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APRIL,

1892.

THE
LONDON QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

No. CLV.—New Series, No. 35.

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1892.

ART. I.—JASMIN.

Jasmin: Barber, Poet, Philanthropist. By Dr. SMILES.
Murray. 1891.

THE distinguished author of *Self-Help* has been singularly fortunate this time in the subject of his biography. The career of the barber-poet affords many a striking illustration of those homely virtues—thrift, honesty, courage, domestic affection—which Dr. Smiles has made it the aim of all his literary work to recommend; while, at the same time there is about it a romantic interest, an idyllic gaiety, a charm, not untouched by simple human pathos, and, moreover, an element of dramatic contrast, to which the straightforward narrative of the biographer, innocent of any tricks of style, does ample justice. There must certainly have been something unique and well deserving study about the character and genius of the man who for the last thirty years of his life scarcely ever appeared in public without an “ovation”—who by his passionate declamation of his own poetry melted into tears not only the bourgeois of Toulouse and Bordeaux, but a chosen circle of French *littérati*, the most cultivated and critical audience in the world—whose dialect poems not only delighted his own province, but received the medal of the Academy, and the scarcely less valued approbation of the master of modern literary criticism, Sainte-Beuve—who often earned as much as

two thousand francs at a single entertainment, where he was crowned, fêted, flattered, and caressed, and then, after handing over the whole of the sum so gained to the public charities, reserving only a few francs for his own modest expenses, returned to his little shop in Agen, with the sign, "Jasmin, Coiffeur," over the door, to shave his customers and make his verses, with more than philosophic content.

He was born in 1798 at the little town of Agen, which stands in a rich and fertile district halfway between Bordeaux and Toulouse, on the Garonne. The stern realities of poverty and labour came to him half-disguised by the delights of an open-air life in that wide valley, where on a fair spring day across miles and miles of white-blossomed orchard may be descried, gleaming in the dim distance, the faint broken line of the snow-capped Pyrenees.

It was well for him and his poetic gift that he lived in a land where the outward aspects of Nature were rich and bountiful, for his home surroundings must have been sordid and depressing in the extreme. His father was a humpbacked tailor, who eked out the resources of his small custom by writing doggrel verses for the *Charivari*—a local custom now happily almost extinct, which Dr. Smiles describes as having some affinity with the "Skimmity riding" of Devonshire, when, on the occasion of an unpopular marriage, the mob of the neighbourhood gather round the dwelling of the wedded pair and make night hideous by chanting burlesque rhymes to every imaginable kind of unmusical accompaniment. It is curious to think of such an intellectual ancestry for the sweetest and most graceful of modern idyllic poets.

Jasmin's mother was not much better endowed physically than her helpmate. She was a cripple. But she had all the energy, the resource, the force of character which he appears to have lacked. She worked incessantly, in spite of her infirmity, and her earnings formed the chief support of the family. The wallet of old Grandfather Boü, once a soldier, now a licensed beggar, helped somewhat to keep the wolf from the door; and his martial stories were a powerful factor in developing the imagination of little Jacques Jasmin.

In his poem "Mes Souvenirs," Jasmin has left a charming

and vivid picture of this part of his life. He describes his games with the village boys, the long summer mornings spent in gathering willow-faggots by the banks of the Garonne; the long winter evenings when the women of the town with their children collected in one room for the sake of warmth, to spin a sort of coarse pack-thread, while one of them would relate in the flexible and expressive *patois* of the district the tale of *Barbe-Bleue* or the *Loup-Garou*, or some other local legend. One sees that Jasmin was already in training to become the poet of the people. Perhaps it was here that he heard for the first time the stories that his genius was to make so widely known, of Martha and Françolette and the Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé.

But nature and romance are not the poet's only teachers. He needs the stern contact of reality, the awakening touch of sorrow. Let us learn from Jasmin's own words how this came to him.

"It happened on a Monday," he says. I was then ten years old. I was playing about in the square with my companions, and I was king, when suddenly a dreadful spectacle disturbed my royalty. I saw an old man in an arm-chair borne along by several persons. The bearers approached still nearer, when I recognised my afflicted grandfather. . . . In my grief I saw only him. I ran up to him in tears, threw myself on his neck, and kissed him.

"In returning my embrace he wept. 'Oh, grandfather,' said I, 'where are you going? Why do you weep? Why are you leaving our home?' 'My child,' said the old man, 'I am going to the almshouse, where all the *Jasmins* die.' He then embraced me, closed his eyes, and was carried away. We followed him for some time under the trees. I abandoned my play and returned home full of sorrow."

"On that Monday," Jasmin adds, "I for the first time knew and felt that we were very poor."

The old armchair that was set apart to such a dismal purpose came into Jasmin's hands some years after, when, by his industry and energy, qualities for which one may suppose that the *Jasmins* had not hitherto been remarkable, he succeeded in raising himself to a position of modest comfort. He had the satisfaction of breaking it up for firewood. His father, the humpback, spent the last years of his life in his son's home. "He had always had a firm presentiment that

he should be carried in the armchair to the hospital 'where all the Jasmins die.' But Jasmin did his best to save his old father from that indignity. He had already broken the armchair, and the old tailor died peacefully in the arms of his son."

But in the young poet's boyhood nothing promised such a consummation. His parents could not afford to send him to school, and he owed his first instruction in reading and writing to the kindness of his mother's sister, the school-mistress at Agen, who taught him for nothing. He was then received, for charity, into the Convent School, but he did not enjoy its advantages long. A detected raid on the convent jam-pots was the cause of his expulsion. He went home in disgrace, to find his family almost starving. His brave mother, driven to extremity, had to sell her wedding-ring to buy them bread. They found a protector, however, in a certain Abbé Mirabin, who gave them substantial help in the time of their worst need, and procured for Jasmin admission to one of the town schools. At sixteen he was apprenticed to a barber. At twenty he married and settled in business for himself, at first in hired rooms, afterwards in the house on the Promenade du Gravier, which was his home for the rest of his life.

From the "Barber of Seville" downwards the hairdressing craft has been associated with the things of the mind. Had not the poetical barber in *Romola* his historical prototype in the Florence of Lorenzo de Medici? Was not Allen Ramsay a periwig-maker? Jasmin was only following the traditions of his craft in devoting to verse the moments of leisure that he could snatch from the exercise of comb and scissors. He recited his verses to his customers as they sat passive under his "hand of velvet," for Jasmin had the honest and honourable ambition to excel in the business by which he lived; and that he did so excel is the universal testimony. "Il rasait bien, il chantait mieux," said Sainte-Beuve. He soon gained a local reputation which threatened for a time to destroy the peace of his home. His young wife was as good as she was pretty; but, like most French wives of her class, she seems to have been a thorough woman of business, and "the gods had not made her

poetical." She began to be afraid that the delight of literary composition, together with the flattering attention it brought him, would draw off her husband's mind from the sordid but necessary business of earning a living, and that he would end by accomplishing the hereditary destiny of the Jasmins. She went so far as to tear up his verses and throw his pens into the fire. However, a further experience of her husband's good sense, and also, no doubt, the increasing success of his literary work, reconciled her to his way of employing his leisure, and no further cause of discord between them seems ever to have arisen.

M. Charles Nodier, critic and poet, who has left us an amusing account of one of these conjugal disputes, which he happened to witness, is entitled to the honour of having "discovered" Jasmin, and made him known to the general reading public. On the appearance of his second volume of poems, he was the subject of a discriminating and very appreciative notice by Sainte-Beuve in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Other journals and other critics took up the chorus of applause. Many of his poems were rendered into French, and Longfellow, the very limitations of whose poetic gift made him the most perfect of translators, by his exquisite version of "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé," in the original metres, introduced him to the English public. Many of the *littérateurs* of Paris felt it to be a pity that a genius so exceptional should be confined to the narrow bounds of a province. Their views were expressed on one occasion by M. Paul de Musset (brother to the famous author of *Les Nuits*) on a visit which he paid to Agen.

After finding out the shop, and putting himself into the hands of the celebrated barber, whom he describes as "a handsome brown-haired fellow, with a cheerful expression, who seemed about thirty years of age," he asked the question :

"Tell me, M. Jasmin, why is it that you, who appear to know French perfectly, write in a language that is not spoken in any chief town or capital ?"

"Ah, sir," was the reply, 'how could a poor rhymers like me appear among the great celebrities of Paris? I have sold eighteen hundred copies of my little pieces of poetry in pamphlet form, and certainly all who speak Gascon know them well. Recollect, that there are at least six millions of people in Languedoc.'

"My mouth was covered with soapsuds, and I could not answer him for some time. 'Then I said :

"'But a hundred thousand persons at most know how to read, and twenty thousand of them will scarcely be able to enjoy your works.'

"'Well, sir. I am content with that amount. Perhaps you have at Paris more than one writer who possesses his twenty thousand readers. My little reputation would soon carry me astray if I ventured to address all Europe. The voice that appears sonorous in a little place is not heard in the midst of a large plain. And then my readers are confined within a radius of forty leagues, and the result is of real advantage for me as an author.'

"'Ah! And why do you not abandon your razor?' I asked of this singular poet.

"'What would you have?' he said. 'The muses are most capricious—to-day they give gold, to-morrow they refuse bread. The razor secures me soup, and perhaps a bottle of Bordeaux. Besides, my salon is a little literary circle where all the young people of the town assemble. When I come from one of the academies—i.e., literary societies—of which I am a member, I find myself among the tools which I can manage better than my pen; and most of the members of the circle usually pass through my hands.'

M. Damon, an early friend and patron of Jasmin's, made a more serious effort to induce him to write his poems in French, instead of making them inaccessible to the nation generally by shutting them up in a decaying dialect, which would probably soon drop out of use altogether. Jasmin took these strictures on his mother-tongue very much to heart. He replied to them in a poem of some length, in which the following lines occur :

"The people love their ancient songs, and will,
While yet a people, love and keep them still.
'These lays are like their mother: they recall
Fond thoughts of brother, sister, friends, and all
The many little things that please the heart—
Those dreams and hopes from which we cannot part;
'These songs are as sweet waters, where we find
Health in the sparkling wave that nerves the mind.
In every home, at every cottage door,
By every fireside, when our toil is o'er,
'These songs are round us, near our cradles sigh,
And to the grave attend us when we die."

But he had to urge not only the plea of old affections and associations, so tenderly expressed in the lines just quoted. He was strongly of opinion that the dialect of Gascony was more suitable for poetry than modern French.

"You can no more write poetry now in French [he used to say] than you can in arithmetical figures. The language had been licked and kneaded, and tricked out, and plumed, and scented, and minced, and chipped, until for all honest purposes of true high poetry it is mere unavailable and contemptible jargon. It might do for cheating *agents de change* on the Bourse, for squabbling politicians in the Chambers, for mincing dandies in the Salons, for the sarcasm of Scribe-ish comedies, or the coarse humour of Palais-Royal farces—but for poetry the French language was extinct. All modern poets who used it were *faiseurs de phrase*—thinking about words, not feelings."

Those who have felt the charm of Victor Hugo's "large utterance," the "poignant passionate" note of Alfred de Musset or the supreme elegance of Lamartine will be little disposed to agree with the sweeping statements of the Gascon bard; and yet, he was certainly right in his perception of the medium of expression best adapted to his own genius. That genius is natural, facile, copious, laughing and weeping by turns like a child; the action of his poems is full of little dramatic turns and surprises, and the metre varies to suit the theme. To compress this naïve and happy genius within the strict bonds of a system of versification like the French—a system the technicalities of which are elaborate and intricate beyond parallel—would be like putting the armour of Saul on young David. The giant Victor Hugo bears it with ease; but let the country poet abide by his own rustic weapons; they will serve him as no others can. Which of Burns's English poems is worthy to be compared with "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw" or "Auld Lang Syne."

On his first visit to Paris, in 1842, Jasmin was received almost with adulation. Those modern Athenians, "ever ready to hear or tell some new thing," had at last secured that *rara avis*, an entirely new and original poet. Echoes abounded—echoes of Chateaubriand, of Lamartine, of De Musset. To profess to be disillusionised, sceptical, *blasé*, to have outlived all one's emotions, was the fashion of the time. And then, just when the world was getting somewhat tired of this phase, but not quite seeing its way to anything better, this fresh voice broke upon them out of the green wilderness that lies outside the splendid and sorrowful city, where gaiety is so brilliant, where life is so rapid, where toil is so hopeless, where misery is so despairing. It reminded those who heard it of

a larger, calmer, simpler life than that whirlwind of Paris, in which they spent their feverish days; it recalled them to the common needs and hopes that make us all kin. Jasmin never went far afield for his topics. Sometimes local legend served him, as in the story of the blind girl who died of grief on the day of her faithless lover's wedding with her rival; or as in *Françonette*, where the heroine is a beautiful village maiden falsely suspected of sorcery. Very often, as in the case of "Martha the Innocent," he merely versified an incident which had come under his own observation.

This poem of "Martha" was in a certain sense an *amende honorable*. In his boyhood, he had known the poor creature who was the subject of it. She had been separated from her betrothed lover by the conscription, had spent all her little income to buy him back—in vain. He went on the Italian campaign, and after years of faithful waiting on Martha's part he came back, married to another woman. The poor girl lost her reason, and wandered for years, a harmless lunatic, in the neighbourhood of Agen. Thoughtless boys would sometimes call after her, "Martha—a soldier!" when she would run to hide herself. Jasmin had sometimes when a lad joined, with a boy's unintentional cruelty, in playing on the feelings of the poor creature. This touching poem was his reparation.

Some critics, who meant to be laudatory, called Jasmin "the last of the troubadours." He received the compliment with that absence of all false modesty which is supposed to characterise the Gascon. "The troubadours!" he said, "why, I am a better poet than any of the troubadours. Not one of them could have composed a long poem of sustained interest like my *Françonette*."

He resembled, however, the minstrels of whom he spoke with such disparagement, in one most important respect. He was in the habit of reading or reciting his poems before large audiences; and thus he came to be known by voice and person over a large part of France. His poems gained immensely by being heard in this way. There is no deep thought in them, and very little demand on the reflective powers. We take Browning into our study, or Wordsworth for a solitary day on the hills, but Jasmin's poems are meant for the plat-

form. Little epics of the province, simple, natural, pathetic, they went straight to the popular heart. He had a talent for declamation which he had cultivated by constant practice; and his gestures were so dramatic, his voice so well modulated, his countenance, with its large dark southern eyes, so mobile and expressive, that even his Paris audiences, who could hardly understand a word he said, sat perfectly spell-bound while he recited his poems.

If he had chosen to employ this gift of his for his own personal profit, no one could have blamed him. But he always displayed, in regard to his art, what some people might consider a hypersensitive delicacy. The large sums he gained by his public recitations were all devoted to charitable purposes. "He would have regarded it as a sacrilege to evoke the enthusiasm of the people, and make money for his own benefit, or to speculate upon the triumphs of his muse. Gold earned in this way, he said, would have burned his fingers."

So we find him undertaking tours in the south and west of France, now to build a hospital, now to repair a church, now to relieve the sufferers by a flood or by the failure of the vintage. Of silver and gold the barber of Agen had no great store, but such things as he had, his genius, his time, his health and strength, he gave ungrudgingly. Even when advancing age might have seemed to give him a title to repose, he could not deny any appeal that was made on behalf of the poor. Only a short time before his death he was asked to recite at Ville-neuve-sur-Lot, a town some miles north of Agen. It was severe wintry weather, and he was already attacked with the disease that killed him. Nevertheless, he determined to accept their invitation, and rather than put the people to the expense of hiring a conveyance for him he walked the whole distance. The hall was crowded to suffocation. He recited for three hours, and never in his best days had he spoken with greater effect. Then he went home to die. His last work was a protest against the teaching of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, which had just appeared. "I am happy," he said, "to have terminated my career by an act of faith, and to have consecrated my last work to the name of Jesus Christ."

Striking as was the genius of Jasmin, it was less remarkable

than his character. There were many instances before him of great poets sprung from the ranks of the peasant and the artisan. But we may look far to find an instance of one who possessed to such a degree the temperament of genius with so little of its characteristic excesses or defects. We have not here, as in the case of Burns or Byron, to turn with sadness and humiliation from the splendour of the genius to the sins of the man. Sensitive, excitable, eager for joy and brightness as he was, the innocent pleasures of hearth and home sufficed for him. A poor man, *fêted* by the rich, he never forgot his dignity. He was incapable of presuming upon the attention and interest he excited, and he invariably preserved an attitude of manly independence. His very vanity, the one serious fault with which the opinion of posterity can charge him, is too amusing in its perfect simplicity and sincerity to be very offensive. "France," he said, "has had four great poets: Corneille, La Fontaine, Béranger, and Jasmin." An Englishman would take care not to say such a thing, even if he thought it. But both the thought and the expression came naturally to the open-hearted, self-confident Gascon. "Ah!" he said, to some English ladies who visited him in his shop, "if I were only well, and you could give me the pleasure of your company for some time, I would kill you with weeping. I would make you die with distress for my poor Margarido, my pretty Françonette."

After all, the weakness that sets store by the good opinion of one's neighbours and countrymen has something in it not altogether unamiable; and besides, as Jasmin said himself, though he loved glory, praise given to another never hindered his sleeping.

With regard to Jasmin's literary works, Sainte-Beuve indicates a feature that might easily escape an ordinary reader—the amount of study and labour which he put into them. If one reads any of these little poems, nothing can be more simple, unforced, and spontaneous—it reads almost like an improvisation. It is only by degrees that one discovers what care, what thought, what days and weeks of industrious toil, what polishing and re-polishing were needed to produce that simple perfection of the *tout ensemble*, those happy touches of dialogue or description that read like the most fortunate *impromptus*.

For Jasmin had a labour with which few poets are charged. He had, one might almost say, to create the language in which he wrote. The *patois* of Gascony was spoken, not written, and it was falling into rapid disuse, when Jasmin revived it by making it the vehicle of his genius.

"He knew [says Dr. Smiles] much of the *patois* from hearing it spoken at home. But now, desiring to know it more thoroughly, he set to work and studied it. He went into the market-places where the peasants from the country sold their produce; and there he picked up many new words and expressions. He made excursions into the country round Agen, where many of the old farmers and labourers spoke nothing but Gascon. He conversed with illiterate people, and especially with old women at their spinning-wheels, and eagerly listened to their ancient tales and legends. He made his own lexicon, and eventually formed a written dialect, which he wove into poems, to the great delight of the people in Southern France."

His wife, who had at first opposed his poetical labours, became after a time one of his most valuable assistants. "She knew better than he did the ordinary Gascon dialect. She often found for him the true word for the picture which he desired to present to his reader. Though Jasmin was always thankful for her help, he did not abandon his own words without some little contention. When he at length recognised the justice of her criticism, he would say, 'Marie, you are right. I will again think over the subject, and make it fit more completely into the Gascon idiom.'"

At different times during the latter part of Jasmin's life great pressure was put upon him to leave his home at Agen and establish himself at Paris. But the prospect of a life in the capital had no attraction for him. He preferred to dwell to the end "among his own people." Since his death a movement of reaction has been perceptible in many quarters against the excessive centralisation, of which France presents the most striking example, and which inevitably tends to draw off all the energy and talent of the provinces to feed the bloated and overgrown life of the capital. Against this tendency, so fatal when carried to excess, Jasmin's whole career was a protest, and here, as well as in the high tone and healthy moral atmosphere of his work, he did noble service to his country in his generation. Well might Sainte-Beuve say of him: "*Si la France possédait dix poètes comme Jasmin, dix poètes de cette influence, elle n'aurait pas à craindre de révolutions.*"

ART. II.—OLD ENGLISH WAYFARERS.

English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages (Fourteenth Century). By J. J. JUSSEMAND, Conseiller d'Ambassade, Dr. ès Lettres. Translated from the French by LUCY TOULMIN SMITH. Illustrated. Fourth Edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

WE are well accustomed to think of modern England under Victoria as of a land where the internal communication is singularly good; where travelling is easier, more rapid, more secure, than elsewhere; vast streams of journeying folk pouring night and day along the ever-multiplying iron roads, which take also the lion's share of the enormous goods traffic of the busiest manufacturing and trading country in the world, while miles upon miles of serviceable water-ways, and of well-made, well-kept, well-travelled high roads bear their own witness also to the restless energy of the nineteenth-century Briton. Perhaps, however, not a few of us have thought of this incessant running to and fro, this constant "post-haste and romage in the land," as if it were wholly a speciality of our own day, a product of the rapid and immense extension of the Service of Steam; perhaps we have looked back, half regretfully, to the old coaching-days as a sleepy, leisurely period, a time of Sabbath calm quite soothing to the imagination—and if our fancy strayed further into "the dark backward and abysm of time," to the days *before* stage-coaches, we have pictured our forefathers as practically a stay-at-home race, tethered each to his own little patch of the earth's surface by the all-but-impossibility of wandering far afield, which bad roads and worse conveyances imposed on him.

To such picturings of old English life M. Jusserand's book, already in its fourth edition, has come as a very lively, entertaining, and instructive rebuke.

Better acquainted with the literature and with the archives of England than many an educated Englishman, this antiquarian from over the sea shows us our forefathers of five hundred years ago no less restless, active, and enterprising

than Englishmen of our own day, and England itself as a country noticeable from the Roman days downward, and all through the Middle Ages, for its superiority over other lands in the means of communication, and for the great number and varied character of its wayfaring folk, who indeed played no mean part in shaping the history of the realm they were continually traversing—just as the modern English, true heirs of their roving spirit, having seized on steam as an unequalled ministering servant, have taken “the wings of the morning,” and sped thereon into the uttermost parts of the sea, discovering, colonising, trading, replenishing, and subduing the earth, till it is become as insoluble a problem as can be stated: What the world’s history would have been without the action of this ubiquitous race?

It is significant enough of the national temper, then as now the same, that the great fourteenth-century English poet should have imagined for the first great English poetic masterpiece a quite original framework, which makes of the *Canterbury Tales* a sort of epic of holiday wayfaring; even as the most perfect English allegory, the prose-poem of Bunyan, is also the story of a pilgrimage, though the one journey is as gay and inconsequent as the other is momentous and serious.

M. Jusserand has not been unmindful of that animated picture of mediæval England, glowing with life and colour, which we owe to the surprising genius of Chaucer: often does he take his cue from that sharp-eyed genial painter of men and manners. But he has been very careful not to rely implicitly on the courtly Chaucer, the austere Langland, or any of the less known poets who have with more or less imaginative power depicted their contemporaries for us. These witnesses, he thinks, need the corroboration of dry, cold, authentic documentary proof, and groping amid such “dust of old bones” as the Rolls of Parliament, and other of the “incomparable records of old England . . . year-books full of law-suits, petitions, and inquiries; long rows of statutes and of ordinances,” he finds under the pale ashes sparks of life yet glowing; he reconstitutes for us the former shape and body of our national existence, and points out that this

re-embodied ghost answers, feature by feature, to its quaint portrait, painted for us by the poets from the very life.

There is both dark and bright in the picture. That old society, "full of lusty life," joyous and splendid, was full too of injustice and cruelty; it was coarse and sceptical in some aspects, if it was poetically devout and fantastically refined in others. Its strange and sharp contrasts become increasingly clear to us while our accomplished guide leads us along the highways traversed by its wayfarers.

These were in many instances Roman roads, constructed by the conquering emperors with special care, for important military and commercial purposes. Admirably made, and serving needs that have never ceased to be imperious, these ways have outlived all the stormy centuries between Hadrian and Victoria, and are serviceable thoroughfares to-day. The less civilised Norman and Saxon inheritors of the Roman rule understood the value of the good roads Rome bequeathed to them, if they understood no other survival of Latin civilisation; this is shown in the well-proved fact that they, with the continental Catholics, ranked the making and keeping of good roads and good bridges high among purely religious duties. We do not indeed find in England any branch of the continental brotherhood of the "*Frères Pontifes*," or bridge-making friars, who erected with devoutest thoroughness of perfect masoncraft structures so stately and stable as the magnificent bridges at Cahors and at Avignon, able to withstand during seven centuries the force of rivers like the "arrowy Rhone"; but we find at Birmingham a "Gild of the Holy Cross" doing excellent work in repairing highways and bridges; we find indulgences for sin repeatedly offered to makers and menders of bridges, and even extended to "all the ancestors" of some who in this way worked for their fellows; we find sundry bridges placed under the protection of special saints, their keeping entrusted to religious bodies, charitable endowments attached to them, pious alms collected for them, and in not a few cases fair and rich chapels and oratories erected on them in token of their holy and meritorious character. Such an oratory appears conspicuous in the curious miniature painting of Old London Bridge, re-

produced from a MS. in the British Museum, and heading M. Jusserand's first chapter; and such was the intent of the exquisite little Gothic chapel adorning the famous bridge over the Calder at Wakefield, endowed by Edward III. with a yearly income of £10, that "two cantuarie preestes" might there perform divine service "for ever." Other English examples of these bridge-chapels are also extant. Even Langland, gloomy satirist of the religious world and its worldly religious as he knew them, strongly commends the amending of broken bridges and bad roads as a deed of noble charity, whereby a wealthy man might secure the protection of St. Michael the Angel against the assaults of the fiend, in the hour and article of death, and win a home in heaven.

But notwithstanding the surprising spiritual privileges attaching to good work done on roads and bridges, notwithstanding the plain necessity and humanity of such work, it would seem to have been too often neglected; numerous complaints, petitions, law-suits, and Acts of Parliament standing recorded in evidence of a very evil state of things, of tolls and dues for road-keeping wrongfully collected or insufficient, of bridges half ruinous or wholly broken down, of roads so ill-made and kept, so deep-rutted, so quaggy, so rough, as in stress of storm and flood to be impassable. So it would befall that great lords and high prelates, travelling up to Parliament on the King's summons, were sometimes weather-bound on their way, and could not arrive in due time. Nor did the remoter country districts suffer alone. London Bridge itself, the pride of the whole nation, "well replenished with large and stately houses on both sides, and situate on twenty arches, each one made of excellent freestone squared"—even this boasted triumph of the skill of Isembert, the famous French builder, whom King John brought over sea to build it in nobler fashion than any other English bridge—was often imperilled by neglect, and once, at least, actually broken down, thanks to the uxorious folly of Henry III. in granting the farm of the bridge revenues to fair Eleanor of Provence, "his beloved wife," who spent the moneys on any queenly extravagance rather than on the due repairing of the richly-endowed bridge.

