in which so many of the scenes are laid is brought so near to us.

Who were the aborigines of Cyprus? Did they belong to that wide-spread Pelasgian race whose name has often been a cloak for the ignorance of archæologists? Were they kinsmen of the old Lycians, whose sculptures present so many analogies with some of those discovered in the island? Anyhow, it is clear the Phœnicians were only colonists, though they left a deep mark on the mythology of Cyprus—the notion that Venus rose from the sea connects her with Derceto, the fish-goddess of Ascalon. How far both Canaanites and the so-called Pelasgians were of the same race, the ruling caste in Tyre and its allied cities being a set of Semitic conquerors, is an interesting subject of inquiry. Certain it is that many resemblances have been pointed out by Creuzer, and others, between the primitive nature-worship of the Greeks and what we know of the old Canaanite rites. But into these questions, as well as into speculations about the Cypriote language—just touched on by Cesnola—we

have no space to enter.* Our readers must go to the book itself; they will find it lively and pleasant reading. The author is never more pleased than when he is baiting or deluding the Turks. When Osman Aga objects to digging round the temple-foundations at Paphos, Cesnola has two gold coins of Heraclius, "worth just about their weight in gold," buried and conveniently "found." These he presents to Osman, who, in the expectation of finding more of the same kind, would have allowed him to dig down the whole place. Several times the authorities tried to interfere, and Mr. Joy Morris had, as he expressed it, "often to pinch the tail of the American eagle," in order to let his adventurous consul go on with his work. We confess we sympathise with the Turks; it would have been much more fitting for the "Cesnola collection" to have been placed either in the St. Irene Museum, or in one formed on the island, than to have been sold to foreigners.

There seems nothing distinctive in the sculptures at Larnaka ("coffins" the word means, from the abundance of old graves). Among the Amathus remains some are very Lycian in type; a pair of sphinxes is specially notable in this respect. This place was of old the scene of the human sacrifices which the Phœnicians brought in wherever they went. Comparatively little seems to have been found at Paphos and Salamis. The great finds were at Dali—gold ornaments, glass vases, lovely bronzes, and quaint animal-shaped vases, like those of Peru, or those found by Dr. Schliemann, at Hissarlik. Of the Oriental Aphrodite, stern and altogether unlike the Greek ideal, holding Eros in her arms just as the Virgin holds the babe Jesus, there is a good example, at p. 106, discovered at Athieno. The ivory bas-relief on p. 233 has a distinctly Jewish physiognomy. Several figures are Egyptian with a difference; others strikingly like Assyrian. This resemblance was amusingly proved when a peasant stole one of the "finds;" Cesnola, who happened to have Layard's *Nineveh* with him, turned to a drawing resembling the stolen object, and, showing it to the culprit, said: "this is my book of divination which tells me that you have robbed me of that." The affrighted man confessed, and gave up what he had stolen.

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* The chief authority for the Cypriote alphabet is the bilingual bronze tablet, figured and described by the Duke of Luynes.

The mixture of objects is remarkable; among archaic, quasi-Egyptian, Assyrian or Phœnician, statuettes are found purely classical and Ptolemaic remains, some of them of exquisite beauty. One large gem, representing a naked girl crouching under cover of her long hair, and turning frontwise a sad face with wistful eyes, is rightly characterised by our author as one of the loveliest of known gems. We trust he is wrong in describing it as "the signet-ring of an anonyma, with the badge of her profession." If so, we must say that the frail sisterhood have not improved in delicacy with the lapse of centuries.

Of Mr. Lang's book there is less need that we should speak, seeing that it will probably be in most of our readers' hands. Mr. Lang makes a great point of the Cyprian alphabet, as distinct from the Phœnician. Whence did the islanders get this? From Phœnicia, of course; but much earlier than their Greek brethren; for according to Professor Curtius the Ionian wave of migration, starting (as did also the Dorian) from the Phrygian highlands, spread to Lycia, and thence across to Cyprus. Here is a sample of his style: "as the bee flying from pollen to pollen, hybridizes as it goes, the Phœnician trader scattered the seeds of an advanced civilisation and a higher material prosperity wherever he touched, and wherever the grateful advantages of his commerce were felt."

His historical summary is admirable. He brings into special prominence the Arab conquest in Justinian's time, A.D. 688, followed by the expatriation of a large part of the inhabitants, and the second conquest in 740 by Haroun al Raschid. This Arab domination of 150 years was perhaps the most wretched period in the island's history.

In modern Turkish times, the most notable fact is Said Pasha's effectual method of getting rid of locusts (p. 240). Said did his work well; though, to their shame, European consuls sneered at his plan. One gentleman offered to have his head cut off if the extermination was successful. Sixty-two tons, *i.e.*, about 50,000 millions of locust eggs were brought in. At last, so complete was the work that 5,000 piastres were offered in vain for an oke. Fortunately, the locust lays not scattered eggs, but cases containing forty, so that the gathering was somewhat easier. We would call attention to Mr. Lang's hopeful language in regard to his own farm at Pyla, and the wheat grown thereon. Those who wish to know why farming, though a

failure under Turkey, is sure to be a success under us, should study the history of that choice Government swindle the Agricultural Bank. Mr. Lang suffered like the rest from occasional droughts; but, not being obliged to borrow money, he could afford to wait, and the good harvests more than repaid him.

Mr. Lang is sure the French were meaning to do what we have done; the war of 1870 put a stop to that, as it did to the negotiations for the purchase of the Cesnola collection. Many of us will be comforted by his testimony to the healthiness of the climate; not only did he enjoy good health during nine years' residence, but his sister lived there four years without inconvenience. Dress in light flannel, avoid night dews and a "life under canvas," be cheerful, and never touch ices or iced drinks, and you may be as well as you are in England. The book shows signs of haste, for which Lord Beaconsfield's *coup* is answerable; *e.g.*, Leno for Zeno (p. 166), and Count de Vagree for Vogué; but we thoroughly commend it, save for the spirit it displays respecting the plunder of antiquities. Mr. Lang confesses that *till Christian times* there was no destruction or desecration of tombs or temples. We complain of the Turks; it is the Byzantine Christians who set them the example. Egyptian, Cypriote or Phœnician tombs were alike respected by Macedonian and Roman; a Schliemann was impossible in those days; Verres plundered not the dead but the living. Mr. Lang tells us how he carried off a colossal statue under the very nose of the Turkish custom-house officers. By collusion with the captain of an Austrian frigate, the statue was taken down on a stretcher as if it had been a dead or drunken sailor. Sharp practice, no doubt; but suppose a Turk was to behave so in England. And yet we expect the Turks, whom we habitually treat in that way, to be as "enlightened" as ourselves.

"Mrs. Batson Joyner and two maps" (haste, again!) have scarcely adapted Herr Loeher's ponderous and ill-arranged work for the English palate. It is hypercritical, in a lady's book, to complain of *μαχαιρώταων*, or the House of Comnena; but we do ask to what purpose all that long account of the feeble attempts, ranging from Henry VI. to Frederic II., to annex Cyprus to the German Empire. Of course, Herr Loeher shows his animus against the French by accusing Count de Vogué of wantonly breaking up one of the two layers found near the grave of Adonis, between

Larnaka and Famagosta, when he was shipping the other to the Louvre (see above, extracts from Ross). We trust the charge is groundless. It is unfortunately too true that the breakwater at Port Said is partly built of stones shipped from old Hamath (Amathus)—the world's newest work thus owing something directly to one of its oldest works. A glance at the cases in the British Museum—the quaint clay men mounted on horses such as children might model; and the ram-headed Aphrodite, stern and hard, comparable to the cow-headed Hathor; and looking at these, we feel that the stones shipped to Port Said were only going home again. The interesting parts of Herr Loeher's book are in the ascent of Olympus, and his testimony to the way in which the Virgin Mary has taken the place of the old Cyprian goddess; she is even called Aphroditissa (see Ross, above).

We have thus striven to introduce our readers to some of the best works, ancient and modern, on an island which has suddenly become interesting to the British public. Engel, from whom Ross quotes, and whom Cesnola recommends as a work of German thoroughness, we have not had the opportunity of consulting. Of the other books on our list, our summary will enable any one to form an opinion.

There is little need that we should say anything of the topography or general appearance of the island; these have been so well discussed in newspapers and magazines. But we must add a word on the geology, our authority being M. Gaudry's excellent map. The range which, running in an unbroken chain along the north coast, from Cape Cormachiti in the west to Cape St. André in the north-east, and taking its general name from the town of Kerinia or Cerines, dwindles away in its last fifty miles into the narrow rugged promontory of Carpas, belongs to the cretaceous formation. We must not, however, think of the chalk downs or cliffs of our own island. The cretaceous rocks of Cyprus, like those of Greece and Spain and parts of Lesser Asia, are hard and compact, resembling the rocks of the same series in the north-east of Ireland. Like our own chalk beds they are flanked on both sides by greensand and other eocene deposits, to the south of which stretches the wide plain—meiocene (gypsum and other calcareous soils) round Nicosia and west of it, but pleiocene (quatenary) to the east round Famagosta

and down southward round Larnaka. South of this great central plain, unhappily, like so many similar districts in Spain, Italy, Sardinia, Mexico, &c., suffered to grow unhealthy through stagnant water,* the broad mass of Olympus stretches across the island from Poli almost to Larnaka. This formation is wholly igneous, in great part composed of serpentine and kindred rocks. Its general form is more rounded than that of the Cerines range, though it rises to more than thrice the elevation. South of this, again, is another tertiary tract crossed by low hill ranges stretching south-west to Baffo (Paphos) and giving place, in the extreme south, round Limasol (Amathus) to the quaternary deposits in which lies the large salt lake (Salines) near Colossi. One marked feature in the landscape is the huge heaps of scoriæ which in so many parts, attest the magnitude of the old copper works. So extensive are they that the Cypriots believe them to be craters of extinct volcanoes; and so skilful were the old workers that only one per cent. of metal has hitherto been found in such samples as have been tested. Further experience may, however, invalidate this generalisation: and shaft-sinking may possibly show that the lodes of copper, worked out near the surface, become profitably rich at greater depths. Meanwhile, it is less on her mineral treasures than on her great promise as a corn, and wine, and cotton, and silk growing country, that our hopes as to the future of Cyprus are founded.

A work, too long delayed, has to be done in restoring Lesser Asia, and Syria and Palestine, and that Euphrates and Tigris valley, the "land between the rivers," the marvel of whose fertility seemed something almost supernatural to Herodotus of old, to their due place in the polity of the Western world. We purposely abstain from connecting this work in any way with what haply in God's providence belongs to it—the return of the Jews to their own land. But apart from this, the task seems laid upon England; not, let us hope without the help of France, whose efforts during the middle ages so long kept back the wave of Mohammedanism. We owe it to the world to make some peaceful reparation for that Turkish misrule

* The unhealthiness of Cyprus is due to the wholesale cutting down of trees and to the silting up of river mouths.

to which for political ends we have so long given a kind of half support; and we owe it to France, which, had she not been thoroughly weakened by the hundred years' struggle against her own Plantagenets settled in England, would no doubt have succeeded in keeping back the Turks from some at least of their conquests. And in carrying out this work Cyprus will be invaluable, as a granary, a depôt for troops (for we do not believe in its permanent unhealthiness), and a centre of commerce.

We do not think that our imagination is dazzled by dreams of an impossible future. It is easy to laugh at the author of *Tancred*,* to quote from *Lothair* the grandiose sentence: "ropes of pearls such as a queen of Cyprus might wear," and to sneer at our premier as wishing to draw us away from humiliations in Europe by the Bengal-fire-lighted vista of new glories in Asia. But, seriously, nothing that is talked of in regard to Lesser Asia is half so "extravagantly improbable" as what we have really done in India. To talk of our present empire having been won on the grand principles of right and honesty, whereas now we are coming down to brute force and miserable chicane, may suit the platform orator, the noisy demagogue whose sole aim is to move the masses that by their help he may turn out those who are in power; but every discerning man can see that force is not necessarily brute force, and that it would be well indeed for the national conscience if every transaction which has of old increased our territory and enhanced our power would stand scrutiny as well as all that concerns the occupation of Cyprus will bear it.

We are not political; but we deprecate a party cry in the so-called interests of truth and honesty. And we feel that the action of Government in regard to Cyprus and Lesser Asia, so far from being *ad captandum* and dishonest, is full of promise for the future of the world.

* The fabulous luxury of some of the old Cypriote princes comes out in many tales —*e.g.* in that given at length by Mariti, and mentioned by Cesnola of the king who was always fanned during meals by doves. Whenever the birds settled, attendants made them take flight; and the perpetual motion of their wings kept the air cool.

ART. V.—1. *The People of Turkey: Twenty Years' Residence among Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, Turks, and Armenians.* By A CONSUL'S DAUGHTER and WIFE. Edited by Stanley Lane Poole. London: John Murray.

2. *The Romance of Missions; or, Inside Views of Life and Labour in the Land of Ararat.* By MARIA A. WEST. London: James Nisbet and Co.

HE would be a bold man who should venture, in this nineteenth century, to prophesy the future of an individual, a family, or a race. But the man who should go beyond even that, and dare to foretell the future of the people and empire of Turkey, would have fools for his hearers, and a million chances against the fulfilment of his forecast. Even when a homogeneous race, of strongly-marked character, is the subject of prophecy—as in the case of the descendants of Abraham—we have learned to consider the utterers of these fulfilled foretellings as men inspired by God, and not as men of wisdom, who have been able to calculate the changes for and against generations yet unborn. But a very superficial glance at the Turkish Empire is sufficient to show that, among the numerous and widely-differing races of South-Eastern Europe, Asia Minor, and Syria, there is a group of factors so extraordinary, if not unparalleled, as to render forecasting quite out of the question, and calculation void. We cannot say whether the Ottoman Turk, with his martial capacity, his clever diplomacy, his apparently unbounded confidence, and his feeling of superiority to the Giaour, will ever be able to face the stern logic of facts, with any practical appreciation, or to bend his back to the burden of empire. We cannot say whether the bright and thoughtful Greek, with the traditions of his glorious race ever borne in mind, with his determined struggle for education, and his extraordinary faculty of trading, will ever be able to redevelop the solidity of character possessed by the Athenian lawgivers of old, to unite under an historic name the fairest provinces in Europe, the wreck of empires, and the countries of romance. Nor can we say whether the Armenians, grave, astute, of an old and almost untainted race, tho

bankers of the Empire, are destined to supplant their oppressors, and wield the sceptre of the East. The plodding, patient, and thrifty Bulgar will almost certainly make an excellent *substratum*, upon which wise rulers may rely for material resources, and will possibly provide a proportion of governing ability for the empire of which they may form a part. The future of these races bristles with great possibilities, any one of which involves a gigantic struggle; and He, in whose "hands the nations are but as a drop of a bucket," alone holds the key to the mystery. Of the above-named, the principal races of Turkey, but little has hitherto been known; and of the Circassians, Albanians, and Tartars, even less. Contemporary history is largely in the hands of special correspondents; and naturally enough their letters to the daily papers are tinged with the notions of the political school to which their "proprietors" belong. However unavoidable this peculiarity may be, it gives rise to a great variety of opinion on most points of passing or permanent interest, as witness the remarkable divergence of opinion on the Eastern question, in all its details. When, therefore, we have the opportunity of studying the people in whose midst the recent war was waged, and whose future is so problematical—not from the reports of a passing traveller, but with the assistance of "a consul's daughter and wife," whose notes extend over a period of twenty-five years, we may begin to hope for a basis of fact upon which sound and practical views may be established.

Passing in review before us the motley crowd, selected from every part of the empire, and while hesitating where to begin our description, we are at once struck with the extraordinary nature of the fact that these intense individualities, these nations of widely different origin, full of zealous and deadly hatreds, both political and religious, are contained in the circuit of a single empire; and we wonder what force it is which compels the strange cohesion. Surely it is not the sword of yonder cross-legged, lethargic, beturbanned, or befezzed being, who, pipe in mouth, looks softly out of his dark eyes with a half-expressed disdain! Yet so it is; and, in face of that fact, we think we cannot do better than begin with an inquiry into the secret of the power of the Imperial Turk, the lord and master of them all. Let us briefly trace his career from the cradle to the grave.

He is ushered into the world by a midwife, a woman of the lower orders, "ignorant, uneducated, and possessing not the most rudimentary knowledge of medicine or of the surgical art." Each limb is—

"Wrapped carefully up in a quilted wrapper, and then the whole body is tightly bandaged with another swathe, a silk cap is placed upon his head, ornamented with gems, coins, a head of garlic, a piece of alum, a copy of one or two verses of the Koran plaited in little triangles and sewn in bits of blue cloth, and a number of blue glass ornaments in the shape of hands, horseshoes, &c."

By this time the little unfortunate presents the appearance of a highly ornamented Bologna sausage. The poor mother, but little better able to endure it, fares nearly as badly—indeed how she survives her treatment is a mystery. But to return to the baby. He is placed in a cradle, the mattress of which is hard; there is no pillow; he lies on his back with his arms straight down by his sides, his legs drawn down, and toes turned in.

"It is kept in this position by a swathe, which bandages the child all over to the cradle. A small cushion is placed on the chest, and another on the knees, to keep him in position and prevent the bandage from hurting him."

He thus becomes a perfect fixture, his head only having the slightest liberty. No wonder that the weakest portion of the proud Turk is his legs. For five or six hours at a stretch the poor babe is left to himself; and between nursing-times he sucks masticated bread and sugar, and *Turkish Delight!* If not thus occupied, he is probably in a deep sleep, or a state of stupor, caused by strong sleeping-draughts of opium or some other narcotic, whose effect on the digestive organs may be imagined, especially as aperients are never administered.

On the third day after birth a grand levée is held; friends and acquaintances come to pay their respects to the mother, to make all kinds of disparaging remarks anent the new arrival, and to spit upon him. This can do him no harm, but the same cannot be said of the next ceremony, that of the bath. Thither do the aforesaid friends repair, to meet the mother and child; hot water is thrown over it, it is scrubbed and scoured, in spite of its distressing screams, while the mother is besmeared all over with a mixture of honey and spices. This is rubbed off

with the fingers of the ladies present, and eaten, being considered to possess great strengthening powers.

As he grows older, he is allowed to eat whatever he can get hold of, with the inevitable result of permanent injury to the system, or death from inflammation of the bowels.

The rite of circumcision is performed when the boy is from four to ten years old. The ceremonies, which last a week, are too long to describe here, consisting as they do of a series of entertainments, in which the women participate; but we may note one redeeming feature—a remnant of primitive simplicity and patriarchal times. When a rich man has a son of an age to be circumcised, he is besieged by a crowd of poorer neighbours, who request that their sons or young friends may be allowed to participate in the ceremony. The grandee fixes the number of participants according to his means. Each boy receives an endowment from his father or guardian, which may consist of landed property or any object of value; but if any of the boys are destitute of relatives, the owner of the house takes the father's place and portions him. Hospitality on these occasions is unbounded.

Should the boy escape the attacks of measles, hooping-cough, scarlatina, and low intermittent fevers, besides the recently introduced diphtheria, to which he is liable, no thanks will be due to the doctor, who is seldom called in, and whose prescriptions are usually set aside for the nostrums of some old woman. As, however, the doctors are generally quite incompetent, there is but a choice of evils before the mother, whose natural instincts, with the crone's drugs and the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, are left to do their best for the invalid.

Thus far we have seen how the physique of the child is developed—or perhaps we should say hampered; we will now see what is done to prepare him for an honourable and successful walk in life—for the fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. And here we must premise that the great plague-spot of Turkey is the harem. As soon as the wealthy Turk grows tired of his first wife, he takes unto himself another, not that he may be assisted in the management of his household by another helpmate, but that his fancy may be gratified by a beautiful or wealthy addition to his harem. The first wife, who has possibly come to entertain love for her husband, is now left to pine in brutal neglect, while favours and attentions are showered

on the new arrival. Jealousy burns in her bosom; and as she has no mental resources, and no useful occupation, her temper becomes fierce or morose against even her children; so that the once fond and patient mother loses what little control she may have had over them.

"They are left to do very much as they like, become wayward, disobedient, and unbearably tyrannical. I have often noticed young children, especially boys, strike, abuse, and even curse their mothers, who, helpless to restrain them, either respond by a torrent of foul invective, or, in their maternal weakness, indulgently put up with it, saying, 'Innocent child, what does it know?' Should their requests meet with the slightest resistance, they will sit stamping with their feet, pounding with their hands, clamouring and screaming till they obtain the desired object."

Nothing in the shape of children's libraries is to be met with to stimulate the desire for study. Among the higher classes, the father is regarded by his children with awe; no feeling of affection or confidence can possibly arise between them. They present themselves before him and his guests

"With the serious look and demeanour of old men, make a deep salaam, and sit at the end of the room with folded hands, answering with extreme deference the questions addressed to them."

And now mark the other side of the picture.

"Out of sight, and in the company of menials, they have no restraint placed upon them, use the most licentious language, and play nasty practical jokes; or indulge in teasing the women of the harem to any extent; receiving all the time the most indecent encouragement, both by word and action, from the parasites, slaves, and dependents hanging about the house."

In the time and manner of eating, sleeping, washing, and dressing, chance reigns supreme; while in the further detail of hair-dressing, every encouragement appears to be given to the development of "insect life."

As there is no such person as governess or nursery-governess in a Turkish house, the child is allowed to grow up in utter and deplorable ignorance, but (boy or girl, it is all the same) is permitted to hear and join in conversations of the most obscene character.

As he grows older he is sometimes consigned to the care of a *hodja* or tutor, who not only is an ignorant man, but has little control over his pupil, and none whatever during

play-hours. But we must observe that the education of girls in Constantinople is making a decided advance; in a few families there are European governesses, and occasional instances are met with in which the girls can speak foreign languages. The importance of this improvement can hardly be over-estimated; for the regeneration of Turkey must begin in the home.

Our young Turk, having become demoralised in every way by his home surroundings, is at length sent to school, his introduction being signalised by great ceremony. His hands are died with henna, his head decorated with jewels; he is furnished with a costly bag, in which he carries the Koran. His father leads him to school, where he recites the Moslem Creed to the *hodja*, kisses his hand, and joins the class. It appears that the other boys celebrate the event with a half-holiday, when they spend the halfpence presented to them by the parents of the new arrival. The reflection cannot fail to arise in the reader's mind—How on earth do the Turks find time for all their elaborate ceremonies? Every phase in life is the subject of a great display, not only on the part of the individual in question, but of all his acquaintances and friends. Idleness and superstition are at the root of the matter; and, as the bare idea of progress is foreign to the teaching of the Koran, Islam must fade ere the Turk revives.

Let us take a peep into one of these *mektebs*, or primary schools. Until recently the only class-book was the Koran.

"The scholars, amounting in number sometimes to one or two hundred, are closely packed together in a schoolroom which is generally the dependence of a mosque. Kneeling in rows, divided into tens by monitors who superintend their lessons, they learn partly from the book and partly by rote, all reading out the lesson at the same time, and swaying their bodies backwards and forwards. An old *hodja*, with his assistant, sits cross-legged on a mat at one end of the room, before the chest which serves the double purpose of desk and book-case. With the cane of discipline in one hand, a pipe in the other, and the Koran before him, the old pedagogue listens to and directs the proceedings of the pupils. . . . The Koran lessons, delivered in Arabic, are gibberish to the children, unless explained by the master, . . . who is sure to dwell upon the most dogmatic and consequently the most intolerant points of Islam, and thus sows among the children ready-made ideas, the pernicious seed of that fanaticism which finds its early utterance in the words *Kafir* and *Giaour* (infidel), and prompts the little baby to measure himself

with his grey-bearded Christian neighbour, and in the assurance of superior election raise his hand to cast the stone of ineradicable contempt."

Should the youth, however, be fortunate enough to live in Constantinople or one of the large towns, he may have the privilege of being gratuitously educated in one of the *rushdiyés*, or preparatory schools, established by the wise Sultan Mahmoud, who divined the cause of his people's degradation, and initiated a great reform by the creation not only of *rushdiyés* but of *idadiyes*, or technical schools. Take Salonika as an example, a town containing 15,000 inhabitants. There are here seven *mahallé mektebs* (described above), one *mekteb rushdiyé*, or Government school, one small private school for girls, established about twelve months ago, and two special schools for the *Dulmes* or Mohammedan Jews. The *rushdiyé* has one superintendent and two masters, and is attended by 219 children, all day pupils. In the first class are taught poetry, the Turkish, Arabic, and Persian languages; in the second, logic, mathematics, elementary arithmetic, and the rudiments of geography; in the third, cosmography, Ottoman and universal history, and writing; in the fourth, preparatory lessons for beginners.

This course of study, however deficient and unsatisfactory the details of the system may be, is supposed to be sufficient for any ordinary purpose. He may enter into commercial pursuits, and develop into that figure with which we are so familiar—though we may not have been to Constantinople—the turbaned Oriental shopkeeper, merchant, or small manufacturer, content to do as his fathers did before him, gaining a living with the least possible exertion, and satisfied with the decrees of Kismet. He may, on the other hand, having imbibed whatever of good the Koran could teach him, follow his mercantile pursuits with something of our Western energy, honesty, and sagacity, and become, as thousands of his fellow-countrymen have become, an honourable and successful man.

If, however, a higher ambition than a passable education takes possession of our young Turk, he may, on leaving the *rushdiyé*, enter the *idadiye*, the *hardiye* (or military school at Monastir), or continue his studies at the *medresse* as a Softa or a Ulema; or he may attach himself to some Government office as unsalaried *kyatib*, or scribe, until a vacancy

or some other chance helps him to a lucrative post. And now, having entered the ranks of Government officials, the youth has everything before him. He has breathed in the harem an atmosphere of licentiousness, hypocrisy, and craft; in his leisure youth he has had every opportunity of learning the evil ways of this wicked world; he has seen his official acquaintances, his father's friends—nay, the very pashas and viziers themselves—grow fat upon the spoils of office; and he sets to work to carve out for himself, with every lawful and unlawful weapon, a road to fortune. His natural sedateness will stand him in good stead in many an emergency; no tremor of lip, no twinkle of eye, no blush of shame will betray him into an untimely admission; until by-and-by his patience is rewarded—he becomes a *mudir*, or governor of a village, a *kaimakan*, or governor of a district, a full-blown pasha, a *mutessarif*, a *vali*, or even a grand vizier. In each of these posts he has one object in view, namely, to feather his nest; and he proceeds to do it in a manner too well known to need description here, as the whole process and system of tax-farming, of judicial bribe-taking, and so on, will be familiar to every newspaper reader. Nor is it necessary to add that there have been great and honourable exceptions to this general rule, among whom may be named Ali and Fuad Pashas in the past, and Midhat Pasha to-day, for whom, by the way, a future appears to be yet in store.

As the Turk almost invariably marries, let us take a brief glance at the ceremonies connected with that rite. The event takes place at an early age—from seventeen for men, and from eleven for the girls. His bride is not of his own choosing; his mother and "a few friends" arrange all that, making a tour of inspection among families known to possess marriageable daughters, inquiring about the age and the dowry of the selected girl, and communicating the result to the victim, who appears to have a veto. As, however, he has probably never seen the young lady, he has little chance of discriminating, and is almost entirely in the hands of his advisers. Between the betrothal and the actual marriage—although these are but parts of one ceremony—there may be a lapse of weeks, or even of years, during which time no communications are allowed to pass between the two beings whose happiness is at stake. It is not to be wondered at, then, that divorce has been made easy—for the man, that is; he has but to say, "Cover

thy face; thy *nekyah* is in thy hands," and the woman is no longer a wife; but, carrying with her all she brought, she must at once leave the house. No woman can be released from her husband without his free consent, even though he be a lunatic. And now we must mention one of the most objectionable points in the whole series of marriage laws; the husband may put away his wife twice, and take her back twice; but should he send her away a third time, she must be married to another man before she can again return to her first husband. The husband, in this case, chooses some old and poor man to occupy the position of intermediary husband, and pays him for his services. If, however, the old gentleman should make up his mind to retain the lady as his wife, there is no remedy for the first husband; he must give her up for good and all! Without entering into the details of the marriage ceremony —fit only for children or savages—we will content ourselves with observing that there is not a particle of solemnity from the beginning to the end—from the betrothal to the reception of the bride in the house of her lord.

Having now traced the career of the average Turk, and passing over the home life, of which we have already had a glimpse, let us see what is done with his body after death. The "appointed time" is supposed to be written on the forehead of every creature; and the Moslem meets death with resignation, and with a request for forgiveness upon his lips. He makes charitable donations, perhaps sets free his slaves; and amidst prayers against evil spirits, he departs to his destined reward. The moment his soul is believed to have quitted the body, the women begin to lament, to tear their hair and beat their breasts, until the hasty preparations for burial—seldom delayed in the hot climate—can be begun. The washing of the corpse, performed by the *imam* (a priest) and two assistants, is a ceremony of the most strictly religious character. The lower part of the body is covered, and great tenderness of manipulation is observed, lest the curse of the dead fall upon those engaged.

"Seven small portions of cotton are rolled up in seven small pieces of calico; each of these is successively passed between the limbs by the *imam*, while some hot water is poured over the bundles, which are then cast away one after the other. After the rest of the body has been washed, the *abtest* or formal religious ablution is administered to it. This consists in washing the hands, and in

bringing water in the hand three times to the nose, three times to the lips, and three times from the crown of the head to the temples; from behind the ears to the neck; from the palm of the hand to the elbow, and then to the feet, first to the right and then to the left. This strange ceremony is performed twice. The *tabout* (coffin) is then brought in and placed by the side of the stretcher, both of coarse deal, put together with the rudest workmanship. Before laying the body in the coffin, a piece of new calico, double its size, is brought. A strip about two inches in width is torn off the edge, and divided into three pieces, which are placed upon three long scarves laid across the shell. The calico, serving as a shroud, is next stretched in the coffin, and a thousand and one drachms of cotton, with which to envelop the corpse, are placed upon it. Some of this cotton is used to stop the issues of the body, and is placed under the arm-pits and between the fingers and toes. The body is then dressed in a sleeveless shirt, called *kaflet*, and is gently placed in the coffin. Pepper is sifted on the eyes, and a saline powder on the face, to preserve from untimely decay; rose-water is then sprinkled on the face, which is finally enveloped in the remainder of the cotton. The shrond is then drawn over and secured by the three strips of calico, one tied round the head, the other round the waist, and the third round the feet, and the coffin is closed down."

The body is taken out of the coffin to be buried, a few planks being laid a little distance above it in the grave. When the friends have departed, the *imam* stands alone by the grave and questions the spirit of the departed, his replies being prompted by two spirits, one good and the other evil, the former belabouring the evil spirit *and the corpse* until the departed is rescued from the power of the fiend. The invariably speedy burial involves an occasional mistake; and when an unfortunate individual, buried alive, is perchance heard struggling in his tomb, the commotion is ascribed to battles with the evil spirits.

Such is the history of the majority of Turks, and as we read it, graphically and minutely described in *The People of Turkey*, we can hardly realise that it is the history of some millions of men belonging to one of the great empires of Europe in the nineteenth century. But it explains many things hard to understand: that mixture of bravery and knavery, impassiveness and fanaticism, that imperial pride and equally magnanimous repudiation of debt, which have by turns cajoled, deluded, and defied the Western infidel. Pampered and "spoiled," and his digestion ruined in his cradle, educated in little besides bigotry and intolerance, and trained in moral obliquity during his introduction

to official routine, no wonder that the Turkish pasha is a failure; and, until the light of education and the gentle influences of the Gospel penetrate into the nurseries and harems of Islam, the pasha will be a failure still.

Let us now examine into the origin and present condition of the much-abused, much-belauded Bulgar.

About the year 679 A.D., a horde of Hunnish warriors, calling themselves Bulgars (a name derived from their former home on the Volga), crossed the Danube, and, after severe fighting with the Slavs, who had been for some centuries in possession of the country, finally settled on the land now known as Bulgaria. As in the case of the Normans in England, the conquering race became absorbed in the conquered, adopting their manners and customs, and even their language. From its first foundation until its final overthrow by the Turks in 1396, inhuman wars, in which fearful excesses characterised both parties, were waged between the Bulgarian kingdom and the Emperors of Byzantium. The Emperor Basil was even surnamed *βουλγαροκτονος* (the Bulgarian killer), from the number of victims he slaughtered. Under Ottoman sway the condition of the people did not improve: shut out from the civilised world, and condemned to perpetual toil and hardship, the poor Bulgar became cringing, treacherous, and rapacious; yet patient and laborious withal. Fate has indeed been cruel to him. When the Mohammedan power became supreme, all or most of those who were rich and prosperous became converts to the new faith, in order to save their fortunes and escape persecution. Their poorer brethren, constant to their Christian faith and national feeling, remained obstinate, and suffered for their fidelity. In the reign of Abdul Medjid, the life and property of the Christians were rendered more secure; and, grateful for the small additional protection, the Bulgarian peasant would probably have "rubbed along" for another century, but for the work of foreign agitators. Even when revolt had broken out, wise measures would have arrested it, and the dark deeds of blood with which we are too familiar would never have been perpetrated. The experience of the author of *The People of Turkey* goes to show that there is very little sympathy between the Slav and the Bulgarian, and that the Balkans must be considered the southern boundary of the Bulgarian race. South of this range, a mixed population of Greek and Bulgarian origin prevails—

and more Greek than Bulgarian. In Thrace and Macedonia, Hellenic blood, features, and influence prevail, and the Greek language is used by the majority in schools, churches, and correspondence.