Is it to this grievance of old London folk that the old nursery rhyme refers?

"London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over, my Lady Lea;
London Bridge is broken down
With a gay ladie."

It is too certain the Londoners had little love for the lovely outlandish lady who was so careless of their needs.

It had been well, however, for travellers in those distant days if they had had no worse evils to fear than the unpleasantness of traversing roads sometimes rough and rugged, sometimes saddle-deep in mud and water; or of finding, perchance at the end of a weary day's journey, the bridge broken down that should have spanned a river in flood. But there were darker perils by the way. Wild beasts lurked still in the bordering woodland, and sometimes made their prey of rash passengers, swept away in fording a swollen stream, or belated in lonely travel. And worse than the grey wolf of the weald, armed bandits, fierce and fell, lay in wait at shadowy solitary corners of the road, expecting the passing of some rich convoy of merchandise, which they would seize, and keep with strong hand, against the sheriff himself and his posse; or in larger parties they rode openly on plundering quests, ready to "beat and maim, murder and slay the people, for to have their wives and their goods," making prisoners also, of whom they would hold some to ransom, and retain as ransomless thralls others who took their lawless liking. These impudent robbers were no such gentle outlaws, driven to wild woods and wild ways by injustice, as the popular fancy fondly painted Robin Hood and his merry men; they often had not even the poor excuse of necessity for their violence. To their shame be it said, they were not seldom men of good position, of good estate, well-born, and well-moneyed, impelled to their lawless deeds by greed of gain and unruly passions only, and employing the aid of their great trains of armed servants against the commonweal; thus resembling not remotely the nobly-born tyrants of mediæval Italy, with their retinues of *bravi*, and lacking only the castled crag, the sombre sea of pathless pine forest, and the perilous

mountain passes of the Rhineland, to emulate its robber barons in their war on their richer, more peaceable neighbours of the towns. This strange aspect of old English life shows itself under Edward III. in such complaints as that made by certain Lichfield merchants against Sir Robert of Rideware, his brother Walter, and sundry other knights, guilty of open and very determined highway robberies and defiance of justice; it appears more darkly and dangerously, as might be expected, under the boy-king Richard II., as many petitions and answering ordinances testify. One may see there is good historical warrant for the exploits ascribed to Falstaff and his nobly-born fellow-thieves on the highway.

Along the roads haunted by such dangers and discomforts there flowed nevertheless an unceasing, many-coloured stream of traffic. No one in the realm was a greater traveller than the King himself, itinerant during all the year with almost all his Court, doing justice and executing judgment throughout the kingdom, but also causing great expense to his liege subjects therein, who had to lodge and board him and his for little pay, to the advantage of the royal funds, but to the greater advantage of the royal purveyors, who so abused their trust by extortion that their very name became odious, and had to be changed. This ambulant royalty must have offered a strange spectacle—something like a robe of woven gold, degenerating downward into homespun, and at last into sordid rags trailing in the mud; for the forefront of the company rode in rich array, in costly furs, on gaily-caparisoned horses; but behind them followed a long train of clumsy country carts, “requisitioned” to bear the baggage of King and courtiers; and then came a motley rabble, in which anxious, eager suitors and petitioners of every grade were jostled by pick-purses, by sharpers, by dark-browed swaggering ruffians, and by women whose flaunting array, over-bold looks, and unblushing cheeks showed them fitting mates for the men with whom they mingled—all this rascalry following the Court “as the shark follows the ship, hoping to light on some prey.” The existence of these queer Court-followers, and the mischief they wrought, is amply proved by royal ordi-

nances, minute and stringent in their provisions, designed to abate the nuisance, which both lessened the respect for royalty and chilled the welcome accorded to it.

We may let the strange pageant pass us, as with trampling of hoofs, grinding of heavy wheels, and clamour of cries and cursings, it rolls and rumbles away towards its harbourage in some lordly monastery or ample baronial dwelling; for not one of the common wayside inns—be it many-gabled hostelry or little one-storied, one-roomed ale-house—might hope to share in accommodating such a company. But there will be no lack of other travellers to attract our notice, if in fancy we take our station beside one of the many little hermitages that stood “at the most frequented parts of the great roads, or at the corners of bridges,” places convenient for the gathering of the alms on which the hermits subsisted. The “approved” hermit, with “letters testimonial from the ordinary” witnessing to his sincerity, might well be a true-hearted, if erring and visionary, seeker after God; but the life was too often chosen by shrewd losels, weary of honest work, who had remarked that one could live easily, comfortably, and idly by putting on the hermit’s garb and affecting his austerity.

Sitting within his low doorway, which served for door and window both, the hermit, who was but a sturdy beggar, could see the approach of every passenger, and note on whom he might hope to levy toll. Not much could be looked for from the fugitives who sometimes darted past, with hard-panting breath and haggard looks, and perchance with links of shattered chain dangling at neck and ankle—such prison-breaking felons hurrying to take sanctuary in the nearest church, as quaint contemporary illuminations show to us; and small was the prospect of alms from the rueful wight who, with cross in hand as a sign of the Church’s protection, plodded on his weary way to the nearest seaport, his penitential aspect—“ungirt, unshod, bareheaded, in his bare shirt”—witnessing that he was a self-confessed criminal, weary of sanctuary durance, who had foresworn his native land as his only chance of escaping the penalty of his crimes, and who dare not go a single step aside from the king’s highway, lest he should feel on his throat the clutch of the

avenging foe dogging his footsteps, who had full licence to slay him if he strayed. Forlorn wayfarers of this sort were likelier to crave charity than to bestow it.

It was a more promising spectacle when labouring up the road came the four or five horses that in single file dragged forward the cumbrous carriage of the period—a luxury possessed only by the very wealthy, though it was but a sort of glorified waggon jolting on four clumsy but much-ornamented wheels; its woodwork being richly painted and gilt, its quaint overarching “tilt” elaborately patterned, and pierced with square silk-curtained windows. From these openings looked forth the fair faces of dainty dames and damsels, who took such comfort as embroidered cushions and pillows could supply to counteract the lumbering movement of their springless conveyance; while alongside caracolled on prancing horses their knightly escort, duteous attendants on every whim and wish of their fair travelling companions. Such a party of the rich and happy would surely be mild of mood and open of hand.

Or if it was the rude horse-litter of the period that drew near, conveying wounded knight or feeble invalid on their weary way, under the guard of the fully-armed escort whose helmets shone and lances sparkled amid the dust raised by their chargers—here too might be a chance for the hermit; alms bestowed on Heaven’s servant would propitiate Heaven’s mercy for the sufferer, and might be entreated on that ground. Indeed the anchorite’s harvest was tolerably sure, even when other harvests failed; it might be gathered through every season, and from almost every class of travellers. A fellow-feeling might open the heart and hand of the numerous wandering beggars who patrolled the roads despite all the vigorous efforts made by King and Parliament to put them down; the gay troops of itinerant minstrels, dancers, and mountebanks of all sorts were sure to display the thriftless generosity that marks the true Bohemian; something might be hoped even from the half-knavish and wholly light-hearted pedlar, of whom *Autolycus* in the *Winter’s Tale* is so excellent a type, wending his way merrily to “wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings,” to dispose of his glitter-

ing, gaudy, motley wares. Those who gained easily would give easily, and would doubtless be better patrons of the mendicant solitary than the grave merchants, physicians, men of law, and "clerks of Oxenford," whom Chaucer's immortal *Prologue* shows us riding with him from Southwark to Canterbury.

Other travellers, however, who come into view rather late in English mediæval history, could scarcely be expected to give, having little or no moneys themselves; and it is to these all but penniless, yet rather momentous and memorable classes of wayfaring folk, that we will now turn our attention, leaving our hermit to his hut.

An entirely new order of men appears in English society about the middle of Edward III.'s long reign, at the time when, as is calculated, not less than one-half of the population of the kingdom had been swept away by that *noisome pestilence*, the too well-named Black Death;

" . . . the privé thef, men clepen Deth,
That in this contré al the peple sleth;
He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence . . .
Hens over a myle, withinne a gret village,
Bothe man and womman, child, and hyne, and page;
I trowe his habitacioun be there."

So runs the verse of Chaucer in the *Pardoneres Tale*; and that many a great village was become the "habitation of death" in very deed, is witnessed by the records still extant of numerous parishes laid waste by the fearful plague, compared with which the far-famed "Great Plague of London" shrinks into insignificance.

Around such desolated rural centres might be seen the harvests rotting in the field, the plough rusted in the furrow, the seed basket empty in the empty farmstead; for the hands that should have been busy with them were mouldering in the overcrowded graveyard. Then, when to the first overwhelming terror of death by the pestilence was joined the new dread of famine, and the surviving landowners and farmers bestirred themselves anew about the tillage of their fields, the surviving labourers, few and far between as they were, awoke to the sense of their own value. The price of

all kinds of labour rose enormously, but not uniformly; where there was greatest need, there most could be earned. And the peasants, farm labourers and artisans alike, who until now had been tethered by law and custom each to that nook of the land where he was born, began to slip away "by one, by two, by three," and betake themselves quietly to those parts of the kingdom where they could have the highest wages. It was no longer safe for a master to chide his workmen in the old imperious manner, or to pay them at starvation rates; men thus treated would "flee and run away suddenly out of their service" to "strange places unknown to their masters," where they could find free work of some sort, and where employers in sore need of workmen asked no inconvenient questions of those who offered their services.

It was a social revolution that was beginning—inevitable, irresistible; but the masters did not understand how irresistible it was, and considering it a great grievance, they put forth the most violent efforts to suppress it, and drive back the "free labourers" into serfdom and villeinage. An elaborate passport system was introduced, and workers travelling without the due credentials were liable to be put in the stocks, or to be cast into prison—there too literally to "rot," as the significant old phrase has it, the prisons being foul and fetid dens perilous to life and limb. The cruelly repressive laws, carried in the interests of capital against labour, did but exasperate the strife which soon developed into the great Peasants' Revolt under Richard II.; and the apparent failure of that remarkable movement was but a postponement of the great impending change in the conditions of labour, which finally abolished serfdom in England. The labouring man who had tasted the sweets of freedom would not lightly forego them. When denied the exercise of his just rights, he sometimes degenerated into a "sturdy beggar," sometimes into a "strong robber," and so forfeited his claim on sympathy. But in his original capacity of an honest man, carrying his working power to the best market, he had numerous powerful and helpful sympathisers in certain classes of men as poor as himself, and, like himself, great wayfarers.

The blind and dumb impulses which were stirring in the

blood of the unlettered labourer, the vague passionate yearnings for true freedom, for equal justice, found seeing eyes and an eloquent voice in the innumerable wandering preachers who now traversed the country; who, sprung from the people, had yet managed to go through their course at Oxford, and who, as poor students, had very likely begged their way, term after term, between the university and their poor home, the lowly "nest" of their hard-bested parents. That not a few "villeins" managed to send their boys to college, and that the more gifted of these lads often rose to promotion in the Church, is proved by the futile petitions addressed to the King by the Commons in Parliament assembled, enviously and unjustly requiring that no "villein" might send his son to the university, where "*par avancement par clergie*," the serf's son might escape out of serfdom. The sovereign, with somewhat better wisdom, declined to legislate in any such sense; and the travelling student only came within the clutches of the law if he begged alms without possessing "letters testimonial of his Chancellor" witnessing to his character. "These clerks knew the miseries of the poor; and the intellectual culture they had received enabled them to transform into precise conceptions the vague aspirations of the labourers."

In this class Wyclif found his "simple priests," his "poor preachers," who gladly went to and fro in the land proclaiming the pure evangel as they had learnt it from him. That there were among them those who went beyond his bidding, and would fain have established in England a national polity modelled after the lines of Christ's spiritual kingdom, hardly admits of a doubt. Knowing what they did of their own experience, seeing what they could not avoid seeing in their ceaseless wanderings of the *oppression that makes a wise man mad*; they often mingled matter with their sermons that tended to sharpen men's sense of ill-usage, and soon drew down on them the wrath of the oppressors. Like the famous preaching priest, John Ball, they were wont to ask, "What have the common people done that they should be kept in such thralldom? Are not all men come from one father and one mother—Adam and Eve? Can the nobles show us any

good reason why their luxury should be maintained by our labour?" And like him they would appeal to the just and humane laws given to ancient Israel through Moses, to the yet loftier Law of Love that came by Christ, freely quoting the Bible with which the great reformer had made them familiar, the best charter of a Christian nation's liberties. But the wandering preachers in the villages were not all Lollards, were not all missionaries sent forth by Wyclif. "They were often members of an immense and powerful caste, sub-divided into several orders, that of the mendicant friars." Of these the Franciscans, by their original constitution, had the strongest affinities with the suffering classes: and though they were fallen far from their first simplicity and zeal towards the end of the fourteenth century, there were yet many of them who still were faithful to the holy mission assigned to them by their founder, the Saint of Assisi—the mission of "devoting themselves materially and physically to the welfare, body and soul, of all the weary," of all the lost, the degraded, the despised. It is certain that the preaching friars, like the "simple priests," proclaimed "the new doctrines of emancipation in the open spaces and markets." They were the only ecclesiastics whom "Jack Straw" would have liked to retain in his visionary commonwealth. We know the tenor of their exhortations only from their enemies. These represent them as Communists. It is possible that their Communism did not greatly differ from practical Christianity.

By the means of all these ever-journeying orators ideas spread rapidly, without the help of the written or printed word, and men dwelling far apart were knit together in the invisible bonds of common needs, of hopes and aspirations cherished in common. But other travellers aided all unwittingly in the same work. The messengers who sped fast and far, privileged bearers of rich men's letters, carried much more news than that enclosed in their sealed boxes; the slow-moving merchant, anxiously guarding his bales of goods, conveyed tidings also as he went; the pedlars, the beggars, the strolling minstrels and mimes, were mighty tale-tellers, and were made welcome on that score. Even the relic-and-indulgence-mongering Pardoners, so sharply and so truly

satirised by Chaucer, knaves and hypocrites as they might be, conveyed other news than the lying wonders they loved to retail in their constant itinerancy, and aided in that general diffusion of intelligence which in no small degree foreshadowed the immense activity of modern English journalism.

Thus in England the good means of internal communication, and the multitude of wayfarers who made use of her roads, subserved the interests of the community in other than a commercial sense. M. Jusserand regretfully contrasts this state of things with that prevalent in France, where at this time—

“the roads belonged solely to pillaging brigands who were born workmen or knights. Soldiers, who represented the dregs of the highest and the lowest classes, were intent upon robbing the rest of society; the road resounded with the noise of arms; troops equipped for the defence of the land attacked everything without scruple that was less strong than themselves and worth robbing.”

What then could the wretched peasant do but hide himself? He could not use the highway, so frightfully occupied, as a means of communication with his fellows. And herein our writer finds one potent reason why the frequent and always futile “*Jacqueries*” of France lacked the element of intelligent combination which might have made them effective. Outbreaks of impotent though not causeless fury, they produced no more abiding effect on social and political life than might have done the ravages of a madman who for a few terrible hours had broken from his chain. It was far otherwise in England, thanks to the presence of—

“A class of wayfarers, strong and numerous, serving to unite all the people, by means of which those of the south told their ideas to those of the north, told what each suffered and desired; the sufferings and wishes were not identical, but it sufficed to understand that all had reforms to demand. . . . Thus the English revolt was not a desperate enterprise; it was conducted with extraordinary coolness and good sense. The insurgents showed a calm feeling of their strength which strikes us, and which struck much more the knights in London; they were men who marched with their eyes open, who, if they destroyed much, wished also to reform. It was possible to treat, and to come to an understanding with them; in truth, the word and pledge given them will be broken, and the revolt will be smothered in blood; but whatever the Lords and Commons sitting at Westminster may say of it, the new bonds will not have the tenacity of the old ones, and a really great step towards freedom will have been made.

"In France, the beast of burden, ill-nourished, ill-treated, fretted by the harness, went along shaking his head with a wan eye and a languishing step; his furious kicks only caused new weights to be added to the load which crushed him, that was all; centuries were to pass before he would obtain anything else."

It thus appears that the superior facilities for intercourse which England has afforded to her children, have been of signal service to the English people in that quiet, steadfast assertion of popular rights and liberties by one generation after another, through all the centuries of the national existence, which is *the* most distinctive feature of our history.

This lesson, that the highest and noblest needs no less than the mere material requirements of humanity, are best served by free and constant communication between man and man, between nation and nation, is enforced and illustrated by means of all the vivid pictures of old world English and European ways and wayfaring with which our author has enriched his pages, and at which we can do little more than glance. Even the superstitious folly, as it now seems to us, which sent great streams of pilgrim folk on their way to Walsingham, to Glastonbury, to Canterbury, to Rome, to Rocamadour in Guyenne, to Compostella in Spain, to Jerusalem, to Mount Sinai; which made them brave the infinite discomforts of the seas, the perils of robber-haunted roads, that they might earn so many years' "indulgence," or be healed of maladies otherwise incurable, by worshipping at some far-famed shrine, adoring some wonder-working image; even this inexplicable religious mania had its uses. Larger intercourse with other nations did enlarge the thoughts of men; the pilgrims brought back with them various kinds of knowledge more precious than their dear-bought "relics"; sometimes, too, the honest intelligent pilgrim was disabused of his illusions—as was Martin Luther—by the unholiness of the "holy city" of his dreams; sometimes the hypocritical pilgrim, returning home, by his palpable impostures opened the eyes of his countrymen to the hollowness of the pilgrimage—specific for diseased souls. It was a gradual process of enlightenment that was going on, but it was real and continuous.

These facts, precious to all those who love to get some

newer glimpse of the intricate, exquisite, mysterious machinery of "the mills of God," that are everlastingly grinding for the world's good, are educed for us in the volume we have been considering from a multitude of apparently disconnected details, which are in themselves full of lively interest, and capable of ministering wholesome and mirthful amusement. For most of these, as for the admirable facsimile illustrations from fourteenth century MSS., we cannot do better than refer our readers to the charming book itself.

ART. III.—THE ORIGIN OF THE PSALTER.

The Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter in the light of Old Testament Criticism and the History of Religions. Eight Lectures preached in the year 1889, on the foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton. By THOMAS KELLY CHEYNE, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture. Kegan Paul, Trench & Trübner. 1891.

THREE years ago, in an article on "The Psalms and Modern Criticism,"* we noticed Canon Cheyne's *Commentary on the Book of Psalms*, and expressed our high appreciation of the thorough scholarship, combined with devout religious feeling, manifested throughout that work. At the same time, we were compelled to reserve our judgment upon critical questions, which the author had himself deferred till the publication of the Bampton Lectures, which he was appointed that year to deliver. A few scattered hints indicating the author's opinions on the dates and authorship of the several Psalms were all that appeared in his former work. Now his views as to the origin and religious contents of the Psalter are given at length, in a volume which is a monument of ripe scholarship, extensive research, and original,

* See LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, April 1889. No. 143.

independent investigation. The two parts of the volume imply a careful and profound study of the whole of the Old Testament, both as regards its literary form and the history and development of religious ideas expressed in it, while the notes are packed with information and comments briefly expressed, which would well bear working out at length. The author is to be congratulated upon the completion of so considerable a task, especially under the painful circumstances to which he briefly alludes in his Preface, and the danger to eyesight implied in such minute and careful study.

It is well understood that in all this work Canon Cheyne represents an advanced school of Biblical criticism in this country. Until the publication of this volume, however, it was hardly understood how advanced was the position to be ultimately occupied. Dr. Cheyne's history as a critic was briefly sketched in our former article, and is probably well-known to our readers. It has called forth, however, a somewhat remarkable personal statement, which it is impossible to pass by without comment. The difference of tone between the present volume and the *Commentary on Isaiah*, published in 1880, is so considerable, that the author thinks it well to publish a kind of defence, a portion of which we must quote :

"Is there any noteworthy difference between these books, beyond the fact that the one is primarily exegetical, the other mainly critical and historical? To be frank, there is. That extreme self-suppression which marks the former work throughout, and that willingness to concede to tradition all that could with any plausibility be conceded, it would be scarcely proper to exhibit in the altered circumstances of the Church. In 1880, it was still a heresy to accept with all its consequences the plurality of the authorship of the Book of Isaiah; in 1890, to a growing school of Church students, this has become an indubitable fact. In 1880, seeing too much with the eyes of my expected readers, I adopted a possible, but not sufficiently probable, view of certain Psalms; and a possible, but not sufficiently probable, view of the central prophecy of the Second Isaiah. In 1890, seeing entirely with my own eyes, not less as an apologist than as a critic, I offer my readers the truest solution which I can find of these, and of all other problems, believing that this course is now, for the Church itself, both necessary and right."—Intro. p. xv.

In another place the author speaks of "the necessity for minimising the results of literary criticism," and offering, in his *Commentary upon Jeremiah*, "one more sacrifice to the

temporary needs of the Church." This is language which, if it does not imply a doctrine of "reserve" more usually associated with High Church than with Broad Church teachers, is exceedingly likely to be misunderstood. It has been represented by some leading Anglican critics as implying an unworthy reticence as to the actual views held by the writer at one portion of his career, and it has been said in so many words that if the same doctrine had been taught in 1880 that was given to the world in 1891, the author would not now be Canon of Rochester and Professor of the Interpretation of Scripture in the University of Oxford.

Such reflections are natural enough, but they probably fail to do justice to Dr. Cheyne, who manifests himself throughout this volume as a man at the same time of advanced critical views and sincere religious feeling, and one whose object it is to show that there is no incompatibility between these two characteristics. It may be admitted that in times of transition in theological thought, it is not always easy for such a teacher to decide how far the whole truth is demanded from him at certain stages of his progress, and in the case of conflicting critical hypotheses, it is not always easy to say what the whole truth is. We are perhaps hardly warranted in casting a doubt upon Canon Cheyne's perfect sincerity. At the same time, his language concerning himself is ambiguous, and lends itself to an implied distinction between exoteric and esoteric teaching which, if it were admitted, would destroy all confidence in public religious teachers. The audience which waits for the utterances of Professor Cheyne has a right to "the truest solution he can find" of every problem at every stage. Such a teacher is, of course, at liberty to maintain silence when the times are not ripe for utterance, or his own mind not ripe for decision; but when he speaks, those who listen wish to know what he thinks, not what he considers an expedient utterance for the moment. We hope we shall hear no more of "deliberate self-suppression," and the offering of "sacrifice to the temporary needs of the Church," if it implies that the sacrifice of personal convictions, or the temporary adoption in public of views thought to be "possible, but not sufficiently probable," can be desirable either for the Church

or the individual. These are trying times for theological teachers, and all sympathy should be extended to those who are endeavouring to bridge over the gulf, sometimes startlingly wide and deep, between scientific Biblical criticism and deep religious feeling. Those who would build such a bridge must combine candour and caution, frankness of utterance, and wise judgment concerning the times, in a way possible only to those who are guided by the fear of God and the love of men. Even these will sometimes make mistakes, and such mistakes should not be too hardly visited upon them.

Canon Cheyne's conclusions as to the dates and authors of the Psalms are more advanced than those of most critics in their rejection of tradition and the assignment of the Psalters as a whole to a very late period. Hitzig, Reuss and Olshausen are, so far as we know, the only critics who assign so large a number to the Maccabean age; and Canon Cheyne is much more revolutionary than Ewald, for example, as regards the number to be regarded as pre-exilic. According to Cheyne, the whole Psalter is post-exilic in date, with the possible exception of Psalm xviii., which he cannot regard as even conceivably Davidic. Some twenty-seven Psalms are assigned to the Maccabean period; about sixteen to the pre-Maccabean Greek period, about a dozen to the time of the Return from the Exile, while the great body of all five "books" of Psalms are ascribed to the Persian period, especially the latter part of it. In the author's own words, the object of these lectures is to show "that the Psalter is really a monument of the best religious ideas of the great post-exile Jewish Church, and that from Jeremiah onwards there has been a continuous development, through the co-operation of some of the noblest non-Jewish races and the unerring guidance of the adorable Spirit of truth, in the direction which leads to Christ" (p. 425). We may mention in passing that the judgment of Professor Driver, in his *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* is much more cautious and conservative. On the subject of Davidic Psalms he speaks with hesitation, and pronounces a *non liquet* as to Ewald's list of fifteen or sixteen ascribed to the authorship of David. "Though it be not accepted in its entirety, it may include several that are ancient," says Dr.

Driver; while he is evidently disposed to describe twenty or thirty more as pre-exilic, and only three or four are set down as Maccabean, with a few others as "perhaps late in the post-exile period." It is only fair to add that Canon Driver speaks with evident hesitation, and shows the difficulty of deciding upon the dates of most Psalms on purely internal evidence, adding that "it is possible that the considerations likely to be advanced by Professor Cheyne in his expected volume and other future investigations may tend to reduce these somewhat wide limits."

It remains, however, that at present Canon Cheyne's position is more decidedly revolutionary than that of any other Old Testament critic, with the exception of two or three, and we turn carefully to examine the grounds upon which his conclusions rest. In giving some reasons why Canon Cheyne's method of procedure is to our minds arbitrary and unsatisfactory, and stating our fears lest the general characteristics of this book should retard rather than promote confidence in Old Testament critics and criticism, we shall endeavour as far as possible to lay aside any bias due to early associations and traditional methods of interpretation and to approach the subject without unfair prepossessions. This should be done on both sides of the controversy, when the date and authorship of any book of the Old Testament are in question, and nothing can be more fatal to a candid judgment as to the character of the Psalter than an attempt to press it into the service of largely hypothetical theories concerning the history and religious development of the Jews. Whether Canon Cheyne has been free from such prepossessions is a question on which we will not pronounce; perhaps he himself would not claim any such immunity. Let our examination at present, however, be entirely without prejudice as to controversies, not yet settled, concerning the dates of other parts of the Old Testament. So far as the Psalter speaks for itself, what does it say?

Our first objection to Professor Cheyne's method of procedure relates to the way in which he has treated such external evidence as is accessible concerning the dates of the Psalms. There is not much, it is true; but its very scantiness makes

it desirable to investigate it with special care. The uncertain nature of internal evidence is well known. If the only question to be asked concerning certain Psalms is "When is the most likely period for their composition?" it is quite certain that even in the case of those in which slight historical allusions are found, the judgments arrived at will be diverse and conflicting. We may be driven to this method of procedure, but we object *in limine* to the criticism which starts with such a question as is found on page 9. "Does history suggest a period in which the stationary civilisation of Judæa received such an impulse from without that the old music became intolerable to uncultivated ears?" and relegates the examination of historical notes and references to a few lines in an Appendix.

Less than a page (458) is given to the discussion of the bearing of the LXX. version upon our question. Taking the date of the Greek version of the Psalter at the middle or third quarter of the second century before Christ,* the evidence afforded by the titles certainly does not favour the supposition that they were prefixed to Psalms composed almost contemporaneously, or but a few decades earlier, in Palestine. Canon Cheyne holds that Books iv. and v. of the Psalter were collected in their present form by Simon the Maccabee about 142 B.C., and he admits that "not long after" this the whole was put into a permanent Greek form. Is it likely, then, that the Greek translator would misunderstand the meaning of titles appended (by hypothesis) some considerable time after the Psalm was composed—the phrase למנצח, for example, in Psalm lvi. and elsewhere, and the מקנן of Psalm xvi.? We select these examples, because Canon Cheyne himself refers to them, and the same might be said of the Greek translation of Psalm cx. According to our author, these Psalms were composed at most but two or three generations before the LXX. version was made, and the titles were

* Canon Cheyne suggests that it has not been proved "that the complete Greek Psalter was in existence much before the Christian era." But surely such a date would not be assigned except to support a foregone conclusion. The evidence of the Prologue to Ecclesiasticus and the book itself points to the completion of the translation of the Psalter before B.C. 130.

appended still later. Yet the Greek translator bungles over them as if they were archaic. Simon the Maccabee, we are told, interested himself greatly in the development of psalmody, and completed the collection of books iv. and v.; nearly thirty Psalms were written about the same time, some in his honour; yet the Greek version, made so shortly afterwards, knows nothing of all this, and treats the titles, and many of the Hebrew phrases in the text, as if they were, what they would otherwise appear to us to be, ill-understood antique expressions. Canon Cheyne's mode of meeting such objections is very unsatisfactory. "Of course, the Egyptian Jewish community received no information on the subject of Maccabean Psalms. It was not the interest of the Jerusalem editors to publish the recent origin of a portion of the Psalms." Psalm cx. was "regarded as worthy of having been written in the Davidic age," so the title, "A Psalm of David," is prefixed to it, and henceforth it is regarded as Davidic, though composed only a short time before as an encomium upon Simon the Maccabee!

These external considerations Professor Cheyne does "not feel to be important," and thinks we must wait for a solution of such difficulties "until some private journal of the actors of history is discovered." Surely it does not need a private journal to show that these translators were not dealing with contemporaneous compositions. To such straits is the author driven by his hypothesis, that he thinks the Jewish scribes themselves may have forgotten the meaning of the titles, though not, we presume, the meaning of sentences, such as Psalm cx. 3? But for the moment we are not anxious to argue out this question, on which there is, doubtless, much to be said on both sides, but rather to draw attention to the fact that such a subject is banished to a few lines of small print in an Appendix; while the critic's argument opens with an entirely conjectural account of what Simon the Maccabee *may* have done, though we have no hint in history of his ever having done anything of the kind. So with the evidence to be drawn from the Prologue to Ecclesiasticus, which implies a distinction between canonical and deuterocanonical books; so with the use of certain Psalms in 1 and 2 Chronicles,

which is slighted as evidence of date, while, as we shall see, the argument from the silence of 1 Maccabees receives little attention. We are by no means anxious to lay more burden upon these and other hints than they will bear. They are little more than hints at best, but they all point one way, and we maintain that sound criticism should put them in the forefront of an historical investigation, when internal evidence is confessedly so dubious and inconclusive.

What, then, is Canon Cheyne's method? He begins with Books iv. and v. of the Psalter, and argues (1) that the paucity of authors' names proves that the Psalms were not much older than the collections; (2) that the absence of musical phrases proves that temple-music had undergone a radical change in or near the time of the collectors; (3) that the many references to a congregational use of the Psalms proves that the older Psalms were not sufficiently adapted for that purpose. Every one of these arguments is of doubtful force, or amounts at most to a faint probability. Professor Cheyne is ready to acknowledge that Psalm cx. was fitted with a (misleading) title very soon after it was composed. But this by the way.

The centuries between B.C. 537 and 150 are then searched to find a period "when the old music had become intolerable to cultivated ears." The author rejects the Persian and Greek periods successively, and comes to the conclusion that Simon the Maccabee was the restorer of the liturgy and the Temple music. "What more natural than that Simon should follow the example of David, his prototype, as described in Chronicles, and make fresh regulations for the liturgical services of the sanctuary" (p. 11). There is no record of this in 1 Maccabees, though the writer does describe what Simon did for the Temple and its vessels; and this is a case where the argument from silence may fairly claim some weight. It is to be observed that all the lines of argument which follow depend more or less upon this conjectural foundation. Granted that Books iv. and v. were compiled in Maccabean times, and that several Psalms were composed then, and much else may follow. The word "may" bulks very largely in the Canon's pages. To a certain extent, this arises from the nature of the investi-

gation, nothing more than arguments from probability being possible. All the more necessary, therefore, that landmarks should, as far as possible, be fixed from without; and, in dealing with internal evidence, the more scientific method would have been to inquire first—Is there anything which virtually *compels* the assumption of the existence of Maccabean Psalms? and the strongest evidence forthcoming might then have been carefully canvassed.

Let us proceed, however, to consider the tests which Professor Cheyne lays down in the course of his investigation. We must require, he says, that in typical Maccabean Psalms there should be (1) "some fairly distinct allusions to Maccabean circumstances"; (2) a "uniquely strong Church feeling"; (3) "an intensity of monotheistic faith"; and (4) "in the later Psalms an ardour of gratitude for some unexampled stepping forth of the one Lord Jehovah into history." Surely there were "steppings forth" of Jehovah on behalf of His people before the time of the Maccabees which called forth the voice of grateful song? Was the capture of the Acra by Simon, or the victory of Judas at Beth-zur, an "unexampled" intervention of the God who had delivered Jerusalem from Sennacherib, and turned again the captivity of Zion, so that the restored ones were "like them that dream," and the very heathen said, "Jehovah hath done great things for them?" As to the second test, it would lead us too far just now to inquire what is meant by a "strong Church feeling," and how far it is manifested, as Canon Cheyne thinks, in the "I" of Psalms which seem at first sight to contain personal and individual utterances. That "intensity of monotheistic faith" is exclusively characteristic of Maccabean times cannot be readily granted. We are brought, therefore, to the first criterion, which, if it can be well applied, will certainly furnish the strongest arguments. But everything depends upon the application.

Take, for example, Psalm cxviii., which Canon Cheyne puts first as one of his best examples. We are not concerned for a moment to deny that the language of this Psalm would suit the dedication of the Temple by Judas Maccabæus in 165 B.C. exceedingly well. But it also suits the dedication of the

Temple 515 B.C. very well. Delitzsch adopts this date, pointing out "the unmistakable allusions to what happened during the building of the Temple; the intrigues of the Samaritans, the hostility of the neighbouring peoples, and the capriciousness of the Persian kings." The only objection Canon Cheyne can find is that the "exuberant spirit of independence and martial ardour" characteristic of the Psalm is not so well suited to the earlier occasion. But the language is marked also by a great humility and sense of personal weakness; it is only a firm trust in the Lord which enables Israel to triumph. In other words, there is nothing by any means decisive in the language to compel the later date, unless on other grounds it be found to be necessary. There is, in our opinion, much more to be said in support of a Maccabean date for such Psalms as xliv., lxxiv., and lxxix., and if it were admitted that some, however few, of that late period may be found in the Canon of the Psalter—one of them even in the second book—the way would undoubtedly be opened up for more. We should have had more confidence in the reasoning of these lectures if it had been based upon the existence in the Psalter of a few such Psalms, the language of which seems almost to compel a reference to the times of Antiochus Epiphanes. But the general strain of these few Psalms is very different from those on which Canon Cheyne seems most to rely as indicative of the period.

Let us pass to the author's treatment of Psalms which have been accounted pre-exilic even by the majority of "advanced" critics. Canon Cheyne's mode of dealing with these does not predispose us to confidence in his methods generally. It is quite true that little or no reliance can be placed upon the titles or inscriptions. It is certain that a large number of those ascribed to David cannot have been written by him—the presence of Aramaisms, of allusions to the Temple, and of expressions quite unsuited to David's position and character, are sufficient to prove that. It does not, however, follow that there is nothing to be learned from the venerable, though often mistaken, traditions which gave rise to these inscriptions. It is not certain yet that we understand them. Even the familiar לְדָוִד may not always imply that David was understood

to be the author, just as לְבַנֵּי־קֹרַח does not imply the authorship of the sons of Korah, in our sense of the word. Indirectly, the evidence of these titles, even of the ill-understood musical directions, may be of service to the student of the Psalter, although viewed as testimony to authorship they cannot be relied on. This being understood on all sides, let us take Psalm xviii. as a specimen of the way in which Professor Cheyne carries out his criticism. First of all, the evidence of 2 Sam. xxii., where the Psalm is inserted and ascribed to David, is dismissed in three lines. "This only proves," says Dr. Cheyne, "that the poem was conjecturally ascribed to the idealised David long before the exile." Turning to internal evidence, he argues that the presence of "mythic elements" goes to prove either a "very early or rather late" date. What is to be said, then, against the early date ascribed to it in a record which even Cheyne places before the exile? The arguments resolve themselves into three: (1) the "wide religious and political outlook" of verses 32, 44, 50 (Heb.); (2) the reference to God's temple in heaven in verse 7, which implies the existence of the earthly temple; (3) sundry phrases which imply the knowledge and use of Deuteronomy—*e.g.*, the mention of the Covenant in 21–28, and allusions to the song and blessing of Moses in Deut. xxxii. Is it impossible, then, that David should utter such words as we find in verses 43 and 49 (E. V.), or is it by any means certain that the mention of the heavenly temple implies the existence of Solomon's Temple? Ewald did not think so, and the usage of הֵיכָל, which so constantly means "a palace," cannot be said to fix a date, as if it were a word of technical application. Canon Cheyne proceeds, however, to assign the Psalm to "that blossoming of the Church-historical spirit which relieved the dulness of the exile, but which began as early as the age of Deuteronomy." Throughout the lectures, as might be expected, Canon Cheyne assumes the late date of Deuteronomy. Somewhere subsequently to the reformation of Josiah, he says, "At least two great poets endeavoured to think themselves back into the soul of David. One of these is the author of 2 Sam. xxiii. 1–7, the other is the author of the 18th Psalm."

The earliest possible date is between 621 and 608, but this is accepted "with much hesitation," and Canon Cheyne says "he cannot complain if some prefer to regard the Psalm as an imaginative work of the exile."

This is a fair specimen of a critical method which must provoke distrust of all "Higher Criticism." It will not, we venture to say, commend itself to any students of the Psalter but those who come to the study with views already formed of an advanced type, concerning the literature of the Old Testament and the religious development of Israel. Ewald—we refer frequently to him because he is by no means a representative of traditional opinions, and Dr. Cheyne at one time was his willing disciple—pronounces it "an inexplicable enigma," if no song of David were to be found in the Psalter. He regards Psalm xviii. as a typical Davidic song, and holds * that the forms in which the Psalm is found in 2 Sam. and the Psalter respectively, proved that both were derived from a more ancient form handed down by tradition. Canon Cheyne does not stop for a moment to discuss the evidence of 2 Sam., he dismisses Ewald's judgment in a line as a proof that he did not understand Old Testament history, and then proceeds to show how impossible it is for all who do understand that development to regard this "dramatic lyric" as David's work. The "idealising and transfiguring tendency" which has given us an unhistorical Moses and Elijah has also produced, we are told, an idealised picture of David, that "versatile condottiere, chieftain, and king," who was quite incapable of writing the spiritual songs attributed to him. The question of style Professor Cheyne does not even stay to discuss. He apparently thinks that the fresh, bold, vigorous, and often obscure utterances which have been regarded by most scholars as marks of an early age, might just as well have been written in the latest times as the simple, smooth, and easy sentences of the confessedly later Psalms. Even Hitzig asks, concerning this eighteenth Psalm, "If it was not written by David, who could have been the contemporary and equally highly endowed poet" who represents him? Delitzsch,

* As does also Delitzsch, in his *Commentary in loco*.

Riehm, and other names of high authority, might be mentioned on the same side. It is clear, therefore, that only views of Old Testament literature formed on other grounds could have brought Professor Cheyne to the conclusion he has reached ; and our complaint against him is that throughout his volume these pre-formed conclusions are taken for granted, and brought forward as evidence. They may be true, they may be false ; but till they have been discussed and accepted, they are no evidence whatever in forming a judgment upon the date and authorship of a Psalm. If it be said that it is impossible in such an investigation to prove premisses, the reply is obvious that to persons who are not agreed upon those premisses, a large part of this theorising concerning the Psalter is premature and baseless. A passing remark will sometimes best show the spirit and method of a critic. Let us quote one concerning the authorship of David's "last words" recorded in 2 Sam. xxiii. 1-7. "Certainly it is in Josiah alone that the opening words of the poem were fully realised, and we may fairly say that the writer idealises the earlier in the light of his experiences of the later king." A critic who approaches the fragments of Old Testament history in the spirit of those words, can have little in common with one who comes prepared to find in an oracular song attributed in the Book of Samuel to David, a prophecy actually uttered by him shortly before his death. There is hardly ground for controversy between two such students ; the whole point of view in the two cases is so different that it is useless to enter upon argument till certain preliminary work has been gone through.

The same may be said of almost every page of this volume ; but having dwelt at some length upon one example, others must be touched upon very lightly. The whole subject of pre-exilic psalmody receives inadequate discussion in Canon Cheyne's work. To use his own method of argument, it is surely "likely" that there was a considerable body of psalmody before the exile. The character of the Book of Lamentations, which Dr. Cheyne admits was written very soon after the fall of Jerusalem, implies, from its highly elaborate and artificial character, a whole history of sacred song and a habit of verse-composition to prepare the way for

it. Psalm cxxxvii. 3 implies the existence of such songs, and Canon Cheyne does not deny that such were composed.* Have all perished? Psalms are not easily forgotten; and if David actually wrote Psalms, and if hymns were actually sung in temple-worship, and if old tradition ascribes many that have come down to us to these pre-exilic times, and if the evidence of style and contents, in at least some cases, is also favourable, what are the reasons which compel the ingenious theorising of our author to explain away the natural meaning in favour of an "idealisation" framed in Maccabean times? Take Psalms xx. and xxi., for example, with their prayers for "the king" and their lofty description of his power and the Divine blessing that rests upon him. What overwhelming reasons can be found to take these Psalms out of the first book of the Psalter, to deny their applicability to any period of the monarchy, and bring them down to the second century before Christ in glorification of Simon the Maccabee, at a time when such language concerning a "king" would surely be both strange and offensive in Jewish ears? So again, Canon Cheyne tells us that Psalm xlv. was written in praise of Ptolemy Philadelphus! That is to say, the "song of loves," concerning him whom God had "anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows," because he had "loved righteousness and hated iniquity," was penned in the first instance in praise of a prince of whom Canon Cheyne confesses that he "violated the highest ideal of marriage more conspicuously than some of the better Oriental monarchs." This is idealisation indeed! If it be said that it refers only to Ptolemy's earlier days, how came such a poem to be included in the Jewish canon, when Ptolemy's character was well known and Jewish feeling was stern and strong? Canon Cheyne thinks that by the time of Simon the original occasion of the poem had been forgotten—"we can hardly overrate the carelessness of tradition on such points." One thing only we will say of such criticism: if arguments like these were used in favour of views ascribing an *early* date to some of the Psalms, what

* The only two indubitably Davidic compositions according to Dr. Cheyne are 2 Sam. i. 19-27 and 2 Sam. iii. 33, 34. See further, p. 192.

scorn would not be poured upon suppositions that would be pronounced so extravagant and so baseless?

This treatment, however, is not confined to Psalms traditionally assigned to an early date. When the principle of "idealisation" and of "dramatic lyrics" is once admitted it is difficult to say what will be the limit of its application. Psalm cxxxvii., we are told, cannot have been composed, as its language would imply, soon after the Return, since then "it would have found a home in the third book of the Psalms." (This assumes, without proof and contrary to analogy, that earlier and later Psalms are not mingled in the fourth and fifth books). It must, therefore, be grouped with cxxxv. and cxxxvi., placed in the time of Simon, and considered "in the fullest sense a dramatic lyric. Just as the author thinks himself into the soul of David, so a later temple-singer identifies himself by sympathy with his exiled predecessors in Babylon." Psalm cx., which readers of the New Testament have sacred reasons for associating with the name of David, was written, according to Professor Cheyne, in glorification of Simon the Maccabee, however little the title "king" or the designation "my lord" may suit him; and such eulogistic words in the case of such a prince must not be considered as exaggerated, because "inspiration was not incompatible with some harmless illusions." So in Psalm ii., Canon Cheyne thinks that "the troubles of the Persian age lie behind the writer," but that it should be placed before rather than after the Maccabean insurrection. "The writer throws himself back into a distant age—shall we say into that of Hezekiah, or into that of David (or Solomon)?" Probably, as the "idealising poet" in Psalm xviii. imagined that the world's dominion belonged to David, so another idealiser imagines "not only that the dominion had been won, but that it was now being disputed by rebel kings." Assuredly the number of "dramatic lyrics" is multiplying on our hands, and we cannot be surprised to find Psalm lxviii., with its rugged originality of composition, made the work of a learned poet who delighted in literary reminiscences and wrote in the Greek period, when "the second Isaiah had become a mine of learned suggestion," or that Psalm li. is, of course, not Davidic, but is ascribed to

David in the title, because "when the editor of this Psalm lived, the ordinary tone of the Jewish Church was less penitential than it was sometimes," so that while the original writer intended to express the contrition of the Church, the editor palmed off the composition upon David!

Our readers have probably seen enough of Canon Cheyne's method to enable them from a part to judge of the whole. We hope we have not been more unfair to the author than this mode of quotation makes absolutely necessary. The fact is, that the most extensive quotation from the pages of the book itself would not remove the impression of extreme arbitrariness which these few specimens certainly leave upon the minds of students of the Psalter who do not come with the lecturer's previously formed views of history. He does not, it is true, in so many words assume (*e.g.*) the post-exilic date of the document P (Priests' Code), but there are few pages in the whole volume in which assumptions are not made concerning such questions as the date of Deuteronomy, or certain fragments of the historical books, and especially concerning the religious history and development of Israel and Judah during the centuries 800-100 B.C. Professor Cheyne would probably reply that it is impossible to write without such assumptions, which are the assured conclusions of the modern critical school. We should answer that it would therefore have been fairer and more satisfactory to prefix a sketch of that history as the author views it, in order that the historic background in which he proposes to set the sacred lyrics of the Psalter may be discerned and the real reasons appear why he cannot assign them to the earlier dates which have for so long been accepted. As it is, these reasons are perpetually introduced in passing, as by a side-wind, and by means of question-begging epithets, which irritate and provoke the reader who does not bring with him the pre-conceptions which to Canon Cheyne are a part of the very conditions of the case. Of course these "postulates" are as yet only hypotheses. Whatever advanced critics may say, they are yet far from being proved in the form propounded—for example, by Kuenen and Wellhausen. And the Psalter is not a suitable battleground for the determination of that controversy. The frame-

work must be fixed before the web of the pattern is woven in. The prayers and aspirations, the grateful songs and passionate pleadings of the Psalter do not for the most part fix their own date, and judgment concerning them must be reserved till a clear understanding of the course of secular and religious history has been otherwise arrived at. If the traditional view of Israel's history may not be taken for granted in investigating "the origin of the Psalter," neither assuredly may a writer take for granted a half-fledged hypothesis of yesterday. The view of history which lies at the basis of all Canon Cheyne's reasonings may be the true one, but it is not from the Psalter that it can be proved to be true. The most that a thorough partisan could say of the lecturer's arguments is that he has achieved the difficult task of showing how the phenomena of the Psalter may be reconciled with such a view of the history.

It is quite impossible for us to show even in outline how much is thus assumed, which it would at least be hard to prove. On questions of scholarship Canon Cheyne is an authority, and on such questions especially it becomes us to speak with deference and some hesitation. We confess ourselves, however, to be far from satisfied with the treatment accorded in this book to the cardinal word *Chasidim* as a mark of date. The author says, very fairly, that in itself "the term ('pious ones,' 'friends of God') is not distinctively Maccabean, yet, taken in connexion with other exegetical phenomena which point to the Maccabean age, it steps into importance at once as an evidence of the first value." In practice, however, this word and its associate ideas figure very largely in Canon Cheyne's pages, and he finds references to the Ἀσιδαῖτοι in all kinds of unlikely places.* For example, there is no mention of "the godly" in Psalm cx., which he places in the Maccabean period, but in verse 3 we read "Thy people are free-will-offerings," or "self-devotion," while in 1 Macc. ii. 43, the definition of the *Chasidim* is given as "every one that freely devoted himself for the law." "Does

* See the discussion of Psalms lxxxv. and lxxxvi. on p. 119, and other passages *passim*.

not this at once explain the concise phrase in Psalm cx. 3," exclaims Canon Cheyne, "and show that it is really synonymous with 'Thy people are *Chasidim*?'"

Another argument which figures very frequently in these pages is one drawn from two names of God—*El Shaddai*, God Almighty, and *El 'Elyon*, God Most High. Professor Cheyne holds that both these are marks of late date. "Not only the pre-exile prophets and Ezekiel, but even the pre-exile narrators, avoid this name," *'Elyon*, while "post-exile writers were specially fond of using it." The name *Shaddai* also was "discountenanced by the pre-exile prophets and narrators—i.e., those who are admitted such by all critics" (p. 84). Quite apart from the fact that this argument depends upon data not yet established concerning the dates of other parts of the Old Testament (compare especially Gen. xiv. 18), it appears to us that in the present state of our knowledge it is well to be very cautious concerning inferences based upon usage of the several names of God. Canon Cheyne's conclusions, drawn, not in this volume, but in his *Commentary on the Psalms*,* is that the name "God Most High" may have two meanings: "in the stage of a qualified monotheism," it will mean superiority to other Elohim; in the stage of "a more nearly complete monotheism," it expresses the universality and absoluteness of God's rule. Hence, he says, it cannot be argued that a Psalm must be post-exilic because the name *'Elyon* occurs in it, and "it is more than probable that some at least of the nineteen Psalms in which it occurs are of post-exile date." But now, in his Bampton Lectures, both of these Divine names are announced as clear marks of a late date (p. 73); the occurrence of one of them is treated as almost decisive and not one of the nineteen Psalms referred to in the above terms only three years ago is now allowed to be pre-exilic. It requires more minute study of usage than we can possibly give in these pages to show reasons for doubting Canon Cheyne's conclusions as to the significance of these names. The variation in his own tone after so short an interval shows the need of care and caution in accepting conclusions based upon these data.

* Psalm vii. 18. See *Commentary*, p. 18.

It will not be possible for us in the compass of this article to deal with the "Religious Contents" of the Psalter, the subject which forms the latter portion of these Lectures. It is full of interest and importance, and it may perhaps appear unfair to the author to discuss one part of his subject without setting forth the justification of his views to be found in the other. But, as a matter of fact, the method of procedure in the two parts of the book is the same. There is the same bold assumption of what advanced critics may consider sufficiently proved, the same extensive knowledge of Scripture and manifestation of learning and research, also the same ingenious theorising, as the processes of religious development in Israel are traced out according to the author's view of them. Those who were satisfied with the first part will be satisfied with the second; those who were startled, alarmed, repelled by the former portion will not be reassured by the latter. It would require a small volume to discuss, even in outline, the large questions opened up by this part of the Bampton Lectures. Such volumes will have to be written in the near future, for the question of the real history of Jewish religion is one that must be settled ere long between the more advanced and the more conservative critics. It is *the* question of the Old Testament, and when reasonable agreement has been arrived at concerning documents and authorities, the task may be attempted. Canon Cheyne furnishes what must be considered a valuable contribution to the subject by those who are prepared to accept his premisses; to others his speculations will appear, not merely baseless, but mischievous. His pages are full of phrases which contain tacit assumptions like the following. We give a few specimens taken almost at random from our notes: "This early date of the song [of Moses, Deut. xxxii.] is opposed to a truly historical conception of the development of Israelitish religion" (p. 31); "Pre-Jeremian such highly spiritual hymns [as Psalms lxi. and lxiii.] obviously cannot be" (p. 99); "the strong improbability that the ideas of Jeremiah should be fully grasped so early" as the time of Isaiah (p. 151); "the Jewish Church in Isaiah's time was far too germinal to have sung these expressions [Psalms xlvi. and xlviii.] of daring monotheism and impassioned love of the

temple" (p. 164). We quite agree with Canon Cheyne that "The Old Testament religion, unlike Islam, but like Christianity, is a religion of historical development." We go further, and say that a failure to perceive and understand that development has been one reason why the study of the Old Testament has been much less interesting, much less fertile, much less practical, than it might have been made. Recent criticism has been fruitful for good in this respect at least, that it has given life and freedom to the study of the Old Testament, when it was in great danger of becoming stationary, mechanical, and void of deep and practical significance.

But everything depends upon the kind of "development" that is implied in Old Testament history, the principles which are understood to govern it, the methods by which it is traced out and determined. To dwell upon the Divine side of that history alone tends to paralyse the human element; but to dwell upon the human side alone, minimising or explaining away all traces of the supernatural, is a danger far more real and no less fatal. It is the identification of this latter tendency, with the name of criticism, especially as illustrated by Kuenen and Wellhausen, which has made the word to be of ill-odour among many orthodox Christians. Canon Cheyne desires to distinguish himself as a religious teacher from writers of this class, and in his *Isaiah* (1880) and *Book of Psalms* (1888), the truly spiritual and religious side of his teaching comes fully out. It is by no means absent from this volume. The spirit of this latest work is reverent and Christian, not merely in detached passages, but throughout. None the less, in the whole fibre and tissue of its arguments, a view of revelation is implied which appears to differ very little from that of decided rationalists. Theoretically, the learned Canon does not exclude manifestations of the supernatural; but in one place he expressly justifies the naturalistic or "psychological" explanation as to be preferred wherever possible, and, in practice, certain views of religious history are systematically excluded, because the Divine revelation implied in them would interfere with what the author holds to be the natural and only credible course of development.