The social life of the Bulgarians differs little from that of the Greeks, save that a more primitive and less enterprising character marks all the people and their doings. The wife of the Bulgar is his partner in toil, leading her family into the fields as soon as the housework is done. She is a thrifty, busy, and "managing" woman, spinning, weaving, and making every garment for herself and her family, in addition to the field-work. The cottage is usually built of poles and wattles, plastered within and without with clay and cow-dung mixed with straw, whitewashed, covered with a tiled or thatched dome, and containing three rooms, varying in size from 13 to 20 ft. long, and from 10 to 15 ft. wide. The hard earthen floor is covered with home-made mats and rugs. Rye bread and maize porridge, or beans, with dairy produce, constitute the staple food of the country; and the occasional slaughter of a young pig or lamb, together with a draught of home-made wine, serves to celebrate a saint's day or other festival. The farms vary in size from six or eight acres to five hundred or more, and, especially in the hilly districts, are carefully and diligently cultivated; so that, if the peasant were allowed to reap the fruits of his labour, he would have an abundance of all good things; indeed, in spite of the enormous and uncertain taxation, great comfort and even substantial wealth are enjoyed by large numbers of peasant proprietors. Their powers of work are great: the Italian engineers who were engaged in the construction of the Macedonian railways, found the natives so capable and industrious, that they sent home the 500 Italian navvies who had been brought out to work on the line. Although scientific farming is not in vogue, and rotation of crops is not well understood—being commonly limited to two wheat crops, followed by one of oats—yet the soil is naturally so rich, that a bad harvest is of rare occurrence. The principal crops are wheat, barley, maize, rye, oats, sesamé and canary seed, with rice, the vine, mulberry, and tobacco, in favourable localities; so that, Nature having done her best for the country, and the husbandman being plodding and frugal, we are inclined to echo the words of Heber, with a variation, "every prospect pleases, and only pashas are vile."

The customs of the country are extremely interesting and very primitive. The birth of an infant takes place with little of the suffering common amongst us. In the midst of the mother's performance of daily duties—while out in the fields, or on the way to the village well—the little stranger comes into the world, and in a few hours the mother is at her work again; while the child in a few days is taken out to the fields, and exposed to rain, wind, or sun. Of course the delicate children die off. When a mother was questioned on the matter, she replied, "Stand it! who said it did? With us a delicate child does not outlive the year. Happy they," she went on, while hot tears ran down her cheeks; "let the little souls depart in peace, and await in heaven the souls of their unfortunate mothers, whom God and man seem to have abandoned to cruel adversity, heart-rending sorrows, distress, and despair." After the new-born infant has been washed, it is *thoroughly salted*, wrapped in its clothes, and put by its mother's side; an omelette of three eggs is then produced, placed on a cloth with a quantity of black pepper, and applied to the head of the child, to the tune of terrible screams. The salt is to prevent its feet, or any other part of its body, exhaling offensive odours, and the poultice is to solidify the skull and render it proof against sunstroke!

The marriage customs of the Bulgarians reflect the state of the country—its frugality and constant toil, as well as its insecurity. The parents of a marriageable maiden engage an agent, whose business it is to look out for a desirable young man. The youth makes his own proposal to the girl's parents, who accept it on the promise of a sum of money—from £50 to £300, according to his means. This sum is in reality the purchase-money for her labour in the field and at home. Frequently the parents, unwilling to lose her valuable services, prolong the engagement for years; but the betrothal is never violated, for "the principles of good faith and honour are sacredly kept among these simple people, who are never known to break their pledged word under any circumstances." This is valuable and cheering testimony, coming as it does from a lady who lived amongst them for fourteen years. A brief description of a marriage ceremony will perhaps show what simple, homely, and pleasant lives the Bulgarian peasants lead, in spite of governmental drawbacks. The wedding in question took place at the house of a rich

Chorbudji, whose daughter was the bride; and the festivities lasted a week.

"On the eve of the wedding day the virgin meal took place, each maiden arriving with her offering of sweets in her hands. . . . On Sunday, in the early forenoon, the company once more assembled; the children, washed and dressed, played about the yard, filling the air with their joyous voices. The matrons led their daughters in their bright costumes, covered with silver ornaments, their heads and waists garlanded with flowers. The young men also, decked out in their best, and equally decorated with flowers, stood to see them pass. On entering the house . . . the bride, in her wedding dress, a tight mantelet closely studded with silver coins, and hung about with strings of coins intertwined with flowers, sat awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom's company, who were to lead her to her new home. The sound of distant music soon announced their approach, and was the signal for the touching scene of *adieux*. . . . Kissing hands all round, and being kissed in return, she was led by her father to the gate, and mounted upon a horse that awaited her; the rest of the company followed her, all mounted also. The scene changed, and as we rode along the mountain paths I felt myself transported into the mythological age in the midst of a company of Thyiades, garlanded with flowers and vine leaves."

The procession was headed by a standard-bearer, carrying a banner surmounted by an apple, and followed by a band of music.

"On entering the village, the procession was completed by the addition of the *nunco* (best man) with the *stardever*, who, like the *kanephoroi* in the Dionysia, carried baskets of fruit, cakes, the bridal crowns, and the flasks of wine, and led the sacrificial goat with its gilded horns, all gifts of the *nunco*. On arriving at the gate of the bridegroom's house, the standard-bearer marched in and planted his banner in the middle of the court. The bride, following, stayed her horse before it, and, after a verse had been sung by the company, she bowed three times, and was assisted to dismount by her father-in-law. On parting with her horse she kissed his head three times, and then, holding one end of a handkerchief, was led into a kind of large cellar, dimly lighted by the few rays that found their way through narrow slits high up in the walls. In the midst stood a wine-barrel, crowned with the bridal cake, on which was placed a glass of wine. The scene here deepened in interest; the priests, in their gorgeous sacerdotal robes and high black hats, holding crosses in their hands, stood over this Bacchanalian altar awaiting the bride and bridegroom,

who, garlanded with vine-leaves and also holding tapers, advanced solemnly, when the sacred Christian marriage-rite, thus imbued with the mysteries of the Dionysian festivals, was performed."

The next day the bride is led to the village well to throw in her *obol*. The marriage is still performed in the most retired part of the house, instead of at the church, although the risk of interruption and spoliation is not what it used to be in the times of great oppression. The bride's *trousseau* is very elaborate, and is in course of preparation while the girl is in her infancy.

Bulgarian funeral rites strongly resemble those of the Greeks. One singular idea prevails that messages can be conveyed by the departing soul to other lost friends by means of flowers and candles, which are deposited on a plate placed on the breast of the corpse. After the dirges have been chanted, and mass performed in the church, the gala costume in which the corpse has been dressed is removed, and libations of oil and wine poured on the body. Returning from the funeral, the company wash their hands over the fire.

In educational facilities the Bulgarians are very deficient, although they are not wanting in intelligence, or in the desire for improvement. No works of art or genius have appeared amongst them; their poems are mere ballads; and their musical instrument is the three-stringed *guzla*. The first book published in the Bulgarian tongue appeared in 1806, two more in 1819, and each succeeding year has added its contingent. The first school of any pretension—that is to say, superior to the priest's small school, where to write one's name was the aim of education—was established about 1835, at Gabrova. This was quickly followed by three or four others in different towns; and it is astonishing and cheering to find that in 1877 there were in the province of Philippopolis 305 primary schools, 15 superior schools, with 356 teachers and 12,400 scholars; 27 girls' schools, with 37 teachers and 2,265 scholars. The Tuna vilayet is nearly as well provided for. This was at first all done by means of voluntary subscriptions and legacies; but when the separation of their Church from that of Constantinople took place, the revenues were re-appropriated, and a portion set aside for education. A mixed commission of clerics and laymen administered the fund. Although the Bulgar is not bright and quick, yet his dogged perseverance will undoubtedly stand him in

good stead in these matters; especially when we consider the energetic and loving attention bestowed upon him by the American missionaries, who are doing a noble work in his midst.

And now we come to the consideration of the race in which of all others we have an almost affectionate interest. Who can look back upon the glorious civilisation of ancient Greece, or upon the existing monuments of her art, without wondering whether—not under the spell of Pagan superstition, but under the kindly light of Christianity—those days will ever return? The Greeks have done much of late years to wipe away the reproach that has fallen upon them of too much cunning in commercial affairs, and a woeful depth of ignorance. We will notice a few of the features which characterise the home-life of the middle and lower classes. Their houses are better built than those of the Bulgarians, their dress is more elaborate, shoes and stockings being a necessity; while table-linen, knives and forks, are often seen at their meals. The women are less employed in field-work, and are consequently more refined in their tastes, prettier in appearance, and more careful and elegant in their dress. The Greek maiden, again, is not to be bought for money, in payment of her services: she is dowered and given away, as in classical times. Still, her industry and her domestic training are remarkable, for she spins, weaves, and knits, leads the flocks to pasture, or enters domestic service until some suitor wins her hand. Her ardent and constant love is most striking: no amount or duration of trouble or separation can quench her devotion to her husband, or even to her betrothed. In most poor families the boys, when not engaged in helping their father, leave home, and seek their fortune in the towns, where they seize every opportunity of acquiring a good education. The elder ones club together, and send for their younger brothers and sisters, whom they assist to follow in their steps. Thus there is a constant advance throughout the country in social and intellectual matters, the result of a noble and generous ambition. The women have a fault, of course; it is the not uncommon one of love of dress and display. The men indulge in a vast amount of bravado, vanity, and conceit; but it is more on behalf of their beloved Hellas than of anything else; for every Greek in the Turkish Empire looks forward with earnest and all-pervading hope

to the time when he, too, shall be included under the Hellenic sway. We are inclined to join hands with the patriotic Greek, and to wish for the fulfilment of his dream.

The great strides made in education may be conceived when we recollect that thirty years ago even the *elite* of Broussa had lost the use of their mother tongue, replacing it by broken Turkish; at the present day Broussa and the surrounding villages have their Greek schools, and the inhabitants have relearned their national language. But in Thrace, Macedonia, and Epirus, the arrangements are most complete; and the character of the education may be judged by the following list of subjects taught in the upper division of the Salonika *girls'* school:—I. Greek. Translations of ancient Greek authors and poets, with explanations, grammatical analysis, and composition. II. Catechism, with due theological instruction. III. History of Greece. IV. Mathematics, including mathematical and geometrical geography. V. Psychology. VI. *Παιδαγωγία*. VII. Plain and fancy needlework. VIII. Vocal music. IX. Physics. In these subjects the scholars passed a very creditable examination by the author of *The People of Turkey*. In the highest boys' school at the same place, the following subjects are taught:—I. Greek: translation of Greek poetry and prose, with analysis and commentary, grammatical and geographical, historical, archæological, etc. II. Latin,—ditto. III. Scripture lessons: catechism and theology. IV. Theoretical arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and trigonometry. V. Natural science, including geology, anthropology, physiology, and cosmography. VI. Universal history, especially Greek. VII. Philosophy, psychology, and logic. VIII. French grammar, exercises, &c. There are also advanced colleges for further study, and training colleges for teachers; so that the system is complete.

It is worthy of note that, whereas Russia was the former training ground for young schoolmasters—who, by the way, were very useful to the Russians in the agitation before the war, in spreading Panslavistic ideas—they now prefer the schools of France and Germany, together with the college of the American Mission at Bebek, and the training schools that have been established by its agency. Their girls' schools, too, have met with wonderful success among Greeks and Bulgarians, as well as among the Armenians, in every part of the empire. Conversion to

Protestantism is, in these schools, only a secondary object, although it is in practice the usual result of the enlightenment gained under the judicious and civilising care of the missionaries. Theirs is a noble crusade, not indeed against the existing order of things in high places, but against the ignorance, bigotry, and vice which have made "spiritual wickednesses in high places" possible.

We come next to notice the Armenians, who have suffered almost as much from dispersion and ill-usage as the Jews. Arsacid, Roman and Sassanian, Persian and Byzantine, Arab, Mongol, and Turk, have alike fought over, preyed upon, and scattered into various parts of Europe and Asia this long-suffering race. Their chief emigration occurred when the country was subjected by the Mamluk Sultans of Egypt. They went to Anatolia, Egypt, and Constantinople, where they were kindly received and allowed a Patriarch. Some went to Poland, whence the Jesuits expelled them; some to Prussia, where they fared better; to the Crimea, to Astrakhan and Persia, and even to British India. It is not to be wondered at that patriotism is almost unknown, even amongst those who have remained in their country. Yet, amongst the educated portion of the community, and amongst the wealthy bankers of Constantinople, there are not wanting those who aspire after a country of their own, where, free from oppression, they may cultivate the peaceful arts, and indulge their commercial and banking propensity. This is their *forte*, and, in spite of calumny, they appear to be as honest and straightforward as is possible, considering the quality of the men they have for masters.

Armenians are divided into two classes, the "coarse" and the "refined;" the latter, belonging to the Roman Catholic communion, are more liberal and enlightened than their brethren. In personal appearance the men are not very highly favoured. Their large heads are covered with masses of coarse, black hair; their dull eyes are black and almond-shaped; their noses are large and hooked; a large mouth, with thick lips and prominent chin, completes a physiognomy which can hardly be called attractive. The ladies, however, are renowned for their beauty, and in Constantinople and Smyrna there are ladies who are well educated and fit, both in intelligence and bearing, for good European society. But at home the women are untidy and slatternly; the girls grow up in the

midst of dirt and vermin; the Paris fashions have ruined the dress of the country, without teaching the art of harmonious colouring and design; great quantities of jewellery overload their arms, hands, and necks; while high-heeled boots do not improve their gait as they totter over the ill-paved streets.

But it is among the Armenians that the American missionaries have gained their greatest triumphs, as any one who reads the *Romance of Missions* will testify. Their enlightened, moral, and religious teaching; their simple, self-sacrificing lives, and their unconquerable determination, have told with marked effect upon all classes of society; a spirit of rivalry has grown up among the people, which is stimulating the desire to build schools and carry on a system of instruction of their own, on the American plan.

Miss West's descriptions of the work done in training native teachers is wonderfully touching: the seed falls into good ground,—for in natural ability the Armenian is not badly off, while as to moral capacity the Armenian child is like most others,—if "taken young," you may do anything with him. A sound and wholesome method of rearing children is one lesson which the rising generation will have learned from their benefactors; for the Armenians have conformed more to the customs of the Turks than any other race in the country,—so much so, indeed, as to render it unnecessary here to enter into any description of their festivals, superstitions, and domestic usages, further than to say that Christian traditions and Mohammedan superstitions are intermingled in a wonderful degree in all their ceremonies.

The hopeful feature in the Armenian race is the progress they have made whenever they have come under the influence of a settled government. In such cases, whether in Russian Armenia, in the comparative security of the Byzantine capital, or in British India, a marked progress, and a strong desire for education, have been manifested.

We have not space to describe the Jews of Turkey, who are much the same as Jews elsewhere—save that they are in general much more deeply sunk in moral depravity; and this notwithstanding the great efforts made by the wealthier and more enlightened members of their nation. Nor can we dwell on the Albanian, who, full of noble qualities though he be, is yet very much behindhand in

the race of civilisation. Dr. Virchow, the great craniologist, pointing to a series of skulls representing all the races of South-Eastern Europe, is reported to have said, "They are all like that, those Albanian skulls. There is the race superior by far to all the others." But the Albanian has a long road to travel before he can rank even with the Ottoman Turk.

The other races of Turkey—the Circassians, Tartars, and Gipsies—can never exercise much influence on the future of the Empire, although the Circassian race has considerably modified the physiognomy of the Osmanli, from the fact of Circassian women having been for generations sought after as wives for the Pashas.

We must, of course, leave every one to draw his own conclusion as to the future of the Turkish Empire; but we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that, if there is to be a change of masters (which, we trust, will not happen at present, for a worthy successor to the Ottoman is not ready), that race whose poetry, whose art, and whose learning are the heritage of all mankind,—to wit, the bright and subtle Greek,—may rescue the garden of Europe from the spell of the fast-paling Crescent.

ART. VI.—*Lessing.* By JAMES SIME. In Two Volumes. With Portraits. London: Trübner and Co. 1877.

OF the three great names of modern German literature Lessing's is the one least known in England. For this there are no doubt sufficient reasons, the chief one being that while Lessing is only great as a dramatist and critic, his dramas scarcely claim a place among the world's masterpieces, and for criticism as such the taste can hardly be said yet to exist in England. Thus his strength lies in a department of culture little appreciated in this country. On other grounds the English neglect of Lessing is surprising. There is much in his style both of thought and composition with which English readers might be expected to sympathise. He is always intelligible, an essential virtue in English eyes, and one not always conspicuous in German writers. Indeed Lessing is a model of lucid, terse, finished expression. Carlyle says, "It is to Lessing an Englishman would turn with readiest attention. We cannot but wonder that more of this man is not known among us." If he is not the first of the great trio in genius, he was the first chronologically. He worked with no models save those of antiquity. He drank from no sources of native inspiration. In his time German literature had sounded its lowest depth of sterility and degradation. Its writers were simply French lackeys, who took their laws on every subject of thought from Paris. The German language was thought unworthy and, indeed, incapable of serious literary use. The great Frederick would not allow a single German book in his library. French elegance, infidelity, and vice were everywhere copied. Voltaire and Diderot ruled German thought and speech as despotically as Frederick ruled German soil. It was Lessing who led the struggle for, if he did not fully achieve, his country's emancipation from this foreign servitude. Along with his successors Goethe and Schiller and many others he won a national independence as precious as that sealed by the victories of Leipzig and Waterloo.

No better proof of the intellectual dearth of those evil days could be given than the treatment Lessing himself experienced. Statues indeed have been raised to him since his death. His works are classics which Germany will never let die. They have formed the text of numberless elaborate commentaries, many of which are cited by Mr. Sime, and are an essential part of all liberal culture in Germany. But Lessing himself struggled with narrow means, not to say poverty, and debt to the day of his death. Like our own Scott he wrote from necessity, but unlike Scott with no great success. It was debt which, more than anything else, prevented his quitting Germany altogether in disgust. In the equestrian statue erected at Berlin to the victories of Frederick, Lessing's place is under the horse's tail—an excellent measure of the comparative estimate of different kinds of glory—the soldier on the back, the author under the tail! At the time when Lessing's name had become famous, Frederick deliberately refused him the post of royal librarian at Berlin, and appointed a French nobody instead. "I stood idle in the market-place," Lessing wrote; "nobody would hire me, doubtless, because nobody knew what use to make of me." The simple explanation is that in his day no native literary public or taste existed. He had to create both. There was no market, no demand for what Lessing had to offer. He had to make the demand as well as to furnish the supply. And it is his glory to have done this. Those who came afterwards found the soil prepared to their hand and reaped an easy and plentiful harvest.

At last we have a biography in English every way worthy of the subject. Mr. Sime's work is, indeed for the most part, a model literary biography, alike careful, clear, and full. The exposition of Lessing's life and that of his works proceed *pari passu*, so that we see both in their natural course of development. Mr. Sime has made a careful study, not only of Lessing's own works but of all the literature that has grown up around them, and gives us the result in English which largely reproduces the best qualities of Lessing's German. With pardonable enthusiasm he defends his hero at every point. He has not a single fault to find or censure to pronounce, except in the course of criticising his works. It is well known that some remarks of Lessing on patriotism in a private letter have given great offence. "I have no idea of the love of

country (I am sorry I must confess to you what is perhaps my shame), and at best it appears to me an heroic weakness which I can very well do without." One portion of Mr. Sime's elaborate apology is as follows: "With a large class of persons patriotism means blindness to the faults of one's country. . . . In this sense Lessing was indeed utterly without patriotism." We need scarcely say that Lessing was far too shrewd and clear-sighted to use words "in this sense." The explanation might have been compressed into very few lines—that Lessing was not free from the faults of his age and shared in the spurious cosmopolitanism commonly professed. Unconsciously no one did more to awaken national feeling in the fatherland.

The date of Lessing's birth was January 22, 1729, the place Kamenz, a small town then belonging to Saxony, of which his father was chief pastor more than fifty years. It is interesting to note that the father translated some of Tillotson's works, and resembled Tillotson and his own son in transparent clearness of style. His parents were remarkable for little except strictness of religious views, and very much wished to see Gotthold Ephraim, their second child and eldest son, a minister. Though it was a long way from the tone of his early home to the sentiment of his last words, "I die in none of the prevailing religions," his religious training never quite lost its hold upon him. Amid all his wanderings he never spoke but with respect of Christianity, however he tried to read it differently, and never we believe, in spite of Mr. Sime's opinion, absolutely broke with it. Indeed of its morality he was to the last an earnest advocate, the doctrine of all his works being that it is in its moral teaching that the essence of Christianity lies. From the town school he went to St. Afra's school at Meissen, where the dramatic bent soon showed itself. In German schools the students are allowed a certain portion of time in which to pursue any study they choose, an excellent custom. Young Lessing chose Theophrastus, Plautus, and Terence, the two last of whom remained favourites through life. Even in the delineations of typical characters by Theophrastus we see this dramatic tinge: He even attempted original work, completing one play, *Damon, or True Friendship*, and sketching several others. The first is described as "for a boy an extremely creditable production." He himself at twenty-five says: "Theophrastus, Plautus, and Terence were my

world, which I studied with delight within the narrow limits of a monastic school. How gladly should I wish those years back, the only ones in which I have lived happily."

But it was at Leipzig University that his course was finally decided. Here he fell into the company of actors, with the result, that the theatre instead of the University became the centre of his life. He gave himself up to light reading, especially to dramatic study and composition. Mr. Sime does not say so, but it is evident that at this time he acquired the desultory habits which were his bane through life. He himself practically acknowledged his mistake in neglecting University study and discipline, by going afterwards for a year to Wittenberg to get a degree. The impression made on us by a careful reading of his biography is that he did nothing, despite the high value of his works, worthy of his natural gifts. The amount of finished work is out of all proportion to the masses of fragmentary work on which his strength was frittered away. Some of his published writings are incomplete, and the number of sketches and unfinished projects was enormous. His industry and the amount of erudition thus amassed were unrivalled, and no doubt this served the purposes of intellectual discipline; but a moderate amount of steady application would have made his life far more fruitful. Chance rather than choice dictated his subjects. The restless wandering spirit of the theatre took possession of him, and rendered him incapable of choosing and pursuing any definite line of action in the teeth of difficulties. He was always at war with circumstances, and wrestling with the inevitable. It is a little thing to say that his life was not a happy or fortunate one, for Lessing himself would have poured scorn on the idea that man's aim in life should be happiness; but he knew little even of reasonable quiet and satisfaction. This unhappy strain we attribute, in great measure, to the influences telling upon him at this critical point of his life. His biographer speaks truly enough of the "Bohemianism" of his nature. Among us, Goldsmith forms the nearest analogy, though in other respects Johnson is a better one. Goldsmith and Johnson, combined and magnified, would fairly represent Lessing. The good doctor's massiveness and sturdy independence were intensely characteristic of his German contemporary.

At first the French theatre was his study. It could not be otherwise in the state of Germany at that time. Molière especially was his model, and of Molière his opinion never changed. Low as he came afterwards to rate French tragedy, he never ceased to acknowledge Molière's supreme mastery in comedy. It was after him that he worked in his early efforts, *The Young Scholar*, which was produced in public with applause, *The Old Maid*, *The Woman-Hater*, *Giangir*, a Turkish piece, *The Gull*, and *The Good Man*, the two last being based on Wycherley and Congreve. But there were at least fifty sketches of others. We cannot forbear quoting, in part, Mr. Sime's criticism of Molière himself. "He takes a character in which some particular quality of human nature, some vice or foible, has obtained abnormal growth. He studies its manifestations, and seeks to show how this peculiarity rejects in life whatever is repugnant to it, and attracts every element that nourishes it; how it warps the most sacred affections, and dominates the whole being. The central figure is thrown into a world of ordinary men and women, who form a fitting background for the exhibition of its strange evolutions. Pursuing this method, he has left untouched scarce a single form of feeling or conduct that is capable of comic exaggeration; and it is because, when dealing with grave aberrations, such as those of the miser, the misanthrope, or the hypocrite, his knife cuts so deep into the heart of humanity, that his laugh is so often closely allied to a sob or a cry. In his pages we find, once for all, the types of nearly every enduring failing of society. . . . There are no more enchanting pictures than those he paints of sweet human affection, of fidelity to the ideal, of sprightly wit, of unaffected dignity and self-control." At this time, also, he wrote the lyrics afterwards published as *Trifles*, but they are not of high merit either in matter or form, and would scarcely have lived if their author had published nothing else. Their relation to Goethe's is one rather of contrast than of comparison, being as slight in substance and texture as Goethe's are weighty and subtle. We should like to have quoted Mr. Sime's criticism of the latter (i. 43), as just and graphic as the above of Molière. We might form an unfavourable opinion, from the fact that Lessing sang chiefly of love and wine, and that in a very superficial way; but perhaps we ought to give him the benefit of the doctrine for which he earnestly contended in the case of

Horace and Martial—that a poet's sentiments do not necessarily reflect his own practice.

The news of these erratic courses brought no little grief to the good pastor of Kamenz, and not without reason. In spite of Lessing's authority and episcopal opinion at home, we cannot affect to believe that the influence of the modern theatre has been good. For a theatre on the level of Shakespeare much might be said, but where is it? It is notorious that Shakespeare does not pay. Lessing's parents mourned the blight of their cherished hopes, and only ceased to resist when the experience of years had proved resistance to be hopeless. The ministry being out of the question, medicine was next thought of, with similar results. The upshot was, that at twenty years of age Lessing came to Berlin to seek a fortune in the fields of literature. It was a brave attempt, four times repeated, on the part of a lonely, friendless youth, to try to make himself a place in the great world of Berlin by sheer dint of ability. Beyond fame and influence nothing came of it. The wonder is, not that at last he should have to leave Berlin defeated, but that he persevered so long. During his first stay of three years he lived, or starved, with his cousin and friend, Mylius, dining on 1½d. a day, and reminding his parents of a suit of clothes they had promised him. What slender means he had were gained by translating, acting as secretary, arranging a private library, and at last editing the *Voss Gazette*, a literary journal of repute still in existence. It is amusing to find him trying to convince his father that religion and the stage might work together for common objects. "I cannot comprehend why a writer of comedies should not also be a Christian. A writer of comedies is a man who depicts vice in its ridiculous aspects. May not a Christian laugh at vice? What if I promised to write a comedy which the theologians would not only read but praise? Would you think it impossible to fulfil the promise? What if I wrote a comedy on the freethinkers, and those who despise your office?" He evidently thinks that much of his father's opposition is due to feminine fears, and warns against it, but prudently in Latin: "Sed virum te sapientem scio, justum æquumque. Cave, ne de *muliebri* odio nimium participes." It was in fulfilment of his promise to his father that he wrote *The Freethinker*, in which the sceptic is disadvantageously contrasted with a Christian. A similar play, with a purpose, was *The Jews*, in

which he sought to vindicate the Jews from popular odium, and was thus an anticipation of his last and greatest play, *Nathan*. Other sketches, like *Women are Women*, in imitation of the *Stichus* of Plautus and *Palaion*, in French, were the work of this period.

In conjunction with Mylius he projected a Quarterly Review, to be devoted to a survey of the whole domain of the drama in the ancient and modern world,—a tolerably ambitious scheme for a youth just out of his teens. French, Greek, Latin, English, Spanish, Italian, and Dutch dramas were to be translated, compared, and criticised. Only four numbers appeared, the two editors differing in opinion; but this project also was an anticipation of what he accomplished afterwards. The numbers published were chiefly valuable for an excellent study of Plautus which appeared, the fruit of his early reading. At this time he began his crusade against Gottsched, the literary dictator of the day, all whose influence had been given to maintain the supremacy of French models. On the contrary, Lessing never ceased to teach that the drama must spring from the soil, must think, speak, dress like the people to whom it appeals. This crusade he carried through to victory.

In his editorship of the *Gazette* he entered upon the function of critic, in which he rose to be the first master in Germany. His chief aim and characteristic was absolute truthfulness, and from this he never flinched. Of works by his own most intimate friends he spoke with the same freedom and fearlessness as of others. Many of his reviews and criticisms were among the most trenchant ever written, but the severity exerted a wonderfully purifying and stimulating influence. His judgments came like an electric shock on the feeble nerves of contemporary literature. Hollowness and pretence were exposed with merciless rigour, the standard of literary truthfulness was raised, something like a literary conscience began to be apparent. And what is criticism worth without truth? Klopstock's *Messiah*, which was to eclipse *Paradise Lost*, was then appearing. Lessing took its true measure. To the herd of Klopstock's imitators he showed no pity. He said: "When a bold spirit, full of confidence in its own strength, pushes by a new entrance into the temple of taste, hundreds of imitators come behind him in the hope of stealing in through this opening. But in vain: with the same strength with which he forces open the door he closes it behind

him. His astonished followers see themselves shut out, and the immortality of which they dreamed is suddenly changed into derisive laughter." This quotation excellently illustrates in brief the chief feature of Lessing's style—the use of metaphor and simile, which he brought to high perfection. His forte was not abstract thought. He lived and moved in the concrete. In his ordinary works he is often intensely dramatic, loving to put his arguments into the mouth of supposed speakers. Mr. Sime says: "Already in these early papers we find the aptness of phrase, the terseness of expression, the unexpected turn of wit, that are characteristic of the prose works with which his name is now chiefly associated. . . . . Another and essential characteristic of Lessing's style, which meets us even at this stage, is his love of metaphors and similes. This quality is found to the same degree in no other German author. . . . . Because he was so consummate a critic, he knew that thought expressed in abstract forms is for the ordinary intelligence powerless, for the educated intelligence without charm. Hence he deliberately clothed his ideas in visible and tangible forms; he brought them, as Socrates brought philosophy, from the clouds, and made them appear in shapes that the common understanding would apprehend and take delight in apprehending."

In order to repair the defects of his early training, he spent the year 1752 at Wittenberg University, where he had the run of the University library—a privilege in which he revelled. Dean Stanley has lately been advising us to follow up any and every clue of knowledge which accident may throw in our way—an excellent receipt for making a full if not an exact scholar. The suggestion might have been taken from Lessing, for this was precisely his method. The stores of learning he accumulated in this way were immense, and, as his memory was good, these were always ready for use. One of his controversies—that with Klotz—turned on ancient gems, on which, in his *Antiquarian Letters*, he at once poured a flood of light. What more natural than that at Wittenberg he should plunge into the history of the Reformation? This he did under the name of *Vindications*, a series of papers on obscure histories like those of Cardan, Cochlæus, Simon Lemnius. Cochlæus, an old enemy of Luther's, had spoken of the Reformation as the accident of an accident, a mere fruit of a monkish quarrel. After learnedly tracing back the remark to a

certain Alphonsus Valdesius, he undertakes to vindicate it. "Enough," he says, "that through the Reformation much good has been done, which the Catholics themselves do not wholly deny; enough that we enjoy its fruits; enough that we have to thank Providence for these. What have we to do with the instruments of which God made use? He chooses almost always not the most blameless, but the most convenient. . . . . A recent author expressed the witty idea that in Germany the Reformation was a work of selfishness, in England a work of love, in musical France the work of a street-song. Great pains have been taken to refute this fancy, as if a fancy could be refuted. One cannot refute it except by taking the wit from it, and that is here impossible, whether it is true or not. But to take the poison from it, if it is poisonous, one has only to express it thus: Eternal wisdom, which knows how to connect everything with its aim, effected the Reformation in Germany through selfishness, in England through love, in France through a song. In this way the fault of man becomes the praise of the Highest." Of course we give the quotation simply to illustrate Lessing's early style, not for the sake of the preposterous notions expressed. Cardan, the Italian, had dared to compare the four great religions of mankind —Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism, and Paganism —and had been called Atheist in consequence. Lessing undertakes his defence, and in his picturesque way introduces representatives of the respective faiths pleading their own cause. The essay reads as if the Mohammedan's arguments against miracles and on other points expressed the writer's own views.