For example, Canon Cheyne does not allow a single Psalm

to be considered as "typically, or, in the ordinary sense, prophetically Messianic" (p. 340). He cannot allow—as appears even yet more plainly in the controversy with Mr. Gladstone, recently conducted in the *Nineteenth Century*—that Psalm xvi. contains even a "vague, untheological expression" of the hope of a future life, unless its date is determined to be post-exilic. Many passages might be quoted in which the utterance of some spiritual thought, or some expression of catholicity, is considered decisive of the date of the Psalm in which it occurs, as if no psalmist could soar above the opinions of his age, or no view of Divine Revelation were tenable which interferes with a certain "development" supposed to be traced out in the natural course of the nation's history.

In this connection attention would be drawn to the author's views concerning the influence of Zoroastrianism and other religions upon the development of Jewish religious thought. Canon Cheyne's view is that Jewish religious ideas were not borrowed; but that the germs of these, previously existing in Hebrew literature, could not have been developed without the external influence of Babylonian and Persian religions, and that this development was ordered by the Divine Spirit in preparation for Christianity. The essential part of this statement we might be prepared to accept, though we should have used different phraseology. We are certainly prepared, as we trust all Christians are, to discern the working of God in the course of orderly national development as well as in exceptional acts of Divine intervention, in the history of the Jews when mingling with other nations, moulding and being moulded by them, as well as in those features which mark out their history as separate and distinct from all other peoples. But it is clear that great care is necessary if the belief in a real Revelation from God to the Jews is not to evaporate in a mist of vague words. Canon Cheyne appears almost to give up prophecy in the sense of prediction, to dissolve miracle away in myth, and to see little more in revelation than what may be called a natural development of religious thought under changing environment. This does not, of course, imply the elimination of the Divine from Jewish history. God has many ways of revealing Himself and

guiding His people, and it would be heathenish, not Christian, to perceive Him only in startling interventions, and hand over the ordinary course of history to some inferior Demiurge or half-malign power. But if we have rightly understood Canon Cheyne's position, his views would so alter the whole view of revelation which has been accepted in the Christian Church, that it is quite certain they cannot be assumed as axiomatic in a discussion concerning the origin of the Psalter, and it is the disposition to take them for granted which will cause a large number of his readers to reject his reasoning altogether as arbitrary, and widen, instead of narrowing, the gulf which separates faith and free Biblical criticism in this country.

The discussion of this question is not purely academic. It may be said that the Psalms may be read for edification without any knowledge of their dates or their writers. This is, in some sense, true. But we thoroughly agree with Canon Cheyne, when he says : " What is necessary to preserve for the Psalms the affections of Christendom is a historical background. Whether we seek this in the life of David and his successors, or in the larger life of the Church-nation, seems, from the point of view of mere dramatic interest, unimportant. But let no one give up the one background, unless he is prepared to adopt the other. As mere academical exercises by not merely unnamed but unknown individuals, the Psalms will neither greatly edify the Church nor charm the literary student " (p. 276). For the full understanding and enjoyment of the Psalms, a historical background is needful. The speculations of Canon Cheyne present attractions which some will feel to be considerable ; the fascination of working out a new theory of interpretation and of finding in the " I " of the Psalms, no mere solitary individual, but a nation which is at the same time the Church of God ; the charm of following her history in all her fluctuating hopes and fears, the adversity and prosperity of her chequered fortunes. Every real student of the Psalter must find his study quickened by Canon Cheyne's exposition, whether he agrees with it or not. There are thoughts and suggestions in this volume, sometimes buried in a note or hastily outlined in a parenthesis, which must work and bring forth fruit. But the volume, as a

whole, furnishes, in many respects, an example of what criticism should *not* be. In the present state of Old Testament study, what is most required is reverence and reserve of judgment, not bold hypothesis or ingenious speculation. That the traditional view of the Psalms, as of some other parts of the Old Testament, will have to be modified, is more than probable; that it will be revolutionised to the extent proposed by Canon Cheyne, is quite another proposition, depending to some extent upon rationalistic premisses which believers cannot accept, to some extent upon mere hypotheses without historical basis. The learning, research, ingenuity of prominent Old Testament critics, either German or Germanising, are invaluable in their place; they require, however, to be checked and balanced by the reverence which belongs to the devout believer, and by that practical good sense which is supposed to be a quality of Englishmen, and which Bishop Ellicott pronounces to be, in such subjects as we are considering, "a gift, a veritable *charisma*," no less valuable for the work that is to be done. The fascinating problem of the Psalter as a monument of religious history cannot be solved by mere learned research, still less by ingenious theorising. The last word upon its origin and religious contents has certainly not been spoken by the Bampton Lectures of 1889.

ART. IV.—NEW YORK TENEMENTS AND SLUMS.

How the other Half Lives: Studies among the Poor. By JACOB A. RISS. With Illustrations chiefly from Photographs taken by the Author. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

FROM a superficial reading of this not too scientific book, one might easily get the false impression that New York is one vast slum. This third city in the Western hemisphere in point of population, and, after London, the most important as a financial and commercial centre, cou-

tains some of the finest streets and squares and parks and avenues in the world. But it is only too true that "the other half" of which the author writes, and which includes at least three-fourths of the population, lives neither in squares nor avenues, but in streets and courts and alleys from which sun and air are carefully shut out, and in which neither trees nor flowers nor grass could possibly survive.

"The youngest of the great cities" has not unnaturally been the quickest in its growth; and, in the special and unprecedented circumstances of its adolescence, it has developed symptoms of congestion and morbidity hitherto supposed to be peculiar to maturity and age. Other cities, during the same period, have grown enormously, but none of them at so abnormal and bewildering a rate. London, for example, since the beginning of the century, has increased its population four-fold; but New York has multiplied not less than five-and-twenty-fold. And this phenomenal increase in population—from sixty thousand in 1800, to sixteen hundred thousand in 1890—would not have caused so much embarrassment if the area of the city could have been proportionately enlarged. While the population of London has increased four-fold its area has increased nearly fifteen-fold. But the long and narrow island on which New York is built is no larger now than it was when it was purchased from the Indians by the Dutchmen for a five-pound note. The crowds of immigrants which have poured into it in ever-increasing numbers, especially during the past half-century, have had to be packed in somewhere between the Hudson and East rivers. How they have been housed and with what results, it is the object of this article to show.

Mr. Riis is of opinion that the tenement system, with all its evils, is the only possible one for New York; and Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose lecture on "the Future of Great Cities" at Toynbee Hall some years ago has given the cue to many recent English writers on the Housing of the Poor, is equally persuaded of the necessity, and, with certain additions and modifications, of the desirability of re-building London on the New York plan. It cannot, therefore, but be interesting to those who are concerned about the future of these two

great central, and, for generations yet to come, predominantly influential cities of the world, to trace the rise and watch the working of the system through a considerable period and on an elaborate scale. Were Mr. Riis as systematic and statistical as he is entertaining and exceptionally well-informed we could desire no better guide.

The experiment in New York has not been made under the most favourable conditions. It has not been consciously and intentionally made. Soon after the war of 1812 immigrants began to pour in before the citizens had time to think what to do with them, and, ever since then, the population has increased by leaps and bounds, from 100,000 in 1812 to 500,000 in 1847, and from 800,000 in 1860 to twice that number at the present time. From every quarter of the globe they came. From the adjoining States the influx must have been enormous if the rate at which the proportion between the dwellers in towns and the inhabitants of the rural districts—from 1 in 25 in 1800, to 1 in 4 in 1890—has been as rapid in New York as in the States at large. But, in addition to the prodigious increase from this source, there has been an almost continuous stream of foreigners passing through New York and leaving a sediment composed of the poorest, the most ignorant, and the most vicious elements, until the city now contains at least 500,000 immigrants from Europe and Asia, who, at best, possess a standard of domestic decency below the requirements of civilisation, and, at the worst, appear to be content to live in slums compared to which the slums of London are salubrity itself.

The history of the housing of these hordes is full of interest, and supplies a wholesome warning to the advocates of precipitate and general building on the "multiple domicile" plan. Unlike the poorer parts of London, the corresponding quarters in New York are covered with crowded blocks of flat-roofed, many-storied tenements, into which the people are packed, in some cases to the density of from three to four hundred thousand to the square mile. A faint idea of this over-crowding may be formed if it be remembered that the density of the population in London never exceeded 175,000 in the worst of the olden times, and that in 1880, while the

number of persons to a house in the whole of London was only 7·9, the number in New York was 16·37. Some of the tenements are houses once inhabited by rich people; the others were specially constructed to supply the largest amount of accommodation in the least possible space. Very early in the century the decorous homes of the old Knickerbockers were turned into the "tenant-houses" of a promiscuous crowd. The large rooms were partitioned into smaller ones without regard to light or ventilation, and were soon filled, from cellar to garret, with a loose, improvident, degraded class of men and women, from whom "nothing was expected," and whom their surroundings could not fail to render more depraved and reckless still. The houses were not intended to last, and the rents were regulated by the destructive habits of the tenants. Under the pressure of increasing crowds, "rear tenements" were built in the gardens where the old Dutch burghers used to grow their tulips and their early cabbages. Where two families lived at first ten families moved in. The buildings at the back soon overtopped the house in front. But worse was yet to follow. The cry was "Still they come." The people crowded in from almost every country under heaven, and the era of the tenement, more properly so called, began. Gigantic barracks rose on every hand; dark, dank, and dirty courts and alleys festered into slums; and hosts of hapless mortals swarmed into them, to be poisoned and degraded and impoverished by them, till the dread of cholera, following the Civil War, aroused the whole community. The Board of Health was formed; an Act was passed to regulate the building and the letting of the houses of the poor; and active measures were adopted to prevent, or to minimise, the evils of overcrowding. As we shall see, in spite of all this, these evils still remain to an almost incredible degree.*

Before we enter upon a detailed description of the tenements, however, and illustrate the results of this method of housing the masses of the people, it may be well to touch

* The descriptions given of them by Mr. Riis would be quite incredible but for the illustrations, most of them reproduced from photographs, by which they are accompanied.

upon another adverse condition under which this great experiment is being made. We refer to the cosmopolitan character of New York.

"The one thing [says Mr. Riis] you shall vainly ask for in the chief city of America is a distinctly American community. There is none: certainly not among the tenements. One may find for the asking an Italian, a German, a French, African, Spanish, Bohemian, Russian, Scandinavian, Jewish, and Chinese colony. Even the Arab, who peddles 'holy earth' from the Battery as a direct importation from Jerusalem, has his exclusive preserves at the lower end of Washington Street. . . . A map of the city, coloured to designate nationalities, would show more stripes than the skin of a zebra, and more colours than any rainbow. The city on such a map would fall into two great halves—green for the Irish prevailing in the west side tenement districts and blue for the Germans on the east. But intermingled with these ground colours would be an odd variety of tints, that would give the whole the appearance of an extraordinary crazy-quilt. From down in the Sixth Ward the red of the Italian would be seen forcing its way northward along the line of Mulberry Street to the quarter of the French purple on Bleeker Street and South Fifth Avenue, to lose itself and re-appear, after a lapse of miles, in the 'Little Italy' of Harlem, east of Second Avenue. . . . On the west side the red would be seen overrunning the Old Africa of Thompson Street, pushing the black of the Negro rapidly up town, against querulous but unavailing protests, occupying his home, his church, his trade, his all, with merciless impartiality. . . . Hardly less aggressive than the Italian, the Russian and Polish Jew, having overrun the district between Rivington and Division Streets, east of the Bowery, to the point of suffocation, is filling the tenements of the old Seventh Ward to the river front, and disputing with the Italian every available foot of space in the back alleys of Mulberry Street. The two races, differing hopelessly in much, have this in common: they carry their slums with them. . . . Between the dull grey of the Jew and the Italian red, would be seen squeezed in the map a sharp streak of yellow, marking the narrow boundaries of Chinatown. Dovetailed in with the German population, the poor but thrifty Bohemian might be picked out by the sombre hue of his life as of his philosophy, struggling against heavy odds in the big human hives of the east side. . . . Dots and dashes of colour here and there would show where the Finnish sailors worship their *djmulä* (God), the Greek pedlars the ancient name of their race, and the Swiss the goddess of thrift, and so on to the end of the long register—all toiling together in the fetters of the tenement." *

* On reading this graphic description we were reminded of the passage in which Gibbon portrays the many-coloured populace of Imperial Rome; and, on turning to the chapter (xxxi.) we were struck by the fact that the ancients encountered the same difficulty as the moderns in housing the people, and that

Still more graphic and realistic are the detailed descriptions which follow of the Italian, Jewish, Chinese, and Negro colonies of New York. On the whole, the author likes the Chinaman worst and the Negro best. The chapter on Chinatown fills the mind with horror and disgust. A more revolting tale of cruelty has seldom been told: a more loathsome picture of depravity has seldom been drawn. Mott Street, where the Chinese swarm, must be a hell upon earth. Compared with the adjoining Italian quarter, Chinatown as a spectacle is disappointing.

"It has little of its outdoor stir and life and none of its gaily-coloured rage or picturesque filth and poverty. Mott Street is clean to distraction. The laundry stamp is on it. The houses are chiefly of the conventional tenement stamp, with nothing to rescue them from the everyday dismal dreariness of their kind except a splash of dull red or yellow. Whatever is on foot goes on behind closed doors. Stealth and secretiveness are as much a part of the Chinaman in New York as the cat-like tread of his felt shoes. . . . A constant stream of plotting and counterplotting makes up the round of Chinese social and political life. They are governed by a code of their own. If now and then some horrible crime—a murder of such hideous ferocity as one I remember, where the murderer stabbed his victim in the back with a meat-knife, plunging it in to the hilt no less than seventeen times—arouses popular suspicion that it was 'ordered,' they have only themselves to blame, for they appear to rise up as one man to shield the criminal."

Christian New York had adopted precisely the same method in dealing with the difficulty as Pagan Rome. "The architect Vitruvius, who flourished in the Augustan age . . . observes that the innumerable habitations of the Roman people would have spread themselves far beyond the narrow limits of the city, but the want of space suggested the common though inconvenient practice of raising the houses to a considerable height in the air, but the loftiness of these buildings, which often consisted of hasty work and insufficient materials, was the cause of frequent and fatal accidents; and it was repeatedly enacted by Augustus, as well as by Nero, that the height of private edifices within the walls of Rome should not exceed seventy feet from the ground." These *insular*, as the tenement houses were called to distinguish them from the *domus* of the wealthier classes, were divided into *cenacula*, or apartments, in which whole families were squeezed into single rooms, which had to serve every purpose, and for which they were obliged to pay enormous rents. Juvenal in his Satire (particularly the Third) pours out the vials of his wrath upon the owners of these dark and fetid dens, and bemoans the hardships of their victims, to whom he addresses "the salutary advice of emigrating without delay from the smoke of Rome, since they might purchase, in the little towns of Italy, a cheerful, commodious dwelling at the same price as they annually paid for a dark and miserable lodging."

It is not by chance that the Chinaman takes to laundry-work. "He is by nature as clean as the cat, which he resembles in his traits of cruel cunning and savage fury when aroused." He also uses his laundry as a trap for the white girls whom he decoys into his power by means of the opium-pipe, and whom he afterwards treats with diabolical cruelty. These wretched girls, who are spoken of as the Chinamen's wives, though no matrimonial ceremony is ever gone through, are easily tempted from homes which have no claim to the name, and to which they rarely or never return.

"Mott Street gives up its victims only to the Charity Hospital or to the Potter's Field. From the teeming tenements to the right and left of it come the white slaves of its dens of vice and their infernal drug. There are in this street houses, dozens of them, that are literally jammed from the 'joint' in the cellar to the attic with these hapless victims of a passion which once acquired demands the sacrifice of every instinct of decency to its insatiable desire."

Of the depths of their fall no one is more conscious than the girls themselves, and apparently no one is less concerned. The priests whom they call in when the poison racks their frames, and the police whose raids upon these regions are so ineffectual, alike "stand helpless and hopeless in presence of this colossal evil for which they know no remedy." Mr. Riis has nothing better to offer than the suggestion that, instead of banishing the Chinaman from New York, the authorities should open the door wider—for his wife; "they should make it a condition of his coming that he bring his wife with him." And the sample of grim humour with which he seeks to relieve the picture only serves to cast a lurid light upon these Chinese "homes."

"A specimen of Chinese logic from the home circle came home to me with a personal application one evening when I attempted with a policeman to stop a Chinaman whom we found beating his white 'wife' with a broom-handle in a Mott Street cellar. He was angry at our interference, and declared vehemently that she was 'bad.' 'S'ppose your wifee bad, you no lickee her?' he asked, as if there could be no appeal from such a common-sense proposition as that. My assurance that I did not, that such a thing could not occur to me, struck him dumb with amazement. He eyed me awhile in stupid silence, poked the linen in his tub, stole another look, and made up his mind. A gleam of intelligence shone in his eye, and pity and contempt struggled in his voice. 'Then, I guess, she lickee you,' he said."

Whether it be that he has exhausted his abhorrence on the Chinaman, or that, like most cultivated Americans, Mr. Riis does not share the widespread, bitter, and apparently ineradicable dislike of the Negro, his chapter on the "Colour Line" running through the tenements is a welcome change from the chapter on "Chinatown." Whilst not wanting in discrimination, his account of the domestic and social life of the "coloured" immigrants, whose numbers have doubled in a decade, is full of sympathy and good-will. Formerly, they were practically restricted to the narrow section on the west side called "Africa," now they are spreading rapidly on the north-east side; and we are informed that there is no more clean and orderly community in New York than the new settlement growing up from Yorkville to Harlem. In these respects the Negro is much superior to the lowest whites, below whom he has always been placed in the tenement scale. Nevertheless he is made to pay "much higher rents than even these for the poorest and most stinted rooms." He is also rigidly restricted still to certain localities. Whether, as is commonly reported, there is a disposition among nearly all classes of Whites to boycott and persecute the Blacks, there is evidently an universal desire for separateness both in habitation and in social life. And, as one of the failings leaning strongly to the side of virtue inherent in the present generation of negroes, who are still rejoicing in their newborn freedom, and feeling the spur of ambition born of education, is a certain aping of the manners of their white neighbours, and a perhaps too eager desire to rise in the social scale, it is not unnatural that this aloofness on the part of their fellow-citizens should be keenly felt and sometimes passionately resented by them. Such, however, is the fact; and it is doubtless their knowledge of this want of affinity, to call it by its mildest name, that accounts for what Mr. Riis regards as the injustice and tyranny towards the negroes of the owners of the tenements. "The Czar of all the Russias is not more absolute than the New York landlord in dealing with coloured tenants. Where he permits them to live, they go; by his grace they exist in certain localities; his ukase banishes them from others. And he makes the prejudice in which he traffics pay him well."

Oppression is by no means limited to landlords. In New York the boycotting of the Negro has reached its acme. He is debarred, chiefly by Irish jealousy, from almost every kind of occupation. Mr. Riis thinks that coloured men who have been skilled artisans in the South, "from their natural love of ease, voluntarily take the lower level of menial service" when they settle in the city, and not very reluctantly "take their stand among the poor and in the homes of the poor." But there is something to be said for the opinion, which we venture to prefer, that this lower level is not so much chosen by the Negro as necessitated by the unchristian ostracism to which he is exposed.*

If the Negro is not crushed by this barbarous treatment it is owing largely to his buoyant spirits.

"Poverty, abuse, and injustice alike [as Mr. Riis observes] are accepted by him with imperturbable cheerfulness. He looks on the bright side of life and enjoys it. The poorest houses are brightened with pictures of 'Abe Linkum,' and Garfield and Grant, and made cheery with singing birds and flowers. In the art of putting the best foot forward, and disguising his poverty by making a little go a long way, he has no equal. . . . His festive gatherings, pre-eminently his cake-walks, at which a sugared and frosted cake is the proud prize of the couple with the most aristocratic step and carriage, are comic mixtures of elaborate ceremonial and the joyous *abandon* of the natural man. With all his ludicrous incongruities, his sensuality and lack of moral accountability, his superstition, and other faults, that are the effect of temperament and of centuries of slavery, he has his eminently good points. He is loyal to the backbone, proud of being an American, and of his new-found citizenship. He is, at least, as easily moulded for good as for evil. His churches are crowded to the doors on Sunday nights, when the coloured colony turns out to worship. They own church property on which they

*The New York Correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner*, who has equal opportunities of observation, writing on this subject two years ago, said: "He cannot obtain employment from any of the municipal departments for work on the streets, and is not even considered worthy of digging sewer-trenches. He is unable to secure work as a mason, a carpenter, or as a painter. He is not permitted to drive a truck, car, or cab, and if he attempts to do so, every white driver on the avenues does his best to upset him. He may not even aspire to the proud position of a barber, except so far as the scraping of coloured cheeks and chins is concerned. In one word, he is debarred from doing everything that Pat, who has just arrived from the 'ould counthry' chooses to consider as his own particular province. The gentlemen from Cork will brook no interference or competition on the part of the 'damned niggers.'"

have paid half a million dollars out of the depth of their poverty, and with little help from their white brethren. They are both willing and anxious to learn, and their intellectual status is distinctly improving. If his emotions are not very deep, they are at least sincere while they last, and until the tempter gets the upper hand again."

Returning to our more immediate topic—there are at present 37,316 tenements in New York, including 2630 "rear-houses," and containing a population of over a million and a quarter. These tenements, which are to be found in all parts of the city, except in what is called the "residential section," vary considerably in size and character. The worst of them "as a rule do not look bad." Most of them are not old enough to have acquired the "slum look," just as, for the same reason, the worst of their occupants are less repulsively sodden and brutal in their appearance than the lowest denizens of the London slums. But many of these fair-seeming tenements conceal the most revolting rottenness. To get at the facts we must look beneath the surface. Following Mr. Riis, we may divide these buildings into "up-town" and "down-town," tenements, and give specimens of each before proceeding to draw out from the mass of his materials some of the more salient results of this method of housing the people.

The great body of hard-working Irish and German immigrants and their descendants live in the more respectable up-town quarters, and they accept the conditions of tenement life because there is nothing better for them. Life in such conditions Mr. Riis thinks hardly worth living. Here is a picture of one of these better blocks of buildings, taken at random :

"There are open yards and some air in the block, and that is about all there is. The view between brick walls, outside, is that of a stony street ; inside, of rows of unpainted board fences, a bewildering maze of clothes-posts and lines ; underfoot, a desert of brown hard-baked soil from which every blade of grass, every stray weed, every speck of green has been trodden out. . . . Within the house, there is nothing to supply the want thus left unsatisfied. The tenements have no æsthetic resources. There is a common hall, with doors opening softly on every landing as a strange step is heard on the stairs ; the air-shaft, that seems always so busy letting out foul stanches from below that it has no time to earn its name by bringing down fresh air ; and the squeaking pumps that hold no water ; and the rent that is never less

than one week's wages out of the four, quite as often half the family's earnings. Why complete the sketch? . . . In many such blocks the census-taker found 2000 men, women, and children who called them 'home.'"

There are better blocks than this, but very few, and there are many much worse even in the up-town class. When we come to the down-town tenements they would seem to be all worse and no better. Out of the numerous specimens given it is difficult to select what may be relied on as fairly typical, but here are a few. They are built on the same plan as the better tenements, but they are darker, dirtier, more dilapidated, and with much less breathing space, inside and out. The filth in some of them is indescribable. In trying to take a flash-light photograph in one of them, the author accidentally set fire to the tiny room. He managed to put out the flames, but told a policeman in the street that he was afraid they might break out again in the ramshackle place. "No fear," was the reply, "it's too dirty to burn." Suppose we venture into "Bottle Alley" round the corner in Baxter-street, one of the head-quarters in the Italian colony.

"Look into any one of these houses. You will find the same piles of rags, the same malodorous bones and musty paper. Here is a 'flat' of parlour and two pitch-dark coops called bedrooms. In the parlour the family tea-kettle is on the stove, doing duty for the time as a wash-boiler. By night it will return to its proper use again. In the bedrooms there are three beds, if old boxes and heaps of foul straw can be called by that name, a broken stove with crazy pipe, from which the smoke leaks at every joint, a table of rough boards propped up on boxes, piles of rubbish in the corner. The closeness and the smell is appalling. 'How many people sleep here?' A woman with a red bandanna shakes her head sullenly, but a bare-legged girl with bright face counts on her fingers—five, six. Six grown-up people and five children. 'How much is the rent?' 'Nine dollars and a half, and please, sir, he won't put the paper on.' 'He' is the landlord."

Or take a typical tenement in the Seventh Ward :

"There were nine in this family—husband, wife, an aged grandmother, and six children—honest, hardworking Germans, scrupulously neat, but poor. They all lived in two rooms—one about 10 feet square, which served as parlour, bedroom, and eating-room; the other a small hall-room made into a kitchen. The rent was seven and a half dollars a month, more than a week's wages. On the day I visited it last year, the mother had thrown herself out of the window and been taken up dead. She was 'discouraged,' as the neighbours said."

Then follows a story, which we fancy we have heard before on this side the Atlantic; about a city missionary who once found four families living in the four corners of a room, taking life philosophically. They got on very well until one of the families began to take in lodgers: then complications and quarrels arose. Another story which, if we mistake not, has also emigrated from this country, is used to illustrate the advance that has been made in the down-town lodging-houses on more primitive methods. These "hotels" as the caravanserais which line Chatham Street and the Bowery are called, and which harbour nightly a population as large as that of many a thriving town,* are divided into two classes, between which there is a great gap—those in which 25 and 15 cents a night are charged, and those in which sleeping room can be obtained for 10 and 7 cents. The latter are different grades of the same abomination. "A strip of canvas strung between rough timbers without covering of any kind does for the 7 cent lodger." This, as Mr. Riis observes, is not the safest perch in the world, and is not, he thinks, superior to the old fashioned method of sleeping in certain old country towns:

"The bed consisted of clothes-lines stretched across the room, upon which the sleepers hung by the arm-pits for a penny a night. In the morning the boss wakes them up by simply untying the line at one end and letting it go with its load; a labour-saving device, and highly successful."