But Lessing's chief reading at Wittenberg lay in the classics, of which he never afterwards ceased to be a diligent and enthusiastic student. At this time he read much in Horace and Martial. His own epigrams are modelled on Martial's, but with only indifferent success. Many years afterwards he wrote an ingenious essay on the epigram, in which he sought to connect the present meaning of the word with its ancient one, that of an inscription on a monument. He suggests that the epigram now answers both to the monument and inscription, like the one raising curiosity, like the other satisfying it. The notion is more ingenious than solid. It is not easy to see how the epigram should come to represent that on which it is inscribed. At one time he intended to translate

Sophocles, adding a life of the poet and comments. The fragment in which this purpose resulted is included in his works. Of course the chief influence of his classical reading was on his own style, which breathes the spirit of antiquity.

The next three years, spent in Berlin, were happier than the last, and witnessed marked growth in character and influence. Now began his life-long friendship with Nicolai, a literary publisher of the day, and Moses Mendelssohn, a popular philosopher, and grandfather of the composer. Both were earnest English students, and by intercourse with them Lessing was still further delivered from French trammels, and brought more under English influence. One result was a joint essay by Lessing and Mendelssohn on "The Philosophical System of Pope," a subject proposed by the Berlin Academy of Sciences. The essay was entitled, "Pope a Metaphysician," and on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, was devoted to proving that Pope is not a metaphysician, and as a poet could not be. The essayists were decidedly wiser than the Academy. But we are bound to say that there is almost as much reason to call Pope a philosopher as with Mr. Sime to call Lessing one. The subject of a long and able chapter of the biography is "The Philosophy of Lessing," but what this is Mr. Sime fails to make clear, either to his readers or himself. The fact is Lessing never set up as a philosopher, and it is simply a wrong use of terms to call him one in the vague sense in which every one—poet, architect, engineer, historian, critic—may bear the name.

Another indication of Lessing's increasing attachment to English methods was given in *Sara Sampson*, a play composed at this time, which has a place among his recognised works. Names, characters, scene, sentiments, were all English. *Sara Sampson* was Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, transferred to German soil. This was his most considerable work hitherto, and added greatly to his reputation, though not to his exchequer.

This success revived the dramatic passion in all its strength. Suddenly leaving Berlin, he appeared at Leipzig, where, as in his student days, he gave himself up for three years to the theatre and the company of actors. He translated Hutcheson's *Moral Philosophy* and Law's *Serious Call* (!), and also devoted much time to the study of Aristotle's rhetorical treatises; but this seems to have been

the only serious work of this period. He published nothing. To such straits was he sometimes reduced, that he was glad to accept help from Mendelssohn and other friends, a bitter humiliation for a spirit like his. With the dramatic fever his old dilatoriness and fickleness returned upon him. As an example of his unpractical ways, we are told that he once gave commissions to two friends to buy the same book for him at a sale, with a result that may be readily divined. His brother, who afterwards lived with him in Berlin, gives the following photograph:—"When, in the best mood for work, he walked up and down, the title of a book would attract his attention. He looks into it, finds a thought there which has no relation whatever to the subject of his meditation, but which is so splendid, so excellent, that he must really make a note of it; and in doing so, he cannot pass by his own thoughts in silence. These point to something else, which he will have immediately to investigate if he will not run the risk of losing it when he wants it. What a new discovery! What a beautiful explanation! Now, the matter has quite a different aspect. The printer's boy, however, knocks and demands manuscript. Yes, that is ready; he has only once more to glance through it, and in order to do so, he had set to work that day very early. But he had risen to his work, and his rising had given him material for a new book; the manuscript, the printing of which was going on, had therefore not been glanced through. The boy comes again, as directed; and driven by necessity, he has been able to collect his thoughts. He himself sees it will be out of his power, but he will not put his foot out of the room until the manuscript is ready. Heavens! about evening the atmosphere of the room oppresses his whole soul, he must have some fresh air. He will only for one hour to a friend. The friend talks to him of an interesting matter, and they get into conversation. He returns home in good time, but for that day his manuscript is forgotten. He sits up, however, till twelve o'clock. . . . . He goes to bed, rises, is not cheerful, and would rather do anything than sit and read through his own work, which does not at all please him. 'Brother,' he at last says, 'authorship is the most abominable, the dullest employment. Take warning by me.' He is again on the right track, but for how long? He has only to look up, and his books play him a new trick. If only he had no books!"

Necessity drove him a third time to Berlin. The next few years saw some excellent work done. It was at this time that his *Literary Letters* appeared. The idea was Nicolai's. Anxious to establish a new organ of criticism, and not willing to be bound to periodical labour, they chose the form of letters addressed to a common friend, Major Kleist, an officer engaged in the Seven Years' War then raging. The plan exactly suited Lessing's discursive genius. He was restricted neither in time nor subject. The *Letters* furnish abundant evidence of growth in all the qualities of his style — breadth, incisiveness, insight, strength. He justifies critical severity on the ground that we must judge by the effect of the whole, not the excellence of individual parts. "One must not overlook an ugly face for the sake of a beautiful hand, a hump for the sake of a charming foot." He says that Klopstock's lyrics "are so full of feeling that they often excite none in the reader;" that is, the poet rhapsodises, but leaves the reader in ignorance as to the reasons of his emotion. Gottsched he handles very severely. "From our old dramatic pieces, which he rejected, he might have remarked that we strike in rather with the English than the French taste; that in our tragedies we wish to see and think more than the timid French tragedy gives us occasion to see or think; that the great, the terrible, the melancholy, affects us better than the coy, the tender, the loving. . . . If the masterpieces of Shakespeare, with some modest changes, had been translated, I am convinced that better consequences would have followed than could follow from acquaintance with Corneille and Racine. . . . For if we decide the matter by the examples of the ancients, Shakespeare is a far greater tragical poet than Corneille; although the latter knew the ancients very well, and the former hardly at all. Corneille comes nearer them in mechanical arrangement, Shakespeare in what is essential. The Englishman almost always attains the end of tragedy, however strange and peculiar are the ways he selects; the Frenchman scarce ever attains it, although he treads the paths beaten by the ancients. After the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, no piece in the world can have more power over our passions than *Othello*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, &c. Has Corneille a single tragedy that has moved you half as much as the *Zayre* of Voltaire? And how far is *Zayre* inferior to the *Moor of Venice*, a weak copy of which it is,

and from which the whole character of 'Orosman' has been borrowed?" Lessing was the first to naturalise the study of Shakespeare in Germany, and it has since developed into a wide Shakesperean literature. Indeed, some Germans, with amusing conceit, take credit for having taught us the greatness of our own dramatist. Of a certain prolix author Lessing wrote:—"Herr Dusch wrote, writes, and will write, as long as he can receive quills from Hamburg; 'lapdogs' and 'poems;' love temples and slanders; at one time Northern, at another General Magazines; at one time candid, at another moral, at another love letters; at one time descriptions, at another translations; translations now from English, now from Latin. 'Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.' Oh, the polygraph! With him all criticism is in vain. One should almost hesitate to criticise him, for the smallest criticism directed against him gives him occasion and material for a new book. Does the critic thus become a sharer of his sins?"

Next followed his *Fables*, prefaced by an interesting discussion on the history and nature of the fable, given in his usual form of a criticism, on the theories of previous writers, such as De la Motte, Richer, Breitinger, Balteux. The fable must depict a series of changes, such as cannot be represented in a single painting; this series must form a complete whole; the unity of the whole depends on "the harmony of all the parts with an aim." These, he holds, are the essential constituents of the fable. Its aim is simply to instruct, which differences it from the epic and drama, whose object is also to interest and delight. On this account he exalts the old fablers Æsop and Phædrus above the modern ones like La Fontaine, the former having adhered strictly to the rigid canons of the art. He takes the old writers as his own model. One of his fables may illustrate his theory:—"A man had an excellent ebony bow, with which he shot far and sure, and which he highly valued. Once, however, as he carefully looked at it, he said, 'After all, thou art a little common. Smoothness is thy sole beauty. What a pity!' But the thought occurred to him; 'It may be put right. I will go to the best artist, and get him to carve the bow!' He went, and the artist carved a whole hunt upon the bow; and what could have been more suitable for a bow than a hunt? The man was delighted. 'Dear bow, thou deservest these

decorations.' Forthwith, wishing to try the bow, he bends it, and—it breaks." His tragedy of *Philotas*, in one act, published at this time, was the result of a thorough study of Greek tragedy.

After this spell of work the old weariness came over him, and we find him next at Breslau, serving as secretary to the Prussian governor. Here he wasted above four years. For a long time he went to the theatre every evening, and to a tavern afterwards, and acquired a passionate taste for gambling, which never wholly left him. A dangerous illness seems to have induced greater soberness. Yet, with strange inconsistency, we hear of his reading Spinoza and the *Christian Fathers*, though the occasion and purpose are not apparent.

In 1765 he was back in Berlin for the last time. During the three years of his present stay, he issued two of his most characteristic works. *Minna von Barnhelm*, if not the greatest, is the most popular and charming of his plays, and, from numerous translations, one of the best known. Lessing borrowed less from foreign models than before. The scenes, characters, manners, sentiments, are all racy of the soil. It is curious that opinion is divided in Germany as to whether the play is to be classed with tragedy or comedy. Really it combines elements of both, like several of Shakespeare's plays. "The whole interest of the play centres in Tellheim, and the conception is one which Lessing evidently worked out with elaborate care." While not presented as a perfect character, he is a noble type of the manliest qualities. "Of all this he himself seems to be utterly unconscious; he acts greatly, as a tree blossoms and as the sun shines." As to Minna, "in the whole range of German dramatic literature there are few more delightful feminine characters than hers. Without a touch of sentimentalism, she has deep feeling; she is neither shy nor forward, but simple, unaffected, never misunderstanding others, and assuming that others will not misunderstand her." The subordinate characters also are life-like portraits.

The Laokoon is probably destined to be the most influential and enduring of all Lessing's works. We note the usual characteristics, that it is a fragment, a magnificent torso, and that it consists largely in criticism of previous writers. One of the latter is an Englishman, James Harris, little known at home, who seems to have antici-

pated many of Lessing's views. Starting with the idea of discriminating between poetry and the plastic arts, painting and sculpture, he discusses the fundamental laws and essence of art in general. Points of connection and difference between poetry and art have often been dwelt on, but the former more than the latter. The old theory was summed up in the saying of Simonides, "painting is mute poetry—poetry is eloquent painting." This was simply saying that they speak to different senses. Both, Lessing says, imitate, but they imitate by different means. "Art uses forms and colours in space; poetry, articulate sounds in time." Thus, one uses the simultaneous, the other the successive. Art is far more limited in range. A picture can only represent the incident of a moment, a poem describes a series of actions stretching over a long period of time. From this point the discussion ramifies in every direction over the whole domain of art. Many of his doctrines may be too narrow and severe. Lessing's mistake ever was in ascribing to antiquity absolute perfection, instead of ascribing to it perfection in its limited range, up to the measure of its light. But his essay is not likely soon to lose its value. Nothing more penetrating, fuller of suggestion, of stimulus, of original ideas, was ever written on the same subject. The illustrations from antiquity, from Homer and Sophocles, alone are a mine of suggestiveness. The *Laokoon* group served only as the text, and like other texts was soon forgotten. "In style, *Laokoon* ranks among the highest of Lessing's achievements. . . . Every word is rejected that would tend to obscure his conceptions; and the terms he prefers are, as far as possible, those in everyday use, although he applies them with a precision unknown and unnecessary in ordinary speech. If his metaphors are not exactly poetical, they are vivid and illuminating, making plain even to indolent readers, ideas of which more abstract writers convey only a dim impression. The learning of the work is immense. With the writers of antiquity especially, Lessing reveals a familiarity that could have sprung only from the patient and enthusiastic study of many years. Yet there is nothing like display of scholarship. His allusions and citations of authorities arise naturally in the course of his argument; and so richly is his mind furnished, that he appears to forget that all the world has not passed over as wide a range as himself."

Lessing next tried to make himself a home in Hamburg. He was drawn there by tempting offers. A number of wealthy Hamburg citizens had formed a company, to set up a model theatre, which was to lead the way in the regeneration of the national drama. "The actors were to be well paid, provision being made for old age; a high moral tone was to be maintained among them; the selected plays were to be, as far as possible, the genuine product of German genius; and in a theatrical academy, conducted by the director, young candidates were to be carefully prepared for the stage." Lessing was to be dramatic critic on 800 thalers a year, an excellent arrangement for him. The scheme reminds us of a certain Welshman's boast, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep." The scheme lacked but one thing—public support, and that remained lacking. The standard was too high. It was lowered again and again, but the effects of the first failure could not be overcome. A month after the opening, Lessing wrote: "There is discord among the conductors, and no one knows who is cook, who waiter." At the same time, he entered into partnership in a printing business with prospects equally brilliant and equally fallacious. "With much ingenuity, he had devised a scheme by which everybody concerned was to make large profits and run no risks." The outcome of both schemes may be put in one word—debts.

A controversy into which he fell at this time with Klotz, a literary notoriety of the day, gave rise to the *Antiquarian Letters*, and to a small but ingenious essay on "How the Ancients Represented Death." In the latter, he contended that the skeleton was meant in antiquity to represent not death but the *larvæ*, the souls of the wicked condemned to roam ceaselessly over the earth. One evidence he adduced was the following from Seneca: "Nemo tam puer est ut Cerberum timeat, et tenebras, et Larvarum habitum nudis ossibus cohærentium." His conclusion was that the common emblem of sleep and death is a youth with an inverted torch; the only difference being that in the representation of death the youth has wings, in that of sleep, not.

The chief result of the Hamburg episode was the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, next to the *Laokoon*, perhaps, his most characteristic work. In this Lessing accomplished the purpose of the *Theatrical Review* of his youth, to

discuss the laws and history of the drama. But he came to the task now in the maturity of his powers. "He had not only written the best plays which then existed in German literature, but had from early youth, by the force of strong natural preference, diligently and patiently investigated the conditions imposed upon the dramatist by the relations of his work to the stage. Moreover, he had a profound knowledge of the dramatic literatures of Greece and Rome; and he was familiar with the masterpieces produced in England, France, Italy, and Spain. Even this did not exhaust the acquirements fitting him for his new functions, for the best dramatic criticism in all the languages known to him he had studied; and to Aristotle above all he had devoted days and nights of thoughtful and fruitful labour." He followed Aristotle implicitly, believing it impossible to improve upon his teachings. Aristotle's celebrated definition of tragedy formed the text of his discourse. "Tragedy, therefore, is an imitation of a serious and perfect action, having magnitude, in pleasing language, the several species (metre and song) being distributed separately in the parts (dialogue and chorus) by men acting and not by narration, effecting by pity and fear the purging of such passions." Lessing's was another contribution to the explanation of this much-disputed passage. While he made some improvements in the old renderings, his own theory was by no means perfect. He was quite right in substituting "*fear*" for "*terror*." He also pointed out that the object of the fear is not the actors or characters, but ourselves. We pity in others what we have reason to fear for ourselves. The two sentiments are thus correlative and commensurate. But he made a mistake in supposing the meaning to be that tragedy aims at general moral improvement. It is true, Aristotle says *such* passions, but it is hard to see how other passions can be affected than those interested. By their *purification* too is doubtless meant their preservation from extremes, Aristotle's virtuous mean. Further, the improvement need not be permanent, the effect may pass away with the occasion. An interesting point insisted on is that the characters delineated must be neither perfectly good nor utterly bad. In one case our sense of justice is shocked, in the other pity is impossible. What makes the work so interesting is that the discussion of principles is in the form of criticism of actual plays. Lessing's judg-

ment of French tragedy is very severe. He says:—"Various French tragedies are very fine, very instructive works, which I hold worthy of all praise; only, they are not tragedies. Their authors could not be other than clever men; some of them deserve no mean rank among poets; but they are not tragical poets—their Corneille and Racine, their Crebillon and Voltaire, have little or nothing of that which makes Sophokles, Euripides, and Shakespeare what they are." "What has been said of Homer, that it would be as hard to take a verse from him as to take his club from Hercules is perfectly true of Shakespeare. Upon the smallest of his beauties a stamp is impressed which calls to the whole world, 'I am Shakespeare's.' And woe to the beauty of any one else which has the audacity to place itself beside his! Shakespeare must be studied, not plundered." Of Voltaire, he says: "There are not more than three untruths in this passage, and for M. de Voltaire that is not much." For Molière he retains his early love and admiration to the last.

Another result to Lessing of his stay in Hamburg was that he there became acquainted with his future wife, Eva König, wife (and soon afterwards widow) of a silk manufacturer, at whose house he often visited. The courtship and engagement were prolonged through six years, owing to straitened circumstances on both sides, Eva König's affairs having been left in great confusion. On the occasion of the marriage, Lessing showed his usual independence by not even buying a new coat for the ceremony. The gleam of happiness only lasted a year—mother and babe being buried in one grave.

We have anticipated his wife's death, which took place in January, 1778, three years before his own. In 1770 his last removal had taken place, to Wolfenbüttel, an obscure town in Brunswick, where he acted as librarian to the duke. To one who revelled in the eager activity of great cities, to whom the friction of mind with mind was the very breath of life, a brilliant talker and debater, Wolfenbüttel was a living grave, his official toil the drudgery of a galley-slave; but he had no choice, if he would live. The mere fact of dependence alone galled his proud spirit to the quick, and especially that he should be dependent for a few hundred thalers a year on a prince who had spent a splendid fortune on a single mistress. The fetters chafed and clanked at every step, and Lessing was not the man

to attempt to adapt himself to them. In truth there was as great a lack of generosity on one side as of patience on the other. The monotony was only varied by an occasional visit to Berlin or Hamburg, and once by an eight months' tour in Italy, in company with the duke's youngest son, the fulfilment of an early longing.

Lessing's history at Wolfenbüttel is the history of his works. When leaving Hamburg, he vowed to renounce the drama which had done so little for him. Of course it was not in him to keep such a vow. In 1772 he published *Emilia Galotti*, and in 1779 *Nathan the Wise*, the last and greatest of his plays. *Emilia* is a modern version of Virginia, transferred from public to private life. The work is not without conspicuous defects, but its popularity testifies to considerable merit. *Nathan* is unquestionably Lessing's masterpiece. In it he carried out a long-cherished purpose—that of vindicating the Jewish character from popular misrepresentations. The purpose is one with which we fully sympathise. George Eliot has worked for the same end in *Daniel Deronda*, and, like Lessing, has deserved well of the Jewish race. Lessing, indeed, has overdone his part of advocate. "Nathan" and "Saladin" are by far the loftiest characters in the play. There is not a Christian who approaches them at all. The ruling idea is that it matters little to what religion a man belongs, conduct is everything. The three great faiths are placed substantially on the same level. Indeed, by the creation of characters like "Nathan" and "Saladin," Lessing would seem to intimate that Judaism and Mohammedanism produce moral fruit as rich and abundant as Christianity can boast. It is needless to say that these are views we reprobate with the utmost energy. For their refutation we have only to point to the broad facts of history. What creation of Judaism or Mohammedanism can be named beside Christendom? Where is the literature, the civilisation, the nation, to say nothing else, that is the work of the systems which "Nathan" and "Saladin" represent? Mr. Sime says that Lessing "has been bitterly accused of doing injustice to Christianity." We think the accusation is well-founded. It may be said, indeed, that there was no occasion to introduce an ideal type of Christianity, and no doubt it would have conflicted with the main purpose. But an author's first duty is to be just. To play the advocate is to stoop to a lower level.

That we have not judged on wrong data Mr. Sime is witness. He says:—"The true course is for each to let his neighbours live in their own way, convinced that that way is as good as his is for him; and so far as he himself is concerned, to realise in his own mind and conduct the highest spiritual ideals of the religion he happens to have inherited. These ideals are the sole important element in any of the religions. If a man is not patient, sincere, devout, filled with a large and noble charity, it is a matter of utter indifference what he believes; these qualities alone make him a truly religious man. And his religion will not of itself impart them. Character is a flower that comes of a process of thoughtful culture; it is the crown of ceaseless inward efforts. This idea gives us the key to the meaning of the play."

In his last years Lessing plunged deeply into religious controversy. It was on this wise. Reimarus, Oriental Professor at Hamburg, a deist of a very pronounced type, on his death left a work with his daughter which advocated very extreme opinions. Elise Reimarus handed the work to Lessing, who tried to get it published, but no publisher would look at it. The idea then struck him of taking advantage of his freedom as librarian from the censorship to publish the work in anonymous fragments as if they came from the library. This he did, even using language intended to put curiosity about the authorship on a false scent. These were *The Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, which raised a storm in Germany quite as severe as any we have known in this country. In these papers the views of Strauss were anticipated. We can only say that these views, and the arguments by which they were supported, were quite worthy of the mode of publication. Of the whole transaction there is nothing good to be said, and we are surprised at the prominence given to it in the biography. It is quite true that Lessing does not adopt the extreme opinions put forward, indeed he positively argues against them; but after the course he took with respect to the mode of publication it might fairly be argued that this is mere temporising. There is no evidence to prove that his position is that of the *Fragments*, but his real position is vague and unsatisfactory enough. It is simply that of eliminating the spiritual and moral in Christianity from the historical, and maintaining that the former in no sense depends on the latter. The doc-

trine is familiar enough to us in our own days. Some claim to appropriate everything good and true in Christianity, while denying its most essential facts. It is a vain attempt to preserve the perfume after destroying the flower. The perfume may linger awhile in the air, but it will soon be dissipated.

In the original works issued by him in the course of the controversy, Lessing wrote with the force and strength which he could not help. We can only regret that such powers were not lent to a better cause. Of course many of his general sentiments command assent apart from the question discussed. "Not the truth," he wrote, "of which a man is or believes himself to be possessed, but the sincere effort he has made to come behind the truth, makes the worth of the man. For not through the possession but through the investigation of truth does he develop those energies in which alone consists his ever-growing perfection. Possession makes the mind stagnant, indolent, proud. If God held enclosed in His right hand all truth, and in His left simply the ever-moving impulse towards truth, although with the condition that I should eternally err, and said to me, 'choose,' I should humbly bow before His left hand, and say, 'Father, give! Pure truth is for Thee alone.'" The opposite extreme is Professor Huxley's dictum, that if he could be wound up like a clock, and guaranteed always to do right on condition of being a machine, he would choose to be a machine! We are shut up to neither extreme, but of the two Lessing's is unquestionably the nobler. But we have no desire to follow Mr. Sime in disinterring a buried controversy.

Lessing's *Education of the Human Race*, a sort of philosophy of history, is well known. Brief as it is, its boldness and freshness made a deep impression, and its influence is far from having passed away. In recent years the idea was reproduced in a too-celebrated essay. With certain qualifications the notion of progress, accommodation, and development in religion is old and true, but in Lessing's hands it was pushed beyond all limits. "There was nothing specially Divine in Judaism. Christianity is a phase of development, destined to be superseded in the same way. The stages of individual life are reproduced in the history of the race. Revelation simply does for the race what education does for the individual, furnishes elements and results ready to hand which the race would have won for

itself in the course of time by natural processes." We need not criticise a theory by this time so familiar. Perhaps, as the biography suggests, we should consider it in reference not only to orthodoxy, but also in reference to the bald scepticism of the day. In that aspect it did good in recalling the services revelation had rendered to mankind.

Lessing's last publication was *Ernst and Falk: Dialogues for Freemasons.* For ease, vivacity, and grace, the dialogues are not unworthy of comparison with Berkeley's on a different subject. "The two speakers are not the mere lay figures who usually, in such dialogues, carry on a sham debate; they are conceived with dramatic force, and express their ideas in lively, terse, and epigrammatic language. Yet the play of statement and counter-statement is so managed that we advance from stage to stage in precise and logical order." Freemasonry is merely the starting-point. The subject really discussed is society in its general relations. The dialogues may be advantageously compared with J. S. Mill's tract on *Liberty*. Lessing taught that governments exist for nations, not the reverse, for us a mere truism, but for the three hundred princes and more who then lived on Germany a startling doctrine. "States unite men that through and in this union every individual man may the better and more surely enjoy his share of welfare. The total of the welfare of all its members is the welfare of the State; besides this there is none. Every other kind of welfare of the State, whereby individuals suffer and must suffer, is a cloak for tyranny; nothing else! As if nature could have intended the welfare of an abstract idea like State, Fatherland, and the like, rather than that of each real individual." Still he was no Socialist leveller. "Do you think," Falk asks, "that a State is conceivable without difference of ranks? Be it good or bad, more or less near perfection, it is impossible that all its members can have the same relation to each other. Even if they all take part in legislation, they cannot all take an equal part, at least an equally immediate part. There will therefore be more distinguished and less distinguished members. Even if all the possessions of the State were to be divided among them equally, this equal division would not last two generations. One would use his property better than another. One would have to divide his badly-used property equally among more suc-

cessors than another. There would therefore be richer and poorer members." So far from advocating revolutionary methods, Lessing would rather build on the past than destroy it. Mr. Sime says: "Everything depended upon the stage of culture reached by a nation. Here an enlightened despotism, there a republic, elsewhere a constitutional monarchy, would most readily adapt itself to the needs of men. The one important consideration was, that the upholders of each method should not cling to it mechanically, should not confound the end with the means, should never forget that the true object of every form of government is to bring the world a little nearer the point at which government will no longer be indispensable."

Goethe was but rising into fame when Lessing's course came to an abrupt end. The two never met, though each appreciated and spoke with respect of the other. Goethe describes the enthusiasm which flamed through Germany on the appearance of the *Laokoon*, and Lessing recognises the power and promise revealed in *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Werther*.

Lessing was only fifty-two, Shakespeare's age, at the time of his death, which took place at Brunswick, where he often went for the sake of society. For some time before asthma and other symptoms of decay had set in, and at last apoplexy ended the strange drama of his life.

Mr. Sime says: "He was rather above the middle size, with figure firmly built, rendered supple by regular exercise. He carried his head erect, and so independent was his bearing that strangers sometimes thought his manner one of indifference. . . . . Full of vitality, quick in repartee, always giving a new turn to any conversation in which he joined, he brought life into the dullest company. . . . . Neither in dress nor habits was there a touch of eccentricity, yet his smallest acts bore the mark of a strongly individual nature."

We have already intimated that Lessing's character, like his influence, is a mixed one. Perhaps, considering the circumstances of his career and the days in which his part was played, instead of dwelling upon the doubtful we should rather wonder that the high and noble so greatly predominated. In proportion to our estimate of his greatness as a writer is our regret that he is not, as he might easily have been, still greater. But after all deductions the world owes much to Lessing, not indeed for any direct,

distinct contribution to a particular field of thought, but for the stimulus to thought and endeavour of which his works are full. He belongs to the band of writers who make the ozone of the literary atmosphere. Like sea-breezes, his pages brace and purify, and put new life into nerve and muscle. It will be a good thing if Mr. Sime's work should lead to Lessing being more widely read in this country.

ART. VII.—*Geschichte der Juden, von der ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart. Dritter Band: Geschichte der Judäer von dem Tode Juda Makkabi's bis zum Untergange des judäischen Staates.* Von Dr. H. GRAETZ, Professor an der Universität Breslau. Dritte verbesserte und stark vermehrte Ausgabe. ["History of the Jews from the death of Judas Maccabæus to the Downfall of the Jewish State."] Leipzig: Oskar Leiner. 1878.

WE have seen how Dr. Graetz has dealt with the Founder of Christianity: the most difficult question that the Jewish historian of Judaism can undertake. And we have noted that, in common with many philosophical critics of the Christian system, he regards the Apostle Paul as really, in some sense, the author of that new Faith which has so mightily swayed the destinies of mankind. The impression the historian leaves on our mind is this, that nothing in the teaching of Jesus would have gone beyond a reformation of Judaism, had not His disciples, and especially the last intruder into their company, given a new meaning not designed by Himself to certain sacrificial allusions and to certain presentiments He uttered concerning the Gentile world. Accordingly, we find that he gives an elaborate account of the convert of Tarsus, and ingeniously solves the mystery of his conversion and labours. There is not, indeed, much that is decidedly original in his essay. Some things are put in a way with which we are not familiar, and to them especially we shall devote a few pages; omitting a mass of details with which other books deal as perfectly familiar to our readers. It may be premised that no Christian can read this modern Jewish attempt to explain the phenomenon of the great Apostle without being impressed with the utter hopelessness of any solution but that which the New Testament gives. In every age the conversion and labours of this first missionary of the Cross has been regarded as a chapter in the evidences of Christianity, and the account on which we now comment tends only to confirm it in that position.

We must set out by a long extract introductory to the whole.

"Saul, born at Tarsus in Cilicia, about the beginning of the Christian era, as was supposed of the tribe of Benjamin, was of a

decidedly peculiar nature. Weak in body, he was nevertheless tenacious and obstinate to a degree which no difficulty could daunt. Violent in disposition, he was extremely one-sided, angular, obstinate, and persecuting against such as shared not his opinion or only a little deviated from it. He had only a slight knowledge of Jewish literature, and knew the Holy Scriptures only in the Greek version. He never sate at the feet of Gamaliel: from him he would have learnt more of the law and more tolerance. He was educated rather by some sectarian teacher in Tarsus. As his knowledge was limited his views were narrow. Withal he was enthusiastic and ruled by imaginations which he held for actualities and allowed to govern his life. In short, Saul was at once a morbid and an iron personality: as it were created to found what was new and to accomplish what was incredible. With wilful and hot zeal he had persecuted the Greek Nazarenes, hunted them out of their corners to deliver them up to justice, because they had turned away from that Pharisaic Judaism which he held to be alone true and righteous. But that did not content him. As soon as the Tarsic zealot ascertained that many of them had gone to Damascus, he followed—whether by commission or spontaneous impulse—with inexorable violence to persecute and dissolve the community there. But presently he became of another mind. In Damascus there were many Gentiles who had gone over to Judaism, especially of the female sex. The conversion of the Adiabene royal house to Judaism had created much excitement. Saul was probably witness of the entry of Helena, the queen, and the princes, into Jerusalem as a triumph of Judaism. She must have touched Damascus on the way and received homage from the Jewish and proselyte population of this city. These proceedings made a deep impression upon Saul, and pressed upon him the question whether the time had not come when the predictions of the prophets should be fulfilled, and all nations acknowledge the God revealed in Israel, bowing the knee before Him, and confessing His name with every tongue. If this question occupied him, he must of necessity seek how to overcome a difficulty connected with it. Could it ever be possible, with all the bias of these Gentiles to Judaism, to convert the whole heathen world if the law was still made binding on them, if it was imposed upon them to observe Sabbaths and festivals, to fulfil the prescriptions of meats and drinks, to distinguish between clean and unclean, and even to submit to circumcision? Should the Gentiles be held bound to a rigid fulfilment of the Pharisaic additional burdens? In that case the entrance of the nations into the fellowship of Judaism was rendered impossible. On the other hand, might the law, for the sake of the Gentiles, be abolished, and nothing be required of them but the knowledge of God and the higher principles of morality? The whole law came indeed from God, who revealed it and enforced its fulfilment? How could it ever be abolished? It is probable

that now a saying of his teachers came to the mind of Saul, that the law had validity only to the time of the Messiah; and that with His coming its obligation would naturally and entirely cease. If the Messiah appeared, or if He had appeared, then would the obstacle to the winning of the Gentiles be removed. Is it probable that He has appeared? Is it possible that Jesus was actually after all the Messiah? This process of thought occupied Saul profoundly. His nervous and morbid condition, and his fantastic habit of mind, soon helped him over the doubt. He came to believe fixedly and firmly that Jesus appeared to him. At a much later time he himself said of this manifestation: 'Whether it was in the body I know not; whether it was out of the body I cannot tell. God knoweth. I was caught up into the third heaven.' A not very trustworthy evidence of such a kind of fact. This appearance to Saul was subsequently made more plausible. An event so pregnant with consequences to Christianity as his conversion was embellished accordingly. It was added that a light surrounded the future Apostle on his way to Damascus, that he fell amazed to the earth, and heard a voice which cried to him: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Blinded by the appearance, he reached Damascus; and an interview with a Christian, who counselled him to be baptised, caused as it were the scales to fall from his eyes."