Beneath these depths, however, there is yet a lower deep of degradation and of vice. With the exception of the "black-and-tan" saloons in Thompson Street, where the utterly depraved of both sexes, black and white, commingle in debauchery in cellar "dives," "run" by the political leader of the district, who is "in with the police," there is, perhaps, nothing so repulsive and abominable in connection with these down-town tenements as the "stale-beer dives." These "two-cent. restaurants," as they are politely called, in which for that small sum, and at a pinch for nothing, a night's lodging may

* According to the Police returns, 4,974,025 separate lodgings were furnished last year by these dormitories, of which there are nearly 300; and, adding 147,634 lodgings furnished by the Station Houses, the total of the homeless army was 5,121,659—an average of over 14,000 homeless men for every night of the year. "More than 9000 homeless young men lodge nightly between the City Hall and the Cooper Union."

be had, are the haunts of tramps of both sexes, who resort to them, partly for shelter, but chiefly for the cheap drink sold in them—mostly beer-dregs, “doctored so as to put a froth on it.” The keeping of them is a profitable but illegal business. They abound in certain quarters, and are to be found in most quarters. Occasionally the police make a raid upon them similar to the one immediately to be described, and “a farce is gone through at the police station; but so great is the influence of their owners with the elected magistrates, that there the matter usually ends.” “Drink and influence in New York are synonymous terms.”

The description Mr. Riis gives of one of these dives, and of a police raid at which he was present, is so real, that it hardly needs the accompanying photograph to render it repulsive, even in imagination, to all the senses at once:

“After what seemed half a mile of groping in the dark [he says] we finally emerged into the alley proper, where light, escaping through cracks of closed shutters on both sides, enabled us to make out a contour of three rickety frame tenements. Snatches of ribald songs and peals of coarse laughter reached us from now this, now that unseen burrow. ‘School is in,’ said the sergeant drily, as we stumbled down the worn steps of the next cellar-way: a kick of his boot-heel sent the door flying into the room. It was a room perhaps a dozen feet square, with walls and ceiling that might once have been clean, but were now covered with a brown crust that, touched with the end of a club, came off in shuddering showers of crawling bugs, revealing a blacker filth beneath. Grouped about a beer-keg, that was propped on the wreck of a broken chair, a foul and ragged host of men and women, on boxes, benches, and stools. Tomato cans, filled at the keg, were passed from hand to hand. In the centre of the group a sallow, wrinkled hag, evidently the ruler of the feast, dealt out the hideous stuff. A pile of copper coins rattled in her apron—the very pennies received with such showers of blessings upon the giver that afternoon. The faces of some of the women were familiar enough on the streets, whining for a penny ‘to keep a family from starving.’ . . . Further on we arrested seventy-five tramps, men and women, in four small rooms. In one of them, where the air seemed thick enough to cut with a knife, we found a woman with a new-born babe on a dirty heap of straw. . . . When we reached the station we found that the raid had been a very fruitful one. No fewer than 275 tramps were jammed in the cells to be arraigned next morning.” *

* The dives, of course, are very different from the licensed “saloons.” Of these ordinary public-houses, Mr. Riis counted 4065 below Fourteenth Street to 111

Next to the Chinaman, of whom the author has no hope, the tramp appears to him to be the most hopeless inhabitant of the slums, not so much because of his vicious habits, as of his phenomenal impudence and laziness. He has far more hope of the "tough" than of him. These young ruffians are at least a bundle of contradictions, but the typical tramp is all of a piece. The toughs range the streets in gangs, and display considerable activity and ingenuity in their assaults and depredations; but the tramp is too lazy to stir, and his wits are chiefly exercised in devising means to avoid exertion. "Drunken and foul-mouthed, ready to cut the throat of a defenceless stranger at the toss of a cent, fresh from beating his mother black and blue," the tough, who is usually the American-born son of English, Irish, and German parents, and who is the ripe fruit of tenement-house life, "will resent, as an intolerable insult, the imputation that he is 'no gentleman,'" and would scorn to descend to the level of trampdom. The tramp is content to be called anything, and to remain on any level at which he will not be disturbed. That he is "no fool," however, and that he knows his rights as a man and a citizen, the following specimen will show:

"On one of my visits to 'the Bend,' I came across a particularly ragged and disreputable tramp, who sat smoking his pipe on the rung of a ladder with such evident philosophic contentment in the busy labour of a score of rag-pickers all about him, that I bade him sit for a picture, offering him ten cents for the job. He accepted the offer with hardly a nod, and sat patiently watching me from his perch until I got ready for work. Then he took the pipe out of his mouth and put it in his pocket, calmly declaring that it was not included in the contract, and that it was worth a quarter to have it go in the picture. I had to give in. The man, scarce ten seconds employed at

places of worship. "Up-town the account stands a little better, but there are easily ten saloons to every church. . . . Over against every bulwark for decency and morality society erects, the saloon projects its colossal shadow. In the block it is the only bright, cheery, and humanly decent spot to be found. Wherever tenements thicken it multiplies. On the direst poverty of their crowds it grows fat and prosperous. . . . It is the poor man's club, his forum, and his haven of rest, when weary and disgusted with the crowding, the quarrelling, and the wretchedness at home. With the poison dealt out there he takes his politics, in quality not far apart. The rum-shop turns the political crank in New York. What that means successive Boards of Aldermen, composed in a measure, if not in a majority, of dive-keepers, have given the city a taste."

honest labour, even at sitting down—at which he was an undoubted expert—had gone on strike. He knew his rights, and the value of ‘work,’ and was not to be cheated out of either.”

When we are told that over eight million dollars are distributed in charity every year in New York, and when we call to mind the conditions in which the bulk of the people live, it does not surprise us to learn that there are upwards of 10,000 of these vagrant men and women; that, in the course of eight years, 135,595 families, representing half a million out of the population of a million and a half, were registered as receiving alms; and that, in spite of the proverbial horror of a pauper's funeral among the poor, for five years past one in every ten of the persons who died were buried, or rather, as when alive, crowded into the common trench of the Potter's Field. Nor can we wonder at the evils traced by Mr. Riis directly to the tenement—the lack of privacy, the promiscuity, the scandalous scarcity of water, light, and air, the risk of loss and death from fire, the liability to infection, the exposure to the contagion of immorality in all its forms. We need not wonder at, nor can we dwell upon, the multitude of evils bred and nurtured by the kind of life described. The most we can attempt is briefly to set forth a few of the more flagrant facts.

The overcrowding, not only inside, but amongst the houses, must be terrible. A fire in a tenement, “with the surging half-smothered crowds on the stairs and fire-escapes, the frantic mothers and the crying children, the wild struggle to save the little which is their all,” must be appalling. As we write, a case in point is thus reported in the daily press:

“A serious fire broke out on Monday night (Feb. 1) in a tenement house in Hester Street, New York. The flames spread so rapidly that all communication between the upper rooms and the ground floor was cut off before the inmates could make their escape. They had to jump from the windows. Six people were horribly injured.”

The summer heats, when these ill-ventilated and unsavoury barracks are like ovens reeking with impurities, must be unbearable. In July and August, when the thermometer runs up to 115, life in these “fiery furnaces” means death to a multitude of little ones. Fifty “summer doctors,” are sent into the tenement districts by the Board of Health, with free

advice and medicine, devoted nurses follow in their track, fresh-air excursions run out of the city by land and water, daily; but, despite all these efforts, "the grave-diggers in Calvary work overtime, and little coffins are stacked mountains high on the deck of the Charity Commissioners' boat, when it makes its half-weekly trips up the river to the City Cemetery."

From its situation and configuration, New York ought to be one of the healthiest cities in the world, and, under the recently increased activity of the sanitary authorities, matters have considerably improved; but, even now, when an epidemic appears, its track through the tenements is "as clearly defined as the track of a tornado through a forest." For instance:

"Measles, which are usually harmless on the avenues, kill right and left in the tenements. Such an epidemic ravaged three crowded blocks in Elizabeth Street, on the heels of *la Grippe*, last winter, and when it had spent its fury, the death maps in the Bureau of Vital Statistics looked as if a black hand had been laid across those blocks, overshadowing in part the contiguous tenement in Mott Street, and with a thumb covering a particularly packed settlement of half a dozen houses in Mulberry Street."

Typhus fever, and small-pox, and similar "dirt diseases" flourish in the Jewish quarters, where most of the cheap clothes are made, and, as the author puts it, "sent home with the wearer's death warrant basted in the lining."

Heroic efforts have been made of late years to keep down the death-rate in these districts; but, so recently as 1888, 24,842 deaths, or 22.71 per thousand occurred. This was a great improvement on 1869, when the rate was 28.35, and, singularly enough, it was below the general rate for the whole city, which in 1889 was 25.19. It should, however, be noted that the number given for 1888 is exclusive of 7984 deaths in Institutions, which, in most cases are referable to the tenements. This would bring the number of deaths up to 32,826, and the percentage to 30.28, which is 5.09 above the general city rate. The adult death-rate is found to decrease in the larger tenements of newer construction, but child mortality is found to increase.*

* These figures cover the whole of the tenements, good and bad alike, and, of course, this is the fairest way of estimating the physical effects of life on the

Nor is overcrowding the only cause of tenement infanticide. The immorality and callousness fostered by their circumstances, give rise to the abandonment by parents of their offspring to an incredible extent. In twenty years 25,000 outcast children have found shelter in the Foundling Hospitals. At Sister Irene's Asylum alone more than 20,000 have been received. A crib used to be placed outside the door at night, but it filled up too rapidly. No less than 170 babies were picked up in the streets last year—72 of them were dead. The insurance of children for profit is common, and baby-farming in its most atrocious form is rife.

"They feed them on sour milk, and give them paregoric to keep them quiet, until they die, when they get some young medical man to sign a certificate that the child died of 'inanition,' and so the matter ends. . . . Recently the agent of the S.P.C.C. answered an adoption advertisement. After some haggling, he bought the child for a dollar, and arrested the woman, but the law was powerless to punish the crime. Twelve unfortunate women awaiting dishonoured motherhood were found in her house."

But enough of horrors and abominations. There is, of course, a better side to the life of "the other half." For example, it is estimated that there are 150,000 women and girls in New York who earn their own living, and who, in spite of the fact that their earnings only average 60 cents a day, contrive to live in purity and decency amid their poverty and toil.

"To the everlasting credit of the New York working-girl let it be said, that rough though the road be, and all but hopeless her battle with life, only in the rarest instance does she go astray. As a class she is brave, virtuous, true. New York's army of profligate women is not, as in some foreign cities, recruited from her ranks."

To bloom in such surroundings is a miracle indeed. And yet we are assured that it is far from uncommon to find "sweet

collective plan. What the returns would be if limited to the down-town blocks, may be conjectured from the figures for the only district particularised by Mr. Riis. In 1888, the population of Mulberry Street was 3417—2788 adults and 629 children under five. That year 130 died—44 adults and 86 children. The death rate therefore was—adults, 15·78; children, 136·70; general, 38·05 as against 22·71 for the whole of the tenements, or 30·28 if the "deaths in Institutions" be included.

and innocent girls, and true wives and faithful mothers," in the worst of the infamous barracks. Their daily lives must be a torture, but a torture crowned with glory in the eyes of Him that seeth every precious thing. Thousands of heroic men and women triumph in the tenements; but their heroism is shown in struggling against the evil odds with which the system over-weights their already heavy-laden lives. At best the system is a hindrance, and at worst a burden and a curse. Taking them as a whole, the good in them vastly outweighs the evil—otherwise the community could not exist—but the good exists in spite of the tenements. "In them all the influences make for evil." They are, as we have seen, the hot-beds of epidemics which carry death to rich and poor alike; they are nurseries of gambling, intemperance, recklessness, debauchery, and crime; they harbour 10,000 tramps, with all that that implies; they swallow up the overflowing streams of charity by which the city thinks to cover up its multitude of civic sins; they baffle all attempts to cleanse and sweeten them; they saddle the community with an expenditure for sanitary and police inspection, and for measures of prevention and correction, which is felt even by the wealthy city of which they form so conspicuous and so unsightly a part; "they throw off a scum of 40,000 human wrecks to the island hospitals and workhouses" year by year; and, what is worst of all in its far-reaching and degrading influence, they render family life, with all its sweet associations and amenities, all but impossible.

And the children! What is to become of them? What wonder if they take to idle and to evil ways? "There is not room for them in the schools, even if they could be caught." They are not allowed to play in the busy, crowded thoroughfares, and if, by chance, there is a wretched, dirty little backyard near their home, they are as likely as not to be confronted by an ominous notice spelled like this: "All boys caught in this yard will be dealt with according to law." Home to multitudes of these boys and girls is but a name, "a pigeon-hole in a coop along with so many more human animals. The dismal alley, with its bare brick walls, between which no sun ever rose or set, is their world. The street,

with its ash-barrels and its dirt, and the river that runs foul with mud, is their domain. What wonder if the mud and dirt be reflected in their lives ? ” What wonder if they swell “ the armies of the homeless and unfed ” that prey upon the city charities, and help to perpetuate the infamy of placing New York amongst the worst built, worst paved, and worst ordered cities in the world ?

Mr. Riis is not very sanguine about the future. Space is so limited, and the influx of population so continuous and so enormous, that the attempts of the authorities, even when aroused to earnestness by some special scandal or calamity, to distribute the people and relieve the congestion, whether by re-building, or by cheap and speedy transport to the northern outskirts, are in vain. The greed of landlords, many of them absentees, and the character of the inmates of the poorest and the vilest of the tenements, forbid all hope of any great improvement in large numbers of existing blocks. The law might do a little if amended and enforced ; but, so long as the owners of these “ wealth breeding ” buildings possess such an inordinate influence in the city courts and councils, through their command of votes, it is useless to talk about making it as illegal to purvey foul and insanitary houses as it is to purvey putrid fish, or to hint, as Mr. Riis half-grimly and half-humorously does, that some of these hard hearted, grasping landlords should be hung. There is more wisdom, and more timeliness, in his recommendation that stringent measures be taken to restrict and regulate the flow of immigrants ; and that encouragement be given, by the respectable part of the community, to the formation of building societies, whose motto shall be the watchword at the Christian Convention, held in Chickering Hall, three years ago—“ Philanthropy and 5 per cent.” The few and scattered blocks which have been reared as the first-fruits of that great gathering, show what may be done even with such limited opportunities as New York affords ; and, with a brief description of the model that is being followed, and that might perhaps be followed with advantage nearer home, we take our leave of Mr. Riis, and his suggestive book. We only wish that we could reproduce the woodcut by which the description is accom-

panied. The model is the production of Mr. A. T. White, a Brooklyn builder, who has devoted many years to the improvement of the tenements in that city.

"It embodies all the good features of Sir Sidney Waterlow's London plan, with improvements suggested by the builder's own experience. Its chief merit is that it gathers 300 real homes, not simply 300 families, under one roof. Three tenants everywhere live together. Of the rest of the 300 they may never know, rarely see, one. Each has his private front door. The common hall, with all that it stands for, has disappeared. The fire-proof stairs are outside the house, a perfect fire-escape. Each tenant has his own scullery and ash-flue. There are no air-shafts, for they are not needed. Every room, under the admirable arrangement of the plan, looks out either upon the street or the yard that is nothing less than a great park with a playground set apart for the children, where they may dig in the sand to their heart's content. . . . The drying of clothes is done on the roof, where racks are fitted up for the purpose. The outside stairways end in turrets, which give the buildings a very smart appearance. . . . The tenants are like a village of contented people, who live in peace with one another because they have elbow-room, even under one big roof."

ART. V.—JAMES SMETHAM.

Letters of James Smetham, with an Introductory Memoir.
 Edited by SARAH SMETHAM and WILLIAM DAVIES. With
 Portrait. Macmillan & Co. 1891.

THESE letters may be compared to the squares in a painted window, and by the skill of the editors they are so framed as to form a memorial fit to adorn a side chapel in the great temple of sacred art. Seen from the outside the squares look dim and even dark, but viewed from within, they form a picture which is full of interest and beauty. A casual glance will serve to show that they are grouped in three compartments—the central one being dedicated to religion as inspiring and moulding the whole life. This inspiring motive found expression in two characteristic forms which are symbolised and depicted in the panels on either hand. These are art and monumentalism—religion as expressed by monumentalism and

art, these were the primary forces of a life which was one of singular beauty and power.

It is proper to mention at the very outset that religion in Smetham's case came to him through the channels of Methodism. He was the son of a Methodist preacher, and from first to last, he dwelt among his own people, finding in their fellowships and communion a constant well-spring of refreshment and joy. It is of the Methodist Zion he speaks in the following extract from a letter, written after reading the life of Harriet Martineau :

"I've been poking about Zion for nearly thirty years, and I can't but aver that I see nothing but strength and beauty in Zion ; green pastures, still waters, strong towers, vines and olives and shady fig-trees, quiet resting-places, springs that bubble more and more brightly and spring up like Jacob's well. 'I am deluded' am I ? But I know as sensible men in Zion as I know out of it, and we compare notes, and must speak as we find. 'We can no other '" (p. 323).

Being thoroughly content with his spiritual dwelling-place, he did not simply attend public worship, but threw himself heartily into all the varied social services by which Methodism "seeks to kindle and maintain the heavenly fires." Hence he was Sunday-school teacher, prayer leader, and class leader, bringing to the discharge of these varied duties, large stores of Bible knowledge, an intense desire for the salvation of his fellows, and a delicate but keen sympathy with all the trials and triumphs of the spiritual life. Many instances are recorded in which his teachings were greatly blessed to the awakening and quickening of those who were associated with him. The following extract will show that the meetings were no less means of grace to himself. After attending one of them, he says :

"No wonder that being privileged to get into such healthy air, I have so often come home cured to the core—come home as last night delivered from all my fears and troubles. True, the gardener cares less than nothing for what forms the staple of my life work ; so much the better—better—BETTER ! as the White Queen says in *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, nor the postman, nor the baker. Why, the point of the thing is to forget, to merge. To find a common denominator ; all sweet and calm, like sun and air, in which man agrees with man, and all men with God. And this once found bliss runs through all. Here is the true secret, the 'open sesame,' and till a man has

found it, be he John Stuart Mill or Byron or Goethe, 'the glorious devil large in heart and brain, who did love beauty only,' all other secrets are null, and no good spirit will ever open to their spell. What does open let

tell;
'The shadow waiting with the keys,'

'The river is green and runneth slow;
We cannot tell what it saith,
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so does death!'"

But he had found this open sesame, and being gifted with a pliant sympathy which enabled him to enter into all the phases of spiritual experience, he was qualified to give that "doctrine, that reproof, that correction in righteousness which was necessary to furnish unto all good works." Hence his studio came to be called "the Interpreter's House" by friends who visited it as much for the instruction derived from his conversation as for the delight conveyed by his pictures. We remember, on one occasion, taking a friend of great intelligence and of extensive culture to see the pictures in the studio in Park Lane. After the exhibition was over, we sat round the fire, and a conversation followed which turned on Carlyle and his teaching. Smetham had just been visiting the Gilchrists, who lived next door to Carlyle in Cheyne Row. He found that Mrs. Gilchrist was a great admirer of the Prophet in his own country, and that she had read through *Sartor Resartus* some twenty times, and being a woman of great intelligence, he was glad to have the opportunity of asking one so well qualified to judge what she thought to be the conclusion of the whole matter. Her answer was, "Well, I think it means that you must do your duty, and you must not expect to be happy." The contrast he drew between this message and the sweet gospel voices, singing in silence, "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest," was singularly pathetic and beautiful, and while full of appreciation of the Chelsea sage, he tenderly lamented his vague wanderings among the dreary eternities and infinities where the troubled soul finds no rest for her weary feet. As we came away, my friend said, "Well, that is refreshing and healing! I would come a long way to hear another talk like it. How faithful, and yet how fair he is! I wish he were my leader!" This "full flowing river of speech"

was a stream at which many drank, and returned with unquenched thirst to drink again. Indeed, his friends were apt to think Smetham's conversations as instructive as his writings, and as beautiful as his pictures, and the inevitable absence of them from the memoir will probably be the occasion of much disappointment.

Before dismissing this branch of the painter's life, we must call attention to the difficulties arising out of its position among the sons of toil who form the bulk of the Methodist Church. His heart and his sympathies, as we have already said, were one with them, and here he dwelt because he desired it. But the members of his classes could not buy his pictures, and the consequence was that his studio was planted in the temple courts, while the patrons of art were dwelling in the tents of Kedar. This constituted a difficulty which made professional success on any adequate scale impossible, and out of it arose the conflict by which his life was shaken to its very centre. True, the crisis was long delayed by the intervention of a friendly hand such as could only be found among the princes of his people; yet even this could but postpone the inevitable issue, an issue which was involved in the conflicting claims of Methodism and ideal art. The reconciliation of these rivals can only be looked for when the claims of perfect art shall be seen to be one with those of true religion. Then the Methodist historian will be proud to claim kinship with the painter and poet, whose single wish was thus expressed :

"One thing, O Lord, do I desire;
Withhold not Thou the wish from me,
Which warms me like a secret fire,
That I Thy child may dwell with Thee.
Dwell in Thy house for evermore,
Thy wondrous beauty to behold,
And make inquiry as of yore,
Till all Thy will to me is told."

In the hope of helping forward that time, Smetham laboured contentedly and persistently in the field of Bible study and in painting Bible subjects. "The Hymn of the Last Supper," "The Women at the Cross," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Jacob Leaving Bethel," "Samson at Etam,"

"Paul at Athens," "The Husbandman," "The First Passover," "Rizpah," "Jonathan and his Armour Bearer," "The Journey to Emmaus"—were themes on which he loved to dwell, and in which his genius found its proper expression. These and similar subjects too numerous to quote were treated with an imaginative power, and with a spiritual sympathy only possible to one who habitually dwelt among such scenes.

" Until at last
Across the fancy brooding warm
The reflex of the story past,
And loosely settled into form."

The outcome was a picture which delighted the initiated, and often fascinated those who were ignorant of the technicalities of art, and even of the subjects treated. The writer may perhaps be permitted to refer to an incident which occurred to him on the eve of a holiday, when a workman frequently employed about the house was clearing the walls and taking down the pictures. Taking in his hand "Jacob Leaving Bethel," which is a small picture 14 inches by 6 inches, he looked at it intently for a few seconds, and then, with moistened eyes, he said: "I never come into your room, sir, without looking at this picture and wondering what it's about. The morning looks so lovely, and there's something so bright and mysterious about it that I often wonder what it can mean, and, after looking at it of a morning before you come down, I find myself thinking about it all the day through." The incident is conclusive, as showing that the painter's intention was fulfilled, for the picture was painted with this very object in view—viz., to make people "think what it all meant," until its message was painted on the tablet of the memory never again to be effaced. The incident has its bearing also upon the question of "finish." For, although the picture is slightly painted, it is difficult to see how any added detail could more effectually have fascinated the attention. No doubt, a more exquisite finish of Jacob's face might have done something to satisfy curiosity, or even have awakened admiration for the skill of the painter. But the attention would have been proportionately withdrawn from the lonely stretch of desert, where the ostrich is disappearing in the distance, which the pilgrim must now

face, from the sun-smitten stone which still gleams with the anointing oil, and is bright with the impress of the angels' feet, while it would have weakened the significance conveyed by the attitude of the pilgrim, as staff in hand he bids adieu to Bethel, and turns to meet the morning light just emerging from beneath a low hung cloud. Who does not feel that a finished detail of particulars would have been a false note disturbing the balance, and marring the harmony of the picture as a whole?

It will not be out of place here to call attention to the large number of such pictures, full of thought and feeling, which were the product of unremitting toil steadily maintained for years. For, although the painter was sometimes allured from the easel by the importunities of friends, and occasionally driven from it by the stress of inward conflicts which destroyed that perfect equipoise of the vital powers necessary for the execution of work so delicate and refined, yet if all the work produced under these untoward circumstances could be gathered into one exhibition, both the critics and the general public would be astonished at the number and variety no less than at the beauty of the pictures. Whether it would be possible or desirable to make such a collection is a question which must be left for other and more responsible persons to decide; but, whatever might be its results, one conclusion would be inevitable and decisive for all who saw it. It would show that the painter's life was one of ceaseless toil, and that the gifts of genius were neither squandered nor neglected. It is the more necessary to insist upon this, because it is difficult for ordinary and even friendly observers to make sufficient allowance for the fickle and sometimes uncertain movements of the artist-temperament, which must be humoured and coaxed if the best is to be got out of it, but which cannot in any case be driven. In short, the brain and hand of the painter require rest, and demand the same sort of relief as the eye of the astronomer, which must be prepared for a delicate observation by being kept for a period in perfect darkness. To omit this preparation is to *run the risk of vitiating the observation*. Artistic work produced under pressure may be worse than none at all. "The æsthetic temperament undoubtedly brings sublime joys

and many great compensations. But it must be taken for better for worse, and there come times when it is like the nigger's wife, who was all worse and no better." In a private letter to a friend he says :

"I was at work all day on some small water colours.

"*All in the Wild March Morning.*—A man ploughing with oxen on a hill shoulder, all a-blowing.

"*The Hasting Traveller.*—Bad weather on a moor. A wet road. A milestone with a gleam upon it.

"*The Raven Stone.*—Corner of a stormy fell. A raven contemplating a bleaching deer's skull.

"After three months close toil at oil painting, last week my 'Muse' turned restive—struck work—and I had difficulty in bringing her round. Reading *Leslie's Life of Constable*, a day at South Kensington, and one at the National Gallery, and finally the purchase of a long wished-for brand new box of water colours, induced the young lady to 'think of it.' But she would not look at oil colour, and was fantastic as to the topics of water colour—quite capricious. But these little subjects just took her fancy, and she says she shall never do any large things again. But I know the jade so well that I understand what this means quite perfectly by this time. Humour her, and you may turn every mood to good account. Cross her, and she is quite unmanageable, and would rather break than bend. One of the studies of my life has been how to treat her so as to keep her never unemployed, and never triflingly employed; and, by providing a large range of possible employments, her vagaries have now generally some profitable outlet."

The painter's difficulties are many and great, as the reader will clearly understand who considers what is said on this subject in page 57 of the volume before us. But his greatest difficulty, after all, arises from his own nature, the delicate strings of which must be screwed to the maximum tension, and which, in spite of the relaxations arising from variations of temperature and the rough handling of circumstance, must be kept ever in tune. He who considers these things will not be surprised, though he may be painfully moved, to read such words as these—"Yesterday, when I put up my canvas, I found myself checkmated by that sense of mental nausea which results from having expended the delicate store of nervous power required for work. I could almost have cried, but remembered the patience of Job" (page 107). No wonder that painters are often irregular in their movements and wander

into wastes and solitudes in search of the departed visions which haunt their memory but refuse to tarry. When they can be detained or enticed back, by rest or change, the time thus spent is the very best commercial investment they can make.

In this connection it will be pertinent to notice the letters which, under the title of "Ventilators," form so large a portion of the volume under review. These were the chips from the workshop, but arranged with such care as to justify their presentation as a branch of the finished work of a life. They are really the parerga of a life whose scintillations form patterns of beauty which, by their swift and irregular movements, often light up the intricate recesses of the subjects at which they glance, and, besides the delight which they cannot fail to give to the cultivated reader, do often penetrate to the recesses of a subject which a broader illumination would fail to reach. In addition to the professional justification already given, they are highly interesting as revelations of his deep sympathy and desire to share his gifts with his true friends.

But interesting and valuable as these communications undoubtedly were, they added to the power of life by the elimination of its waste materials, rather than by their contribution to its available resources. They constituted one of the functions of life, and as such they were necessary to its healthy action; but the nutritive process is to be sought in Monumentalism. "Here, if we could but read it, indeed lies the veritable history of a human soul." For it was the painter's method of recording in a visible form all his experiences, both inward and outward, thus building a "monument of life by expression in order that no experience of any kind should be wasted or forgotten." As these pictorial records were made and enclosed within quadrangular lines the process was sometimes termed squaring. These squares, which were frequently made on the margin of a book, often contained exquisite sketches in pen and ink, to which additional touches were added when the book was revised, and they were sometimes finished with a faint wash of colour. Many of them were transferred into sketch-books, where they received more careful treatment, which was repeated from time to time, until they finally came forth like the dragon-fly from his chrysalis—

"He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew,
A living flash of light he flew."

In short the "square" became a picture, and no longer hidden away in the pages of a book; it entered upon the larger and freer life for which it had been prepared. This transformation was not effected at once. In fact it was only brought about by careful study, and after repeated variations, out of which the perfected idea was finally eduved, so that he could deliberately affirm, "This full flowing river of ideas is the legitimate outcome of thirty years of orderly and organic study. The picture I paint to-day was often, in fact, conceived twenty years ago, and has been in a state of fusion with thousands more ever since. But the price was fully paid down for it. If it were historic or Scriptural it came after the hundredth meditation upon it—turned over in all sorts of moods and then perhaps suddenly taking form at once."

The same scrupulous care was religiously observed in the execution of the pictures, for although many of them appear to be slightly painted, every pictorial word was deliberately chosen and carefully spelled; every letter being as well formed as time and skill would permit. Indeed the same principles regulated the brush as directed the pen, and what these were let the following sonnet extracted from a MSS. book of poems declare:

"Let nought of thine be printed in a book
But what with all thy heart thou dost believe;
Nought that by doubtful meanings may deceive,
Nought on which old or young may blush to look,
Nothing on which thou hast not done thy best;
Nothing not pondered, verified, or wrought
With care, that words express, some cherished thought.
Write not to soothe thy inward want of rest:
Bear thy own burden rather; no one asks,
Perhaps, that *thou* should'st guide them right or wrong,
Wait till thou hast thy call; a waiting tongue
Is oftenest well; a pen that waits its task
Is better: foolish speech to nought may fly,
But awful book-words know not how to die."

If the writer may be allowed to adopt, with the necessary

variations, the remarks of Charles Lamb with respect to the marginalia with which Coleridge was wont to enrich the books lent him by friends, which not unfrequently tripled their value, he would remark that "Those friends who were fortunate enough, or wise enough, to lend books to Smetham generally had them returned to them with usury, enriched by marginalia converting them into illustrated editions now no longer, alas, to be bought for money." Many are these precious squares of his legible in *Religio Medici*, in some of the lofty pages of the Laureate, and in other books which are now, alas, wandering in unknown lands, for few of them which were lent ever found their way back.

One of the volumes containing a plentiful crop of squares, now in the writer's possession, is Sir T. Browne's work already alluded to, and as it fortunately contains a short explication of this method of squaring, which is somewhat of a literary curiosity besides, it is here quoted :

"Comparing these evolutions and entities of pen and ink with blank nothing, or with a mere verbiage—which in a larger space coucedeth far less to the eye and understanding than men will in general suppose—I have found these twenty-one years last past great helps and succours from these pleasant 'squarings' (as it contenteth me to call them). Whereof I may instance one example and pattern more fully to explicate my invention (which nevertheless be my expositions never so full and fastidious can only touch, as it were, the hem of the robe of that 'monumental art and device' of which the robe is but the clothing and ornamental concealment, the MAN being still to be contemplated with his forces and capacities). If ye turn to page 149 ye shall see just one of these 'squares,' wherein Sir Kenelm Digby, his servant, is adumbrated by as few strokes as will serve to set forth the image of a man. Ye see him in one of the manifold acts of his (no doubt useful and obedient) life—namely, when according to his master's order, he waits on the bookseller in Paul's Churchyard for that copy of the *Religio Medici* which Sir Kenelm Digby took presently to bed with him. And within the quadrature which contains him, ye see a general eidolon, or saint bint in outline, of the bookseller himself, handing over the counter that (then new and odorous) copy of the book, which was sold (for what price we know not, nor what was the bookseller's name) to the learned knight, whose lucubration is contained above and around this image and broken indication. Ye may resent that neither in the bookseller, nor in the man-servant, are there any features of the face discernible, but to this I will answer that, whereas from the record we do gain general glimmerings and suggestions of the figure of a man and of an act, yet there the information stays. More than

two centuries have been added to the (already long) sum of time since that small transaction, whereby the bookseller and the man-servant, though vaguely and with but a watery enfeudment, did obtain their small modicum of curious embalment and semi-immortality, but of their further features, and of their succeeding history, we are not advised, and grope vainly for them in the dust and disfigurations of oblivion. QUADRATOR."

This extract renders any further account of this interesting branch of the painter's method of study unnecessary. But when it is remembered that to the producer these squares had all the impetus of a completed picture, and that in composition and intention they were all but complete, it will be seen that the labour spent on them was as necessary as the snow and rain by which the "earth is made to bring forth and bud that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater." An illustration of the fertility of this method of study is to be found in the history of one of Smetham's most successful pictures—viz., "The Hymn of the Last Supper," which lay silently embalmed in a "square" in one of his knowledge books for years until its turn came to be transferred to canvas, after which it was exhibited at the Academy, and now hangs on the walls in Stoke House. Out of this unity in the methods of study there arose a unity in the pictures, which was not always evident to the artist himself until the work was completed. As an illustration of this statement, the writer may be permitted to quote from a private letter addressed to him from Stoke House. At one end of the library hangs the picture of "Hesper," flanked on the right by the "Hymn," already referred to, and on the left by the "First Passover." At the other end is the still larger picture of the "Crucifixion." Writing from this room he says :

"As I sit some notes of interpretation and connection strike me which I have not thought of before. One might call it the *Vision of Faith*. A line runs through the four—e.g., the 'First Passover' shows the type; then comes a landscape of the "Waiting World" 'Thou watchest all things ever dim and dimmer, and a glory done.' The misty world, the dim river of Time, the genius of the expecting race hiding her head, and almost sleeping for sorrow; and yonder are the dark hills of ancient Time, and the ruined temples of old pagan faiths. There on the right is the mingled joy and sorrow of the 'Passover Supper.' They sing, they mourn, and human sin incarnate in Judas is waiting to betray. At the other end, but out of the spectator's sight, is that on which

faith alone gazes. All eyes near and distant are turned one way. But what do they all see?

‘We have but faith, we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;’

I never put together all this before, and it interests me, as if in it all I had been girded for it without knowing.

“‘Pilate’s Wife’ may be looked on as another side chapel in the set of Scripture pictures which God has permitted me to paint. The testimony of the world to that just man (the just for the unjust to bring us to God).”

These revelations will recall and emphasise a regret previously expressed that Smetham did not more frequently act as interpreter to his own and other artists’ pictures. But those who turn to the “Letters” will find much confidential criticism upon pictures and upon art in general, not only by Smetham himself, and Mr. Davies, the editor, but also by Ruskin, Rossetti, Shields, and others—criticism which is all the more valuable because it is the spontaneous utterance of painters on subjects to which they have devoted their lives and their genius. Returning to the entries of Mr. Davies, and of Smetham in particular, it would be easy to extract from the volume before us a small guide-book to the work of Turner, D. Cox, De Wint, Constable, Millet, Landseer, Blake, Danby, and others, which would form a most valuable introduction to the study of their pictures. Let those who wish to know how to spend their time to advantage in a picture gallery, read the delightful account of a visit to Dulwich Gallery, written to T. A. (Thomas Akroyd) given in pp. 232, *et seq.*, and they will gain an insight into the mysteries of the world of art such as will add permanently to the resources and power of life. In turning over the pages of these “Letters,” we come again and again upon references to the gallery at Dulwich, “where all is sober, uncrowded and profoundly still,” and “where the keeper of the gallery comes and peers at you over his spectacles, because he is not quite sure, in his little room, which are the pictures and which are the visitors, and he’s come to see.” Those who desire a guide through this earthly paradise will hardly find a better than is offered to them in the fragmentary references to it in the pages of this memoir.

But it would be leaving a false impression on the mind of a reader to allow him to suppose that the references to art in this volume are wholly, or even mainly, concerned with particular pictures. There is, in fact, much besides upon the underlying principles of art, especially in their application to religion, and also to human life in general, which demand, and will well repay, the most thoughtful consideration. If any one is interested in these questions (and what educated Christian man is not?) let him read the sketches of "Old Crome," Millet, F. Walker, &c., pp. 305 to 321, and within the compass of less than a score of pages he will find enough to reflect upon for many days to come. He may not be brought much nearer to a final solution of the problems involved in the life histories so lightly touched upon, but he will learn :

"How the discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe,
In love and holy passion, may find groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields—like those of old,
A simple produce of the common day."

This, for men who are growing weary of grey skies and green fields, is something ; for when blind men desire a change of environment they may, at least, be grateful to one who opens their eyes to the beauties of the world in which they live. For Nature in Smetham's pictures is invested with the melancholy charm of a bride, whose lord delayeth his coming. Though her eyes are wet with tears, there is confident faith in her gaze, which assures us that the hour of her triumph is nigh. It is this union of beauty and pathos which gives such a fascination to his pictures. No one can look carefully, or even casually at his landscapes without thinking of Wordsworth's lines :

"Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy."

It was in the steady production of such work that he was greatly cheered by the approval of men like Ruskin, Rossetti, Shields, and Watts. The assistance gained from the few

friends who found their way to the studio in Park Lane was also peculiarly gratifying to him, and, considering the bounds within which his lot was cast, the sales there were as numerous as could have been expected. But in later years it was the constant patronage of his friend, Mr. Budgett, which kept his heart from sinking and filled him with courage and hope. In his conflict he was inwardly sustained by an unfaltering faith that all his ways were ordered of the Lord. He saw that his trials were an appointed discipline, by which he was being prepared for the better life beyond.

It is gratifying to note that the life, which was not without disappointments of a professional nature, was one of great domestic happiness. The house in which he dwelt for more than twenty years, though situated within the suburbs of the town, had all the calm and quiet of the country. The studio window overlooked the garden, in which grew a luxuriant brown beech and weeping ash, and beyond were bright orchards, completing the view. This was at the back of the house. The front rooms looked upon the private park, which lent its name to a lane always sufficiently secluded to afford an appropriate walk for a student. In the immediate neighbourhood the windings of the New River gave a pleasant variation to the scenery, and within easy reach the green slopes of Finsbury Park invited to a pleasant excursion. The painter sat in the studio, with its necessary northern aspect, and, although the house during the evening was full of the stir and movement of young life, yet during the day he enjoyed the quiet necessary for the atmosphere of calm and elevated thought in which he usually dwelt. Happy in his tranquil home life, in which he was blessed with unbroken health and peace for many years, he was grateful that the lines had fallen to him in such pleasant places, and that he had a goodly heritage. The evening of life was shrouded in darkness, but this renders it a more imperative duty and a deeper joy to record the fact that the day of life was bright and untroubled to a degree greater than falls to the lot of most men in a world so full of sorrow "where yet 'tis sweet to live."

The modern critics of art affirm that every painting which has no clear outlook to the sky leaves a stifling impression upon

the mind of confinement and limitation. And this is equally true of every human life. This was perceived and acknowledged by all great portrait painters, who, by their exquisite backgrounds, suggest that no human face can satisfy the demands of pictorial art which does not stand out on a background of the Infinite. But such prospects must be revealed in due perspective, and properly subordinated by distance, otherwise they swallow up the picture in a blaze of light. Hence the management of these celestial prospects presents one of the most difficult problems which the biographer has to encounter.

Mr. Davies has, however, treated his subject with accomplished literary skill; and within the compass of five-and-forty pages he has given an appreciative and delicate outline of the painter's life, such as forms an adequate and befitting introduction to the "Letters," which, in turn, are as graceful and interesting as any biographical letters which have been published since the days of Cowper. Grave and gay, serious and sportive, they deal with a range of topics which stretches from the meanest details of daily life to the loftiest themes of devout speculation. Nor should he, who brings heaven nearer to us who dwell in this dim world of shadows, be greatly blamed if now and then he dazzles us with a lustre too intense to be sustained by our purblind eyes. Celestial messengers are rare visitants in these days, and we must not be surprised if they now and then bewilder or even rebuke us by "walking in an air of glory whose light doth trample on our days." Indeed for such services we may well be grateful, and it is therefore our pleasure, no less than our duty, to thank Mr. Davies and his co-editor for this thoroughly charming and instructive memoir. Those who here make the acquaintance of James Smetham for the first time will recognise in him a rare genius inspired by the loftiest aims, while to old friends the volume cannot fail to be a welcome memorial of a lovable character and a noble life.

ART. VI.—BEAST AND MAN IN INDIA.

Beast and Man in India. A Popular Sketch of Indian Animals in their Relations with the People. By JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING, C.I.E. With illustrations. London: Macmillan and Co. 1891.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S short stories have brought our great Indian empire nearer to British shores, and have made the life of natives, as well as of English soldiers and civilians, more vivid and intelligible than they had been made by any previous writer of fiction. His tales resemble a series of photographs which catch every phase of life whether high or low. The reader often wishes that the artist had chosen other subjects. When the last sentence of "The Mark of the Beast," "Bertran and Bimi," and "At the End of the Passage" is safely reached we seem to shake off a bad nightmare, but the glimpses of Tommy Atkins and his doings show that a new master has arisen to throw a halo around the heads of privates and drummer boys.

Mr. J. L. Kipling appears to have been emboldened by his son's success to give to the world the result of many years of patient study of "Beast and Man in India." His handsome volume, enriched by numerous drawings from his own pencil, is a valuable contribution to the better understanding of some problems of Indian society. Soldiers and civilians, who fill so large a space in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's canvas, are merely lay figures here, but the natives, of whom the story-teller gives many pleasing glimpses, hold their proper place surrounded by the beasts and birds that are familiar to residents in India. There are some references to natural history in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories which whet the appetite for more, but it might almost be said that he had, in this respect, left the coast clear for his father. Mr. Kipling has spent many years in India closely observing the ways of man and beast, and has used both pen and pencil with rare skill to make his subject familiar to English readers.

Some surprise was expressed in England when the Legis-

lative Council of India found it necessary two years ago to pass an Act for the prevention of cruelty to animals. "It was hinted that Orientals must have learned cruelty, as they have learned drunkenness, from brutal Britons." The fact really is that both vices have for ages been rooted in the East as in all nations under heaven. Mr. Lecky says, in his history of European morals, that Muhammadans and Brahmans have "considerably surpassed the Christians" in consideration for animals. But this "wholesale ascription of tender mercy to India may not unfairly be held to be part of a wide and general misconception of Indian life and character, of which the administrator, the schoolmaster, and the missionary have reason to complain." Hindus and Muhammadans are really more like the rest of mankind than those have any conception who draw their information solely from "a dead and done-with literature." "Some of the most authoritative of these writers have never ventured to disturb their dreams by contact with the living India of to-day, and their gushing periods have, in consequence, as much actuality as Gulliver's Travels."

"Cruel" is really the only adjective by which the India of the late Mogul and the Pindāri freebooters of the first quarter of this century can be described. Brahmanical ordinances may have preserved precepts of mercy in a limited circle, but the masses of the people were not affected by them.

"The Hindu worships the cow, and as a rule is reluctant to take the life of any animal except in sacrifice. But that does not preserve the ox, the horse, and the ass from being unmercifully beaten, over-driven, over-laden, under-fed, and worked with sores under their harness; nor does it save them from abandonment to starvation when unfit for work, and to a lingering death which is made a long torture by birds of prey, whose beaks, powerless to kill outright, inflict undeserved torment. And the same code which exalts the Brahman and the cow, thrusts the dog, the ass, the buffalo, the pig, and the low-caste man beyond the pale of merciful regard."

There is, indeed, a vague reluctance to take life except for sacrifice—a large exception, and a ceremonial reverence for the cow, which, however, does not avail to secure her such good treatment as our milch cows in Europe enjoy. India has castes who put a cloth before the mouth in order that they may not unawares swallow an insect, and brush the ground before

they sit down lest they should crush some tiny living thing Yet even these Hindus "teach no gospel of mercy, inheriting only an observance of their peculiar caste, absolutely inert beyond its boundaries." The fact is that consideration for animals is as modern a sentiment in India as elsewhere. In October 1890 an Englishman found a Government horse lying in a public grove. Its hind leg had been broken three days before by a kick. It was surrounded by crows, which had pecked out both its eyes, and were in the act of devouring other tender parts. The Englishman put an end to its miseries by a pistol shot. Yet this was a crime in the eyes of the Hindu, for, according to the doctrine of transmigration, the horse might be "a potential grandfather. We have all been here before, and the souls of the hosts of men and animals, birds, and fishes have passed in these various disguises through infinite scenes of time and change." The upper castes, who have little to do with animals, are forbidden to take away life, but the low-caste Hindu is free. Most of these are only vegetarian when flesh food is not to be had. Fish diet is welcomed by almost all, those who indulge in mutton and kid are yearly increasing. Hindus who live among the higher castes gloss over these customs by calling mutton, "red vegetable;" fish, "water-beans;" prawns, "Shiva-biscuits;" and, under this hypocritical screen, they eat these dishes.

Animal sacrifices are painfully demoralising. The eating of flesh and drinking of wine and spirits form part of a national "ritual of orgy." "Official" books give no conception of the real state of things. Modern Hinduism is really "a loose conglomerate" in process of decay and change. The High Gods "may not be quite dead, but they are practically superseded in favour of witchcraft, demonolatry, and fetishism, or by vulgar manifestations, usually of an orgiastic type. Wholesale slaughter and blood are constantly associated with these gods, godlings, and demons." So far from Hinduism having the wonderful immutability which some people ascribe to it, decay is "inherent in its system, and its history is one long chronicle of protest, dissent, and change." Vegetarians speak of the moral superiority of a Hindu, whose delicacy of feeling is not blunted by the butcher's shop. The fact is that whilst com-

paratively few people in this country have seen the act of slaughter, his worship makes the Hindu familiar with it in its most revolting form. The grave and decent solemnities familiar to us from the Bible and Homer are not to be thought of in this connection. In the highly civilised metropolis of Bengal thousands of people may be seen "gloating in delirious excitement over rivers of blood" at the goat and buffalo sacrifices to Kali. Mr. Kipling acknowledges that there are general injunctions of mercy in the Bhuddhist religion, but "Buddhism has been dead and done with in India proper for centuries, and has left but little behind it." Always vague and abstract, it is doubtful whether its languid prescriptions ever effectively controlled the daily practice of the people. The Singhalese are Buddhists, and yet cruelty to animals is one of the marks of modern Ceylon. The modern Burman is a Buddhist, and should not take life. But, like Gautama Buddha himself, he eats flesh, so he contents his conscience by calling the butcher a "Muhammadan." In the East as in the West, the results of a creed must be gauged by its effects on human character and life rather than by the scope and language of its commandments, and, thus judged, Buddhism is powerless to elevate society.

The animal hospitals of India, on which much stress has been laid by those who exalt the gentleness of the East, are merely "refuges for halt, maimed, diseased, and blind creatures, for whom nobody cares." No effort had ever been made to relieve the sufferings of these animals in the Bombay Asylum until the Principal of the Veterinary College began to visit the place. Creatures with unset broken limbs, hoofs eighteen inches long, and monstrous wens are pitiful objects. Mr. Kipling found the dogs there twenty years ago insufficiently fed, with nothing to do but fight. All were afflicted with one equal misery of mange. This is not an attractive picture. It must be added that the sect which cares for such retreats is comparatively small, and is the subject of a good deal of popular sarcasm.

Yet if no precept of mercy has protected animals in servitude, village boys in India do not stone frogs, or torture cats and dogs. The farmer suffers terribly from monkeys, pigs,

parrakeets, and other creatures which fatten on his produce. He and his family pass many hours on a platform of sticks in the open fields, "whence they lift their voices against legions of thieves." The refusal to employ more vigorous measures for protecting the crops is almost suicidal. A large tract of fertile country in the North-West Provinces is now lapsing into jungle through the inroads of the nilghai, or blue cow, and the wild pig. The nilghai "is sacred, and may not be killed even by the villagers whom the creature drives from their homes, and there are not enough sportsmen or tigers to keep down the wild boar." Yet, amid all provocation these humble cultivators of the soil preserve a monumental patience. Their ignorance of the habits of the commonest birds is amazing. "First-hand observation and accurate statement of fact seem almost impossible to the Oriental, and education has not hitherto availed to help him." Education is bound hand and foot to the corpse of a dead literature; native professors have a passion for words, and stand carefully aloof from facts.

It will be seen that an elementary study of Indian animals pursued with pen and pencil, "opens a side-door into Indian life, thought, and character, the threshold of which is still unworn." Mr. Kipling has gathered a mass of facts about the treatment and usage of bird and beast. His account of popular notions and sayings is singularly entertaining and instructive. He frankly prefers a living dog to a dead lion. He therefore leaves sacred and legendary lore to other writers. Lovers of beasts and birds will greatly prize his volume, and will learn from its pages many things which they can find nowhere else.

Birds hold the place of honour in Mr. Kipling's book. The parrakeet is the familiar denizen of fields and groves as well as the favourite cage-bird of India. In some regions it is believed to have earned the gratitude of man by bringing the seeds of fruit and grain from the Garden of Paradise after the Flood, but its shameless pilfering leads the villager to class it among the seven public calamities or visitations of God. In Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Madness of Private Ortheris*, the Yorkshire soldier says, "Let me talk, let me talk. D'you stop your parrit screamin' of a 'ot day, when the cage is a-cookin' 'is pore little pink toes orf, Mulvaney?" The soldier had

evidently kept his eyes open. The parrot's powerful beak quickly destroys a wooden cage. It is therefore imprisoned in a little dome-shaped chamber of hoop iron with an iron floor, which, under a tropical sun, becomes a veritable room of torture. But if any one ventures to plead for the poor creature a polite smile is the only answer vouchsafed. Pet birds are taught to repeat the names of God. One household parrot verse used in Northern India may be translated: "Pretty bird, clever and knowing, God is the Giver of all; say Gunga Ram"—Gunga Ram being the name of a divinity. "Parrot-eyed"—a common phrase for a deceitful or ungrateful person—may refer to the fact that even after years of cherishing, the bird will fly away if the cage door is left open, but Mr. Kipling thinks that it was derived originally from the parrot's habit of not looking at the person he addresses.

An Indian mother will on several consecutive days divide an almond between her parrot and her baby. It is supposed that this saves the child from stammering, and makes it bold and free of speech. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy"—one of the most pathetic stories in *Life's Handicap*—may supply an illustration. Little Toba was caught vigorously pulling the parrot's tail:

"'Oh, villain! Child of strength!' cried the child's mother. 'This to thy brother on the house-top! *Tobah, tobah!* Fie! Fie! But I know a charm to make him as wise as Suleiman and Aflatoun [Solomon and Plato]. Now look,' said Ameera. She drew from an embroidered bag a handful of almonds. 'See! we count seven. In the name of God!'

"She placed Mian Mittu, very angry and ramped, on the top of his cage, and seating herself between the babe and the bird, she cracked and peeled an almond less white than her teeth. 'This is a true charm, my life, and do not laugh. See! I give the parrot one half and Toba the other.' Mian Mittu with careful beak took his share from between Ameera's lips, and she kissed the other half into the mouth of the child, who ate it slowly with wondering eyes. 'This will I do each day of seven, and without doubt he will be a bold speaker and wise.'"

Other amusing superstitions are connected with the household pet. A Government officer, in charge of a hill state, was once sorely puzzled by an awkward incident. The young Raja, on the eve of his marriage, was inveigled into the zenana, where the inmates promptly hung a parrot over the door. It was con-

sidered dreadfully unlucky for the bridegroom to go out under the parrot's cage save on the way to his marriage. Yet it was imperative that the boy should be withdrawn from the influence of his female relatives. How to manage this was the problem. Happily a grave old Wazir ordered a menial, indifferent to omens, to carry off the cage. The Raja's Council found to their immense relief that whilst they were deliberating the bird had disappeared.

The performing parrakeet is one of the wonders of the Indian street and bazaar. Mr. Kipling saw one at Delhi that whirled a tiny torch lighted at each end, loaded and fired a small cannon, lay dead and came to life again—all with a comic eagerness and enjoyment which it seemed hard to attribute to mere hunger for the morsels that rewarded each trick. British soldiers sometime beguile their leisure hours by butterfly-collecting and bird-fancying. It is amusing to watch a stalwart trooper leaning over a well as if talking to some one who had fallen into it. Parrots, like other young scholars, learn best when their attention cannot be called off from their lesson. The soldier therefore lets his cage down the well and spends hours in teaching his pet to talk.