Such is the account of Dr. Graetz, in which almost every sentence is unsupported invention. The character here given of the Apostle to the Gentiles is not marked by the writer's usual discrimination. Of course he has nothing to guide him but the New Testament records; and those records contain a very copious and almost exhaustive autobiography furnished by the Apostle himself, written with exceeding care, and, as he repeatedly says, in the very presence of God, to whom he makes his appeal. All that is said as to his indomitable force of character, strong determination, and concentration of soul on what he undertook, is supported by his own testimony. But we can discern in that testimony no trace of a morbid intellect or tendency to hallucination. St. Paul speaks often of his bodily infirmities; but he again and again accredits himself with a sound mind and a sobér judgment, both as the gift of Providence and as the gift of grace. This is brought into very clear prominence by the way in which he deals with this very charge of morbidness or, in plain words, madness, which was brought against him in his own day. He ascribes all his enthusiasm and disdain of cold measures and excitement of spirit to the love of Christ which constrained him or shut him up to one course of action for

the salvation of souls, and even that enthusiasm he makes the energy of a life under the control of a new judgment of all things in the light of the Cross. How "sober" he was in the midst of this career of heavenly zeal is evident, or ought to be evident, to every one who reads his writings, and especially the Epistle which records this charge. A dispassionate critic, marking the judicious way in which he deals with the morbid excitement of the Corinthians, the wonderful precision and delicacy with which he treats difficult points of casuistry, his exquisite tact in composing dissensions, his minute and inexhaustible attention to every detail of his official relations, would come to a very different conclusion. He would say that there never lived a public man more habitually swayed by principles of reason and order and tranquil estimate of circumstances. He had a well-balanced mind; in fact, was one of the most remarkable examples that ever lived of that ethical principle of sobriety which he was never weary of inculcating upon the members, and especially the ministers, of the new Church.

Nor does the cause of Judaism gain anything by disparaging the learning of this greatest of Jews. If the disparagement had touched simply the Apostle's familiarity with Greek literature, it might have passed. We have no direct evidence on that question. Neither does St. Paul declare himself versed in all the learning of the Greeks, nor do his writings manifest a very intimate acquaintance with it. The few quotations we have are not of great significance on this point. Moreover, we know that in the sphere occupied by the youthful Saul Gentile learning was to a great extent proscribed. On the other hand, it is certain that he was sufficiently trained to deal with the Athenian philosophers on terms of equality, and to refer with precision and force to the classical writers who furnished him with points of appeal. The Apostle, separated to the Gospel of Christ, himself thought it of very slight moment whether he was or was not a master of human learning. But to charge him with ignorance of the Law and the Hebrew Scriptures overshoots the mark. His own testimony and his writings in every page vindicate him from that charge. He lived and moved and had his being in the sacred original as well as in the Septuagint version, using both with equal facility. To say that "he never sate at the feet of Gamaliel" is a reckless assertion, which

either gratuitously contradicts St. Paul's assertion before men who could judge well about a matter of fact, or gratuitously throws a slur on the historical fidelity of not only the account in the Acts but universal tradition also. There was nothing in the tolerance of Gamaliel inconsistent with Saul's persecution of Christianity. The great Rabbi, "the glory of the Law," had no leaning towards the new faith; and, if he had, his disciple's divergence from his teacher's moderation would not be a thing incredible.

But it is of far more importance to vindicate the reality of the Apostle's conversion and vision of Jesus on the way to Damascus. This event is so vital to the whole question, indeed so decisive as to St. Paul's relation to Christianity, that every opponent of the Faith of Jesus has found it necessary either to blot it out of the record, or, that being a thing impossible, to account for it by the hypothesis of hallucination on the part of the morbid fanatic. Dr. Graetz combines all the methods of getting rid of this incontestable credential of the new religion; and in the combination again overloads his own argument. The new zealot imagines himself the hero of the wonderful scene; and yet it is only the legend invented by his subsequent admirers; while a new and perfectly natural account can be given of his conversion of which the convert says nothing. As to the first point, it is very bold to make St. Paul accuse himself of having been converted in a state of trance, not knowing whether in the body or out of the body. This is a violent and disingenuous perversion of his words. The subject of the rapture he speaks of was a "man in Christ," and his transport took place "fourteen years" before he wrote, and therefore long after his conversion; and the details he gives are utterly inconsistent with the details of the scene near Damascus. Now if Dr. Graetz honestly thinks that St. Paul left his own testimony that in some hour of strange hallucination he underwent a mystical conversion to Christ, his second explanation of a legendary embellishment must fall to the ground. For it is most certain that the legend-makers or legend-writers would weave their fiction round his own account and not invent a scenery of their own. They had the Corinthian Epistle before them when, in the second century, they concocted the speeches of the Acts; and it is most reasonable to suppose—if the word reasonable may be used in any such connection—that they would have expanded the trance into a fantastic

narrative rather than devise a plan so contrary to probability as the encounter with the Risen Lord outside of Damascus. But the third hypothesis comes in to spoil the other two. It is absolutely fatal to both of them, while it is utterly inconsistent in itself. But this we must consider more narrowly.

Put into our own words it is the simple anachronism of supposing that the persecutor of Christianity was struck in Damascus by a most mysterious sympathy with the objects of his persecution. Dr. Graetz seems here to borrow the pencil of Renan in his sentimental description of the change wrought on the frenzied enthusiast. The female proselytes at Damascus affected his sensibility. He had probably seen Helena enter Jerusalem as a gentle captive of Judaism; possibly she had taken Damascus by the way, and there also appealed to his heart. But our artist betrays a hand far less skilful than Renan's here. He fails to show how it came to pass that, after being affected by this royal and feminine homage of heathenism to the law, he nevertheless went raging to Damascus to destroy and suppress the proselytes who had gone only a little further than they ought. Be that as it may, the zealot began to think on the way. Instead of meeting with Jesus of Nazareth in person he met with Him in his own reflections. Having one only purpose in view, this man of "iron resolution" begins to waver. It strikes him that he has heard that when the Messiah should come He would abolish the law: that he doubtless had heard from his teachers—for it was the current faith of Judaism in some sense—and he had read it in the Scriptures; but it was not till a great crisis had passed that he was capable of understanding what that meant, or of thinking upon it at all. But it is supposed that then—in the very mid-career of his persecuting mania for the law—he yields to the fascination of a grand thought: that, namely, of removing every obstacle out of the way of the Gentiles, and making their way straight and easy into the kingdom of heaven. There dawned upon him the grand conception—that was the light he saw brighter than the sun—that the ceremonial law and all the encumbrances of Pharisaic additions might be swept away for ever, and thus the nations flow to Mount Zion in their unencumbered procession. Not that he had any feeling in sympathy with the the Great Forerunner, or his greater Lord, who would bring people to repentance, and thus prepare them for the Messiah.

The enthusiast, vibrating over the gulf of conversion, has no thought of that, only of removing the ceremonial impediment and thus throwing open the gates of the new Jerusalem. In this frame of mind he suddenly thinks that Jesus may after all have been the Messiah. Suddenly he vanishes from the sphere of reflection and argument and thought; is rapt into the heavens, as he supposes: and hears unspeakable words not lawful to be uttered, which, nevertheless, he does utter, and never ceases to utter while he lives, to wit, that the empire of the Judaic law in its integrity has ceased, and the world without the law must be converted to Christ.

Here then we may say was the genesis of the final Christian faith, and the birth of perfect Christendom. As Jesus is supposed in the philosophical theories of the origin of Christianity to have sketched its first lineaments during the long and deep meditations of His youth, so Saul or Paul, in the deep but not long meditations of Damascus, filled up the outline. Or as, in some other systems of explanation, Jesus is supposed to have been rapt into heaven and heard of the Father what He partially revealed, so Paul is here supposed to have been rapt into heaven and heard in the recesses of his morbid imagination what he made the substance of his life-long teaching. To quote our historian against himself: "this is a not very trustworthy basis of such a fact." None of these hypotheses are in themselves worthy of the slightest consideration. Whatever the truth may be, it does not lie in this direction. It is a positive rest to the understanding to turn away from all these vain imaginings—more unreal, more visionary, more morbid than anything ascribed to Paul—and study the clear and self-convincing records of the holy narrative. As has been remarked before, it is to us incomprehensible that the testimony of the Apostle concerning Divine revelations to himself should be thought incredible by an historian of Judaism who accepts the Old Testament history of Divine commerce with holy men of old. That philosophers, so called, who reject the manifestation of God in the world altogether, or refuse to accept the notion of a personal God, should sweep away the Pauline phenomena with all the rest of the miraculous history, is comprehensible enough. But that an enlightened and believing Jew, steeped in the history of the Old Covenant, should fail to see how natural, so to speak, is the New Testament continuation of the Old

Testament; how obviously the revelation of Jesus is the direct issue of ancient preparations; and, in particular, how perfectly in harmony the vocation of Paul is with the ancient plan and method of Divine procedure; this is not easily comprehended. There is of course a plain solution of it, to which the New Testament itself refers. It points to a mystery of blindness that has befallen Israel, the proofs of which have been accumulating from age to age, and some of the most lamentable evidences of which appear in the fruits of modern Jewish learning.

The word anachronism has been used. The process through which St. Paul is said to have so rapidly passed before his conversion to Christianity, he did indeed pass through subsequently. Jesus, revealed to him on the way to Damascus, was revealed within him as an internal Teacher, that through him the Gospel might be fully known. A miracle took place after his conversion parallel with that which took place before it: the miracle of his special illumination by his Master through His Spirit during the silent years of his retirement and preparation for the Christian Apostleship. He himself tells us, and his testimony is bound up with the very fibre of his doctrine, that by revelation the mystery was made known to him of the calling of the Gentiles into the kingdom of God. And to us it seems easier to accept his testimony—believing as we do and Dr. Graetz does that God spake by the prophets—than to accept the marvellous hypothesis of a sudden natural revolt of an inveterate Pharisee against the law which had been the glory of his life.

When once our historian has determined his theory of the conversion of Paul, he applies it without any scruple. It is almost amusing to observe how rapidly he makes the new convert jump from conclusion to conclusion. How rapidly: for he considers the whole to have been accomplished before his appearing to the brethren in Damascus. As we read we are amazed at the inconsistencies which the hypothesis resolutely accepts. The effect of the rapture into the third heaven—which was only the interior shrine of the Apostle's own diseased fantasy—was to rivet in his mind the ineradicable conviction that he had seen Jesus of Nazareth, not as a spiritual being hovering near him, but literally in the flesh. How literally in the flesh appears in the enlargement which his old creed at once received on

some most important points. Dr. Graetz says that with the certainty that he had actually seen Jesus another doubt was solved for Saul; or rather another entire circle of Messianic ideas was opened to his vision. Jesus was indeed crucified and died; and yet Jesus appeared to him. Consequently He must have risen from the dead: in fact, He was the first who ever arose; and consequently the resurrection, which had been the subject of school contention, was a confirmed truth, and proved the nearness of the kingdom of heaven at the approach of which, according to the Prophet Daniel, the dead were to arise again. Thus to the sometime Pharisee of Tarsus three things were made in this swift process irreversibly certain: that Jesus had arisen; that He was the fore-announced Messiah; and that the kingdom of heaven, the world to come with its resurrection, was near, the living generation or rather the believers in Jesus being about to see and rejoice in it. This faith led him to yet further consequences. Had the Messiah appeared, or was Jesus actually the Christ, then the law was of itself abolished, and the Gentiles might become partakers of the blessing of Abraham without observing the law. This was a spur to his activity. He felt himself called to convert the abandoned world of heathenism, and through Christ to call them into the kingdom of heaven, and to the Father. Now comes in another tremendous mystery. This new-born enthusiast is supposed at once to have believed that he was elected to this from his mother's womb: to be in fact the Apostle of the Gentiles, and suddenly as this wonderful thought came to him, equally sudden was his acting on it. "In the case of a burning spirit like his, there was small interval between the thought and the act." Under the name of Paul he joined himself to the Nazarenes in Damascus; these wondering enough at the fact that he who had been their persecutor had become their friend and associate, and a full convert to their faith. Well might they wonder. We, who know as they afterwards knew, what had passed, wonder with them at the power of the hand and grace of God. But, without that knowledge, and on the supposition of our author, our wonder would be turned to sheer unbelief. Such a conversion has no analogy to support it, nor anything to sustain it in human psychology.

In Damascus Paul found opportunity enough for his mission. Love for Judaism was there a familiar senti-

ment; and many, our historian tells us on his own authority, kept aloof only on account of the sacrifices which it required. The newly converted Apostle with his new idea was able to make this step easy; for he could say that faith, in Jesus rendered the obligation of the law nugatory. But he found for his faith, thus mingled with subtlety, no favour or acceptance, even among his own countrymen who believed. His theory of the invalidity of the whole law was something altogether new to them and therefore unpalatable. They appear also to have felt some distrust of their former persecutor. In short, Saulus-Paulus could not maintain his position in Damascus, and retired to Arabia: that is to Auranitis, where there were, as we know, Jewish congregations. When, however, he returned a second time to Damascus, and his fellow-believers began to entertain more confidence in him, and made with him common cause, he could give himself up most fully to his zeal for conversions. Meanwhile he excited, by his impetuous and unscrupulous nature, and his assertion that the law was abolished, the Jewish congregation in Damascus. The Jewish monarch of that city, who had been appointed or confirmed by Arctas Philodemus, sought to capture him. But his companions saved him, letting him down by a basket from the wall and so giving him his freedom. Thus he escaped from the hands of those who rightly regarded him as the destroyer of Judaism. Whither he then went is quite uncertain. He did not visit Jerusalem until three years after his conversion; instead of going there at once to receive full assurance from the immediate disciples of Jesus of what he had done and of what he had taught, and of the purpose of his life in all, he felt indeed that there was a great gulf between him and the Christian Galileans; and that he could not by any means come to a common understanding with them. Paul was filled with the one thought that the blessing for all nations, or the promise of Abraham that he should be father of many peoples, and that the fulness of the Gentiles should be brought into the enjoyment of a filial relation to Abraham, must be made manifest fact, and that he was called to bring it about. He would make the distinction between Jews and Greeks, between bond and free, vanish; and unite all in a common bond of brethren in the covenant of Abraham, all being his seed according to the promise. This was the joyful message (the Gospel)

which he purposed to carry to all the nations. It was a wide-embracing thought: with which the Ebionites in Jerusalem, as also the so-called pillar-apostles, had no sympathy whatever.

So far there is much truth in the account, though rather exaggerated. It is rather a Jewish view of the Gospel to make it merely the glad tidings of release from the bondage of the Mosaic law. It was that indeed, but much more than that, and no one can read St. Paul's earliest discourses without perceiving that his soul was filled with a much vaster idea than such a definition could circumscribe. Both to Jews and Gentiles he preached a salvation from sin and the sanctification of the Spirit and a full preparation for heaven. He began, continued, and ended his career as a witness of the death and resurrection of Jesus, the sacrifice for the world's redemption, and turned aside to discuss the bearing of this on the law of Moses only so far as circumstances constrained him. Moreover, though this is strangely forgotten in these pages, he was always a strenuous upholder of the authority of the moral law. He was as much grieved and amazed by the licentious perversion of his doctrine of redemption from the law as his opponents were. At any rate, it would have been only a graceful tribute to one of the greatest ethical teachers the world has ever known to have made some allusion to his moral earnestness and truth.

But Dr. Graetz has only one idea in his mind. Can it be supposed, he asks, that the Jews would patiently hear and tolerate this offence, this openly-spoken contempt for their Sinaitic law, for which their forefathers had suffered many kinds of death, and they themselves had lately under Caligula determined to surrender their lives? He thinks it not to be wondered at that they were everywhere exasperated against Paul, and, where they had the power, persecuted him. Meanwhile, he is careful to shield his forefathers from the imputation of cruelty. They inflicted, when he fell into their hands, only scourging, and never threatened his life; four times, he says himself, he was punished with forty stripes save one. He is right in saying that they were not alone. Not only the Jews, the Nazarenes also, or the Jewish Christians, were embittered against Paul on account of his violent dealing with the law; and the result was contention and division (schism) within the young community. Peter, or Cephas, who as an apostle sent to the Jews, taught another Christianity

than that of Paul; while other apostles, who also went forth to convert the Gentiles, Apollos of Alexandria and a certain Chrestus, as Dr. Graetz thinks, preached still another doctrine. Paul, moreover, is said to have attached little importance to baptisms, as being itself something of a ceremonial or legal work; while Apollos laid great stress upon it, and connected with it salvation. The Jewish Christians saw with horror the fruits which the evangelical freedom taught by Paul were bearing. In the church founded by him at Ephesus and Corinth many had given up with the law all shame: they practised uncleanness, were intemperate and drunken; other unnatural infamy was not excluded, and one married his father's wife. Jewish-Christian apostles accordingly followed Paul, declared to all that this doctrine was erroneous and misleading, and insisted that the law of Judaism was binding on Christians also, inasmuch as only through the law could the animal passions be subdued. There was special occasion given for these hot disputes between the Jewish-Christian apostles and Paul by the question concerning the obligation of circumcision in the case of Gentile-Christians. Paul had long been in the habit of introducing even Gentile proselytes into the covenant of Abraham. But when he found himself, through the creation of many Gentile-Christian communities, independent of the mother church in Jerusalem, he gave up circumcision, and even brought an uncircumcised disciple, Titus, to the metropolis, whither a second vision had induced him to journey, in order, probably, to bring about the entire abolition of the law. Since he brought with him money, collected by himself for the Jerusalem church, then suffering much poverty, the authorities kept silence, though his act was by them regarded as a transgression. After his departure to Antioch, however, they took courage, and sent people after him, whose office it was to condemn his doctrine. In Antioch the matter issued in a warm contest between the Jewish-Christian apostles and Paul. Peter, who up to this time had laid aside the food laws and eaten at the same table with Gentile-Christians, warned by the representatives of the rigorous party of James, who had come to Antioch as spies, was obliged to repair his error, and declare himself against Paul's conduct in violating and setting aside the law. It was natural that Paul should reproach him with this hypocrisy openly

in the congregation. Meanwhile the influence of the rigorous Jewish-Christian apostles, faithful to the law, was so great that not only did the whole company of Jewish-Christians in Antioch separate from the bulk of Gentile-Christians, but Barnabas himself did the same, who till now had been Paul's companion and fellow-labourer. This introduced a wide and deep breach in Christendom. Jewish-Christians and Gentile-Christians stood apart from each other as enemies; and the distinction of race contributed much to the same result, and to aggravate the difference. The Christian Greeks scorned the Jewish-Christians, and looked down upon them with a certain sense of superiority. Paul, who now stood alone, was driven by the vehemence of his spirit and his wilfulness into an increasing bitterness against the Jewish-Christian party; spoke with contempt of the so-called pillars of the mother church and Jerusalem; called the apostles, who emphasised the holiness of the law, false brethren, who falsified the Gospel out of envy and strife, and condemned them as seeking their own advantage, and not the things of Jesus. He addressed vehement letters to the votaries of the law; was fierce himself against it, and uttered a curse against those who proclaimed a Gospel different from his own. The faithful legal Christians did not on their part spare him; they called him an apostate from the law, and a false teacher, and related of him that he had been originally a Gentile, was converted to Judaism only out of love to the daughter of a high priest, and that, being rejected, he in anger began to decry circumcision and the Sabbath and the law generally. They appealed to the Founder Himself for the permanent obligation of the law, and turned against the apostle, who was opposing it, his words: "Whosoever shall relax one of the least of these commandments, and teach men so, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." Thus was Christianity within thirty years of the death of its Founder split into two sects—a Jewish-Christian and a Gentile-Christian. The former remained on the foundation of Judaism, imposed on the converts from among the Gentiles submission to the law, and kept themselves close to Jerusalem, where they expected the Messiah to return. The latter, on the other hand, receded further and further from Judaism, and gradually assumed a hostile position to it.

We have here condensed our author's views, and let

them flow on unchallenged. But it is time to ask whether all this is a fair statement of the case. The Judaisers of early Christendom are here supposed to have made common cause with the hostile Jews, and both to have been supported by the original apostles themselves. And all are regarded as appealing against Paul to the Master Himself. This gives an utterly inadequate and incorrect view of the matter. There are three distinct classes of men with whom the apostle came in collision. First, were the contradicting and blaspheming Jews; and against them we make bold to say all who bore the name of Christ joined the apostle of the Gentiles. They held Jesus to have been an impostor, and called Him accursed. They would not have the ancient law tampered with at any point: interpreting the Sermon on the Mount by the entire subsequent teaching of Jesus, they rightly regarded Him as having superseded the ceremonial economy by instituting a new "covenant in His blood." They understood the Redeemer better than Dr. Graetz seems to understand Him; and did not hold Him to have been a mere Reformer of Judaism. They never appealed to Jesus against His disciples: they knew better His meaning, and against them all classes of Christians joined St. Paul in protesting. Then came the Judaisers proper: men who used the names of Peter and James and John, but without their authority; and did openly assert that Christianity was only an appendage of Judaism, none of the special covenant tokens of which were to be superseded. These might have appealed to Jesus as against Paul; but they did not join the malignant Jews, nor may they be confounded with them. Lastly, we have the pillar-apostles, as they are called, who were neither Jews nor Judaisers, in relation to Jesus; but disciples or apostles who were only too slow to apprehend the full significance of the Gospel and too tolerant of Jewish scruples. Of these last it may be said that they were fully converted from their half-venial error by St. Paul's teaching: he was the instrument in the hand of the Holy Ghost of releasing them from a certain measure of bondage. Quietly to assume that they continued at the head of a Christianity which clung generation after generation to Judaism, is to contradict their entire subsequent history. What trace of this can be found in the Epistles of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John? None whatever. They all agree with

their beloved brother in the essentials of the Christian Faith; they as well as he, and he as well as they, upheld the moral law transmitted in the oracles of which the Jews had been the guardians. The obsolete Judaism which lingered in the Christian Church paid its natural penalty, it died its natural death within one or two generations; and then the two systems went on their several ways. Judaism continued to hold fast its Old Testament, rejecting Him who had come and fulfilled its every prediction and promise, hoping for One who will for ever disappoint their hopes. Christianity went on its way rejoicing towards the accomplishment of its glorious design. Both have gone out into all nations, to the ends of the earth: the one, as a Dispersion, maintaining all its narrowness, though kept for a brighter day; the other as a Gospel of Salvation to all the nations of mankind.

The deep injustice done to the Apostle in his relation to Judaism is shown in another passage, which we must translate entire:

"Yet Paul straightway proceeded to rend the threads which united the doctrine of Christ with Judaism. Because he thought that the law was an obstacle to the Gentiles in their acceptance to proselytism, he made the law of little account. He declared that it was only a hindrance and a hurt to the attainment of higher holiness and virtue. Not merely the so-called ceremonial laws of Judaism, but also the moral commandments, Paul held to be difficulties in the way of salvation. Without the law men would not have known lust: it was the commandment 'Thou shalt not covet' that first awakened desire; and through the law came first the knowledge of sin. Man is carnal and inclined to sin; for the flesh is weak, and works in opposition to the law. On the other hand, Paul brought in a new doctrine. Man became carnal, weak, and sinful, because the first man sinned; Adam's transgression produced an ineffaceable original sin, and therefore also brought death upon all men. The law has no power to overcome the sin born naturally in man. In order to annihilate sin and death, it was needful that God should inaugurate a new economy. He surrendered his Son, the Messiah, to death, and brought Him to life again; this Son became the Second Adam, who effaced original guilt, overcame death and brought in eternal life. He who believes in Jesus receives inheritance in this life, and is secured against sin and temptation and evil desire. Jesus or Christ is the end of the law; whoever believes in him is already in himself justified. He brought, indeed, not so much a redemption from the bondage of the nations, as redemption from sin.

"Hence Paul viewed Christianity as a perfect contrast and opposite of Judaism. The latter he regarded as based upon law and constraint; while the former rests upon freedom and grace. According to Judaism man can find righteousness or merit only through the works of the law; while according to Christianity it is enough to have faith in the risen Messiah in order to obtain this righteousness or justification. Jesus or Christianity has brought in the new way of salvation promised by the prophets. The old is gone, and a new is come; the Old Testament must give place to the new; and Abraham himself was not found righteous through the works of the law, but through faith: thus did Paul, in sophistical fashion, interpret the verse of Scripture. His sophistication, however, went further. He deduced from Scripture that every one who stands under the law, and does not altogether and absolutely fulfil it, stands under the curse. The Jews, who observed the law from Sinai, stood accordingly under the curse. It was the merit of Jesus that he redeemed all from under this curse; inasmuch as through Him the law was abolished."

Here there is strange confusion of facts that are undisputable when viewed in their true order, and suppression of very much that would make all the rest plain. Dr. Graetz, who knows the Epistles of St. Paul by heart, or as well as we know them, ought not to forget that the apostle asserts the diametrical opposite of most of this extract. He insists again and again, and in every variety of language, that Christianity is not the diametrical opposite of Judaism: his Christ is "the end of the law" indeed, but its end "for righteousness." It is unjust to him to make him assert what he denies; and to refuse to hear his own explanations. His contention is that the necessity of some provision for Divine mercy and human acceptance is shown by the inability of man to keep the law, and the inability of the law to secure a valid righteousness. He makes the law itself, with the prophets, bear witness to this truth. Nor lives there a man, Jew or Gentile, who can dare, without the contradiction of his own conscience, to oppose his argument. To allege that the apostle counted the Jews accursed who had kept the laws of Sinai is to utter words for which there is no possible justification: words contradicted by every witness human and Divine. Between the Judaism which would challenge the Divine acceptance because of its perfect obedience, and Christianity which offers mercy to transgressors through Christ, the apostle does indeed "snap the last

threads." But between Christianity and the Judaism which contributed a holy law which none could perfectly keep, which kept alive the sense of transgression and the feeling of the need of atonement until the true atonement should supersede its types, he establishes the closest possible connection. When the Apostle sets forth his profound doctrine of sin revealed by law, and of slavery to guilt as opposed to the liberty of pardon, he rises to a region far higher than Judaism and its law as such. He speaks the universal language of mankind; and utters a truth that every heart, whether of the philosopher or of the peasant, accepts and responds to. This Dr. Graetz knows full well. Finally, the undertone of this extract, and the whole current of the exposition of St. Paul's labours, is flagrantly unjust to his ethical purity and grandeur. He is made responsible for the consequences which are common to all ethical teaching that unites grace and duty in its principles. The corruptions that were witnessed among the Corinthians were no more derogatory to the preaching of the Gospel of grace than the abominations under Mount Sinai were derogatory to the holy law delivered on its summit. Let our historian point to any teacher ever called Rabbi who has delivered such a code of morality as may be gathered from the writings of St. Paul. Let him point to any writings in the Talmud which, like the apostle's, can be winnowed from end to end without a single grain of low or unethical or frivolous or unpractical ethics being sifted out. To read this chapter, and many like it, one would suppose that the apostle of the Gentiles trampled law under his feet, and taught a righteousness independent of morality. This is not history, sacred or profane; it is simple blindness and bigotry.

Though Dr. Graetz unphilosophically ascribes St. Paul's great change of views to a morbid imagination brooding over a wild theory, he remembers that the Christian apostle had been a student in Jewish schools. It is true that he invents for him some sectarian teacher. But that imaginary teacher had, it appears, well instructed him in the prevalent Rabbinical methods of interpreting holy Scripture:

"It is interesting to observe how Paul used constantly the Hagadistic method of interpretation; which shows that this method was very widely extended. If he wanted to show that the prophecies to Abraham pointed to Jesus, he could only Hagadisti-

cally make it out thus: it does not say that 'all nations of the earth shall be blessed through thy seed, as of many, but thy SEED, as of one, that of Jesus.' When he would show the invalidity of Judaism after Christ had come, and because it had come, he again used the method of Hagada. He says: 'Of these two sons of Abraham, the one (Ishmael) was of a bondwoman (Hagar) according to the flesh; the other (Isaac) of the free woman (Sarah) according to the promise. These are figures of the two covenants; the old covenant, coming from Sinai, is like Hagar, for the Mount Sinai in Arabia (Nabatea) is called Hagar (Chagra); this signifies the present Jerusalem with its slavery of the law. The new covenant, on the other hand, and the higher Jerusalem are represented by the free woman; and with meaning the Scripture says, 'Cast out the bondwoman with her son, for the son of the bondwoman shall not inherit with the son of the free.' But it is said of the free in Isaiah: 'Rejoice, thou barren; for more shall be the sons of the desolate than the sons of the married.'"

We are not so hard upon our historian as he is upon us. We are free to confess that our holy apostle learned much from his Rabbinical teachers that was useful to him, and that we owe much to the fact that he sate at the feet of Gamaliel. As to his Hagada, however, we are bound to believe that the habit he had acquired of looking for recondite meanings in the Word of God was taught him by a higher than Gamaliel: by the supreme Rabbi, Who Himself used it constantly. If the teachers of the Jewish schools which arose in the interval between the Old Testament and New had practised their art as St. Paul practised it, in dependence on the Holy Spirit, the Talmudic collections would have been very different. They abound, literally abound—and no special pleadings, no careful extracts, can disguise the fact—with interpretations of Scripture that revolt the understanding, and would smother the doctrine of inspiration altogether did they not neutralise their own effect by their enormity. But the few instances of our Apostle's Hagada are clear and beautiful, and true to the harmonies of the Bible. They are simply the reward, under the Spirit's guidance, of that searching of Scripture which the Christian Teacher commanded. The Word of God has its allegories, as all literature has; and these are of them. Meanwhile, there is nothing fanciful in St. Paul's three interpretations given above. Each expressed the very intention of the history and the record of the history. And the same may be said of every recondite allusion to the hidden

mysteries of the Old Testament. St. Paul has given an inspired example of the habit that all would do well to cultivate: that of seeking in the field of Scripture for the treasure it yields up only to the prayerful and diligent seeker. As to the restraint upon this method, and the caution necessary in applying it, no writer has given more salutary warning, than the apostle Paul in all, or almost all, his Epistles speaking of these things.

When our historian sets out with the apostle of the Gentiles on his missionary excursions among the Gentiles, he adopts a more temperate tone, and his remarks are for the most part true and judicious. But they also have a certain inconsistency clinging to them. It seems hard to understand how one who so resolutely and determinately broke with Judaism should nevertheless preach to the heathen so entirely in the style of a Jew. We must translate one more.

"After a short stay in Jerusalem Paul entered on his missionary career of conversion in company with the Cyprian, Joseph Barnabas, who appears to have been a Levite. From Antioch, where there were many Jewish proselytes, and where the two Gentile Apostles had opportunity to convert these and other Gentile Greeks, they visited Cilicia, Paul's own country, passed through Asia Minor, Macedonia, touched Greece or Achaia; and the endeavours of Paul were crowned with surprising success. He founded in many places Greek-Christian communities, especially in Galatia, in Ephesus, in Philippi, and Thessalonica, and the city of Corinth. To a certain extent Judaism might accept and approve of this success; for, if Paul would win the Gentiles, he must unfold a measure of the glorious past of the Jewish people in order to reach the name of Jesus. The so-called discourse to the Athenians (Acts xvii.), though not genuine, is characteristic of the way in which the conversion of the heathen was first carried on. Further, it was necessary that he should present a purified notion of the Godhead to the blinded heathen. He found much susceptibility for the genuine doctrines of Judaism among the Gentiles. Not a few of them were wearied of the mythological fables of the gods, and the deifications of men. It was yet in their fresh remembrance how all the races of the Roman Empire had, in unexampled degradation, dedicated altars to the infamous Caligula, had acknowledged him as a deity, and prayed to him. Desponding and sincere minds sought after a God to whom they might exalt their thoughts; and they found him not. Now Paul was come and brought them their God; encompassed indeed with wonderful narratives and miracles, which with their mythological

touches pleased them all the more: 'the Son of God' the Gentiles understood better than 'the Messianic Deliverer.' Moreover, the disease of immorality, spreading like a cancer far and wide, which in Greece and throughout the Roman Empire needed not to shun the light of day, since it sate upon the throne in Rome; the unchastity of the women; the infamy of the men; all gave the missionary strong arguments, or rather prepared the way for the Jewish doctrine which it made worthy of all acceptance. What the Alexandrian-Jewish spirit had declared in its writings, the Sibylline verses and the book of Wisdom, and Philo—that the root of bestiality was in the heathen idolatry—Paul set before the souls of his Gentile hearers in most startling tones: 'They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of corruptible man, of birds, of fourfooted creatures and creeping things; therefore God gave them up to their own hearts' lusts.'