The little baya, or weaver bird, is a more clever performer even than the parrakeet. It will pluck a leaf or flower at the word of command, and place it daintily between its master's lips, or thread beads with great dexterity. The natives arrange many singing matches between their birds. Cock-fighting still goes on in India, but the birds are not fitted with steel spurs, as they used to be in this country. The barbarous game will gradually die out before the changes going on in Indian life. Other birds are trained as combatants. A hundred and fifty rupees is often given for a good fighting quail; but the grey partridge is the most pugnacious combatant. The crow stands as the type of knavery. Mr. Kipling once had a pair of hill crows which "were miracles of naughtiness, delighting in sly destruction and odd turns of malice, ever ready to peck at a servant's hurrying heel, and especially given to torment a little dog who hated them." When this dog had a bone to pick they set themselves to spoil his pleasure. He also learned to watch and rifle the hiding places of his tormentors. The

crows were constantly in mischief. "The way in which they allowed themselves to be sent to bed (an old gate in an out-house), though free to fly at will, pacing meekly as good as gold, after a day of variegated crime, was their only lapse into real virtue."

The kite, another notorious thief, makes free with the confectioner's tray of sweetmeats, the dishes on their way to the dining-room, the butcher's shop, or the kitchen. No bird can snatch so unerringly and escape so securely. The peacock is regarded as the steed of a god of war, and also of the goddess of learning. English soldiers have often found themselves in trouble for shooting this sacred bird. In some parts of India it is as common as the rook is in England. The birds are sometimes caught alive by jungle people, "and brought to market with their eyes sewn up with filaments of their own quills in order to prevent their fluttering and spoiling their plumage." The pigeon is also connected with the gods. A Hindu devotee assured Mr. Kipling that, in a small temple near the Kashmir frontier, the image of Mahadeo at times takes life as a pair of pigeons, which flutter, and disappear in the roof. Pigeon-fancying is not, however, considered respectable. "A popular proverb says the housewife keeps the parrot, the lover keeps the avadavat, and the thief keeps pigeons."

The monkeys of India owe some of their popularity to Hanumān, the monkey general who served as Ram Chandra's henchman in the great Indian epic, and showed himself a marvel of valour and address, combined with gentleness. He is now the most widely worshipped of the Hindu deities. Pictures and rude images of him are seen everywhere. It is considered an abominable act of sacrilege to kill a monkey, so that the *genus* increases rapidly. The shopkeeper finds them desperate pilferers. In some towns numbers of these tiresome thieves have been caught and sent on bullock carts to distant places. But the exiles were not to be thus banished. They followed the empty carts homewards, and trooped back through the city gates "with the air of a holiday-party returning from a picnic." Boat-loads have been taken across the Ganges, but they have found other boats by which to return.

The railway has been brought into use. The station-master at Saharunpore recently received a telegram informing him that some cars were coming laden with monkeys which he was to turn out on the neighbouring hills. The cages broke as they were being unloaded, and the monkeys were soon masters of the situation. They invaded the railway workshops, and lost their temper among the driving bands and machinery.

"A large male was seen pulling the point-lever of a siding with the sudden petulance of his kind, and another established himself between the double roofs of one of the inspection carriages used by railway officers on tour as houses, stealing from the pantry such trifles as legs of mutton, corkscrews, lamp glasses, and dusters—articles for which a monkey can have but little use. The bulk of the company trooped into the gardens of the town, where the proprietors, being mainly Muhammadans, with no respect for Hanumân, took measures of their own against the invasion."

The chief confectioner at Simla lost a magnificent bride-cake some years ago. The door was carefully locked, but unluckily the window looking on the hillside was left open. When the cake was wanted it was discovered that the last piece of it was being handed out of the window by a chain of monkeys, who had whitened the hillside with the fragments. The creature is indeed never happier than when picking things to pieces. If he catches a bird he will not release it till all its feathers are plucked. If the victim expresses dissent, the tyrant rubs its head vigorously on the ground. Mr. Kipling thinks monkeys might easily be trained to pluck fowls. The fastidiousness of their taste is remarkable. The creature's cunning has deeply impressed the natives, who say it is absolutely impossible to poison one of them. The leading male of a troop is a veritable tyrant. Mr. Kipling and his family dubbed one such potentate—"the demon." He was always angry and was easily moved to paroxysms of rage. Woe to any male that he regarded as a rival. Such a creature is "the very type and incarnation of savage and sensual despotism." Yet his lease of power sometimes runs out. A monkey chieftain who had evidently been discomfited in an encounter with a rival had one hand hanging powerless, and bore terrible marks of battle. A single female had re-

mained faithful, yet when the Kiplings threw out food even she ventured to take a store of raisins out of his mouth whilst he chattered in impotent rage.

Monkey mothers are very devoted to their little ones. The sires also fight savagely to protect their households. The youngsters play as if they were schoolboys. A hanging bough is seized from which they hang like a cluster of grapes. The fun is to dislodge one another from the tree. Each, as he drops, runs round and climbs up to begin anew. The game is sometimes kept up for an hour together. Government officers are careful not to offend the natives by shooting monkeys. One day a collector in Hindustan proper idly pointed his gun at one of these pests, intending to startle it, but to his dismay the monkey was killed. No one saw the fell deed. At night the magistrate stole out and buried his victim, feeling much as though he had been a murderer.

The ass is disdained by all. Only the gypsy, the porter, the washerman, and other low people will ride or use him. His nostrils are slit with the notion that this will soften his bray. The constant and cruel beating and the habitual under-feeding of the poor creature are deplorable. An English lady, who wished to get a donkey for her boy, was told by one of her horsekeepers, "No, madam, my son shall never wait on an ass. You must get a porter's brat for him, and he must not come near our stable." Yet, if the ass is the most despised, he is one of the most useful of beasts. In some parts of India he is yoked to the plough, but his chief work is carrying clothes for the washerman, or earth, lime, and stone for the porter, builder, and railway contractor. The slender coolie woman and the little donkey are the constructors of highways, railroad banks, and waterwork dams in India.

Immense numbers of he-goats are sacrificed by Hindus. The head is struck off at a blow with a bill-hook knife. Each limb of the victim belongs to a deity. Vishnu, who alone can save, takes the tail, which is cut off and put in the creature's mouth. The use of goats and sheep as food is gradually spreading in India. Increasing prosperity, and perhaps also the silent force of example, seem to be at the bottom of this change. Hindus have said to Mr. Kipling: "You

English do not suffer so much from fever as we do because you eat flesh meat," or "Your eyesight is strong because you eat plenty of meat."

India and Peru are the only parts of the world where the sheep is used as a beast of burden. Borax, assafetida, and other commodities are brought in bags on the backs of droves of these tiny porters from Tibet to British territory. To come suddenly on such a flock, hearing the multitudinous click of little feet as they wind round some Himalayan spur, is a novel sensation for an Englishman. The coarse hair-bags scrape the cliff as the light porters hurry by. They grow fat as they march along feeding, and never see their native land again. Only the picturesque shepherds return. Fighting rams are kept in many towns. Master and beast make a sight such as no stranger can forget. The ram is neatly clipped, the few tufts that are left being touched with saffron and mauve dyes; he wears a necklace of large blue beads and a collar of hawk bells. The master's costume is a large handkerchief of the brightest hues round his shoulders, a scarlet or sky-blue satin vest embroidered with colours and gold, skin-tight drawers, and a gold-embroidered cap, with patent leather shoes and a cane. "His long, black hair, parted in the middle and shining with scented hair-oil, is sleeked behind his ears, where it has a drake's tail curl which throws in relief his gold earrings, and in addition to two or three necklaces he usually wears a gold chain."

But it is the ubiquity of the bull, cow, and ox which most impresses a stranger both in town and country. The people have a passion for the possession of cattle. Indian cities are literally vast cow byres. "The cattle come and go at their own pleasure, and rub shoulders with humanity with an ineffable air of security and fellowship." Cow-killing is one of the dangerous questions of Indian life, always ready to provoke mischief between English and natives. A Hindu who has accidentally killed a cow is put out of caste. He repairs to the Ganges, however far away it may be from his home, carrying a cow's tail at the end of a long staff that all may beware of the moral leper, who is regarded "as pollution incarnate." His food is brought out to him, for he may not

enter a village. "Arrived at the sacred river, he must pay fees, which he can frequently but ill afford, to Brahmans for purifying rites, and he must eat and drink the five sacrificial products of the cow, which are not milk and butter merely, and do not include beef."

The inoffensive cow is helping forward a great revolution in Indian life. Cow murder is now one of the commonest offences of rustic life. The leather dressers are a low caste, who claim the skins of dead animals as their rightful perquisites. But leather is yearly rising in value, so that this low caste is quickly gaining wealth. Its members sometimes hasten the death of cattle by inserting a skilfully poisoned thorn under the skin, or by some other ingenious method. In one prison fifteen hundred leather dressers were confined for cattle poisoning at one and the same time. The Government chemical examiners have largely contributed to the detection and conviction of these poisoners, "who for centuries have taken a heavy toll on the beast life of the land." Hindus of good caste are quietly creeping into the leather trade from which they are levitically barred. Money is with such people more mighty to break down caste than even missionary preaching or English example, though Brahmanical curses are still real and awful to the uneducated Hindu, notwithstanding his rooted distrust of the priests. "One of the characteristics of native life is the contempt expressed in popular sayings for priestly authority, and the actual respect it receives." "When the cow goes dry or barren, she is good enough for the Brahman" is, however, a proverb which shows that priestcraft is doomed. A gentleman who used to send a fine bull to cattle shows was often amused when some devout old woman hung a garland of marigolds round its neck and went through the forms of worship. The popular divinity Krishna is represented in native pictures driving home the cattle or playing his pipe whilst the frolicsome wives of the cowherds surround him.

The hump and falling hind-quarter of the Indian cow are not pleasing to a British eye. The head seems too large, the body too short. But the clean, thoroughbred legs, the fine eyes, the air of breeding in the broad convex brow and

slender muzzle, the smooth mole-like skin, are very attractive. The smallest breeds are not much bigger than a Newfoundland dog, but are exquisitely shaped and full of spirit; the larger breeds have an indefinable majesty of mien. A farmer, whose son had been gored by a cow when he was handling its calf, vindicated its conduct to a sympathising lady: "Why, no, marm; the cow were in her dooty, for we must all protect our yong." Mr. Kipling gives many striking, and some by no means pleasant, bits of information as to the place which the cow holds in Indian life. Children are from infancy encouraged to shoulder as heavy a stick as they can carry, and to use it unmercifully on the cattle. The whip and the goad are sometimes cruelly used. If other means fail the carter seizes the tails of his team and twists them, so as to make the last four or five vertebræ grind on each other. "Immense numbers of Indian oxen, probably the greater part, have their tails permanently dislocated by this practice, and bobtailed bullocks are often seen who have entirely lost the lower joints of the member, including the necessary fly-whisk with which it was originally furnished. Bullocks are probably less sensitive to pain than human creatures; but their pitiful efforts to keep their tails out of the way, and the prompt effect the brutal trick has upon their pace, show that they also can feel."

Sick cattle are treated with great, but unintentional, barbarity. One quack stated that the rough papillæ at the base of a cow's tongue were the cause of its sickness. The poor creature's tongue was actually shaved by this ignorant monster. The branding-iron and knife are freely used on sick cattle. A flower-pattern is efficacious for one ailment, a palm for another.

Great numbers of male buffaloes are sacrificed to Kali. The head should be struck off with a single blow, and the slaughterers take much pride in dealing a true and thorough stroke. A more pleasing part of Hindu ritual consists in turning loose a male buffalo which has been adorned with flowers and led round the town whilst Brahmans and poor are fed. If it goes straight away when turned loose it is a good omen. Sticks, stones, and shouts easily secure this satisfactory

result. Outside the place a good Mussulman probably meets the beast and appropriates it.

India has been called the Paradise of horses. Certainly if over-feeding is desirable the horses have good reason to be content. The grooms of people of rank often thrust balls of food mixed with ghi, boiled goats' brains, and other rich messes down their throats. Diseases of the liver and digestive organs carry off many of these pampered creatures. Mr. Wallace, Professor of Agriculture in Edinburgh University, found in one stable over a hundred of the finest horses that India could produce, tied up, and actually fed as fat as pigs. He was told that a considerable number died every year of an unknown disease. This proved to be fatty degeneration of the liver, due to the pampered and unnatural life of the stable. In early youth, when the creature needs more nourishment, it is scantily supplied. The horse is tied up not only by the head, but by heel-ropes. The loose box has been obstinately fought against by Eastern stable-keepers. The training of the horse is also unnatural, and has the worst physical effects. The importation of good sires and the establishment of horse-breeding farms are gradually bringing about a better state of things. Horse-fairs and horse-shows are helping in the same direction. Good articles of English saddlery, including bridles with merciful bits, are given as prizes, and these cannot fail to assist in the desired reformation. The mule is not much liked, but he is an ideal pack animal, sure-footed, hard of hide, strong in constitution, frugal in diet, indifferent to heat and cold.

The elephant ranks next to the cow as a Hindu favourite. Its gait is the supreme comparison for a beautiful woman's movements. In legends and myths the huge beast plays a lordly part. At the Delhi imperial assemblage, "the great fleet of elephants riding at anchor, so to speak, among the serried waves of troops and people," was the finest part of the ceremonial. Arrayed as only the Oriental can array him he forms a pageant in himself. One small Raja in the hills spends four-fifths of his income on an elephant which fills his little realm with awe and admiration. Mr. Kipling pays a deserved tribute to Mr. G. P. Sanderson, as "not only a

master of Indian woodcraft and a Nimrod of varied experiences, but a most sympathetic observer of animal life and character, and yet as acute and discriminating as a judge on the bench." He thinks, however, that the natives of India have a higher opinion of the elephant's character and intelligence than Mr. Sanderson supposes. He accounts for the fact that it is not celebrated in the ancient literature for its wisdom by the mechanical fidelity with which Oriental poetry and legend cling to stereotyped illustrations. The elephant is retained as a type of military prowess, whereas "the real fact of the animal's nature is its gentleness. His trunk might be packed full of the jewels of which he is said to carry a priceless sample in his head, so careful is he to guard it from danger. Nor is he cautious without a cause. He cannot live without his trunk, and, though guarded by a pair of ivory bayonets, it is as vulnerable as a garden slug. It is admitted in a saying still current that 'the mad elephant destroys its own army.'" The incident on which Mr. Rudyard Kipling builds his tale *Moti Guj—Mutineer*, about the elephant who refused to work beyond the ten days that his mahout had fixed for his absence on a drinking bout, is given here, but Mr. Kipling does not venture to claim implicit belief for the story.

The way in which the elephant submits to the long and tiresome business of being dressed for parade is a striking illustration of his docility. He is washed and scrubbed with brick-bats. Then he slings up his mahout to his neck with his trunk and shuffles back to the serai or yard to be dressed. "If the occasion be a very grand one, a day or two will be consumed in preparations. First, the forehead, trunk, and ears are painted in bold patterns in colour. This is a work of art, for the designs are often good, and the whole serai, excepting always the elephant himself, is deeply interested. His mind and trunk wander; he trifles with the colour pots; so with each stroke comes an order to stand still." When the great creature is thus adorned his howdah is covered with heavy cloths brodered in raised work of gold and silver thread. "A frontlet of gold and silver diaper with fringes of fish-shaped ornaments in thin beaten silver, necklaces of large

silver hawk-bells and chain work, with embossed heart-shaped pendants as big as the open hand, and hanging ornaments of chains of silver cartouches, are adjusted. A cresting of silver ornaments like small vases or fluted soup tureens, exaggerations of the knobs along a horse's crest, descend from the rear of the howdah to the tail, anklets of silver are sometimes fitted round the huge legs, and a bell is always slung at his side." A watchful eye has to be kept on him whilst his mahout dons his own coat and turban or the elephant would soon scatter dust over all his finery. When the driver is ready beast and man sally forth to join the gorgeous state procession.

A batch of elephants which had to be taken from Calcutta to Chittagong once nearly wrecked the ship. The steamer sailed down the Hooghly and anchored for the night in an oil-still sea. "An elephant's shoulder," the natives say, "is never still." The forty huge passengers began to sway to and fro all together, so that it seemed as if a ground swell was on. The ship was in danger of rolling clean over. The mahouts had to be sent down with all speed, and each seated on his beast in order to make them quiet. It also proved hard work to feed them. When the coolie passed with grass along the central avenue, one great creature would lay him by his heels whilst the others helped themselves to his bundles. At last a gangway had to be made over their backs, along which the coolies crawled.

A good chapter is given to the camel. Mr. Kipling says that its decorative value cannot be appreciated by those who have only seen one or two at a time. "He was made for a sequence, as beads are made for stringing. On an Indian horizon a long drove of camels, tied head to tail, adorns the landscape with a festooned frieze of wonderful symmetry and picturesqueness. Five hundred camels go to a mile." His patience, strength, speed, and endurance are beyond all praise, but he is also morose, discontented, grumbling. In the Afghan campaign of 1878-9 about 50,000 camels were paid for by our Government, but they were deliberately sacrificed by their brutal owners, who wished to escape the fatigue of the march and had been guaranteed compensation for the loss of their

beasts. Camel-trappings are more sober in India than in Egypt or Morocco. They are of quiet-coloured wools, beads, and small white shells. Even in a long string of camels no two neck-bands will be found quite alike.

The dog has long been a by-word in the East. He has no master, so that the possibilities of his nature are undeveloped. Yet the folk-tales testify to his fidelity. He has also earned some confidence as a watch-dog. A revolution is gradually being wrought by British influence. The dog and the horse accompany Englishmen everywhere, and they have won great respect. The two British mastiffs which Sir Thomas Roe took as a present to the Great Mogul immensely delighted that prince by their pugnacity. One jumped overboard to attack the porpoises, the other boldly seized an elephant. The Emperor's heart was won. He provided servants and carriages for them, and had silver dishes and tongs made in order that he might enjoy the luxury of feeding them. English dogs in India have always stood on quite a different footing from their parish brethren. Our little fox-terrier takes so kindly to his new habitat that he promises to be the dog of the future.

The cat has a niche to itself, but in India it is not so much petted as with us. It is not bound to the family circle by that love of warmth which assists so largely in domesticating it in England; it has also a stronger tendency to run wild. "If you want to know what a tiger is like, look at a cat," is a common Hindu saying.

India cannot compare with Europe and America for skill in training wild beasts. The cheetah, or hunting leopard, must learn its swift bounding onset before it is taken. It cannot be taught that art in captivity. It is difficult to catch so fierce a creature when full grown. When he is caught he is reduced to submission by the keepers and their families, who starve him, keep him awake, and talk to him continually. At last he becomes abjectly tame. Keeper and man sometimes occupy the same bedstead. The Oriental has none of that steadfastness of aim, or firmness of hand and will, which secure confidence and make a first-class trainer.

The Government pays heavily for the destruction of snakes, but no respectable Hindu will willingly kill one. Superstitious

respect for the reptile and deeply rooted apathy render all Government measures for protecting the people useless. The clearing of the scrub and jungle round villages will do more than the offer of rewards. Outcast jungle folk have found a new and remunerative industry in breeding snakes in order to gain the premium. Despite all efforts made by Government, the mortality from snake bite is increasing over the greater part of India.

The illustrations in the chapter "Of Animals in Indian Art" are excellent. Ancient Hindu painters and sculptors are always happy in their representations of monkeys and elephants; buffaloes come next in artistic merit; lions, tigers, peacocks, and swans are more conventional. The horse and ox are always wooden in character. The fine Persian letters are often woven into the outlines of animals or birds for pious Muhammedans. Mr. Kipling gives a figure of Borak, the Prophet's mystic horse, which contains a whole litany of prayers. The potter often makes toy animals in terra cotta, which the women of the family paint in gay colours for fairs and festivals. The birds and animals in metal are very conventional. The way in which the outline of an animal is filled up with a jumble of various creatures is represented by three clever sketches. The very grotesqueness of these designs goes far to ensure them popularity.

On beast fights, Mr. Kipling has much to say. Those arranged for the pleasure of Indian princes in former days show "a loathsome and cold-blooded persistence in cruelty" which is simply revolting. Happily the horrible details of these are not given in this volume. A sketch of the beast fight at the installation of the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir in 1886, given by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in a Lahore newspaper of the time, is a very fine piece of descriptive writing. Indian ascetics are credited with great power over wild creatures, but Moti, the tiger at Lahore, tore from his socket the arm of a rash Mussulman faquir, who thrust it into his cage. Yet when this same beast escaped from his cage, he was brought back in triumph from the public promenade by the chief keeper, who shook a large official envelope in the tiger's face, and rated him in set terms for his black ingratitude in breaking away

from a Government that fed him regularly and used him well. Then he unwound his turban, fastened it round the tiger's neck, and led him back like a lamb, gravely lecturing him as he went. With such a story, we may close Mr. Kipling's delightful volume. It pours a flood of light on the actual conditions of life in India, and ought to have a place in the library of every one who wishes to understand our great Eastern Empire. A life-time of close and sympathetic observation lies behind this notable work on *Beast and Man in India*.

ART. VII.—SECOND STAGE IN THE METHODIST CONTROVERSY OF 1835.

1. *History of Wesleyan Methodism.* Vol. II. The Middle Age. Vol. III. Modern Methodism. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D. London: Longmans. 1862.
2. *An Essay on the Constitution of Wesleyan Methodism.* By JOHN BEECHAM, D.D. Third Edition. London: John Mason. 1851.
3. *The Constitution and Discipline of Wesleyan Methodism.* By GEORGE TURNER. London: John Mason. 1841.
4. *A Collection of Pamphlets and Leaflets in the possession of the Rev. John S. Simon.* 1834-35.

IN our last article, in our attempt to do justice to those who yielded to the influence of the agitators of 1834-5, we suggested that some of them might have been led into a misapprehension of Methodist Law by statements which were contained in certain documents that possessed a semblance of official authority. Those statements concerned the important question of the exclusion of members from the Methodist Society. We showed that the documents in question were issued without legal sanction, and that their paraphrases misrepresented the meaning of the written law.* We are aware

* See No. CLIV. of this REVIEW (Jan. 1892).

that, in ordinary life, men are judged, not only by what they know, but also by what they ought to have known. The case we are considering, however, was so peculiar, that we think a plea of ignorance should be weighed. In saying this, it must be understood that we do not ask that the benefit of the plea should be extended to those who were aware that the authoritative declarations of the Conference on the matters in dispute were contained in the Plan of Pacification of 1795 and the Leeds Regulations of 1797. We cannot defend their conduct. They were acquainted with the original statutes, but, for purposes of their own, they preferred to ignore them. Their knowledge determined their guilt.

The leading agitators were aware of the existence of the Plan of Pacification and the Leeds Regulations, and recognised their unique value. We gave an illustration of that fact in our last article. When describing the Liverpool meeting, we mentioned that Mr. Farrer, the Chairman of the Liverpool Branch of the Grand Central Association, publicly stated that, fairly construed, the Plan of Pacification and the Leeds Regulations gave the Methodist people "quite as much liberty as is desirable or Scriptural." Mr. Farrer's statement shows that he was acquainted with these historic documents, and accepted them as the canons by which the disputed questions must be judged. We think, indeed, that his declaration implied a special knowledge of their contents. He knew that the "liberty" granted to the people in 1795 and 1797 was limited by conditions; that those conditions were dictated by the law of expediency; and that they were in harmony with certain restrictive principles of Church government contained in the Scriptures. It is impossible to shield such a man under a plea of ignorance. He would have been the first to reject our defence. We select him as a type of many men who attacked the Methodist Constitution at this critical period.

It may be urged that, while admitting the existence and the authority of the Plan of Pacification and the Leeds Regulations, differences of opinion might legitimately arise upon the question of the interpretation of their several clauses. Mr. Farrer's "fairly construed" points in that direction; and there is additional evidence of diversity of view. It will be remembered

that the Grand Central Association demanded a revision of the Rules of 1797, "so as to divest them, as much as possible, of all ambiguity as to the rights of both preachers and people." It is well to note that this demand proceeded upon the assumption that the Leeds Regulations were part of the statute law of Methodism. Those who led the councils of the agitators did not lack acuteness. They knew that the emendation of paraphrases was a waste of time; they, therefore, concerned themselves immediately with the original legislation of 1797. That legislation stood out before them with monumental distinctness; no mist of paraphrastic exposition could hide the clearly cut letter of the law inscribed upon it. The only course open to them was to assert that the language employed lacked precision, and needed to be revised.

When an ordinary thinker is told that sentences in a legal document, which seem to him perfectly clear, are compact of darkest subtleties, he is staggered. Recovering his calmness, if he is a wise man, he will submit the challenged words to a few simple tests. To determine their meaning, he will attempt to discover the intention of the original legislators; and then he will examine the practice which has resulted from their enactments. If he finds that the original legislators intended to prescribe a certain course of proceeding, and that, from the very time when the law was passed, its administrators and subjects have followed that course, he will cease to trouble himself about alleged ambiguities. Instead of employing our time in a contention about words, we will submit the disputed sections of the Leeds Regulations to the tests we have suggested.

Those sections deal with the mode of receiving and excluding private members of Society, and with the appointment of leaders and stewards. It will be as well to have the letter of the law before us:

"1. The Leaders' Meeting shall have a right to declare any person on trial improper to be received into the Society; and after such declaration the Superintendent shall not admit such person into the Society.

"2. No person shall be expelled from the Society for immorality, till such immorality be proved at a Leaders' Meeting.

"3. No person shall be appointed a Leader or Steward, or removed from his

office, but in conjunction with the Leaders' Meeting; the nomination to be in the Superintendent, and the approbation or disapprobation in the Leaders' Meeting."

These clauses bring before us some of the chief points in dispute in 1834-5. Up to 1797, as we showed in our last article, the power to admit and exclude members of Society, and to appoint and remove lay officials, was altogether in the hands of the ministers. In the case of the appointment and removal of a Steward or Leader it had been the general custom to consult the Stewards and Leaders of the Society concerned, but the right of the preacher to appoint and remove was indisputable. What change in procedure was introduced in 1797? The agitators contended that the enactments we have quoted took away the powers which the preachers previously possessed, and transferred them to the Leaders' Meeting. The Conference, supported by the vast majority of the officers and members of the Methodist Societies, affirmed that the Leeds Regulations only limited those powers in certain specified cases; and that the right to admit and exclude, to appoint and to remove, still remained where Wesley placed it—in the hands of the ministers.