"Such discourses, delivered with glowing zeal, and issuing from a soul that poured its full strength into its words, could not fail of making a deep impression on the better disposed among the heathen. This was further deepened by the fear and mysterious terror of the time, apprehending that the end of the world was at hand; an apprehension which Paul, with his firm faith in the coming resurrection and the return of Jesus in person, transformed into a hope that the dead would rise again in glorified bodies when the trumpet should sound, and that the living would be caught up with Christ in the clouds. Thus Paul touched the fantasy of many Gentiles in his missionary travels from Jerusalem to Illyria. Meanwhile, at the outset he awakened interest in his message only among persons of the lower order and the uneducated slaves, and especially women. To the cultured Greeks the Christianity of Paul, which, moreover, he based only on the supposed resurrection of Jesus, and defended only by that, appeared a ridiculous folly. The Jews of necessity found nothing but a stumbling-block in his teaching. Paul's starting-point in the mission to the heathen was the Jewish people, the Jewish scripture, and the Jewish doctrine: without these his appeals concerning a Messiah and a doctrine of salvation would have been perfectly unmeaning. Even the Greeks, to whom he had turned, must have heard something of Israel and Jerusalem; otherwise he would have preached to deaf ears. Hence he could gain entrance only in such Jewish towns as had Jewish congregations, from which their Gentile neighbours had received at least some faint knowledge of the origin and the doctrines of Judaism."

The imputation cast upon the authenticity of St. Paul's discourses to the Gentiles of course vitiates much of the generosity of this account. After all, these appeals may be

merely the inventions of subsequent chroniclers, weaving into discourses what lingered merely in tradition, or what such an apostle may have been supposed to have said. Against this the whole argument for the genuineness of St. Luke's narrative rises. Moreover, every sentence uttered, and every stroke of the recording pen, is true to the strain of those Epistles which modern criticism allows to be genuine. After reading the letters to the Thessalonians, the Corinthians, and the Romans, which all sane historical judgment assigns to the veritable Paul, we turn to the Acts and feel, if we may not be said to see, that the same person is the preacher here who was the teacher there. There can be no mistake; we know the man and his communications. Dr. Graetz is deeply infected with the Tübingen theories. But it is unjust to himself and to his own instincts that he should be so. He would be much more consistent with himself if he gave an impartial hearing to the evidences which this school has vainly striven to silence. When his own Scriptures are at stake, no Tübingen tone of argument seduces him: though that line of argument is quite as valid against his holy writings as against ours. It is noble to see him defending the Pentateuch and other parts of the Old Testament in his learned appendices and dissertations, and we cannot help thinking that he might if he would defend ours also; that is, their genuineness, as apart from their inspiration and authority. But that is a matter for his own personal consideration. For ourselves, we believe that there is nothing in all literature better authenticated than the speeches and letters of the apostle Paul, nothing so well authenticated.

But to return. There is a necessary limitation to the view that wherever the apostle of the Gentiles went he based his testimony on Judaism. That, doubtless, was generally true. All the witnesses of Jesus remembered His words, "beginning at Jerusalem," and honoured them not only in the letter but also in the spirit. Especially the apostles of the circumcision went everywhere preaching the Gospel at first to none but Jews only. The prerogative of the ancient people was never forgotten. The contempt poured by them on the Founder of Christianity and its first preachers was not retaliated upon themselves. It may even be said that no apostle was so faithful to the Jewish pre-eminence as the apostle of the Gentiles. He also went among the dispersion, for his Master's sake, before he went elsewhere. But

he also knew how to address himself to the independent and primary instincts of heathenism, appealing to its deep desire for Him who was the Desire of all nations. There was a Gospel before the law, the sound of which had gone out into all the world before Moses, yea before Abraham, and the secret echoes of which were in all hearts, and to that St. Paul sometimes addressed himself. Some of his recorded discourses have nothing of the Jew in them; and the same may be assumed as to many that are not recorded. The Gospel came up out of the Old Testament, but it had its catholic message which needed no Jewish text as absolutely essential for its acceptance. This is a necessary correction both to the words and to the spirit of our author.

The historian of Judaism can hardly disguise a certain satisfaction that he feels in the diffusion of Israel's gifts among the nations of the earth. Occasionally we seem to feel that he thinks it high time that the neglected races of heathenism should be visited by the light that had so long shone upon the favoured people. But his enthusiasm is soon checked, and his praise of the missionaries is scanty at the best. All the grandeur and all the glory of the catholic zeal which glows in the Acts is neutralised by the fact that the law, the whole law with all its burdens so unsuitable for the world, is not part and parcel of the Gospel. We marvel at the frame of mind that can mete out niggardly commendation to the self-sacrificing missionaries of the cross. To us it is one of the strangest phenomena in all history that a believer in the Prophets should not see in this very fact their fulfilment and the truth of Christianity. Surely there is nothing more plain in the ancient Scriptures than that One was to come who would be the Glory of Israel and also the Light of the Gentiles, summoning the whole world to a long-delayed participation in the privileges of God's people. One did come answering at every other point the indications of prophecy; and in nothing more emphatically answering them than by His removing every restraint and sending His messengers to the ends of the earth. But those who rejected and still reject this Messiah think the missionary zeal of Christendom based upon a gigantic delusion. They are bound to accept this most monstrous anomaly: that while the whole world is hearing of a Messiah come, and accepting Him as come, historically fulfilling to the very letter all ancient predictions, He has not come at all, and all this waste of energy is a universal anachronism. It is

man's precipitate anticipation of a purpose that still slumbers in the Divine mind. Christianity is only an heretical sect of Judaism, which is propagating a delusion to the ends of the earth.

Meanwhile, what does the creed of Judaism give in exchange? Where is its charity to the nations of mankind? To this many answers are given: answers which vary with varying schools of Jewish thought.

To some—among whom our author appears occasionally to class himself—Christianity seems to be in the mystery of Divine providence a wonderful system of error that nevertheless carries everywhere the truth that it overlays and corrupts. The strange hallucination of Jesus of Nazareth, carried to its full issue by Saul of Tarsus, has been overruled for the diffusion of Jewish Scriptures, ideas, and truths which have impregnated the thoughts of the world, and will in ways known only to God prepare the way for the true Christ. The Gospel is error from beginning to end; but its New Testament is bound up with the old, and wherever the poison is carried the antidote is not far off. "Moses is preached and herein they do rejoice; yea and will rejoice." Those who hold this conviction look with sublime complacency on the industrious labours of Christian preachers, missionaries, critics, and exegetes, whose service in the economy of things is that, while they think they are diffusing Christianity, they are really and only diffusing the preparations of a future Judaism. And in this they are encouraged by these expositors of prophecy who represent the Millennium in the restoration of Judaism as the centre of the kingdom of Messiah the Prince.

Others boldly regard the diffusion of their race among the nations of the earth as itself the fulfilment of the catholic prophecies of the Old Testament. Israel's wounds and bruises are for the healing of the nations. God's Gospel among men is the spread of the progeny of Abraham in all lands. They believe that the Jews are everywhere the salt sprinkled upon the tribes of the world's population that keeps them from the foulest corruption. It is vain to ask what are the special blessings that they carry with them; what benefits they confer beyond the region of commerce; what contests they wage with the world's iniquities; and how generally they are healing the sores of the nations. It is true that they are dispersed throughout the earth as no other race is or ever has been. But it is not true that they are

the missionaries of mercy, charity, and redemption. It is true that they have suffered at the hands of their fellow-men the most fearful wrongs; but not true that they have endured these wrongs as a vast and general expiatory sacrifice for the race, meek, and uncomplaining, and self-sacrificing victims for the world's redemption. Their national calamities are a poor substitute for the one Redeemer whom they would displace.

Others again still more boldly grapple with the great difficulty, and assert that Judaism is punished for its own sins, and kept waiting for the Messiah, who will in due time appear for their redemption, and make all nations their tributaries. They plead that they do no more than protract for a few more centuries a delay that confessedly was appointed by God to last thousands of years. It is only extending a little longer the mystery hid from ages and generations. It is vain to argue with them: they are proof against every argument. If we point to Jesus as the fulfilment of prophecy, they point to His Cross, and ask if that becomes a conquering Messiah. If we point to the manifest accomplishment of prophecies touching the universal reign of Christ, they ask if any Christian age has really furnished a scene at all worthy of the glowing descriptions of Isaiah and the other prophets. And their thought is that one hour of the true Messiah will cause a thousand years of the triumphs of the False One to be forgotten. There is nothing in history to match the daring and desperate faith of Judaism—punished for the rejection of the Messiah—in His yet future and first coming.

But, alas, there are lastly only too many who do not show this faith. They are sinking, or have sunk, into an infidelity which has lost all hope and all thought of redemption whether from God or from man. But of them we would not now speak. Our business is to do our duty, and copy the example of the first and greatest human missionary to Jews and Gentiles, in the full assurance that the set time is coming for a great change in the sentiments of Israel. This remarkable history leaves upon us a deep impression of the amazing field that outspreads before the Gospel in the world-wide diffusion of the Jewish race. We cannot lay it down without thinking what a wonderful appendix will hereafter have to be written by historians who will in distant ages continue this history of the Jewish People.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

MACNAUGHT'S CŒNA DOMINI.

Cœna Domini; an Essay on the Lord's Supper, its Primitive Institution, Apostolic Uses, and Subsequent History. By the Rev. John Macnaught, M.A., Ex-Incumbent of St. Chrysostom's, Liverpool, &c. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

THIS is a powerful attack, with the weapon of Holy Scripture, upon the Romish and Ritualistic perversion of the Lord's Supper. The doctrine of that Sacrament, as contained in the New Testament, is carefully and exhaustively examined in relation to the mediæval dogma of the objective presence. The treatment of leading texts is marked by a logical exegesis which leaves his hieratic opponents no room for escape, and withal a candour which must prepare the way for conviction. Throughout this able treatise the Protestant, Evangelical ring reverberates. Perhaps some sympathising readers may not go fully with our author in minor points, such, for instance, as the lay presidency at the Lord's Table, or the identity of that Supper with the ordinary meals of the early Christians. The volume is, nevertheless, a rich treasury of things new and old in defence of Gospel truth as against the persistent attempts now being made to turn Christendom back to the miserable errors of the dark ages. The book is as opportune as it is sound, in an age when no effort is spared to intermix the streams of Christian truth with turbid sacerdotalism. Mr. Macnaught does not at the outset formally state his theses, as we should have preferred; but they soon become unmistakable, and are consistently maintained to the close of the essay.

The work is divided into three books. The first consists of a chapter on the Institution, and another on the Apostolic Uses of the Lord's Supper. This part of the work takes the form of brief but invaluable notes and comments on the various points raised in the discussion of eucharistic doctrine. Here it is clearly shown that the hieratic dogma overlooks the obviously meta-

phorical character of the words, "This is My body," and "This is My blood;" that it involves a tremendous and incongruous miracle, constantly repeated; that it is contrary to reason, to common sense, and to due reverence for the ceremony, and for our Lord; that after the alleged miraculous change at the institution the contents of the cup are called the "fruit of the vine;" that the Romish dogma conflicts with the intention that Christ should be apprehended by the *faith*, and not the sight of the communicant; that the design is "for a remembrance," and not for bodily vision and appropriation; that it regards the bloodshedding and sacrifice as continually repeated, whereas in point of fact it was offered *once* for all. Not to mention other weighty considerations, we observe that Mr. Macnaught lays great stress on a comparison of the words recorded by the Evangelists, and those employed by Paul in the eleventh chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians. Since no two Evangelists report precisely the same words of the institution, our author understands that "each of the three histories omits one of the repeated utterances, and (we) are shown an instance of evangelic condensation of our Saviour's words;" and that the words of Paul, "This cup is the new covenant in My blood," are "the most exact" and "earliest record of the Saviour's words," and so are to be received as "the most authentic exposition of the briefer form, 'This is My blood,' and as throwing light on the parallel expression, 'This is My body.' If 'This is My blood' was the abridged form of 'This is the new covenant in My blood,' we can hardly fail to believe that 'This is My body' was a similarly abridged form of 'This Bread is the new covenant in My body,' and these formularies, as we have seen, teach a spiritual lesson without giving occasion, or, indeed, leaving room for any doctrine of transubstantiation or objective change in the elements of bread and wine" (p. 83). Referring to the longer form, there is much force in the remark that "It is inconceivable that if Jesus said, 'This is My blood,' and was understood to mean, 'This wine is objectively changed, and has become materially or objectively My blood,' the recorders of such words of transformation should have altered them and toned them down into so beautiful, and natural, and non-miraculous an utterance as 'This cup is the new covenant in My blood'" (p. 45). We concur in the observation of Mr. Macnaught, that Romanism has set up a kind of confession of sin, and placed it in associations of which the Scriptures know nothing. That of the Scriptures is to God, or to the offended party, or in general terms, "But even this kind and measure of voluntary and friendly confession is not brought into connection, by the Apostles, with the Supper of the Lord, so far are they from the mediæval and modern practice of auricular and sacramental confession" (p. 87).

It is only by ignorance or disregard of such arguments as are

contained in this book that people of ordinary understanding can be induced to hold to the contrary views. If this volume might have the attention it deserves among all sacerdotal classes, it would do much to undeceive the deluded, and to bring down the hollow fabric of superstition. Evangelical truth has no need to fear the light. All fair scrutiny is in its favour; and we should be well content if the tenets of priestly assumption might be freely and fully compared with it in the impartial light of Revelation. But probably the priests will take care of this in their own interest. None know better than they that, if their teaching is to maintain its hold on the minds of their people, it must be constantly reiterated, and the reasons against it must be kept out of view. On this principle of always and exclusively repeating the same thing no heresy is too absurd to be received for Divine truth. To this process the arrogant pretensions of Ritualism owe much in the past, and must rely on it in the future. We have little hope, therefore, that this excellent work will find readers among those who most need it; but it may do most useful service among the thousands of Protestants who stand in need of immediate warning against the insidious oppositions constantly made to the simplicity of the Gospel.

The second book deals with post-apostolic uses of the Lord's Supper. Passing from the authoritative Word, the fancy of the author now and then ingeniously supplies what may have taken place, but not so as to rest any grave conclusion thereupon. Augustine endeavoured to keep the people from confounding the sign in the Supper with the thing signified; but that was difficult when already it had become customary to call the bread the flesh of Christ, and the wine His blood. Others raised the voice of warning or protest against materialistic tendencies, implying that such tendencies did exist. Indeed, it must be admitted that from an early date, say of Justin Martyr (A.D. 150), or, perhaps, even of Ignatius, in the previous century, the teachings of some began to veer in the direction of high sacramentalism. By the time of Cyprian (A.D. 250) the Lord's Supper came to be regarded as an *imitation*, though not yet as a *repetition*, of the sacrifice of Christ, and the officiating minister came to be thought of as a priest. The elements began to be thought of as in some sort identical with the body and blood of Christ; and the interpretation of "This is My body" and "This is My blood" was gradually hardening into a literalistic sense. By the tenth century the fourth Lateran Council had placed Rome's sanction on the dogma of transubstantiation. Despite the resistance of such opponents as Bertram and Berengar, the dogma was so much in harmony with the principles and aims of the dominant Church, that the mediæval centuries witnessed the setting up of the complete "Mass," with its kindred absurdities, consistent enough with each

other, but all at variance with Scripture and reason.* The Table became an altar; the bread and wine became the body of Christ; the memorial a repetition of the Lord's sacrifice; the celebrant a priest with priestly robes and functions; the preparatory self-examination gave place to auricular confession and priestly absolution; the simple consecration grew into a miracle; the wine, after being transubstantiated, became too sacred to be entrusted into the hands of the laity; masses for the dead and "*Ave Marias*" were introduced; the officiating brother was exalted into the place of God; and ghostly terror became a rod in his hand by which he swayed the deeds of individuals, and even the sceptres of kings, into subserviency to his hieratic arrogance. The Romish position is embodied in the *Salisbury Mass* or *Sarum Missal* of the early part of the sixteenth century, in which some of the most fitting words of devotion are combined with most of those anti-Christian features which men calling themselves "priests" are diligently seeking to foist into the service of the English Church, in defiance of its Protestant base and constitution, of laws, articles of belief, ordination vows, and public opinion.

Whatever Luther's success in freeing himself from Romish errors in other subjects, he retained far too much of the old leaven in respect of the real presence. His theory of consubstantiation falls to pieces under the objections which demolish the older notion of transubstantiation. But for one or two sentences, it might be inferred that our author adhered to the Zwinglian view, which, while correctly making the bread and wine the *signs* of the body and blood of Christ, lost sight of the rite as a *seal* or pledge of covenant blessings. Probably, however, Mr. Macnaught's position is more in unison with that of Calvin, who regarded the sacrament as both a sign and seal. The all but entire absence of the latter idea from the treatise may be due to the fact that the author's main object was to set forth the symbolical aspect, in refutation of the contention for an objective change of the elements into the very body of our Lord.

The third book—which occupies about half the volume—treats of "the Lord's Supper in the Reformed Church of England," and shows that, downward from the time of Edward VI., "the tendency of English law and of the English Liturgy is altogether in the opposite direction (of the mediæval Mass-book), and aims at carrying us back—without unnecessarily deviating from the customs of any portions of the Universal or Catholic Church—into nearer and closer conformity with the best and purest antiquity—that, namely, of the Apostolic Church, in all its sim-

* *Mass* or *missal*, probably derived from an ancient form of dismissing, "*Ite, missa est*," "Go, you are dismissed." Therefore it was not by the derivation of the word, but by the mediæval usage, that the *mass* came to denote what it now represents.

plicity, and in all its freedom from minute rites and complicated ceremonies" (p. 428). Considering how often the Liturgy of the Established Church has been revised and modified since the period of the Reformation, and from what various sources its phrases have been derived; considering also the remnants of Romanism which remained in the Reformed English Church; we cannot greatly wonder that some expressions remain which, to say the least, are open to serious question. But, on the whole, a fair interpretation of the Communion Service is decidedly Protestant, and that form must be sadly perverted before it can be made to represent the mind of those who are making it their mission to undo the glorious Reformation. The volume before us has placed the cause of Protestant Evangelical truth under considerable obligation, by proving that Ritualism is antagonistic, not only to the English Book of Common Prayer, taken as a whole, and to the genius of the English Reformation, but still more distinctly to the supreme standard of Christian truth, as contained in the Word of God. In a work dealing so largely with the history of the Lord's Supper it might have been expected that some notice would be taken of the course of belief and practice in other churches, for example, the Greek and Lutheran; but we presume the author deemed the Apostolic, Patristic, Latin, and English Churches enough for his purpose. The result is a worthy addition to our great body of Protestant theological literature.

D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation in the Time of Calvin. Vol. VIII.

History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin. By the Rev. J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Vol. VIII.: Spain, England, and Germany. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1878.

With this volume a noble work—the task of a noble life—reaches its completion. The young student (D'Aubigné) happened to be present at Eisenach in 1817, when the third centenary of the Reformation was being celebrated under the shadow of the Wartburg. Just as the Coliseum suggested to Gibbon the subject of his masterpiece, so the scene of Luther's friendly imprisonment suggested to the young student the thought of writing the story of the Reformation. On other grounds the comparison is not inappropriate. The Fall of Rome has not had a more potent influence on the destinies of mankind than the Reformation. The resolve was the inspiration of a moment. Its execution took more than fifty laborious years. It was more than eighteen years before the first volume appeared. This is enough to evince the immense pains and research expended in the collection and sifting of ma-

terials, most of which were drawn from unpublished documents, or from works not accessible to general readers. As the result, the world has a work which it will never let die, a picture of the Reformation such as it never had before. There is still scope for minute, detailed studies of separate periods, individuals, and movements. From the mere fact that his view embraced the whole field, all that D'Aubigné could give were brief, vivid sketches. But he does this with a master's eye and hand, seizing, as by instinct, the salient points, and grouping them with artistic effect. Of the charm of the author's style we need say little. Beyond most others, D'Aubigné combined the style of a master of romance with the more solid merits of the historian. But, despite all allegations to the contrary, the romance is only in the style. The facts are beyond all dispute, and verified by incontestable evidence. Author and subject are also in perfect sympathy. Each is worthy of the other. Next to the advent of Christianity, no nobler subject, none involving greater issues, or calling forth higher qualities, can be thought of. And Dr. D'Aubigné seemed born for the very purpose of dealing with it. His task was scarcely, indeed, completed. One or two chapters remained to be added, requiring two or three more years of life, which were denied. But we must be thankful that so mighty a task is so nearly finished. The work closes with the death of Luther, the account of which is evidently a mere outline, reminding us of the last pages of Macaulay's history. But, perhaps, it is best that the scene should be left without embellishment. The bare, simple narrative is in keeping with the bare, rugged grandeur of Luther's character. The only fault we have to find is that the work is published in a form which places it beyond the reach of ordinary readers. Such a story should be universally known in these days of superstitious reaction. It will be a pity if this work is not as popular and widely known as the previous History of the Reformation in the sixteenth century. But we trust the republication in a cheap form is only a question of time. Meanwhile the numerous public libraries may serve to get the work into general circulation.

As compared with the former work, the present one is inevitably marked by less unity of subject. There the events grouped themselves naturally round the one central figure of Luther; the Reformation was more or less circumscribed in extent. Now all Europe has been brought within the sweep of the movement, and Calvin divides with Luther the leadership of thought.

The period described in this present volume is the one closing with Luther's death. Spain, England, and Germany are passed under review. The story of the way in which the Reformation in Spain was crushed out by the Inquisition is full of melancholy pathos. The union of Spain and the Netherlands under one crown and the very busy intercourse between the two which

followed in consequence, were the means of bringing the light into Spain. Rome has good reason for not disavowing the Inquisition. But for the Inquisition there is every likelihood that the Reformation would have triumphed in Spain. There, as in France, and Italy, and Austria, it was crushed out by physical force. Reformers sprang up in all kinds of places—at court, in the universities, in cathedrals, in busy cities, among nobles, preachers, commoners. While the first impulse came from abroad, the movement was thoroughly Spanish in tone and colour. The same phenomena emerged as in Germany and elsewhere. But physical force stepped in and ruthlessly extinguished the springing life. No pity was shewn. The motto of Rome was "Thorough." And Spain was driven back to centuries of despotism, darkness, and political insignificance. By such means was the boasted Catholic unity of Spain preserved.

One of the most interesting of many interesting figures is that of Rodrigo de Valerio, an Andalusian noble, who was converted from a life of selfish gaiety to one of earnest Christian zeal. His conversion was the result of studying a Latin Bible. It was not from Luther's writings that he was led to embrace and preach Luther's doctrines. "He had derived them directly from the Holy Scriptures. Those sacred books which, according to some, are the source of various doctrines, then produced in every country of Christendom the same faith and the same life." But Valerio was even more useful indirectly. He was the means of converting John Egidius, a celebrated preacher at the Seville Cathedral. Egidius was a man of high gifts, natural and acquired, and especially well versed in the doctrines and arts of the schoolmen. He now devoted his great powers to the simple preaching of the Gospel. Two old fellow-students — Ponce de la Fuente and Vargas—followed in his steps. But these fair prospects were suddenly overcast. De la Fuente had to go to Germany as chaplain to Philip; Vargas died; Valerio was thrown into prison, where he died; and Egidius was left alone.

San Romano's is a tragic story. A merchant, converted at Bremen in 1540 under the preaching of Jacob Sprung, he was carried away by the ardour of his new faith and love. Nothing seemed impossible to him. If the Emperor were converted, all Spain would follow. He even had personal interviews with the Emperor, whom it suited at that time to be indulgent to the Reformation. But Charles was only playing with his victim. He soon abandoned him to the cruel fangs of the Inquisition, which burnt him at Valladolid in 1542. He was only one of hundreds whom Spain added to the noble army of martyrs.

The three brothers, James, Francis, and John Espinas, were devoted Reformers. The first and eldest died under the Inquisition at Rome. Francis carried through a Spanish New Testa-

ment, for which he sought the Emperor's sanction. What Charles might have done we know not. Charles's confessor would not hear of it. Rome has just as good reason for distrusting the Scriptures as for glorying in the Inquisition. Somehow the bare reading of the Scriptures suggests doubts as to her claims. We cannot think that these, and others whom we have not named, have lived and suffered in vain. Francis's translation of the New Testament has been the harbinger of others. The victory, indeed, of the Papacy seemed complete. With the martyrs every hope seemed to die. The night has been long and dark. But the day of redemption is only delayed. When it dawns, it will be seen that these obscure martyrs have not died in vain.

The English Bible.

Our English Bible; its Translations and Translators. By John Stoughton, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

The History of the English Bible. By the Rev. W. F. Moulton, M.A., D.D. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

These two volumes present many points of resemblance. Both tell the same story; the substance of both appeared previously in other forms; both are meant for popular use; but, at the same time, they are marked by such considerable differences that neither is superfluous; they may rather be described as supplementary the one to the other. Speaking generally, Dr. Stoughton deals with the external history of English versions—the personality of the translators, the scenes of their labour, their difficulties and sufferings. Dr. Moulton, on the other hand, treats mainly of the internal character of the translations, their mutual relations and distinctive features. He indulges in the least possible amount of comment. He is occupied mostly in analysis, and gives us, in admirably condensed outline, the results of previous explorers and of his own research. The minuteness and accuracy of detail are only what every one would expect. Dr. Stoughton is the master, not merely of a graceful style, but of that faculty of historical imagination which invests past scenes with all the life and colour of the present. Puritan in name and faith, he has none of the stern iconoclasm generally attributed to the Puritan race. He has an open eye and ear for all that is beautiful, stately, and venerable. He "pictures" for us Wycliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, and other worthies; and he never wrote with more ease and freshness, with more hearty glow and sympathy, than in the present volume. We should add, that the getting up of the work is in excellent keeping with the contents. In Dr. Moulton's and Dr. Stoughton's works together the general public have as good an

account as could be desired of the history of English Bible translation from the days of Bede to the days of the Revisers now sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber.

The appearance of two such works simultaneously is, we trust, an index of the interest which the English people will never cease to take in all that concerns a movement to which they owe so much. Not much light can now be expected on the obscure points of the history. Many passages of Tyndale's life remain as dark as ever. The question of the identity of "Thomas Matthew" is still left unsettled. But we cannot too often be reminded of our obligations to those through whose labours the English version reached its final form, and the story of their lives has for us an undying charm. The figure of Tyndale working through weary years in concealment and exile at his one grand task, without encouragement or help, hunted, betrayed, martyred, his work only known by its results, is one of the grandest in all history; it is significant of the part he took that Dr. Moulton devotes three chapters to the account of his work. Dr. Stoughton says: "Tyndale was eminently a great man—great in mind, and heart, and enterprise. His intellectual endowments were of an order to render him a match in controversy with no less a personage than the illustrious Sir Thomas More. . . . . The qualities of his heart were as remarkable as those of his head. He combined a calm and steady heroism with a child-like simplicity. No man was ever more free from duplicity, more full of meekness, and, at the same time, more elevated in soul by a manly courage. Ever, 'as in his great Taskmaster's eye,' he pursued his labours in obscurity and exile, reaping no earthly benefit whatever, looking for no reward but the smile of his heavenly Father." As to the price at which our English Bible was secured for us, Canon Westcott says: "Tyndale, who gave us our first New Testament from the Greek, was strangled for his work at Vilvorde; Coverdale, who gave us our first printed Bible, narrowly escaped the stake by exile; Rogers, to whom we owe the newly-formed basis of our present version, was the first victim of the Marian persecution; Cranmer, who has left us our Psalter, was at last blessed with a death of triumphant agony."

Thomas Cromwell is one of the fiercely-disputed characters of history. We are not about to defend him, but the last word has not been said on the subject. Dr. Stoughton uses strong language: "Unprincipled conduct, reckless obstinacy, nefarious deeds." If face is any index to character, the portrait given on page 121 is far from bearing out this description; and a still greater difficulty is the consistent encouragement he gave to the work of Bible translation. He was Coverdale's steadfast friend and patron. The Great Bible, often called Cranmer's, might with more justice be called Cromwell's. How is this to be reconciled with the

theory that his character was one of unredeemed wickedness? Hypocrisy is the universal solvent. But ambitious men are only hypocrites for a purpose. Where and what is the purpose in this case? It was not to gain Henry's favour. Henry was no friend to Bible translation. What he did was always done under pressure. It was not to gain the support of the Reformers, for they—a weak, proscribed party—had no support to give. And by taking the course he did Cromwell mortally offended the really powerful party, which at last compassed his ruin.

We quite agree with what Dr. Stoughton says of the Dedication and Preface to the Authorised Version: "The dedication to King James is, in its way, somewhat of a literary curiosity; but it is unworthy of the prominent place it retains in our Bible, especially as the introduction—quite of another character—is frequently omitted." While one teems with "fulsome adulation," the other "is a most valuable composition, abounding with much that is quaint and characteristic, and also containing a great deal of useful information, blended with pious sentiment. It is to be regretted that, while the dedication appears in all the editions, the address to the reader is inserted in very few. It would be a good alteration entirely to cancel the former, and universally introduce the latter." Dr. Moulton says: "A reprint of the Preface (price *one penny*) is issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

Dr. Moulton also mentions a private version begun by Sir John Cheke, Henry's Professor of Greek at Cambridge, but carried no further than the first chapter of Mark. Its chief feature was the effort "to express all ideas by means of home-born words." Apostle is *frosent*, regeneration *gainbirth*, lunatic *mood*, the natural man is *soulisch*, the magi *wisards*, and so on.

Denison's Notes of My Life.

Notes of My Life, 1805—1878. By George Anthony Denison, Vicar of East Brent and Archdeacon of Taunton. London: James Parker and Co. 1878.

At seventy-two Archdeacon Denison is as belligerent as ever. He makes an autobiography the occasion for fighting his old battles over again. And how many they are! That on the Education question, the dogma of the Real Presence, the Hampden and Temple appointments, Essays and Reviews, Bishop Colenso, and the rest. To men of the Archdeacon's militant temperament, the chief use of every doctrine is to fight about it. It is fortunate that his lot has been cast in such mixed, troublous times. If bishops had been faithful, and ecclesiastical courts fair and competent, what would he have done? We can only suppose that his invincible love of conflict would have sought employment in

more secular spheres. As he himself confesses over and over again, his ceaseless contests have been crowned with no great amount of success. On the Education question he was hopelessly beaten; betrayed, as he says, by professed friends. In the trial respecting the Sacramental dogma he only escaped condemnation by a technical flaw. The Archdeacon quotes with evident gratification the reception given him by the whole parish on his return after his acquittal. As an evidence of personal attachment, this is, no doubt, interesting; but we fail to see the value of a public demonstration by Somersetshire villagers on the doctrine in question. For some time past Archdeacon Denison has withdrawn in disgust and despair from public life. He is weary of Convocation and Congress. Whatever may be the effect to the Archdeacon, we are sure that Convocations and Congresses will lose considerably in pugnacity and liveliness.

The standpoint from which the Archdeacon reviews his life is as clear as noonday. His style is, as a rule, too vigorous and trenchant to leave us in doubt; it is that of an "old Tory." Since 1688 the country has been steadily going to anarchy and atheism. Everything done since that time, as well, we suppose, as the Revolution itself, has been a blunder. For parallels to the ignoble surrender of modern governments since 1840 to secularism in education, the writer has to go back to the persecuting Antiochus Epiphanes and the apostate Emperor Julian. Compromise, expediency is his abhorrence. On every question his motto is, No surrender. For modern Conservatives he has only less contempt than for Whigs. "I was and am a Tory. Forty-five years ago I was fool enough for six months to be a Liberal: I thank Heaven I never was a Conservative. A Conservative is a Catholico-phobist; he is more, he is a Panto-phobist; he keeps what is trusted to him till he is asked to give it up; then he gives it up as suits the political and party position." "As for Conservatives and Liberals, it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; if, indeed, the Liberal be not the less dangerous of the two." Yet this "old Tory" is member of a society for separating Church and State; but this, of course, is on Ritualistic grounds.

One feature which strikes us in the present work is the writer's absolute assurance on every subject he handles. To that consciousness of the possibility of mistake which tempers the spirit and language of others he is an utter stranger. We fail to see how the gift of personal infallibility could increase the certainty with which he speaks; and this, notwithstanding the admission that on one important subject, that of extreme ritual, his views have undergone a great change, and that on another (p. 288) his practice has been inconsistent with his opinions. This would teach others modesty and diffidence; but the Archdeacon is a law unto himself. Old age has brought with it no access of

charity, no softening of heart towards opponents. The great Augustine, in his later years, wrote a book of *Retractations*, to modify and withdraw some of his earlier views. The Archdeacon writes his *Notes* to prove that in every quarrel he has been right, and his opponents wrong. How a book of this kind—so full of condemnatory judgments of others—can be reconciled with Matt. vii. 1 we do not know. It is quite true that at the end the writer explains that he is condemning systems, not men; but this is plainly an afterthought. The style and contents of everything which has gone before would suggest a different conclusion. Like all men of his class, Archdeacon Denison is a good lover and a good hater. His friends are all the excellent of the earth, his opponents the contrary. Thus, in one place he tells us how, in his despair, he turned his eyes away "from the home Episcopate to that great man—the greatest man by far I have lived to know—the wisest, the humblest, the most faithful, the most truly gentle—Robert Gray, Bishop of Capetown," whom the world only knows as an extremely narrow ecclesiastic. On the other hand, the Archdeacon is extremely anxious that the world should know that it was he who turned Mr. Gladstone out of his seat for Oxford. Twice he tells the story. He arrived at a meeting held on the subject just as a resolution was being put, "In the event of Mr. Gladstone retiring, &c." In his anger he wrote an amendment, which was carried: "That it is the opinion of this meeting that the return of Mr. Gladstone for the University of Oxford is to be opposed." "I have always believed—and I think all men who know the facts of the case, and whose judgment is worth having, believe the same—that if I had come into the room three minutes later, Mr. Gladstone would have been Member for the University now." He acknowledges great "personal kindness" from Mr. Gladstone. There could scarcely be a finer tribute to Mr. Gladstone's magnanimity. The magnanimity on the other side we have failed to discover.

There are many digressions and repetitions in the work, and some obscure passages, not at all in the Archdeacon's usual style, as hard to construe as a sentence in Thucydides. Thus, we have a long, rambling lamentation over the decay of Greek and Latin, which runs out into a denunciation of competitive examinations and modern methods of "instruction" as distinguished from "education." The Archdeacon's way is to set up a caricature of anything or anybody he dislikes, and then pour on this fiction of his own the invectives of which he is such a master. Thus he identifies competitive examinations with *cram*, their abuse. But, curiously enough, after he has denounced modern systems to the top of his bent, it turns out that his condemnation applies just as much to the course pursued at Eton sixty years ago, in his own youth, long before the days of "cram."

It seems to us that on nearly every subject the Archdeacon took the wrong side. For example, on the Education question his contention is, as we understand it, that the "priest" is to be absolute master and judge in the school, no matter how narrow or bigoted or intolerant he may be. The sole function of the Government is to find money. Control it is to have none. For this the Archdeacon fought; from this he would not move an inch. We are sorry to say that what advance there has been in his opinions has been in the wrong direction; he is now in theory an extreme Ritualist. Rightly enough he contends that high ritual is the logical sequence and necessary expression of high doctrine. For one, as well as the other, he is willing to fight or suffer. Where all this leads we know. The slightest development further would land the Archdeacon in Rome. Notwithstanding our essential disagreements, we do not wish that the book had not been written. To those who can separate fact from opinion it may prove useful as a record of contemporary Church history. To many the good stories, which the writer tells with such zest, will atone for all faults. We are sorry that we have no space to quote any of these.

Works on the Evidences.

Can we Believe in Miracles? By George Warrington, Caius College, Cambridge. London: Christian Evidence Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The Argument from Prophecy. By the Rev. Brownlow Maitland, M.A. London: Christian Evidence Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Moral Difficulties connected with the Bible. By J. A. Hessey, D.C.L. London: Christian Evidence Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The Christian Knowledge Society is rendering excellent service in publishing the series of which the above volumes form part. Thoroughly well done, moderate in tone, clear and compendious, cheap in price, they are just the books which one can put into the hands of those who have no time or inclination for larger and more elaborate works. Mr. Warrington's manual is really a beautiful specimen of close, connected reasoning, and, merely as a mental discipline, would be of no slight value to any youthful student. After showing in the Introduction that miracles belong to the very texture of the Bible, and that they cannot be expunged without destroying the entire fabric, he considers them under the

three Scriptural aspects of *marvels*, *mighty works*, and *signs*. These divisions represent not different orders of miracles, but different aspects of the same miracles. The first indicates the impression they make, the second the power from which they originate, the third the purpose for which they are worked. The three ideas are also mutually complementary. Objections which would lie against miracles viewed under one aspect merely disappear when the others are brought into view. Thus, miraculous marvels might appear incredible if severed from the power alleged as their cause; and we only understand their full meaning when the moral purpose which they serve is considered. Under the first head the author discusses objections to miracles simply as new, strange phenomena, and shows that here they stand on the same level with new facts of observation and science. Under the same head Hume's objection is examined in a clear, searching way. The second aspect of miracles naturally suggests the Deistic and Atheistic objections, which are examined at considerable length. The third part is marked by the same fairness of spirit and acuteness of argument. The author adduces several ingenious parallels to miracles in the domain of natural science, which we do not remember to have seen noticed before. No facts are better ascertained than the extremely inflammable nature of phosphorus, the impossibility of oxygen combining with silver, and the expansion of bodies under the influence of heat; yet there can be no doubt that instances occur in which phosphorus ignites with difficulty, and oxygen does combine with silver, while between 32 deg. and 40 deg. water contracts instead of expanding. "The phenomenon is simply inexplicable. What, then, do we conclude? That the law of heat in question is not a rigid, inexorable law; that whereas in other cases its tendency is to cause expansion, in this case it tends precisely the opposite way? This is impossible; for then what would become of the uniformity of natural law? Shall we, then, suppose that the matter of water has peculiar properties, which cause it to be acted upon by heat differently to all other matter? This also cannot well be, for water at all other temperatures is acted on by heat precisely as other matter is; whereas if its matter were differently related to heat, this difference ought to appear equally at all temperatures. One only alternative remains. We must assume that there is some force antagonistic to expansion present in water at 32 deg., which comes increasingly into action as the temperature rises, and overpowers the influence which the heat naturally has upon the water, but which force is exhausted when the temperature reaches 40 deg.; after which the heat and the water have it all their own way." Thus even science cannot do without assumptions.

Mr. Maitland deals with the other great branch of Christian evidence in a very eloquent and convincing way. The same

change has taken place with respect to prophecy as with respect to miracles. Once regarded as a main bulwark of Christianity, prophecy has come to be looked upon in some quarters as more a source of weakness. Both extremes are equally wrong. If too much stress was formerly laid on this branch of proof, it cannot be right to discard it altogether. Mr. Maitland seems to us to pursue a wise course. Instead of dwelling upon minute details, such as the works of Newton and Keith have made us familiar with, he discusses merely the large, general outlines of prophetic evidence. The former are useful chiefly for one who is already a believer, and are less fitted to carry conviction to a sceptic. In a mass of details involving a great number of names and dates there is room for endless argument and objection. This is not the case with the main points of Scripture prophecy. At first we feared that the author was making too many concessions, and that his argument would be too vague and general to be effective; but it is not so. He has only retreated a step to gain impetus for a heavier blow. The picture he draws is very clear and impressive. The three points round which his reasoning revolves are the prophecies of a universal religion, a personal Messiah in whom good is to triumph over evil, and a spiritual religion. Both prophecy and fulfilment on these subjects are ably contrasted. The most modern theory, that Judaism and Christianity were nothing more than natural developments, is briefly but sufficiently refuted. "Foiled in that endeavour to elude the pressure of the facts which point to a supernatural element in ancient prophecy, will the sceptic now turn to the other element of the case, and urge that Christianity was just such a scheme as might have been evolved out of the supposed prophetical forecasts, by the brooding over them of speculative and enthusiastic minds, which discerned in their outlines a basis for the construction of an ideal religion; and that this is the most credible explanation of the rise out of Judaism of a system of belief, which corresponded in the main with the hints of prophecy, and might easily be taken for a Divinely-ordered realisation or fulfilment of them? Again we must reply, Surely not! Christianity was far more than an artificial scheme, ingeniously fitted to pre-existing ideas by minds of a speculative cast. It was a grand outburst of spiritual light and heat, pouring its creative energies into all the departments of human activity, and filling the ages with its rich and varied products. Besides, even if the broad facts of the case would allow us to wrench Christianity away from its historical basis and development, and sublime it into a mere speculative or theosophic system of thought, like religions that are purely subjective and theoretical, still this difficulty would remain insoluble, that it is very far indeed from being such a system of doctrine as would naturally have suggested itself to Jewish minds as the fulfilment

of Hebrew prophecy. It was too spiritual, too comprehensive, too unearthly, too contradictory of the desires and hopes of the contemporary Judaism, to permit us for a moment to conceive of it as hatched in Jewish brains, to simulate a fulfilment of the promises made of old to the fathers of Israel.

Dr. Hessey's volume forms the Boyle Lecture for 1871, and, along with another volume forming the Boyle Lecture for 1872, discusses such questions as, Are all the acts of persons specially commissioned by God to be defended as good? Does a general approval of persons imply approval of everything done by them?

Stuart's Brownlow North.

Brownlow North, B.A., Oxon., Records and Recollections. By the Rev. Kenneth Moody Stuart, M.A., Moffat. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1878.

Brownlow North's name is so closely associated with Scotland that many will be surprised to learn that he was the son of a Hampshire clergyman, grandson of an English bishop, grand-nephew of the celebrated Lord North, a pupil at Eton, and for a long time heir-presumptive to the earldom of Guildford. He removed to Scotland in early manhood, and there ran, in the first instance, a course of conspicuous wickedness, and then just as conspicuous a course of Christian evangelism. Few more remarkable conversions than his have taken place within the present century. Up to his forty-fifth year he was exceptionally reckless in conduct. In the neighbourhood of his residence he was known far and wide as a proverb of avowed wickedness. But he had a good mother, who never ceased to hope and pray. And whatever other instrumentality may have been used, his conversion must be chiefly traced to a mother's godly influence and example. The memory of this he never lost in his farthest wanderings. Before the final, decisive change there was a temporary one, during which he studied at Oxford with the design of taking orders in the English Church. But the Bishop heard of his previous excesses, and asked him directly, "If you were in my position, and I in yours, would you ordain me?" He said at once, "I would not." In truth, the change was more apparent than solid, and he soon relapsed into his old ways. Again he was alarmed, and this time effectually. Just at a time when he was suffering many inward compunctions, he had a sudden sensation of illness, and thought death was near. He began to pray and read the Scripture, and never again turned back. His spiritual distress lasted many months, and was almost overwhelming. Through agony of body and soul he entered in at the strait gate. He took the kingdom of heaven by force. If there was no absolute necessity

for such a lengthened struggle, there was wisdom in it. It must have cost enormous suffering to renounce habits so deeply engrained and long practised. His faith acquired such confidence and tenacity that it never afterwards wavered. The fears and doubts of a life were concentrated into those few months.

Mr. North did not leap at one bound from the dust of penitence into the pulpit. He felt his way through tract distribution and cottage addresses to his career as a public evangelist. It was no light cross for one so well known as he was to face the suspicions and reproaches of the world, but he never flinched from doing so. His one desire was to undo as far as possible the mischief he had done, and he succeeded to a very large extent. He went with his new character and new message to the very places which had been the scenes of his evil life, and to the individuals who had suffered through his influences. It is impossible for us to follow him in his wide career of usefulness through Scotland, and to a less extent in other parts of the kingdom. His special work was that of an evangelist. As such he was formally recognised by a solemn vote of the Free Church Assembly. His mission was like that of the Baptist, to awaken and convince of sin. This he did by his intense earnestness and reality. He took the common truths of the Gospel and brought them home to the conscience, like fresh revelations from heaven. Mr. North confined himself strictly to his evangelistic work, leaving the garnering of the fruit to others. We also infer from the biography that he did not grow in power, owing to the fact that he repeated the same addresses in substance to the end of life.

The biography is written with great care and ability, but almost at too great length. It would be improved by some compression. We scarcely think that it was necessary to give at full length the speeches in the Assembly on Mr. North's recognition as an evangelist, or even to give so full an account of the articles of his creed. The specimens of his correspondence with persons under religious conviction are very interesting. The portrait is full-length and well done.

II. MISCELLANEOUS.

English Men of Letters: Johnson, Gibbon, Scott, Shelley.

English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. "Johnson." By Leslie Stephen. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. "Gibbon." By James Cotter Morison, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. "Scott," by R. H. Hutton. Fourth Thousand. "Shelley," by J. A. Symonds. London: Macmillan and Co.

Although we might seem to be overdone with serial works of all kinds, historical and scientific, there is ample room for this new series. Brief yet adequate biographies of the classic writers of England, done by accomplished hands, can scarcely fail to win popularity and do great good. The selection of subjects and writers is admirable. The Dean of St. Paul's is to write Spenser's life, Prof. Huxley Hume's, Mr. Froude Bunyan's, Thomas Hughes that of Dickens, Mr. Pattison Milton's, Goldwin Smith Wordsworth's, the Editor Swift's, Principal Shairp that of Burns, and so on; that is, the modern are to commemorate the ancient classics. The work is sure to be done lovingly, and no doubt worthily. Nothing could be better than the way in which Mr. Stephen has discharged his part of the task. Within two hundred pages the central figure—so burly and so genial—of the last century is set before us in its full proportions, nothing omitted, extenuated, or magnified. Johnson's faults and virtues, his roughness and exceeding tenderness, his independence and fearlessness, his readiness and point, all come clearly out. We have, in fact, the essence of Boswell as we never had it before. The volume too is clearly printed.

Mr. Stephen's work is divided into six chapters, which deal with Johnson's early life, literary career, friends, literary dictatorship, closing years, writings in order. Johnson's pension of £300 may be regarded as a misfortune in one respect, as it removed all stimulus to exertion. With the exception of the *Lives of the Poets* (a considerable exception) and *Journey to Scotland*, he produced nothing afterwards. From the date of his pension he gave himself

up to conversation and society, spending his life in going from party to party and club to club. By common consent he was the prince of talkers in a century of talkers. Conversation may now be reckoned among the lost arts in this country. In the last century it attained its zenith. To talk well requires leisure, brooding, prolonged contact of mind with mind, such as this bustling age has not to give. How can men, whose moments are the equivalent of gold, be expected to surrender hours to mere talk? Mr. Stephen says: "Johnson, who had long regarded conversation as the chief amusement, came in later years to regard it as almost the chief employment of life; and he had studied the art with the zeal of a man pursuing a favourite hobby. He had always, as he told Sir Joshua Reynolds, made it a principle to talk on all occasions as well as he could. He had thus obtained a mastery over his weapons which made him one of the most accomplished of conversational gladiators. He had one advantage which has pretty well disappeared from modern society, and the disappearance of which has been destructive to excellence of talk. A good talker, even more than a good orator, implies a good audience. Modern society is too vast and too restless to give a conversationalist a fair chance. For the formation of real proficiency in the art, friends should meet often, sit long, and be thoroughly at ease. The clubs, so characteristic a feature of the last century, encouraged conversation. "A clubbable man" is one of Johnson's many apt phrases.

Generally it is the rough side of Johnson's character that is turned to the world. And it was very rough. He once knocked down his employer for an offensive reproof with a folio Bible, the *Biblia Græca Septuaginta*, and he knocked down hundreds afterwards with his tongue. Many examples are here given. But the depth and intensity of his sympathies was in proportion to his vigour. The rupture with the Thrales nearly broke that great heart. He clung to his friends with passionate fidelity. Besides the friends known to fame—the Burkes, Garricks, Goldsmiths—he had others whose only claim on his heart and pocket was their need and wretchedness. And the stern moralist and haughty castigator of Lord Chesterfield in that famous letter (p. 45) was a very child in the lavishness of his charity. His wife died in 1752. Here is a touching note to Dr. Taylor at the time:—"Dear Sir,—Let me have your company and instruction. Do not live away from me. My distress is great. Pray desire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I should buy for my mother and Miss Porter, and bring a note in writing with you. Remember me in your prayers, for vain is the help of man."

We take one exception. Mr. Stephen says, in allusion to Johnson's fits of religious depression, that "if he had gone through the excitement of a Methodist conversion, he would probably have ended his days in a madhouse." On the contrary, speaking from

life-long familiarity with Methodism, we believe that Methodist teaching and experience would have effectually dispelled the gloom which so often fell on Johnson's mind. Mr. Stephen's knowledge on this subject is evidently derived from Sydney Smith, as impartial an authority as a fanatical Romanist would be on Agnosticism. We assure our readers that this is not to be taken as an illustration of the trustworthiness of Mr. Stephen's literary judgments.

Gibbon's life presents a complete contrast in many respects with that of Johnson. The details forthcoming here are as scanty as in the other case they are abundant. And Gibbon's personality, apart from his one work, is as repulsive as Johnson's is attractive. There is not much to be told, and what there is tends to lower our opinion of the subject. Little is known by general readers of Gibbon's personal life, and after reading Mr. Morison's life we almost wish to return to our former ignorance. With respect to Gibbon's masterpiece there cannot, of course, be two opinions. Its incomparable merits and conspicuous defects are well criticised in the present volume. Upon the latter considerable light is thrown by the narrative of the historian's life. We see how the imperfections of the workman were reproduced in his work. But the former remain inexplicable, except by that unknown quantity—genius. The *Decline*, like its author, is a paradox. How Gibbon acquired the learning and style which place him in line with the world's first historians, is a mystery. His early education was everything that it should not be. Of His university life he says, with no more severity than truth, "To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no such obligation, and she will as readily renounce me for a son, as I am willing to renounce her for a mother." He never indeed overcame the defects of early neglect. As is pointed out here, his knowledge of the Greek language and literature by no means equalled his knowledge of Latin. But with all shortcomings his *Decline* resembles most the monuments of the imperial city whose fortunes it traces, and like them will never cease to draw the wonder and admiration of the world. It is characteristic of his genius for language, that although, when he went to Lausanne, he knew nothing of French, he afterwards became as perfect a master of French as of English. "One might even be inclined to say that his French prose is controlled by a purer taste than his English prose." An interesting specimen is given. It is noted also how his experience as officer in an English militia regiment was of service to him in his chief work, as, in his own stately phraseology, "the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers had not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire."

We ought not to complain that Gibbon, by his long foreign residence, almost ceased to be English in character. Probably the wider cosmopolitan views which he thus gained were more in

harmony with his vast subject. His defects lay deeper in natural temperament, and instead of being corrected, these strengthened with age. The chief defect was the almost complete absence of feeling. The emotional element was all but wanting altogether. Nothing could be more frigid than his comment on his father's death: "I submitted to the order of nature, and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety." After this we wonder that Mr. Morison can say, "He had tenderness, steady and warm attachments, but no passion." The self-complacency—a very different thing from self-respect—of Gibbon also comes out in the remark. This moral cynicism, this lack of moral enthusiasm—a conspicuous feature in the *Decline*—partly explains, though it does not excuse, the changes of his religious opinions, sinking through Roman Catholicism to unbelief. We can indeed understand modern fatalists arguing that a man like Gibbon or Mill is a born unbeliever, that as religion appeals to sensibility and emotion, where these are wanting, religion is out of the question. But religion appeals to other qualities as well. There are believers of different orders and types. Bishop Butler is an example of faith along with a predominantly intellectual temperament. Mr. Morison well points out that Gibbon's conduct in Parliament, where he had a place for a short time, proves that political morality at least was as much a matter of indifference to him as religion. He sold his convictions and vote for a post on the Board of Trade. It was of this Board that Burke said: "This Board, Sir, has had both its original formation and its regeneration in a job. In a job it was conceived, and in a job its mother brought it forth. . . This Board is a sort of temperate bed of influence; a sort of ripening hothouse, where eight members of Parliament receive salaries of a thousand a year for a certain given time, in order to mature at a proper season a claim to two thousand, granted for doing less." Gibbon was one of the eight. He enjoyed the salary none the less for Burke's satire. The biographer says: "Gibbon might well say that he entered Parliament without patriotism and without ambition. The only redeeming feature is the almost cynical frankness with which he openly regards politics from a personal point of view." He died before he was fifty-seven years old. His death was hastened by the grossest imprudence in eating and drinking. We can only regret his death at a time when his powers, in their very prime, might have borne still more splendid fruit.

Lockhart's *Life of Scott* has long ranked as one of our standard biographies. But few of those who have confessed the charm of the great magician, and have longed for a better acquaintance with the charmer, have time or opportunity to go through a biography in ten volumes. What such persons need is well supplied in Mr.

Hutton's brief but effective sketch. The story of Scott's life is told in clear sequence, the selection of characteristic incidents is well made, nor are the shades of the picture forgotten. The only defect we notice is that little light is thrown upon Scott's reading and study respecting the past. No doubt his natural affinity for ancient times amounted to genius. It was easy for him to create antique characters. He lived mentally in the feudal world of tournaments and crusades. A Hindu would have a simple explanation of the phenomenon; he would take Scott as proof demonstrative of metempsychosis. Scott was simply an old Crusader or feudal baron born into modern times; his antique tastes were a survival or reproduction of a former life; his literary tastes the product of the modern world. But we are obliged to be content with a more commonplace theory. Natural predilection is one element, but this could effect nothing without material. The inborn appetite needed to be fed, and no doubt was fed, on the amplest scale. We should have liked more information on this point, but limits of space precluded further enlargement.

Mr. Hutton gives us the genealogical history of one or two prominent characteristics. Scott, it seems, owed his "meikle" mouth to an ancestress called "Meikle-mouthed Meg." A William Scott was taken prisoner during a raid on Sir Gideon Murray's lands, and "given his choice between being hanged on Sir Gideon's private gallows, and marrying the ugliest of Sir Gideon's three ugly daughters, who carried off the prize for ugliness in four counties;" after three days' deliberation, the prisoner preferred the lady to the gallows. This was five generations back. In his Stuart bias, as well as the speculative tendencies which were the cause of his misfortunes, Sir Walter resembled his great-grandfather, who was surnamed Beardie from his refusal to cut his beard after the banishment of the Stuarts, and who once spent £30 (which he had borrowed for the purpose of buying sheep) on a hunter. His own father also was friendly to the Stuart cause. But this sentiment is by no means extinct in Scotland, even in the present day. Intelligent Scotchmen prefer to speak of the Pretender as "the Prince." It was partly the speculative "vice of blood" which led Sir Walter to enter into business partnership with men the least fitted to conduct great transactions. But this was not all. In part, also, it was the desire to combine the gains of author and publisher. Altogether Scott's literary earnings are computed at £140,000; but even this was too little. His earnings were always largely anticipated. Land and trees and building swallowed up large sums. The wonder is that the crash did not come sooner. We quite agree with Mr. Hutton that Scott's battle with adversity revealed the deeper and nobler aspects of his character. Both in act and word he accepted responsibility to the full. Of his partner he writes: "I owe it to him to say, that his difficulties, as well as his advantages, are owing

to me." There are few grander pages in British literature than those which record Scott's herculean efforts to repay the creditors of the defaulting firm. One great novel after another was cast into the gulf. Horace's picture of the "Virum tenacem et propositum" was never more perfectly realised in secular life. In two years he earned and paid £40,000. Within five years he had paid off £63,000, and, with a few more years of life, would, doubtless, have paid off the balance of £54,000. But the overworked brain sank under the strain; the wand broke in the magician's hand; it soon became too apparent to the world and to himself that his work was done; and bravely he accepted his fate. We can only wonder that he did not break down under the burden sooner. The story of the last years of a man not old in years struggling on "with half a brain," is full of pathos, we may almost say of sublimity.

The pressure of necessity developed Scott's faculty of industry to an enormous extent; but manifestations of it were not wanting before. Between 1804 and 1812 he finished *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, wrote *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, part of *The Bridal of Triermain*, part of *Rokeby*, beside Reviews. "He wrote a *Life of Dryden*, and edited his works anew with some care in eighteen volumes; edited *Somers's Collection of Tracts*, in thirteen volumes, quarto; *Sir Ralph Sadler's Life; Letters and State Papers*, in three volumes, quarto; *Miss Seward's Life and Poetical Works; The Secret History of the Court of James I.*, in two volumes; Strutt's *Queen-ho Hall*, in four volumes; and various other single volumes." In twenty-three years he wrote fourteen novels.

Not the least interesting and valuable part of Mr. Hutton's work is found in his criticisms, which are, of course, acute and original. But we have no space for adequate quotation.

If Scott, in many respects, represents the conventional, Shelley represents the defiance of the conventional at all points. His life was one unbroken war against everything established in society—morality, government, religion, apparently for no other reason than that it was established. Whichever side the world, as a whole, took, Shelley took the opposite. He thus reversed the dictum, *orbis terrarum securus judicat*. The enormous self-conceit of such a position is self-evident. But this was the ruling feature of Shelley's life and character, and the source of all his mistakes and misery. Before he was well out of his teens he had rejected all that mankind had always looked on as true and right. At this mature age he expressed for Paley's *Evidences* "the most unbounded contempt" (p. 44). For the moral aspect of Shelley's life and teaching no condemnation can be strong enough. It may be true that he was a creature of impulse, and that his training was none of the wisest. After his expulsion from Oxford he took some lodgings in London, where "he vowed he would stay for ever." He made the same vow about a hundred other places and things. This may be taken

as typical of his whole life. But we never heard that impulse was any excuse for wrong-doing. Principle and law are surely to control impulse and counteract unfortunate training. He went through the forms of marriage, although in his belief such forms were a farce, and marriage itself a crime against human freedom. After basely discarding one wife from mere caprice, it is quite evident from the present brief biography that he was growing tired of his second wife, Mary Godwin. Mr. Symonds simply states several facts about Shelley's household, on which every reader will easily make his own comments. What the verdict would be, not merely according to Christian law, but according to Roman, Greek, Pagan, Mohammedan law, according to everything which has ever been recognised as right in any organised society, there cannot be a question.

We acknowledge to the full the perfection of Shelley's brief lyrics and a few detached passages in his other writings; but the world could easily spare all the rest. The longer pieces are certainly failures in every respect. There are very few to whom they do not seem wearisome and inflated. Happily these works have never won general interest and favour, and are never likely to do. We hold that in poetry, as in everything else, it is impossible to separate substance and form. Mere excellence of style will never recommend what is nauseous and pernicious in itself. Shakespeare and Milton are quoted far more for the nobility of their general ideas and sentiments than for any beauties of language. They have simply given noble expression to noble truths. Those who think to give currency to falsehood and vice by glittering phrases will find themselves wofully disappointed.

Even on literary grounds, we think Mr. Symonds's estimate greatly exaggerated. We cannot say that Shelley's birthday is "one of the most memorable dates in the history of British literature," or regard him as "among the greatest portents of originality that this century has seen." "If we were to look only upon this side of his portrait, we should indeed be almost forced to use the language of his most enthusiastic worshippers, and call him an archangel. But it must be admitted that, though so pure, and gentle, and exalted, Shelley's virtues were marred by his eccentricity, by something at times approaching madness"—a gentle admission. "In his poet-philosopher's imagination there bloomed a wealth of truth, and love, and beauty so abounding, that behind the mirage he destroyed he saw no blank, but a new Eternal City of the Spirit." "We who have learned to know the flawless purity of Shelley's aspirations," &c. "There was something incalculable, incommensurable, and demonic in Shelley's genius; and what he might have achieved, had his life been spared, and had his health progressively improved, it is, of course, impossible to say."

On other and more serious matters we differ just as widely from

Mr. Symonds. We are simply amazed to read the following: "It is certain that, as Christianity passes beyond its mediæval phase, and casts aside the husk of out-worn dogmas, it will more and more approximate to Shelley's exposition. . . . . It may sound paradoxical to claim for Shelley, of all men, a clear insight into the enduring element of the Christian creed; but it was precisely his detachment from all its accidents which enabled him to discern its spiritual purity, and placed him in a true relation to its Founders." And much more as far from the fact.

The book is, of course, ably written, though the style seems to us sometimes to border on affectation of phrase, as where Shelley is spoken of as "an elemental and primeval creature," whatever that may mean, and where we read of "worlds issuing from an archangel's hands," which Christians do not believe, whoever else may. In short, we are sorry to see such an apology for Shelley's life. The only principle on which it can be justified is that genius, instead of enhancing responsibility, dissolves all obligations and atones for all violations of common morality.

Skene's Celtic Scotland.

Celtic Scotland; a History of Ancient Alban. By Wm. F. Skene, Author of "The Four Ancient Books of Wales." Vol. I.: History and Ethnology. 1876. Vol. II.: Church and Culture. 1878. Edmonstone and Douglas.

Milton thought that the wars of the Heptarchy were as little worthy of being recorded as the quarrels of kites and crows. Mr. Freeman may possibly think the same of the early struggles of the Scottish tribes; and yet we must remember that in Scotland the Celtic element (even if it does not still throughout the Lowlands account for the fact that Scotchmen are not Englishmen) certainly retained political predominance till the middle of the thirteenth century. The crowning of Alexander III. at Scone in 1249, when a senachie (why should Mr. Skene call him a *seanachy*?) in the garb of old Gael went through the bead-roll of his ancestors, was distinctly a Celtic ceremony. Moreover this period, important or not, was early the subject of a most elaborate forgery. First Fordun, and then Hector Boece, "evolved," for political ends, a history which satisfied the Pinkertons and the Monkbarns, but which has crumbled under the touch of modern criticism.

The Scotch seem to have a special genius for literary forgery. Not to speak of Macpherson, we have Charles Julius Bertram, in 1757, constructing from an imaginary "*Copenhagen MS.*," Richard of Cirencester's treatise, *De situ Britanniæ*, and deceiving both Pinkerton and also General Roy, whose *Military Antiquities* suffer from his acceptance of the forger's "facts." Nor have the

Scotch a monopoly in this respect. Mr. Skene, who has already done good work in separating Welsh grain from chaff, reminds us that Edward Williams (Jolo Morganwg) forged the greater part of the book which he published in 1801 (a fact this for Mr. M. Arnold, when he puts forth a new edition of his Celtic literature), and that in fact nearly all the Triads must be rejected. In like manner the early part of the Irish annals is unhistoric; even of O'Clery's chronicle, little can be definitely accepted till A.D. 483, when the battle of Ocha put a Christian dynasty, the O'Neils, on the throne. Of course there are true bits in the earlier parts of all these Irish annals (notably, thinks Mr. Skene, in those of Tigernach), but they are fragmentary, like the truth which is scattered through the first three centuries of Roman history.

The case of early Scottish history, as it was accepted almost to the present day, is different. It was not a mixture needing a Whitley Stokes to assign to each portion its true value; it was, as we said, a deliberate invention. Thomas Innes, priest, of Paris, of the Scots' College, saw this as long ago as 1726, and set himself to discredit the fables and to collect the real chronicles. But he was not listened to. Men like Pinkerton, whose hatred of the Celts led him to "prove" that the Picts were Teutons, feared lest the new doctrine might bring their enemies into the foreground. We know of no popular work, earlier than Mr. Hill Burton's, in which even the scantiest justice is done to the Scoti. Mr. Burton (whom, by the way, the more antiquarian Mr. Skene "cannot accept as either complete or accurate") shows that the Scoti had a home-grown civilisation; he also proves that they came from Ireland to Scotland, the reverse having been loudly asserted by many Scottish writers. The name Scotia (with or without the qualifying major) is till the tenth century applied only to Ireland; thus Isidorus Hispalensis, in the sixth century, says *Scotia eadem et Ibernia proxima Britanniæ insula.* Bede writes to the same effect; and the Irish missionaries, with their *perfervidum ingenium* and their suspicion of Pelagianism, were all called Scots, one of the last of them being Marianus Scotus, 1050. For the three following centuries the name was given to the country before called Alban, which varied in extent, but generally included the district between the Forth, the Spey, and the great backbone of hill called Drum-Alban (*dorsum Britanniæ*). Malcolm II. (died 1024), the last, by the way, of the purely Scotic kings (Alexander III. being the last of the mixed Scotic and Saxon), is the first who styles himself *rex Scotiæ.* And here we must give a word of praise to Mr. Skene's numerous maps. They will interest even those who care little about the intricacies of early Scottish history, exhibiting as they do at a glance the way in which the country was at different periods parcelled out between different peoples. The ups and downs of the Scots, from their first settlement in Arth-

gaedhil (Argyle) to the establishment of their king as lord paramount, are very curious. At one time the Pict Ængus MacFergus gave them an almost annihilating defeat. Yet, not long after, Kenneth MacAlpin, a Pict by the mother's side, mounted the Pictish throne ("among Picts," says the Irish Nennius, "of women should be the royal succession"), and the Pictish nation meanwhile having been cut up by the Norsemen at Fortrenn,—united the two nations, and was crowned at Scone. Malcolm, his son, conquered Laodonia (Lothian), larger than it now is by the addition of Cumbria and Northumbria as far as the South of Durham. Malcolm Ceanmore (big-head), son of Duncan, reduced Argathelia (Argyle), the rebellious cradle of his race, and held together his different "nationalities" with great ability. But, like Charlemagne, he had no worthy successor; after him feudal Scotland began upon the ruins of Scotia minor.

Of course Mr. Skene takes up the vexed question, "who were the Picts?" The very name above quoted, Ængus MacFergus, shows that they were near of kin to the Scots, nearer than the Cymric Britons of Strathclyde, from whom they are always distinguished. The fact that St. Columbkill at first preached to them through an interpreter does not prove much; he never seems to have found any difficulty in conversing directly with their chiefs. Why the Murray men were always distinguished from the rest (*Scoti et Moravenses*) does not clearly appear. Mr. Skene, however, seems like Mr. Huxley and some of the most modern Irish archæologists to assert the primary identity of Celt and Teuton, the "allophylians" being Basques, probably troglodytes, long-skulled folk, whose remains are found in long barrows with chambered galleries, without any trace of bronze instruments; the round barrows, with short and oval skulls and bronze ornaments and weapons, are set down as Celtic; but then the difficulty is (as Dr. Thurnam and Mr. Boyd Dawkins point out) that the Teutons, who come next, have not short but long skulls. That we had Basques among us is supposed to be proved not only by what Tacitus says of the Silurians, but by the lines in Dionysius's Periplus—

> νήσους θ' ἑσπερίδας τάδε κασσιτέροιο γενέθλη,
> ἀφνειοὶ ναίουσιν ἀγανῶν παῖδες Ἰβήρων.

But we confess we should be sorry to rest an ethnological theory on so slight a foundation.

Of Tacitus, by the way, Mr. Skene forms a higher estimate than that formed by Mr. Burton. For the Breton Gildas, too, he professes considerable respect, as also for the later Irish Nennius, in whom it is curious to read Mynyd Agned, Dubhglass, and all Arthur's battles very slightly altered from the list given by Mr. Tennyson in the *Idylls*. The ignorance about our islands culminated in the sixth century, when Procopius, of Constantinople, wrote the well-known tale about the ghosts being "ferried across

from Gaul, and received by natives in sable clothing, and when Stephen of Byzantium thought that North and South Britain were as separate as Great Britain and Ireland. In fact, the British Isles were for some time wholly cut off from the Continent; and for that time we have absolutely no guides, except Bede, the Irish annals, and the Pictish chronicle of uncertain value, and a few Sagas, which Mr. Skene likens to the Roman "family lays." Whether it is worth while to try to unravel all the tangled threads; to trace Picts in North Scotland (St. Columba's Picts), in the South-West (St. Ninian's converts, round Whithern the *candida casa*), in the South-East (giving their name to the Pentlands, corrupted into Pentlands), and in Ireland (notably in County Down); and to strive to supply the century which was suppressed in the annals in order to connect the old Dalriadic Scots of Argyle with the new Scotic kingdom of Scone, we will not pretend to determine. *Non nos has lites.* We will only say that, while Mr. Skene's book will (like all he writes) be most valuable to the archæologist, it also contains a good deal to interest the general reader. Arthur Haddan's *Remains* have lately reminded us that there was such a thing as an independent Scotic Church. That St. Nectan turned to Rome, and used all his influence to oust the nonconforming Columbans seems unquestionable. Hence it came about that all Scotland got to be included in one bishopric, St. Andrew's, which was for a time under the primacy of York. Many of us are aware that the character of the old free Scotic clergy (sometimes called Culdees) has been impugned. They seem to have made their preferment hereditary; as the O'Neils tried to make the primacy of Ireland (hence the quarrel in which the Pope and St. Bernard took the side of St. Malachy; and in the course of which St. Bernard permitted himself to use very hard language of the Irish nation in general). If the Old Catholics, in the present controversy about the marriage of priests, can make any use of the fact that Bishop Aldun, who was also Mormaer of Marr, had a daughter married in 1014 to the Irish king, Brian Boru, they are welcome to it. The Bishop, it should be added, had long done no clerical work, owing to the Danish devastations.

Scottish forgers, be it remembered, aimed at proving two things both equally false; first, that the English feudal claims were baseless, next, that the Pope had always been spiritual lord in the country. It is strange to find in a book mainly devoted to such old-world matters, (telling, too, of some legendary Wymund, whose Gaelic name is Malcolm MacEth,) the familiar fact that "King David, by invading England, alienated Brus, a great Yorkshire and Annandale lord."

We should say that the volumes before us are only an instalment; but Mr. Skene assures us each is complete in itself. His third volume, about the people, will doubtless enter more into the

ethnology of the different races which make up the highly composite population of North Britain.

Of the two volumes already published, the second is, to our thinking, the most interesting. It dissipates a great deal of that mysterious haze with which Anglicans have loved to shroud the beginnings of British Christianity. The British Church is shown to have been not the work of Eastern Christians who came in no one knows how or whence, but (as we should expect) of Romans. It had just pushed on beyond the Solway, and across to Ireland, before Britain was left to itself. St. Ninian's mission to the Picts of Galloway was soon followed by that of Palladius to the Scots of Ireland. Then came a long period of isolation. The Romans had withdrawn; the Britons were left to themselves; and, by the time Augustine came over to Kent, Rome had changed in several points —notably the time for keeping Easter had been altered, the more correct cycle of 532 years having been introduced by Victorius of Aquitaine instead of the Alexandrian cycle of nineteen years. The British priests also wore a different tonsure, shaving the hair in front and leaving it long behind the ears; Mr. Skene does not say whether this was the ancient usage of the Roman Church or a modification of the British way of wearing the hair. These differences gave the incoming Roman missionaries ground for saying that theirs was a more correct system; and they were not slow in improving their advantages. The Celtic Church had, during the time when communication with Rome was cut off, thriven greatly in Ireland; the people were rapidly converted, and the island became a focus of missionary enterprise. Mr. Arthur Haddan, to whom Mr. Skene gives due praise, has taught many hitherto ignorant of the subject, something of the extent of the Irish mission work of St. Gall, Columbanus, and so many more. The Count of Montalembert, in his *Monks of the West*, had already sung their praises. Of these great Irish missionaries (Scotic is the more correct word; for, as we have said above, the Scoti came from Ireland, and till the tenth or even the eleventh century Ireland was called Scotia major) one of the most remarkable was St. Columba or Columbkill, "the dove of the churches." Exiled from Ireland by a synod of clergy, because (the story, disbelieved by our author, says) in a dispute with another cleric he had stirred up two clans to fight a desperate battle, he chose Iona as his place of sojourn and founded a monastery there which soon became the centre of religious life for all Scotland.

Mr. Skene gives a map of Iona (Hii or Hi-Columbkill), and is at much pains to identify every spot and every building mentioned in the lives of St. Columba. He remarks that those who just run over in the excursion steamer for a day, hurry through the ruins, and are off again, get a very poor idea of the beauty and variety of the place and its belongings. He gives some of Columba's

poems, of the authenticity of which there is no reason to doubt. One in particular, he feels sure, was written by its reputed author :

> Delightful is it to me to be in my island
> Upon the pinnacle of a rock ;
> That I might often see the force of the ocean,
> That I might see its heaving waves,
> When they chant music to their Father
> Upon the world's course ;
> That I might hear the song of the wonderful birds,
> That source of happiness ;
> That I might hear the thunder of the crowding waves
> Upon the rocks.
> At times contemplating the King of Heaven ;
> At times at work without compulsion ;
> At times plucking *duilisc* (sea-weed) from the rocks ;
> At times at fishing ;
> At times giving food to the poor ;
> At times in a *carcair* (solitary dell).

Columba's monastery, then, was a Mission from the Irish Church, with which it never lost its connection. No sooner was the saint settled in Iona than he crossed Drumalban, the great mountain and woodland barrier between the Scots of Dalriada (Argyll) and the Northern Picts, and began preaching to the latter. The fact that he was able to talk to them without an interpreter (though at first he did use a strong-voiced herald to give out his sermons), seems (as we have said) to settle the point as to who the Picts were. The result of his preaching and that of his followers was that Pictland was Christianised and the Word carried on into Northumbria. Of what kind was the heathenism of the Picts we have no information whatever; that of the Scots seems to have been nature-worship. "Has your God other sons and daughters? is he ever-living? is he beautiful? Did many foster his Son? Are his daughters beauteous and dear to men of the world?" ask the two daughters of King Laoghaire of Patrick and his attendants when they meet them by the well of Cruachan. But they had also idols and altars ; at Magh-Sleacht was the chief idol of Eirin, he of gold, and twelve idols of stone around him. But of how these were worshipped we have no trace left. The same year, A.D. 634, which saw the extension of the Columban Church to Northumbria, witnessed the first serious blow to the Columban system. The Southern Scots of Ireland, moved by the exhortations of Cummian of Durrow, and by the repeated excommunications fulminated against them from Rome, conformed to the canonical custom about Easter and other matters. In 664 Wilfrid had his celebrated controversy with Colman before King Oswin, the result of which was that the Columbans were expelled from Northumbria ; by-and-by, in 717, they were also expelled from the kingdom of the Picts ; but, of course, the mysterious transfer of the Pictish power to the Scots under Kenneth MacAlpin restored them for a time to their old

position. Then came the Danish inroads; Iona was several times plundered and its monks slain. Laymen usurped a great many of the Columban abbacies; and, as there were no parishes or dioceses under the old Scotic system (for its bishops were bishops of a tribe or group of clans, not of a special diocese), religion soon fell into neglect, and the only pastors left in many places were the *Keledei* (Culdees), anchorites who, originally breaking away from Columban rule in order to live a stricter life, were found in connection with most Columban establishments. The first step towards throwing off the bond with Ireland was the transference, in 865, during the Danish troubles, of the primacy of the Columban Churches to Abernethy, where three elections of bishops took place. In 908 the primacy was transferred to St. Andrew's, and the bishop is no longer styled bishop of Picts, but of Alban. The next step was the reforms of Queen Margaret, A.D. 1060; and these were rapidly followed up by the creation of territorial bishops and the founding of large monasteries under Roman rule, as a counterpoise to those under the Columban rule. Thus, gradually, Romanism and the parochial system took the place of the Columban monasteries, which had been centres of education and culture to the districts round them. The Columban Church never lost its missionary character, and therefore when an English Queen, accustomed to parishes and regular work by individual priests, came to Scotland, she naturally found the old system strange. Moreover, as we said, it had so decayed, owing to Danish troubles and differences with Rome, that in many parts its possessions had been absorbed by laymen, and instead of vigorous and energetic bodies of monks there were only left a few isolated culdees. The Columban Church, however, had done its work; and perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Skene's second volume (always excepting the details about Iona and about the life of St. Columba) is the chapter on the learning of the old Scotic (Irish) Church. Some of us may not have met the testimony of Bede (iii., 27), how when foreign students went over in crowds to what was then the best school of theology in the West, and the only place in which the study of Greek was kept alive, "the Scots most willingly received them all, and took care to supply them gratuitously with daily food, as also to furnish them with teaching and with books to read, without making any charge."

Whether there was a pre-Christian literature in Ireland is matter of much discussion. If the oldest parts of the Brehon laws are accepted as genuine, there was; and the Ossianic legends (Gaelic or Scotic counterpart of the Arthurian legends among the Cymri) point in the same direction; but we fancy it was an oral literature. The Ogham writing, so long supposed to be of vast antiquity, has been proved by Dr. Graves to be post-Christian; it is often found in Wales associated with inscriptions in debased Latin. Anyhow,

the influence of the Columban Church on the learning and literature of Ireland and Scotland was immense, and long outlasted the Columban establishments; it has, we think, impressed itself on the character of both peoples.

We have not followed Mr. Skene into the smaller details of either volume; but we believe we have said enough to show how interesting are his subjects (despite their abstruseness) and how exhaustive his method of treating them. We trust his books will be largely read—they are excellent corrections of popular errors; and we look forward with interest to the volume which will complete the work.

Some of the episodes in his second volume—the wanderings of St. Brendan, the mission of Adamnan (Columba's biographer) to Ireland to put a stop to the employment of women in war (as "runners," *aides-de-camp*, to carry messages, &c.), the murder of St. Blathmore by the Danes, &c., are striking; but the work is not a string of episodes; it is real history well told.

Reports on Ryots in India.

Report on the Ryots in Poona and Ahmednuggur.
Report on the Deccan Ryots Commission. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1877.
A View of the Hindoo Law as Administered by the High Court of Judicature at Madras. By J. H. Nelson, M.A., District Judge at Cuddapah. Madras. 1878.

"We do not care for the people of India," says Miss Florence Nightingale in an eloquent and earnest paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for August. Her charge against us is the same which, in a paper on "Indian Famines and their Causes," we discussed at some length last January. Famines in India, we said, do not wholly arise from natural causes; they are due in part to the miserable poverty which, at the best of times, is the normal state of the ryot, and which leaves him absolutely nothing either in the way of stamina or of resources against extra pressure, and they are due even more to the hopelessness into which the tyranny of the civil courts, abetting the exactions of the money-lender, has brought him, and which makes him utterly careless about extra irrigation and improved modes of culture.

What we then said has been repeated so much more forcibly by Miss Nightingale that we are sure we shall be doing real service by calling attention to her article and also to the documents on which it is based. The thing is to find a remedy; and, as Miss Nightingale well says, legislation being mainly answerable for the present evil state of things, legislation must come to the rescue. The whole machinery of the civil courts, which are now more

engines of oppression by which the ryot is delivered up as a prey to his grasping and unjust creditor, must be remodelled. Co-operative stores, co-operative effort for irrigation, &c., must be encouraged. The Government loans at 7 per cent. must be made really available to the people, instead of being scarcely ever taken up because of the hindrances caused by a swarm of rapacious native underlings. Above all, the civil judges must not, as they now do, "make procedure the whole question, and put right or wrong on one side;" they must see that the bonds brought before them are *bonâ fide*, that the debtor was not inveigled into signing something that he knew nothing about, that the peons have not (as is so often the case) been bribed not to serve a writ, in order that the wretched ryot might be still further hoodwinked as to the claim upon him. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred which come before these civil courts the least approach to equity would make the claimant disgorge instead of bringing ruin on the helpless defendant. For this, it is only needful that the judge should investigate the circumstances under which the debt had accumulated—how it is, for instance, that if a man borrows four maunds of Indian corn, worth six rupees, he finds himself in sixteen months in for seventy-two rupees, and costs which may swell the debt to nine or ten pounds or more. "The ryots cannot read or write, the *sowkars* (usurers) forge what documents they please, and enter in the bond the most extravagant terms. And these documents are allowed to pass the courts as 'mutual agreements.' The borrower has no protection whatever." An Indian official well says, in answer to the plea that the ryot has our courts and our justice as his remedy: "You might as well put a revolver into an Andaman Islander's hand and tell him to take his remedy on a tiger with it. The man doesn't know how to use the remedy he's ironically credited with, and if he did he has no ammunition." "Our civil courts have become *hateful* (says the Governor in Council) to the masses from being made the instruments of the almost incredible rapacity of usurious capitalists." The ryot can't move a step by himself: "our stamp-laws meet and baffle him at every turn." He can't stir without a *vakeel*, or attorney; and, unless his friends—friends to whom a rupee is wealth—combine to find funds, he can't get his vakeel. Surely he is warranted in believing that the civil courts are like the small-pox or the cholera, a mysterious curse. No wonder he looks back with sadness to the native law, under which it was never permitted for the interest to grow larger than the amount originally borrowed.

But the ryots (we are told) are extravagant as well as idle; it is hard to see what motive they can have for being industrious, crushed as they are under this debt-burden, and sure that the results of their extra efforts would only swell the money-lender's gains. Miss Nightingale shows, from the statements of officials, that the ryot is not even extravagant at marriage feasts, and that

in five cases out of six the burden which weighs him down is ancestral debt. Much of the land is very poor, so poor that it ought to pay no rent at all; but, poor or rich, it is rapidly passing into the sowkars' hands. When they have got all else out of their victims, they throw them into court and buy their lands for a song, no one daring to bid against "the banker."

Unhappily the virtue of wives and daughters is often insisted on as the price of a respite. Instances are given in which a money-lender who thus outrages all human feeling is murdered in broad daylight by his debtor, aided by his kinsmen or, it may be, only by friends. The murderers of course are hanged; despotism has, under British rule, ceased to be tampered by assassination; British law must have its course; but of the foulest and most cruel oppression it takes no account. Its civil courts are a delusion; and things have got in the Deccan as bad as they were described in Java in that remarkable book *Max Havelaar*, which some years ago produced such a sensation in the Netherlands.

It is altogether a heavy indictment; and we are thankful that Miss Nightingale has (in her own words) "lifted up her voice for the voiceless millions." "The saddest sight in the world," she says, "is the ryot population, the bulk of it always on the verge of starvation." And then she gives a few famine facts. "The loss in Bombay, Madras, and Mysore was nearly six millions in one year." "What should we say to a war which killed off six millions in a country half the size of France?" [surely there is some mistake as to square miles here]. "We, who make so much fuss over one case of starvation in London, subscribed about £800,000" [how small the sum seems from such a nation as ours] "to meet a famine which in some places *quadrated* [word imitated from *decimate*] the population. And this fell on the most frugal, thrifty, industrious, heroic peasantry in the world." Then follow details about "little foster-mothers" bringing to be fed orphan or deserted babes, often of a different caste or creed, and waiting "with the heroic agony of childish patience." A few of these were rescued into missionary homes; but how many succumbed. The fact (doubtless Miss Nightingale can vouch for it) that for one who sought relief, *ten died in silence*, shows that there is no fear of pauperising the population.

But, besides the danger lest Bombay, so proud of its ryotwari settlement, should come under a more oppressive rule than Bengal under the worst evils of the Zemindar *régime*, there is the more outrageous evil that debt brings absolute unmitigated slavery, especially to Bheels and other non-Hindoo races.

The Bheel (or, as is often the case, his father) has borrowed a few rupees for a marriage, or a little seed-corn (on which the regular interest is 100 per cent.). The bond given for this is periodically exchanged for a new one, of the value of which he is

wholly ignorant. At last, when the poor fellow wants to break away to more paying work (under his creditor he gets nothing but food and the barest clothing), the bond is produced, and he is told to pay some sum which he must think fabulous. Thenceforth he knows he is a slave; his master may sell him to another by simply "transferring the debt," and "a heavily-encumbered Bheel is more valuable property than one who might possibly pay off his liability." Surely this ought not to be; the *Saturday Review* may carp at Miss Nightingale's style, and sneer at her for "looking at things Indian as an angel of mercy;" but the horrible fact remains, that on British soil slavery exists of a more cruel kind than that which roused the plebeians of old Rome against the patricians. It is comforting to think that, in a few cases given in the Report, two or three Bheels, who had been deluded into borrowing money to buy a bullock, *of which they were to be joint owners*, were rescued, and the lying bonds cancelled which held them captive. The *Saturday Review* proposes that all bonds shall be registered as a condition of validity, and then immediately points out that the remedy is futile, because the ryot hates above all things to let Government officials into the secrets of his money concerns. This is the great difficulty: he won't borrow of Government (which lends at 7 per cent.) for fear of offending his creditor, and also because if Government lends it insists on seeing that the borrower's land is well tilled, and this supervision exposes him to petty official tyranny.

The true course seems to be to make civil actions as cheap as criminal. The civil court is now only a curse; "the native knows by bitter experience that he has in it no chance of redress against the cunning sowkar" (says a Government officer). The courts simply guarantee a ruinous interest, and instead of protecting the ryot, as the young English spendthrift is protected against the far more moderate English usurer, they deliver him bound hand and foot to his oppressor. Restore the old Punchayets (courts of conciliation), or go back to the old plan of paying the revenue in kind, for now the loans are most often taken up to get money for the collector, money being procurable in no other way. Co-operative stores, Miss Nightingale thinks, would be the salvation of the ryot; she even hopes to see co-operation in water, *i.e.*, irrigation communities; the system (she thinks) should be very well adapted to village communities.

Miss Nightingale's recommendations are, "Put the money-lender under proper restrictions;" first, lower the salt-tax (£7 on a ton, worth 12s. 6d.), which hampers manufactures and causes millions of fish to be left to rot; second, provide the water supply, *i.e.*, irrigation, and therefore improved agriculture, and also cheap canal-roads, and to ensure a water-supply the forests must be cared for and in places replanted; third, introduce (or rather re-establish) a system of representation which shall ensure some of the taxes being

spent in the districts where they are raised. This last proposal reminds us that India, an exceedingly poor country, is now grievously burdened with the expenses of Government. No one grudges an "old Indian," soldier or civilian, his well-earned pension; but, if natives could be more generally employed, pensions spent in England would be fewer.

Education has been talked of as a panacea. If it is to raise the ryot, the process will be as slow as that whereby a nebula becomes a world.

The ryot's case is different from that of Lancashire millowner and Scotch farmer who make fortunes by working with borrowed capital. He has no means of increasing his gains; and what he mortgages is the labour whereby he lives.

Perhaps the saddest thing of all is that Oude, so lately independent, is in a worse state as to debt than Bengal. We are beginning to find how little we know about India; and that we know so little is certainly not to our credit. As Judge Nelson says, in a work which is a protest against applying rules that may suit Bengal to the non-Hindoo population of Southern India, "such ignorance is deplorable."

We trust that Miss Nightingale's stirring words, and the infamous cases which she has culled from these Reports, may lead many to take an interest in the subject who never paid any attention to it before; and then, we are sure, a remedy of the evils which she has pointed out will speedily be demanded and obtained.

Hamerton's Modern Frenchmen.

Modern Frenchmen. Five Biographies. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "Round My House," "The Sylvan Year," &c. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. London. 1878.

Mr. Hamerton tells us that in writing the biographies which compose this volume—biographies of five men diversely great—he did "not intend to convey an indirect lesson against international injustice, being fully persuaded that the old British scorn of Frenchmen, and of all foreigners whatsoever, is now dying out of itself, and giving place to an intelligent desire to know something accurately about them." And yet, if he will allow us to say so, we think, notwithstanding this disclaimer, that he still mistrusts his fellow-countrymen too much. Every now and again he turns aside to remove some prejudice, to reason with some English Philistine—how weary one has grown of the talk about Philistines!—when really such turning aside is unnecessary, and only a hindrance to real progression. "Englishmen," he says, speaking of the manner in which the name of Henri Regnault be-

came a household word in France after the war—"Englishmen may smile at this national idolatry of the brilliant young artist, soldier, gentleman, and it may be conclusively proved that he was not the only patriot in France." Englishmen smile! One rather wonders what kind of Englishmen those may be who are untouched by that grandly pathetic story of the artist whose life was bright with all the hopes of youth and genius and love, and yet cast his life away willingly at the call of duty; one cannot but think that that Englishman must be dull indeed who does not understand how in such a case the one known hero's name stands as the type of the numberless heroes who are nameless but no less honoured. Many doubtless fell at Quebec as bravely as Wolfe, at Waterloo as the "young gallant Howard," at Copenhagen as the "gallant good Riou"—we cannot remember all, and therefore in our thoughts add the sum of glory of the many to the glory of the few. No; Mr. Hamerton "talks down" to us too much. There are too many passages in his book in which he is at very obvious pains to make things "clear to our mean intellects." Even when one has not much intelligence one feels flattered by being credited with a little.

And as we are "making our reserves," noting points of objection, performing the disagreeable duties of the critic, we may here, before passing to pleasanter matters, "hint" a further "fault." Mr. Hamerton's statements are often, or so it seems to us, a little too absolute. They require qualification. Thus we are told that "no one who knows France will hesitate for one moment to admit that every liberty-loving Frenchman, without a single exception, is a Republican." Without a single exception! What, not a single Orleanist—not one? And this, as the context would lead us to suppose, before the fall of the Empire. We fear we must take rank among those who do not know France. So again we are told that the story of André Ampère's courtship and marriage is "the prettiest and saddest love story of which we have authentic record." That it is a beautiful story, singularly touching and sweet, no one will feel disposed to deny; but the prettiest and saddest?—superlatives are apt to excite opposition. And so, yet again, we are told that "there is a certain manner of translating nature into art, which, although it varies infinitely with different masters, is *always recognisable* as the sign-manual of the true painter, that manner which looks confused and unmeaning when the spectator is too near, but justifies itself by startling force and truth at the right distance." Here, too, we venture to demur, though it may seem rash to "wrestle a fall" on an art question with the author of a *Painters' Camp in the Highlands*, of the excellent book on *Etchers and Etching*, with the editor of the *Portfolio*. But can a "sign-manual" which is pre-eminently that of the scene-painter—which is to be found on M. Doré's pictures and is wanting on those

of Raphael—be accepted with so little qualification as authenticating the work of the "true painter?"*

But all this time we are indulging in the pain of differing from Mr. Hamerton—we use the expression advisedly, for there is always a mingled pleasure and pain in differing from "mine author"—and neglecting the more obvious duty of saying what there is in his book. That book, then, consists of five biographies of as many Frenchmen variously eminent. These are Victor Jacquemont, the young naturalist, who now some fifty years ago, so does time fly, came like a breath of French sociability upon Anglo-Indian society, and, after much brave exploration, laid down his life as one of the martyrs of science;† Henri Perreyve, the young priest, earnest of spirit, liberal in politics, honoured as an equal, notwithstanding the disparity of years, by Lacordaire, nobly accepting that lesson which they who feel the capacity for the active service of God find so difficult—the lesson that "they also serve who only stand and wait;" François Rude, the sculptor devoted to his art, so independent of spirit, so sturdily free from the petty modern desire to advertise his genius, so content if only his allotted task was done in a *workmanlike* manner; Jean Jacques Ampère, the historian and archæologist, the literary writer and traveller; and Henri Regnault, the painter who laid his genius down on the altar of his country. Truly this is a small but goodly company. And if we have been led, perhaps unduly, to weigh upon points of objection, let us here do such reparation as in us lies:—Mr. Hamerton's biographies are interesting and sympathetic. It is well to read such lives.

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* Another art matter: Mr. Hamerton tries to explain the "shock" to "English taste" caused by Regnault's powerfully horrible "Execution without Trial," by saying that "much of this feeling must have been due to the unaccustomed nature of the subject, for there are crucifixions and martyrdoms in every public gallery of Europe, which would be far more painful if we were not so used to them." The distinction is obvious. In the latter class of pictures—where at all worthy—the blood, the physical horror, are accessories. The main point of interest is the Divine or human greatness of the sufferer. The painter's own feeling is not one of indifference. In Regnault's picture, as in so much French art—the pictures of Gèrôme, the novels of M. Zola—the indifference is complete. Where the artist has any feeling at all it is of cruelty for cruelty, blood for blood, foulness for foulness—not even "art for art." Of course such a picture as the "Execution without Trial" did not express the bottom of Regnault's mind. There was a hero hidden underneath the *dilettante* of genius, and the war revealed the hero.

† It has always seemed to us strange, considering how surely India must in time be scientifically explored by the English, that the French men of science should have sent Jacquemont to this special field.

Murray's Round About France.

Round About France. By E. C. Grenville Murray. Macmillan. 1878.

When M. Gambetta, in a recent speech wished not only to see a Republican Senate, but to have all the mayors, gendarmes, schoolmasters, letter-carriers Republicans, he was wishing to follow along the evil track of former French Governments. Extremes meet; and just as in America a change of President is followed by a change in every office from ambassador to tide-waiter, so, in France, under the Empire and since, one of the great safeguards of Government has been held to consist in taking care that every *employé*, from the highest to the lowest, shall be a so-called Conservative. The folly of this practice, provoking as it does chronic dissatisfaction and attempts at retaliation, is exposed in Mr. Murray's book, which is not (as we might fancy) a series of travel-notes, but a set of politico-social papers reprinted from the *Daily News*, of which the author is the well-known French correspondent. French attempts at constitutional government, from those of "the talking sophists of 1789," down to the three (actually the 18th, 14th, and 15th respectively, since the old Revolution) which were voted during the Second Empire; French legal procedure, with all its (in English eyes tyrannical) brow-beating of the accused; the French press including an account of M. Emile de Girardin's career; the clergy, so heavily handicapped by all the communities of Jesuits, friars, and nuns, who drive the poor *curés* to act contrary to their instincts—these are some of the subjects of which Mr. Murray treats. That he tells unpleasant truths is plain from the book being a forbidden one in France—for the Republic still keeps up the ridiculous custom of seizing books and newspapers which are supposed to be subversive of Conservative principles. That the book is well written follows from the practised ability of its author. But it is much more than readable; it puts into a small compass an incredible amount of information not only on modern politics and social life, but also on French history since 1789. Any one who masters it will know much more about modern France than most of us do about modern England.

Naturally Mr. Murray, who, we believe, narrowly escaped shooting for being found in a "suspicious" street when the Commune was in its death-agony, has no love for the Versailles Government. He points out its ludicrous unfairness, its harsh intolerance, its cruelty, and the very moderate demands which it stigmatises as "utterly diabolical and dangerous." These, the demands of the extreme Left, are: a free press; the right of public meeting; three years' military service for all, instead of five for some and one for

others who can afford to buy exemption; the separation of Church and State; the reform of judicature and procedure, so as to shield citizens from arbitrary arrest, and judges from degradation for acting impartially; lastly, the abolition of that power of the prefects which makes mayors and municipalities a nullity. These are harmless enough, such as any English Tory could acquiesce in. Indeed, instead of the French being hard to govern, Mr. Murray shows they are a most long-suffering race; and when we say "they are too fond of revolutions, it is just as if you observed that a person on whose toes you tread too severely is fond of raising a shout." As for Republicans being dangerous, "the majority of penniless political adventurers are to be found not in the Republican ranks, but in the Monarchist and, above all, in the Bonapartist factions. The official roll of the Second Empire mustered as weedy a collection of adventurers as were ever brought together for the mismanagement of a country's affairs," and this vice still clings to Bonapartism; it is still rich in men of the old type: "briefless barristers who had never earned a franc in pleading a cause, but who were blatant in servility and therefore were hoisted into public prosecutorships; ruined spendthrifts turned prefects; shady financiers dubbed receivers-general of taxes or official deputies; and desperadoes, who on the eve of the *coup d'état* had only the shoes they stood in, and who swaggered about a few weeks later as senators or ministers of State. It made one laugh to hear these fellows talk of order and social principles." This ought to be enough to burst the Napoleonic bubble which, because the family at Chislehurst is kind to the poor, still dazzles too many English eyes with its garish colours.

The most amusing parts of Mr. Murray's volume are the sketches of character. One of these is the Mayor of X., who for three days entertains and feeds on his best the unsavoury peasant Fouinard, "master of twenty-four votes," and actually signs a bond to give Fouinard 25,000 francs if he wins his election, and to make him secretary to the Mairie at a salary of 4,000 francs. The mayor is not elected; Fouinard instead of twenty-four can only command twelve votes. "The mayor says: 'We have been unlucky, and consequently that little paper I signed you yesterday becomes cancelled.' Thereupon Jean Fouinard sheepishly rubbed his pate, and glancing at the mayor—such a glance—drawled: 'H'm, monsieur, I consider the document as binding as ever, and if you don't execute it I shall be obliged to make the transaction public.'" Another character, little known even to the English who think they know France tolerably well, but still very influential, is the colporteur or pedlar. "Holding his license at the good pleasure of the prefect, he is generally a secret police agent—that is to say, that, like certain other categories of trades-

men, publicans, for instance, he is given to understand that he will never be molested for the small misdemeanours of his trade, if he keeps his eyes and ears about him, and faithfully reports to the authorities things worth reporting. By virtue of this arrangement the pedlar deals illicitly in tobacco, spirits, and bad books; but wherever he goes he tells falsehoods about opposition candidates, and applies himself to sowing hatred and mistrust of the Liberal party. . . . Who tells the gaping bumpkin circle that Bismarck has sworn to reinvade the country if the Republic continues to flourish? The pedlar. Who asserts that MM. Thiers, Gambetta, and friends put a milliard of the war loans into their pockets, and that the increase of all taxes in 1871 was rendered necessary in order to make good this theft? The pedlar. As he stands, unstrapping his pack in the parlour of the village wineshop, the good-for-nothing fellow is listened to as an oracle. He comes from afar, and must know everything. He was in Paris and at Versailles last week; yesterday he sold a gown to the prefect's wife; last night he disposed of a pair of shoe-buckles to the bishop's chaplain; to-morrow he is going to take a new pair of epaulets to the general of the district. His hearers may therefore rely on his news. . . Occasionally official candidates employ the huckster as an agent of indirect corruption, and order him to sell, in some Commune suspected of Opposition proclivities, a whole packful of goods for next to nothing. . . 'Yes, ma'am, this fine-printed cotton, enough to make a gown with, for *two francs*. We owe that to Mons. X., who has caused the duty to be taken off English goods. . . Come, ladies and gentlemen, come and buy; this may be your last chance; for if Mons. Z. be elected in your department things will soon get rising in price again. Like all Republicans, Mons. Z. is for equality, and likes to see the poor pay as much as the rich.' One must know little of the French peasants not to understand the effect of this kind of thing on their minds. Sordidly suspicious in money matters, the French rustic is in things political credulous as a child, for his rulers keep him intentionally in darkness. There are communes where a truth-telling political journal never penetrates. . . How can it ever occur to the simple rural intellect that the pedlar is a purveyor of falsehood, hired by the most crafty political faction that ever flourished for the corruption and impoverishment of a country?"

That is at once a sample of Mr. Murray's style and of the stuff of his book. But he is impartial; witness this passage about the suicidal violence of the old Revolution: "The garrulous sophists who had their heads full of schemes for the regeneration of the human race, thought by decreeing equality and wholesale confiscation to reduce the *ci-devants* to the rank of citizens, whereas they simply put them outside the pale of their reorganised society; and they have paid for their error by this result—that the nobility

and clergy are to this day preventing the principles of the Revolution from taking root."

The criticism on the weak points of French oratory, and the want of "a little of the oil of geniality to lubricate the springs of debate," is very clever. Even M. Thiers made set speeches when a few humorous remarks would have done far better. All are loud and angry, save the Duc de Broglie, "with his little lisping voice so purring and perfidious. . . Logic gets lost amid the round of weary recriminations." The account of Morny (he was actually a duke of the Second Empire), and Mirès and the *Crédit Foncier*; the remarks on the Commune, explaining how the natural demand that every commune should have the right to elect its own mayor was met with scorn by the Monarchist Assembly at Versailles at a time when the Paris mob was excited to fever heat by the fruitless privations of the Prussian siege; and the chapter on "Presidential progresses" all deserve to be carefully read. The following we take to be sober truth: "Had the municipal franchises which Paris asked for been granted in the first instance, and had the National Assembly, after voting the peace, dissolved itself, allowing a new general election to take place, there would have been no civil war."

We have seldom read a more instructive book than this of Mr. Murray.

Spence's Land of Bolivar.

The Land of Bolivar; or, War, Peace, and Adventure in the Republic of Venezuela. By James Mudie Spence, F.R.G.S., Member of the Alpine Club. Two Vols. Maps and Illustrations. Sampson, Low and Co. 1878.

This is a model book of its kind, lively and graphic, bringing clearly before the reader the scenes which the author describes, but above all genial, proving Mr. Spence to be wholly unlike the typical Briton who lives amongst foreigners so wrapt up in the sense of his own superiority that he is unable, in spite of the best intentions, to appreciate their good points or even to understand their ways. Mr. Spence wins golden opinions in Venezuela, and deserves to win them. If he climbs the exceptionally steep Naiguatá, the culminating peak of the Caracas chain, he gives due honour to his Venezuelan companions, pointing out how one of them, the half-caste Lisboa, was the best mountaineer of the party; he prints at full length a Spanish poem written on the occasion, saying that "next to the pleasure of being a poet oneself must rank that of having been the cause of the production of real poetry;" and he directs particular notice to the scientific ascent of the Silla made in 1883, by a sort of Venezuelan field club, which (although it was very interesting,

especially on account of a rich collection of plants made by some of the club) had been pushed out of sight by the more famous ascent of Humboldt.

The ascent of the still higher mountain was Mr. Spence's great feat. He prepared himself for it by first climbing the Silla of Caracas, a very rugged peak of nearly 8,800 feet high. Naiguatá, never before scaled by man, is 9,480 feet high. Of course there is no glacier work in either, but the steepness, the yawning precipices, and the lack of water made it a hard climb. The shapes of some of the rocks (of which there are several sketches) are very fantastic. In several places the climbers had to cut steps in the turf, for it was like climbing the wall of a house.

The chapters describing the camping out and the fun in going up and returning, are models of mountaineering record.

But genial as Mr. Spence is in describing his mountaineering, he is still more in his element in recording the sumptuous banquets which he gave at the close of his visit. These were highly appreciated, and the chapter which describes the last of the banquets is one of the best in the book. As Mr. Spence says, the average Englishman's knowledge of Venezuela is limited to what may be learnt from the advertisement of "Fry's Caracas Cocoa." We are even prepared to believe the joke which he quotes in his first page, that "a British minister, once accredited there, is said to have spent two years in a vain search for his destination." Unhappily possessors of Venezuelan bonds are forced to know something of the country in a different sense; but into matters financial it is not our purpose to enter, neither will we quote more of Mr. Spence's jokes, except one, new to us, about three pious monks who had hired a Caracas donkey to carry home a load of purchases. The beast refused to move. "Oh, he's so used to be sworn at" (said a passer-by) "that he'll not stir unless you cry 'Caramba' (the great Venezuelan oath) in his ears." What was to be done? Not one of the three would defile his lips with the profane word, so at last one shouted "Ca," the second cried "Ram," and the third added "Ba" so vigorously that the donkey was off in a trice. It is a little too much of a joke when Mr. Spence fills a page with the account of a nightmare on shipboard; but we can pardon a good deal from one who introduces us to a country where "*palabra de Ingles*" (on the word of an Englishman) is the most solemn asseveration, and who tells us all about Bolivar, a true hero, the Garibaldi of a past generation, of whom very few of us know anything beyond the name. Some of the dashing exploits of Bolivar and Paez, his Apuri lieutenant-general, are as brave as anything recorded of Spartan or Roman. How Paez and his llaneros swam their horses into a deep broad river and took Movillo's gun-boats; how 150 llanero cavalry defeated the whole Spanish force on the banks of the Arauca; how the decisive battle

of Carabobo was won after much hard fighting by the gallantry and coolness of the British legion, reads like a page out of a romance. Equally romantic was the disinterestedness with which Bolivar gave up every penny of the million of dollars which were voted to him, purchasing with it the freedom of a thousand slaves. That Venezuela was ungrateful to its great liberator was, considering it is a Spanish American State, only to be expected; the Nemesis has come in a state of perpetual civil war, so ruinous that Mr. Spence tells of an estate which in a time of peace would yield a profit of 100,000 dols. now offered *for bonâ fide* sale at twelve months' purchase! Heart disease, formerly unknown in the country, has become common, owing to the chronic revolution. We don't know at how many *pronunciamentos* Mr. Spence "assisted," taking them in a pleasant way, as he did everything else; but a more cheerful entertainment was one originated by himself—an exhibition of sculpture, paintings, and photographs, which he had collected and was bringing over to England. It was the first thing of the kind ever seen in Venezuela, and the newspapers were enthusiastic in their grandiose Spanish way: "This son of England, the nation of good sense, has learnt the secret of forming from scattered and unknown pearls a superb necklace for the statue of the Arts." We may note the strictly classical and wholly un-English way in which the word "*obsequies*" is used, where the French would use "*hommage*," as in the account of the aforesaid banquet to President Guzman Blanco, in the course of which, by the way, Mr. Spence gave his guests most excellent advice: "Pay your debts and don't breathe such a word as repudiation." What will come of his coal concessions, and his workings of phosphatic mineral, which, being mineral, are not to interfere with the American guano claims, we know not. We hope for the best; and heartily commend our author's suggestions for getting the country colonised—not as Brazil and Paraguay so unfortunately were. "Put," he says, "eight or ten families on a good site, with good roads, markets, &c. Then the three or four crops a year will soon raise them to wealth; and so others will be encouraged to come." Curaçoa and Trinidad he speaks of as hot-beds of conspiracy; we ought to look, and to call on the Dutch to look to this, for, whether we colonise it or not, peace in Venezuela is better for us than perpetual revolutions.

Some of our readers may have seen Mr. Spence's collections of cow tree, and all kinds of strange vegetable productions, &c., exhibited, partly at the Manchester Literary and Philosophic Institute, and partly at the Students' Association. If Manchester does not know enough about Venezuela, the fault is not his. Besides an account of these collections, his appendices contain a very full list of orchids made by his friend Dr. Ernst, of the Caracas University. Some of the maxillarias and odontoglossums

live at great heights, from five to 8,000 feet. We may mention that among the crystalline rocks of Naiguatá, a peat moss was discovered at the great height of 7,000 feet.

Another appendix gives the old history of Venezuela—its conquest by the Spaniards; full, as usual, of mingled records of awful cruelty and heroic bravery. On one occasion 80 Spaniards beat 10,000 Indians. The exploits of the English buccaneers are also recorded, nor is the name omitted of that heroic old knight, Don Alonzo Andrea de Ledesma, who, when all else ran off, sallied out alone, lance in rest, against Drake's 500, and was killed, in spite of Drake's efforts to save him. The relations between Spain and her colonies are curiously illustrated; Charles IV., for instance, did not think it proper that education should become general in America.

We are glad that, whatever may be the conduct of their Government, the Venezuelan lower classes are wonderfully honest, except where fire-arms are concerned. A convoy of boxes of specie needed only one soldier to escort it to the capital; a quantity of gunpowder despatched a few days after needed half a regiment to guard it. Instances of honesty our author had no difficulty in collecting; even doctors are strangely honest, for on the epitaphs the name of the medical man who was "in at the death" is always given. Of the natives Mr. Spence tells too little. Here is a fact which may help our archæologists to explain some prehistoric ornaments of doubtful use: "When an Indian of the Rio Negro falls in love and has secured the good will of the girl's parents, they give him a bit of quartz chosen for its hardness and transparency. This he is expected to transform into a neat cylindrical-shaped ornament." Very graphic is the account of making sugar from the cane, contrasted with the beet-root process, which depends on "the phenomenon of endosmosis and exosmosis being set up when the sliced beet is put in hot water. The water and saccharine juice set up contrary currents; the sugar passes through the walls of its cells into the water, and the latter penetrates into its place till an equilibrium is established."

All intending visitors to a new country should study Mr. Spence's way of managing; he can write Spanish verses, though this, we take it, was a work of supererogation. Great must have been the contrast between him and the United States Consul who "pushed republican simplicity to the extent of coming to the hotel dining-table destitute of waistcoat, collar, or necktie." No wonder such a man "did not take" with the ceremonious, albeit wonderfully hospitable and kindly Venezuelans.

Wallace's Tropical Nature.

Tropical Nature and other Essays. By Alfred R. Wallace, Author of the "Malay Archipelago," "The Geographical Distribution of Animals," "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection," &c., &c. London: Macmillan. 1878.

Of these papers, noticed in our last issue, the most interesting discusses the antiquity of man. On this Mr. Wallace spoke in 1876, to the biological section of the British Association at Glasgow. He begins by noticing the strangely rapid change of opinion during the last twenty years. "Not only theologians but even geologists then taught us that man belonged altogether to the existing state of things; that the extinct animals of the tertiary period had finally disappeared, and that the earth's surface had assumed its present condition before the human race first came into existence." This idea rested on purely negative evidence, and facts to the contrary were for a long time steadily ignored. Thus, in 1854, a communication from the Torquay Natural History Society, on the occurrence of worked flints in Kent's Hole, with remains of extinct species, "was rejected as too improbable for publication." Kent's Hole is now one of the grand proofs that man and extinct creatures did co-exist, and our author's inference is that "the vast antiquity of man is hardly disputed by any well-informed theologian;" while as to development, which is inseparably bound up with this theory of extreme antiquity, "the controversy as to the fact is now almost at an end, since one of the most talented representatives of Catholic theology, an anatomist of high standing, Professor Mivart, fully adopts it as regards physical structure, reserving his whole opposition for those parts of the theory which would deduce man's whole intellectual and moral nature from the same source, and by a similar mode of development." That is Mr. Wallace's statement of the case as it now stands. The belief in the independent origin of man has, he thinks, received its death-blow; hardly any one capable of judging of the evidence now doubts the derivative nature of man's bodily structure as a whole. At the same time he is fully awake to the danger, lately pointed out by Professor Virchow, in a much misquoted passage, of setting aside the difficulties which used to be exaggerated, and ignoring facts which seem to make against the new theories. On one point Mr. Wallace insists very strongly—that primitive men were many of them in a state of civilisation—much higher than that of the lowest of our modern savages. He thinks it is far easier to produce evidence of deterioration than of progress, when we compare the contemporaries of the mammoth

with later pre-historic races of Europe or with modern savages. These palæolithic men, too, had the disadvantage of living in a sub-arctic climate, under which it is quite possible man may have deteriorated, seeing that there is only negative evidence of his non-existence in yet earlier time. In this way, the great ice age might have been the ruin of an earlier civilisation. Indeed, our author points out that several early civilisations seem to have existed, and to have been succeeded by barbarism. He cites the instances of Easter Island, where on an area of only thirty square miles (considerably less than Jersey) are found hundreds of gigantic stone images, often forty feet high, some much larger, the crowns on their heads, cut out of a red stone, being sometimes ten feet across. Some images, weighing from four to over one hundred tons, all set up on extensive stone platforms, show that there must have been a large population, abundance of food, and an established government. How could these co-exist on a mere speck of land wholly cut off from the rest of the world? Mr. Albert Mott's answer (quoted approvingly by Mr. Wallace) is, that there must needs have been power of regular communication with larger islands or with a continent, and therefore there must have existed the arts of navigation and a civilisation very much higher than is now to be found in any part of the Pacific. A still stronger case is that of the North American earth-works, four well-marked classes of which occur in the Mississippi Valley and the plains of Wisconsin. Among these are, besides the mounds in the forms of animals, the far more important groups of circles, octagons, squares, ellipses, &c., formed by embankments from twenty to thirty feet high. It is difficult to make a true square with a side of a thousand feet, and to draw a circle far more accurate than is necessary to satisfy the eye with a diameter of a third of a mile. Yet these figures are perfect; and some of them are identical in dimensions, though they are seventy miles apart. Their builders therefore must have had standard measures and means of measuring angles, and (which is a far greater proof of habitual skill and intellectual advancement) they must have had the wish to make their figures as accurate as possible. The features of the sculptures found among these mounds are quite distinct from those of the modern Indian with his ponderous jaw and projecting cheek-bones. It is very easy therefore for an ancient nation's life entirely to perish or to be hidden from observation. Even the arts of Nineveh and Babylon were unknown a generation ago; nearer home, the Veneti of Brittany, whose ships so astonished Cæsar, had wholly passed away before Gaul was finally settled by the Romans. The great pyramid Mr. Wallace adduces as another striking instance of a higher degree of knowledge being succeeded by a lower. The result of Professor Piazzi Smith's lengthened

and careful observations is that the pyramid is truly square, that the four sockets on which the corner stones rest are truly on the same level, that the sides face accurately the cardinal points, that the vertical height bears the same proportion to the circumference at the base as the radius of a circle does to its circumference. And all these angles, levels, &c., are accurate to such a degree as requires the very best modern instruments and all the refinements of geodetic science to discover any error at all. Add to this the absolute perfection of the interior finish, and the further fact that the great pyramid is universally admitted to be the oldest of them all, and the case is felt to be one (as Sir J. Herschel said), "which according to received theories ought not to happen, belonging to a class of facts which serve as the clue to new discoveries." The inference is that, "while in material progress there has been a tolerably steady advance, man's intellectual and moral development reached almost its highest level in a very remote past. The lower, the mere animal, but often the more energetic types have, however, always been the more numerous; hence such established societies as have here and there arisen under the guidance of higher minds, have always been liable to be swept away by incursions of barbarians." This seems a perfectly fair account of the ebb and flow of intellectual culture; but morality we hesitate to connect with such culture any more than with a generally diffused material civilisation. Abraham would have probably been unable to draw an accurate square; but his ideas of God and of goodness were far above not only those of the pyramid-builders, but above those of his degenerate countrymen in after ages. With this reservation we can wholly accept our author's dictum "that there may have been, almost all the world over, a long succession of partial civilisations, each succeeded by a period of barbarism;" and we further hold that many savages are wonderfully skilful in this or that art, because they retain a fragment of the knowledge of their predecessors. We have devoted all our space to this subject because of its all-absorbing interest; but the book is full of interest in other ways. The descriptions of tropical nature are delightful. The wonderfully equable climate (see result of series of observations by the Dutch Government at Batavia) has given evolution a fair chance; progressive development has worked with little or no check for countless ages, and when the fitting form was attained, it was stereotyped—as in Egypt, where the cat of the earliest mummy cases is the cat of to-day.

Mr. Wallace's theory about the bright colours of male birds differs markedly from Mr. Darwin's, and will be read with interest; so will his careful observations on humming birds. He shows them to be congeners of the *swift*, while the sun-birds of the old world are *passers*—it is to the breastbone and

other parts which do not readily modify that we must look in tracing affinities; porpoises, for instance, are like fish in all modifiable parts and yet are mammals. On protective colours and mimicry in animals we were prepared by Mr. Wallace's other books to expect much interest. In islands where their foes are rare or wholly absent, birds and insects develop patches of bright colour unknown elsewhere. One point our author does well to insist on (p. 279), the absolute need of arranging our specimens on a geograpical basis, if we would make them really useful in tracing the complex relations between the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Kidd's Laws of Therapeutics.

The Laws of Therapeutics. By Joseph Kidd, M.D. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

In this volume Dr. Kidd, "forgetting men and their systems" in the search for "all truth," "desires to make a fresh and unbiassed inquiry into the fundamental principles of the science and art of healing, to ascertain if medicine can be brought into the position of an exact science, or if it is to remain merely an art." The result is somewhat surprising. A quarter of the book is devoted to an account of the men and systems Dr. Kidd desires to forget, whilst the remainder consists mainly of an attempt to elucidate one of the above systems, slightly modified, by the recital of numerous cases in most of which his genius triumphed over diseases that had baffled the skill of the first London physicians.

Turning from the long historical introduction to chapter ii. headed "Physiology," we hoped to find a lucid exposition of the important relation which this science bears to the science of healing, but were grievously disappointed. After giving the barest outline of the general development of the body the author deduces this grand law, stated in italics, "we find the law of development to be like appropriating like" (p. 62). The appropriating power and every organ and tissue of the body lies in its protoplasm; there is a great, yea indistinguishable, likeness between the protoplasm of the different parts of the body, but a very striking dissimilarity between the substances selected or elaborated by that protoplasm. Physiologists are now teaching that the very fat of the body is to a large extent, if not entirely, elaborated from other substances by this wonderful protoplasm and not simply extracted from the blood. Were it merely extracted from the blood it would be protoplasm selecting fat, and not fat, a formed and lifeless product, assimilating itself. Dr. Kidd's law has no existence in nature. Truly wonderful are the laws of Physiology, but we fail to detect in them any homœopathic principles. In the same chapter, and throughout the work, we observe many paragraphs introduced to inform the public that their

physicians are making no efforts to discover laws of therapeutics, and are quite "content to grope and hit at random in their attempts to treat disease" (p. 66). Even special charges are brought against distinguished physicians in a manner quite unbecoming a medical author.

All however is easily explained by the fact that Dr. Kidd, perhaps hardly realising it himself, expects every one to think as he does, and, if not, concludes knavery or folly must exist. As long as Dr. Kidd adheres to facts no one can disagree with him, but his attempts to explain and draw conclusions from those facts lay him open to criticism. From individual cures he arrives at the induction, "Similia similibus curantur." It is all-important to bear in mind that this aphorism is based on the *explanation* of the cures recorded, for it is exceedingly easy to trace external and superficial resemblances where the exact pathological state and mode of action of the remedy are but imperfectly, if at all known. It is quite impossible here to examine in detail the cases narrated, but exception may be taken to several on account of the combination of therapeutic means employed, and the fact that many drugs in small doses produce a different or even opposite effect on the system to that which follows large doses. As an example of the first the case of acute Bright's Disease, detailed on page 138 *et seq*, may be mentioned, where in addition to small doses of turpentine a hot-air bath was given which produced profuse perspiration, day and night, for forty-eight hours! Turpentine in large doses undoubtedly produces some of the symptoms of Bright's disease, but in the small doses administered by Dr. Kidd it increases the amount of urine in health. After the effect of the bath the recovery is by no means unprecedented in absence of turpentine. On page 107 a case of exophthalmic goitre treated with success by small doses of belladonna is placed as an illustration of Hahnemann's law of Similars. The immediate pathological cause of this disease is most commonly regarded as a local vaso-motor paralysis; and in summing up the result of experiments on the action of atropia on the vaso-motor system Dr. G. B. Wood, in his excellent work on therapeutics, says it is in small doses a stimulant to the vaso-motor centres. It is possible therefore to find *contraria* where Dr. Kidd finds *similia*. The same drug in large doses paralyses the muscular fibres of the arteries, and this antipathy of large and small doses may be traced in many other cases. Could we assert that the symptoms produced by large doses of any drug can be cured by small doses of the same, a valuable guide to treatment would be established; but facts will not allow the induction.

Dr. Kidd recognises that there are medicines whose actions cannot be explained in any other way than "contraria contrariis curantur," and he devotes a chapter to them in order to show their imperfections and frequent misuse which renders the following chapter on the superiority of *similia* to *contraria* quite superfluous.

"Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the disappointment felt by doctors and patients in the application of chemical remedies according to Galen's law of *contraria contrariis*." Dr. Kidd deals too much in results and too little in causes. No educated medical man would attempt to treat acidity of any secretion as itself a disease calling for alkalies, but would rather ask himself what was the cause of the alteration and attack that. The law of *contraria* does not call for the administration of alkalies in acidity of the stomach. That acidity is in most cases the result of secondary fermentative processes, due to lack of acid in the primary normal process, and calls for the supply of suitable acid at meal-times to prevent the abnormal changes. We see neither *similia* nor *contraria* in the treatment.

What the death of a patient, suffering from acute rheumatism, by an overdose of croton oil has to do with the bad effect of the *contraria* aphorism we fail to see, as also the bearing on the subject of several statements in this and the following chapter.

The disadvantages of the antipathic law he enumerates as palliation rather than cure, and the necessity of large and almost poisonous doses with their constant repetition. As before, Dr. Kidd fails to distinguish cause and result, as also a mobile from a stable cause.

It is unfair to take the effect of bromide of potassium on epilepsy, as an instance of the law of contraries, without explanation. As a rule epilepsy is due to a permanent and unapproachable cause, so that all that is or can be aimed at is the neutralising of the effects of that cause by the drug referred to. It makes no pretence to remove the cause, therefore it must be given as frequently and in as large amount as the result requires. If any one can substitute anything acting by the law of similars to remove cause and effect together, he will earn the thanks of all right-minded physicians and their epileptic patients.

If epilepsy be due to a mobile cause, *eg.*, worms, the action of suitable cathartics, *contraria* even according to Dr. Kidd, will rid the patient of his disease. Dr. Kidd's illustrations of the antipathic law are unhappily chosen—happily only in view of his advocacy of the homœopathic law.

Suppose for sake of argument—and Dr. Kidd allows it—that both laws exist; it follows that neither can be universal, and therefore experience alone could teach us which would answer in a given case. Consequently we are led to fall back upon that rich storehouse of therapeutic facts the disarrangement of which he so greatly deplores.

Why, therefore, he should inveigh against the classification of drugs according to their chief physiological action as tonics, diuretics, cardiac stimulants, sedatives, &c., we cannot understand. To say it hides the special effect of each is in our opinion absurd.

We regard this classification according to physiological and therapeutical action, *e.g.*, Dr. Wood's book, as a most valuable result of the recent extensive experiments made in this domain of science. Of course, in every such arrangement much is as yet tentative: still it is the first step towards the accomplishment of that end which Dr. Kidd and all other physicians earnestly look for—scientific precision in the use of medicinal agents. The aim of scientific medicine, as we understand it, is to provide a similar classification of diseases according to their pathological states, and a refined system of diagnosis which shall render the clinical recognition of the latter as easy as their exponent symptoms will allow. Given the two series we should be in a position to treat disease scientifically, according to the laws which experiment dictated.

As we are yet but on the very outskirts of this promised land, and general inductions do not usually come in the childhood of a science, it would be the boldness of ignorance to dogmatise on the subject, and say this or that law is supreme; still, we must say that what exact research has already been made seems to point to conclusions altogether at variance with those arrived at by the author of the volume before us.

The medical profession of our country believe in all methods of cure which experiment proves to be effectual, and the journals of the day are open to all well authenticated results. There should be no sects, for there is but one teacher.

The principal homœopathic practitioners of the present day disregard Hahnemann's infinitesimal doses, and use what they allow to be *contraria* whenever they think necessary (note, p. 33). We object to a set of men practising general medicine under a name which leads uninitiated people to regard their treatment of disease as always special, when, in the great majority of instances, it is their explanation of the action of remedies and not their treatment which is special. We also object to the application of the term allopathic to a physician, as it implies, in like manner, an explanation of the action of remedies which, though in our opinion generally true, has not yet been proved to be universal.

From the popular and general character of this work no doubt it will fall chiefly into non-medical hands, and this circumstance has necessarily influenced our remarks. Although we cannot recommend it as a true exposition of the laws of therapeutics, we wish Dr. Kidd every success in his search after truth, and think that medical science would be greatly advanced if every physician followed his example in recording the results of private practice.

Bucknill's Habitual Drunkenness.

Habitual Drunkenness and Insane Drunkards. By John Charles Bucknill, M.D. Lond., F.R.S., &c. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

This small volume consists of a collection of letters, speeches, and papers on Habitual Drunkenness, which Dr. Bucknill has seen fit to lay before the public partly as a reply to the criticisms of Dr. Cameron, the introducer of the "Habitual Drunkards Bill" in the House of Commons, and partly because he considers they afford an unbiassed consideration of the social and medical bearings of drunkenness (p. vi.). Repetition and controversial language, arising respectively from the arrangement and object of the book, we could gladly dispense with, but the contents are too valuable to allow any minor blemishes to diminish the thanks due from all to Dr. Bucknill for striving to diffuse more widely the knowledge of the sensible opinions which he holds and the facts which he gathered concerning the "Inebriate Asylums" of America.

Although alcohol produces various organic diseases in the human body, socially our attention is drawn mainly to its action on the nervous system as displayed in drunkenness, or what may be more properly designated the habit or state of acute alcoholic poisoning. It is but natural that all philanthropic minds should take deep interest in any attempt made to lessen a practice which fills our prisons with criminals and too often our homes with misery, but there is need of care lest zeal outrun common sense and the teachings of science. As in the rectification of all evils, the principal object should be to ascertain and attack the cause rather than battle blindly with the result.

Unfortunately even doctors differ as to the relation of habitual drunkenness to unsoundness of mind, some regarding it as a species of monomania, others as a bad habit or vice. Undoubtedly insanity may result from the use of alcohol, especially in those predisposed to it; but the question arises whether continued use of this drug produces a state of moral insanity, corresponding to the uncontrollable impulse to steal in kleptomania, which may be termed oinomania, and defined as "a form of moral insanity manifesting itself in a passion for strong drink, not for its own sake, or for the sensations which it produces, but for the gratification of a morbid impulse" (p. 58). We quite agree with Dr. Bucknill that the habitual drunkard in the vast majority of cases is, *quoad oinomania*, free from disease. The law of our land allows no alteration of its penalty for criminal acts done under the influence of alcohol; that is, it regards the man responsible for his condition. On the other hand *delirium tremens*, a distinct disease produced

by alcohol, of which mental unsoundness is a prominent symptom, renders a man irresponsible for his actions. This distinction assumes as its basis that the drunkard labours under no uncontrollable impulse to drink. What then is the state of the man who habitually indulges to excess in alcoholic beverages? On the answer to this important question all treatment must be based.

Indulgence in alcohol, opium, tobacco, or indeed any pleasurable act of mind or body, whether it be good or bad, creates a desire for its repetition.

If the act be in every way right and good for ourselves and others by constant repetition, and by surrounding ourselves as far as possible with that which at least harmonises with if not suggests it, we render it more easy of accomplishment, and in time it becomes so automatic that even the strongest motives to the contrary fail to influence us. This is natural law, but it cuts both ways. If evil become our good the same consequence ensues. Desire, however strong, does not imply the absence of voluntary power; the will, by constant submission, is too often at the beck of the passions, and requires a new divine motive to enthrone it again as the subject of another master. For the arguments sustaining this position, that the motive power of the habitual drunkard is bad habit rather than disease, we must refer our readers to the volume before us, especially Art. III., republished from the *Contemporary Review*.

As regards the treatment of habitual drunkenness let Dr. Bucknill speak for himself:—"I believe the treatment of habitual drunkards for the cure of their supposed disease to be unsound from top to bottom and everywhere. I make no exception; for the only institution (in America) in which I did find good, honest, earnest work being done was the inebriate *Reformatory* at Philadelphia, in the management of which the idea of curing a disease is steadfastly put on one side" (p. 78).

"If from the public funds we were to create inebriate asylums for the drunken masses 'we should ruin the sober and well-doing, the class is so large;' we should, moreover, teach the pernicious doctrine that drunkenness is an uncontrollable, morbid impulse, to be cured by treatment in a kind of hospital, and therefore that it is not a degrading vice to be resisted in its first beginnings, or to be overcome by resolute effort in its progress" (p. 67).

"Finally, I think we have no data which would justify us in appealing to the Legislature for a new law, which would curtail in a most anomalous manner the liberty of the subject, on the plea of promoting the cure of habitual drunkenness" (p. 76). The attempt to accomplish by State law that which should be done by private and social ethics is a great mistake, and as Englishmen we blush to own the existence of such a law on our statute books as that which some years ago was passed to render another vice less dangerous.

"It is no part of the duty of the State to deal by penal enactments with intentions and dispositions, and therefore, in dealing with drunkenness, it can only regard the overt act" (p. 77). As, however, Dr. Bucknill suggests, "It is unreasonable that magistrates should have to commit the same person from fifty to a hundred times for a constantly repeated offence, and the remedy would appear to be a *penitentiary* for habitual drunkard offenders, in which they should be compelled to earn their maintenance, and from which they should be released *on trial* and live for a time under the surveillance of the police" (p. 77). But there is another aspect under which the subject of treatment must be viewed: "Although the duty of the State does not extend to the punishment of private and self-regarding vice, it is bound to prevent public temptation to vice, ... so therefore, it seems the bounden duty of the State to place the sale of strong drink under stringent regulation; to the effect that the trader in drink may not be the pander of drunkenness" (p. 78).

After all, the above methods are but secondary to the true cure for this and all other vices. It is by raising a man morally, and creating that self-respect which flows from a due appreciation of the grand end for which he was created, that alone the desired result can be accomplished. If the science which doubts miracle would look around she might discover many moral miracles which would stand her sternest tests; and we are not surprised to find that Dr. Bucknill in his search after truth has been told by more than one person of experience in the treatment of habitual drunkards that the most reliable remedy is "practical operative religion."

In conclusion, we recommend Dr. Bucknill's work to the thoughtful consideration of all interested in the subject, and trust that every endeavour to lessen drunkenness may be made in the spirit of the motto, "It is not drunkenness we wish to punish, but temperance we wish to promote" (p. 79).

Bellows's French Dictionary.

Dictionary for the Pocket. French and English. English and French. Both Divisions on Same Page. By John Bellows. Masculine and Feminine Words shown by Distinguishing Types. Conjugation of all the Verbs. Liaison marked in French part, and Hints to Aid Pronunciation, together with Tables and Maps. Revised by Alexandre Beljaze, M.A., and Fellow University Paris. Proof Sheets read by John Sibree, M.A., and A. Marrot, B.A. London: Trübner and Co., Ludgate Hill. Paris: Ernest Leroux, 28, Rue Bonaparte. Gloucester: John Bellows. [Second Edition—Fourteenth Thousand.]

We gladly welcome the fourteenth thousand of Mr. Bellows's Pocket

French and English Dictionary, an undertaking which deserves all the success that can possibly be accorded to it. A book measuring four and a half inches by three, barely over three-quarters of an inch, can hardly be expected to contain as much information as a couple of comely octavo volumes; but we doubt whether any ordinary library dictionary of the two languages will be found nearly as useful, even in the library, as this tiny tome of 600 pages. That portion of the plan which contributes most to the remarkable economy of space accomplished by Mr. Bellows must be regarded, not as a makeshift for the mere sake of economy, but as a luminous idea from the point of view of general convenience: we mean the printing of the two parts of the dictionary—French-English and English-French—concurrently on the upper and lower half of every page, an arrangement whereby it becomes unnecessary to give in two places those words that are common to the two languages. Indeed, so excellently useful is this grouping, or rather combining, of parts, that we should regard a library edition of the dictionary as a great boon to those students who, in acquainting themselves with a language, turn constantly, as all students who are in earnest have to do, from one part of their dictionary to the other. Other characteristics of this book tending towards compactness and (at least) unimpaired utility are (1) the distinction of genders by different types, (2) the typographic indication of the liasion, in French words, or of its absence, (3) the arrangement of conjugations and the reference by number to these from the text of the dictionary. Then the tables of equivalent values, weights, and measures are of the greatest practical value, and the method of reference to them excellent; while the maps of England and France are made as useful as possible by the marking of distances both in hours and in miles or kilomètres. Great advantages have accrued to this dictionary through the author's being at once linguist, printer, and practical man of affairs: this last qualification has been instrumental in inducing him not only to give his book all kinds of practical improvements, imaginable and unimaginable, but also to associate with himself a good French linguist, and two men of mark to read the proofs. We remember hearing that the first edition, which was "sold out" immediately, only just cleared expenses. We are glad to see that the sale has continued so good as to involve what must be a permanent success.

END OF VOL. LI.

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