In order that we may determine the character of the legislation of 1797, we must now endeavour to discover the intention of the legislators. In that year the agitation conducted by Alexander Kilham reached its climax, and ended in the formation of the Methodist New Connexion. In our article on "The Origin of the First Important Methodist Secession,"* we gave a sketch of the reforms that were demanded at that time by the more extreme agitators. Among them were numbered changes in the manner of admitting and excluding members, and of appointing Leaders to their office. Kilham's suggestions were fully before the Conference of 1796, and were carefully examined. In that year, after Kilham's expulsion, a letter was issued which was signed by Alexander Mather, John Pawson, and Joseph Benson, men who occupied the highest positions in the Methodist Ministry. It was entitled "A Defence of the Conduct of the Conference in the

* See No. CXXIX. of this REVIEW (Oct. 1885).

Expulsion of Alexander Kilham, addressed to the Methodist Societies." * We are only concerned, at present, with some of its closing remarks. Speaking of the intention of the Conference, the writers say:—

"The same *discipline*, we trust, we shall continue to exercise. We shall, as heretofore, advise those to meet together for their mutual edification who appear to be awakened and brought to true repentance by our ministry, and shall appoint those to watch over them in love, who are recommended by themselves, or by the other Leaders in the place or neighbourhood, as the most proper for such an office. We shall add to them, from time to time, such as desire to meet with them, and are witnessed by the Leaders to be truly penitent persons, of unblamable life and conversation; and shall deny tickets to such as cease to meet with their brethren, or are proved to us by the Leader or Leaders, to be persons of bad character."

This declaration is evidently made in the name of the Conference, and it undeniably shows that, in 1796, the power to admit and exclude members and to appoint Leaders was in the hands of the preachers, and that they intended to retain it. One sentence calls for explanatory remark. When the writers speak of appointing Leaders who are recommended by the people, they refer to the establishment of a Methodist Society in a place where such a Society had not previously existed. When the pioneer preacher gathered his converts, and formed them into a Society, they were very properly consulted as to the person who would be best suited for the office of Leader. The rest of the paragraph is clear, and is decisive of the intention of the Conference respecting the points of discipline we are considering.

This letter was circulated throughout the Societies in the interval between the Conferences of 1796 and 1797. We must now ask, Did the discussions which took place in connection with the Conference of 1797 induce the ministers to abandon the position they had taken up with so much firmness a few months before? Did they, in the Leeds Regulations, execute a *volte-face*? Did they surrender the principal part of their disciplinary power over the Societies into the hands of the Leaders? If so, surely we shall be able to discover not

* Mr. Simon's Collection.

† *A Defence of the Conduct of the Conference*, p. 30.

only incidental, but direct evidence, of such a hasty retreat, of such a complete capitulation! Does that evidence exist? The Leeds Conference of 1797 marked a distinct stage in the growth of the Methodist Constitution, and it is well that we have detailed descriptions of its proceedings. We will note the events which cast light on the problem we are considering. We have shown that up to the beginning of the Leeds Conference the intention of the legislators was clear. The Conference began on the 1st of August, Dr. Coke being elected president. During the course of the year, one of the writers of the *Defence* had been actively engaged upon a work of vital importance. Dr. Smith tells us that John Pawson, "perceiving that the circumstances of the Connexion required a clear and complete definition of the principal rules and regulations of the body, set himself to make a careful revision of the *Large Minutes*, . . . a collection of the most important regulations, made by Wesley from the 'Minutes' of various years, and published as a compendium of Methodist law, for the information and guidance of preachers and people."* When the Conference assembled, this new Code was submitted for examination. It was read over at length, and then considered clause by clause. Two days were occupied in its consideration. A few alterations having been made, the whole, as approved by the Conference, was declared to be the standard of Methodist law. It was recognised as such by a special declaration. Dr. Smith tells us that the document was signed by all the preachers present, except William Thom, who sympathised with Kilham, and who, being unable to accept the Code, left the Connexion. Four other preachers afterwards followed his example. They all joined the Methodist New Connexion. Does not this significant fact suggest that the Code which was solemnly adopted by the Conference of 1797 did not favour the characteristic views of the extreme men of that day? The document lies before us. The history of its construction can be detected in its pages. We see Pawson's original work; then, we notice the interpolations necessitated by the legislation of 1797; and, at the

* Dr. Smith's *History*, vol. ii. p. 130.

close, the Leeds Regulations appear. They were added after the pamphlet had been arranged. The "Plan of Pacification" finds its place in the centre of the document; but the "Regulations" are appended as supplementary, and, in a sense, subordinate enactments of the Conference. We shall have to deal with the "Code" a little later on, and will only now remark that, in Pawson's work, there is no sign of any intention on the part of the Conference to surrender its disciplinary authority over members and lay officials.

In 1795 the Plan of Pacification had been passed by the Conference. It was the result of the joint deliberations of the preachers and a number of laymen who assembled in Manchester as the representatives of various bodies of trustees of Methodist chapels throughout the kingdom. In 1797 the representatives of the trustees again gathered together in Leeds. In Dr. Smith's *History* a full account of their proceedings is given.* The famous Leeds Regulations were passed in friendly consultation with these trustees. It is necessary to ascertain the nature of their demands. From Dr. Smith's *History* we find that their demands concerned the accounts of Kingswood School, the yearly collection, and the Book Room; the admission of lay delegates to the Conference; circuit deficiencies; the rules relating to local preachers, and the calling of meetings; the case of the Bristol trustees; the making of new rules for the Society at large; and the executive government of Methodism by its district committees. From beginning to end there is no evidence that these trustees urged the Conference to surrender its disciplinary power over members and lay officials. If the Conference intended to transfer its power to the Leaders' Meetings, it did so in the absence of any request on the part of those with whom it concluded the important compact styled "The Leeds Regulations." It would require incontestable evidence to persuade us that the Conference ever passed such a gratuitous "self-denying ordinance."

It may be urged that the trustees with whom the Conference concluded the Leeds Regulations were not the only company

* *History*, vol ii. book iv. chapter iii.

of persons who assembled in Leeds, in 1797, to ask for administrative reforms. That is quite true. In the course of the sessions of the trustees' delegates a noteworthy incident occurred. One day a letter was received from Alexander Kilham, stating that he had been appointed a delegate by a majority of the trustees of Hunslet Chapel, and inquiring whether he could be admitted in that character. The case having been considered, it was resolved : " That Mr. Alexander Kilham, being a preacher under the censure of the Conference of Methodist Preachers, cannot with propriety be admitted to this meeting." This resolution, signed by the president and secretary of the trustees' meeting, was sent to Kilham as an answer to his letter.* Nothing daunted by this rebuff, Kilham and certain persons who sympathised with him assembled in Ebenezer Chapel, Leeds, and put themselves in communication with the Conference. From the " Minutes " of their " Conversations " † we find that the question of receiving and excluding members of Society, and appointing and removing lay officials was discussed, and resolutions in harmony with Kilham's well-known views were passed. How far these suggestions influenced the Conference it is difficult to determine. The consultations with the trustees' delegates lasted from the 1st to the 7th of August. By the latter date the " Leeds Regulations " were completed, and an address to the Societies had been prepared which explained the meaning of the new rules. Kilham's unsuccessful application to the trustees appears to have been made about the middle of their proceedings. The letter from the Conference acknowledging his resolutions is dated August 9, and a copy of the address to the Societies was enclosed. We can scarcely think that, even if Kilham's resolutions reached the Conference before the discussions on the " Regulations " closed, they induced the Conference to surrender powers which the trustees' delegates were willing to leave in their hands.

The members of the meeting held in Ebenezer Chapel were not slow in expressing their estimate of the value of the " Regulations " which had been passed by the Conference. At

* Dr. Smith's *History*, vol. ii. p. 136.

† Mr. Simon's Collection.

the close of their "Minutes" there are certain "Remarks," which assist us to ascertain the intention of the Conference. After quoting some of the concessions, including the new regulations concerning the admission and exclusion of members, and the appointment and removal of lay officers, the writers say: "Some of these are improvements of considerable importance. Our friends will rejoice that the Conference has gone thus far. But there are many things in this letter which sufficiently prove that the power of governing still remains with the preachers." As an illustration of that fact, the section concerning the appointment of Leaders and Stewards is cited, and the writers continue: "Though there is the appearance of giving up much, . . . yet, is there anything given up in reality? . . . Pray, where is the sacrifice of power in this rule? Is it not more in words than reality?" Summing up the alterations made by the Conference, they are described as "trivial," and the authors of the "Remarks" declare that the preachers "have retained their own power in everything of consequence." This is repeated a little further on. "Only examine what these pages contain, and ask yourselves, Are these things so? The government still rests on the shoulders of the preachers in everything of importance. . . . When we examine the matter closely, we find hardly anything given up, and all the power which is [worth] holding retained by them."* When Kilham and his associates had considered the "Leeds Regulations," they abandoned all hope of carrying their extreme propositions, and formed themselves into a separate Society. The Methodist New Connexion was established because its founders knew that the Conference had no intention of relinquishing its pastoral authority over the Societies.

Kilham's description of the concessions of the Conference of 1797 as "trivial" we cannot accept, but, with him, we have failed to find any evidence that, by the Leeds Regulations, the legislators intended to transfer the disciplinary power of the preachers to the Leaders' Meetings. An examination of the Code confirms our conviction. The new legislation was not

* *Minutes of Conversations held in Ebenezer Chapel, Leeds*, p. 16, et seq.

deemed antagonistic to that which already existed. Old and new are dovetailed together as one in principle and aim. For instance, in the section dealing with "The Peculiar Business of a Superintendent," the Code says: "A Superintendent ought to take in and put out of the Society, or the Bands" (p. 10). Then the new regulations concerning persons on trial and the exclusion of immoral members follow as being consistent with the Superintendent's pastoral right. Further on the Superintendent is told that it is his duty to "change improper leaders" (p. 12.) "But in doing this, or in appointing a new leader," the Code continues, "great care and tenderness must be used, and it is highly necessary to consult the rest of the leaders on such occasions." Following this, the new regulation concerning the appointment and removal of leaders appears. No hint is given that the new legislation deprived the Superintendent of the right which he previously possessed. The new conditions under which he was to exercise that right are stated, the right itself remained intact. The keenest scrutiny of the Code fails to detect any sign of an intention on the part of the Conference to do more than regulate the exercise of the preacher's authority. After careful examination, we must endorse Dr. Smith's conclusion: "It will be seen that none of these alterations, nor indeed all of them united, took away the ruling power of the pastorate." *

We have the greater confidence in this conclusion when we find that it is in harmony with the convictions of a man who closely studied Methodist law at the time when the contentions of the agitators were before the Societies. His testimony is all the more valuable, because, in a book which he published, he included the paraphrases of the law upon which we have commented. What does he say as to pastoral rights? In his Preface, he tells us that John Wesley entrusted the preachers with "the executive power of the Connexion;" and then says that, after Wesley's death, "on the part, both of the people and the preachers, mutual fears were excited, lest encroachments should be made on either side to the detriment of the

* *History*, vol. ii. p. 182.

other." After describing the Plan of Pacification, he continues :

" Still, however, something was wanting to give entire confidence to the people that the executive power which was vested in the preachers by Mr. Wesley should not become an instrument of oppression. To meet as far as possible the wishes of the people on this point, such measures were adopted by the Conference of 1797 as satisfied the Connexion that the preachers were not desirous of retaining any more authority than was indispensably necessary to the existence of the body. Such a balance of power, however, was still to be maintained as should sufficiently prevent the people, as well as the preachers, from becoming arbitrary ; as preponderance on either side might have proved equally perilous to the Connexion."

The writer of these judicious words was Dr. Warren,* and it would be impossible to describe the effects of the legislation of 1797 with greater accuracy.

We must now turn from the question of the intention of the legislators of 1797, and inquire as to the practice of the administrators of the law. We will confine ourselves to one point. The Conference of 1835, in describing the practice that had obtained since 1797, in the case of the exclusion of members, said :

" Continued absence from the class meeting or other means of grace, without any sufficient reason, or some manifest breach of the laws of God, or of the particular rules of our Connexion, is usually, in such cases, reported by the class leader to the preacher at the time of the Quarterly Visitation. If there be no denial of the fact, or satisfactory defence against the charge on the part of the member, or of his friends who may be present, and if the preacher in the case of alleged crime or misconduct, be of opinion that the offence is one of such grave and serious character as to require some public testimony of disapprobation, the immediate exclusion of the negligent or offending member has usually resulted quietly, and, as a matter of course, by the preacher withholding his Society ticket, and erasing his name from the class book.

" But if the member so charged deny the allegation of a wilful neglect of our peculiar discipline as to class meetings, &c., or of a breach of some law of Scripture, or rule of Methodism, and demand a trial, for the proof or disproof thereof, before the leaders' meeting, or before a committee of leaders appointed by that meeting, then such trial must, as our law now stands, and has stood ever since 1797, be forthwith conceded. If a majority of the leaders, who vote at the meeting, shall be 'satisfied' that sufficient proof is adduced to establish the fact of a wilful and habitual negligence, or of the violation of

* *Digest of the Laws and Regulations of the Wesleyan Methodists.* Pref. xv.-xvii.

some Scriptural or Methodistical rule, and shall give a verdict to that effect, then the leaders' meeting has discharged *its whole part* of the painful duty to be performed, and the case is left in the hands of the superintendent; on *him* devolves, in his pastoral character, . . . the sole right and duty of deciding on the measures to be adopted towards the offender, in consequence of the verdict thus pronounced." *

The Conference took special pains to place this statement before the members of the Methodist Societies. If the processes therein described had not been the practice in preceding years, thousands of persons would have risen to deny the truth of the description. The acceptance of the statement by the Societies is a sufficient evidence of its correctness. But, if so, what becomes of the allegation that, by the Leeds Regulations, all power to exclude members had been transferred to the Leaders' Meeting?

The ingenious mind of an outside observer of Wesleyan Methodism suggested a theory which obtained considerable notoriety at the period of popular agitation and delusion of which we are writing. The Rev. Thomas Allin, an eminent minister of the New Connexion, meddling with strife which did not strictly belong to him, published in pamphlet form several "Letters" which he had addressed to the Rev. John M'Lean, and in which he attempted to give "An Exposition of the Government of Wesleyan Methodism." Dealing with the legislation of 1797, he says:

"Though much was conceded in appearance and profession, yet the 'chartered rights' were few; and there is too much cause to fear that, under an ambiguous phraseology, a meaning was couched different from that intended to be understood; while the people were designedly lulled by the supposition that power was given up which was only in abeyance until a fit time should arrive for taking off the veil, and resuming that which was supposed to have been permanently surrendered."

In another place this charitable writer speaks of the concessions of 1797 as—

"The deceptions practised on our people by their legislators, in order to allay excitement by a show of liberty, until a fit opportunity should arrive of taking away that liberty under the sanction of the very laws by which it was supposed to have been given." †

* *Minutes of Conference*, vol. vii. pp. 578-580, 8vo ed.

† Allin's "Letters to the Rev. John M'Lean," pp. 46-48. Mr. Simon's Collection

This theory was eagerly accepted by those "in whom all evil fancies clung like serpent eggs together." But to us it is condemned by its absurdity. Where is the evidence of such an act of legerdemain? Mr. Allin would have us believe that the Conference of 1797 condescended to practise on the Societies the arts with which roving "Wizards" astound the rustics of a country fair. They sell boxes, presumed to contain half-crowns, for shillings; and when the victim opens his box there is only a penny in it. Mr. Allin suggests that the Societies, in 1797, believed that they received a legislative act which transferred all power over members to the Leaders' Meeting. They did not open the casquet until 1825, or 1827, when, lo! the precious possession had dwindled into that which was scarcely worth retaining.

We must do Mr. Allin the justice to remember that he wrote upon the subject, which he so fearlessly discussed, as an outsider. Within the Societies it was well known that, from the time when the Leeds Regulations were passed, the preachers had dealt with all cases of exclusion in which there was no appeal to the Leaders' Meeting. This had been the practice of forty years. According to Mr. Allin, the Societies had been so "lulled" that they were unable to discern the character of actions that were openly performed before their eyes. Champions of the "people" should pay them less doubtful compliments. We think that Dr. Warren's explanation of the peacefulness and prosperity of the Societies, since the passing of the Leeds Regulations, shows fuller knowledge and keener insight. Writing in 1827, that fateful year, when, according to Mr. Allin, the fairy gold of freedom was found to be dross, Dr. Warren says:

"The precision which was given to the Laws and Regulations to which both parties cheerfully consented, and the spirit of Christian charity in which they have ever since been executed, have most successfully harmonised every part of the system, and rendered its operations more powerful and extensive than was contemplated, even by those who entertained the most sanguine expectations of its prosperity."*

We will cast one more ray of light upon the practice which

* *Digest.* Preface, p. xvii.

was founded upon the legislation of 1797. In 1834-5 the agitators were accustomed to say, "our troubles have arisen from following usage instead of law." When asked to indicate the law, they pointed to the paraphrases of 1798 and 1800. The Conference, taking its stand on the original Leeds Regulations, insisted that its usage was in harmony with them, and their opponents could not disprove the assertion. If the usage was in accordance with the Leeds Regulations, then it is clear that, by those regulations, the ministers were not deprived of their disciplinary power.

We have tried to ascertain the meaning of the legislation of 1797 by attempting to discover the intention of the original law-makers, and by examining the practice which was founded on their enactments. We must now quit this part of our subject, and refer to an incident, closely connected with the Plan of Pacification and the Leeds Regulations, which produced great public excitement in 1835. In the course of Dr. Warren's Chancery suits, an order of the Court was obtained for searching the Journals of the Conference. To the amazement of the representatives of both parties, it was found that neither the Plan of Pacification nor the Leeds Regulations had been entered by the secretary. The news was soon noised abroad. It was even whispered that the horrified spectators had discovered that the leaves upon which the precious documents had been inscribed were missing from the Journals. Lacerated edges betrayed the pen-knife's stealthy work. It was reported that Dr. Warren had plainly announced this solution of the mystery at a meeting in Bury. His indignant denial of the accusation lies before us. He characterises the report as "a most atrocious falsehood," and says :

"When I have been asked whether I had reason to suspect that any leaves had been taken out, I have uniformly affirmed my most deliberate opinion, *that no such act has ever been done, and that the documents in question were never entered.*"

He closes his letter to Mr. T. Percival Bunting with these trenchant words :

"Now, sir, I have only to express my fears, that some villain, long practised in the art of falsehood and perjury, has practised upon your unsuspecting
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ting and inexperienced youth ; or that you have been hoaxed by some one who wished to render you contemptible in the eyes of your friends." *

This denial, addressed to the astute young lawyer who so triumphantly guided the case of the Conference through the Court of Chancery, ought to vindicate Dr. Warren from all complicity in the attempt to explain the omission of the "Plan" and "Regulations" by a theory of excision.

There can be no doubt, however, that even Dr. Warren was not slow to avail himself of the strategic advantage which he seemed to have secured. At his public meetings he startled his audiences by assuring them that, since 1795, they had not possessed "a constitution." This was a very serious assertion, and it demands a few words of explanation. The fourteenth clause of the Deed of Declaration provides that "all resolutions and orders . . . of the Conference shall be entered or written in the journals or minutes of the Conference, which shall be kept for that purpose, publicly read, and then subscribed by the president and secretary thereof for the time being, during the time such Conference shall be assembled ; and, when so entered and subscribed, shall be had, taken, received, and be the acts of the Conference ; and such entry and subscription as aforesaid shall be had, taken, received, and be evidence of all and every such acts of the said Conference . . . without the aid of any other proof ; and *whatever shall not be so entered and subscribed as aforesaid shall not be had, taken, received, or be the act of the Conference ;* and the said president and secretary are required and obliged to enter and subscribe as aforesaid every act whatever of the Conference." Through the error of the secretary a technical objection could be taken against the Plan of Pacification and the Leeds Regulations. They had not been entered in the Journals, as directed in the sentences we have italicised ; and, therefore, they were not, in strict law, the acts of the Conference. The secretary had possibly been misled by the phrase "journals or minutes of the Conference." The "Plan" and the "Regulations" appeared in the published "Minutes of the Conference" for 1795 and 1797, and they

* Letter from Dr. Warren to Mr. T. Percival Dunting, in the possession of the Rev. G. Stringer Rowe.

had been often republished, and were, in fact, amongst the best known of all Methodist documents. But the "Minutes" mentioned in the Deed of Declaration are undoubtedly the written "Journals" which have to be subscribed by the president and the secretary during the time when the Conference is assembled.

This discovery was awkward for the Conference; but, although Dr. Warren was apparently blind to the fact, it was much more serious for the agitators. If the "Plan" and the "Regulations" had no legal existence, then the restraints upon the exercise of the executive power that was in the hands of the preachers were removed, and the autocratic methods of Wesley might be employed by his successors. Wesley, without doubt, would have made short work of agitators. The Grand Central Association would never have struggled into existence under his administration. He would have put down the first sign of insubordination with a strong hand, for he knew that a sharp war often leads to a long peace. It was dangerous, therefore, to assure the Conference that its disciplinary power might now be exercised without restraint. Another mode was pursued. The agitators insisted upon possessing all the rights they enjoyed by reason of the legislation of 1795 and 1797, but they constantly upbraided the Conference with the bad faith which, as they alleged, had led them to rob the charter of Methodism of its legal validity.

At a meeting held in Hanley, on April 28th, 1835, Mr. Powell, a layman, made some sensible remarks upon the incident we are considering. He said :

"I contend that the laws referred to were drawn up and enacted with an integrity of purpose, and a purity of intention worthy of the men who framed them, and the Conference by whom they were adopted. They were published in the Minutes, the printed records of Conference, bearing the imprint of their printer, and the signature of their president and secretary; and from that day to this they have been continued to be published by authority of Conference, without change or mutilation. And there can be no doubt that the original manuscript Deed of Pacification, as read and published in Conference, was handed to the printer, and intended to be what it has been and is—the law of Methodism."

When asked "How do you account for it that the concessions of 1797 are not on the Journal?" Mr. Powell replied :

"Precisely as I account for the absence of the Deed of 1795—not from the treachery of the Conference, but from the negligence of the secretary. It has been published, too, in our class books that every leader, as an officer, in Methodism, and every section of the Methodist Church, might know the law. It has been introduced by direction of Conference into our chapel deeds, . . . and the trustees, on the authority of those deeds, framed according to the wishes of Conference, claim the rights and privileges of that law. . . . The Conference, too, have invariably recognised it as the law of Methodism, and in all their legislations have carefully avoided any infringement upon its principle. And whenever an accusation has been made against a preacher, a number of preachers, or the Conference collectively—as having violated the laws of Pacification—the case has invariably been met on the part of the Conference by an appeal to those laws; and whatever difference there may have been in expounding some of them, no attempt has ever been made to set them aside, by pleading their absence from the written Journal. . . . Those laws were honestly passed, and I believe that it has been the wish of Conference that they should be faithfully kept"*

All reasonable people will accept Mr. Powell's explanation of the omission of the two great documents from the written Journals of the Conference, and will assent to his conclusions. Nevertheless, it is to be regretted that the technical error had been committed. Any man who is acquainted with the art of inflaming a popular audience can see the use which could be made of the mistake. The agitators were quick to avail themselves of their opportunity, and denunciations of a perfidious Conference rent the air. At the Conference of 1835 this weapon was broken in their hands. The following resolution was passed: "The Conference regrets to find that, by some inadvertency, the 'Articles of Agreement for General Pacification,' passed in the year 1795 (which 'Articles' are printed in the first volume of the *Minutes of Conference*, pp. 322-326), and the 'Address to the Methodist Societies,' dated Leeds, August 7, 1797, with 'Sundry Miscellaneous Regulations' (which Address and Regulations are printed in the first volume of the *Minutes of Conference*, pp. 374-381), were not inserted at the time in the written Journal of the Conference. For these omissions, which have only been discovered in the course of the present year, the Conference cannot account;

* *An Exposure of the Misrepresentations and Calumnies of Dr. Warren*, pp. 27-29. Mr. Simon's Collection.

but they are fully persuaded that no sinister design can justly be attributed to the excellent preachers of a former generation, under whose inspection the documents before mentioned were prepared, and whose well-known character for Christian simplicity and integrity places them above all possibility of suspicion. But, to supply such omissions, the Conference unanimously direct that the whole of the said documents be forthwith inserted in the Journal, as they are found in the printed Minutes of 1795 and 1797, and that they be signed, on behalf of the Conference, by the President and Secretary, as documents of undoubted genuineness and authority, which were printed and circulated as such when they were originally adopted, and which have at many subsequent periods been explicitly recognised by the Conference, as forming part of the laws of the Connexion on the subjects to which they were severally intended to refer." *

Dr. Warren's Chancery suits furnished him with an offensive weapon, but in the end they were disastrous to the assailants of the Methodist Constitution in 1835. In a previous article we have shown that Lord Lyndhurst's Judgment vindicated the right of the Conference to act through its District Committees, and established the Conference itself on the sure basis of English law.† Another advantage arose out of the proceedings. The battle of the Codes was fought and ended. When Dr. Warren's case was argued before Vice-Chancellor Lancelot Shadwell, that sagacious judge decided that it was impossible to settle the points in dispute by simple reference to the provisions of the trust deeds of the Manchester chapels from which Dr. Warren had been excluded. He said that the scope of the inquiry must be enlarged, and insisted that Dr. Warren must be judged "according to all the rules from time to time enacted by the Conference, which," said his Honour, "it is admitted on all hands has been the supreme legislative and executive body since the days of Mr. Wesley."‡ When Dr. Warren's appeal came before Lord Lyndhurst, his lordship

* *Minutes of Conference*, vol. vii. pp. 553-4, 8vo ed.

† See No. CXLIX. of this REVIEW (October 1890).

‡ *Dr. Warren's Chancery Suit*, p. 3. Mr. Simon's Collection.

took up the same position. The question in both Courts was: "Is there an authoritative collection of the Rules which the Conference has from time to time enacted?" It was pointed out that, in 1797, the Conference, in its address to the Societies, stated that it had selected "all our ancient rules . . . which are essential rules, or prudential at this time;" and that it had determined that "all the rules which relate to the Societies, leaders, stewards, local preachers, trustees, and quarterly meetings shall be published with the Rules of the Society, for the benefit and convenience of all the members." That statement indicated that it was the intention of the Conference to issue a complete Code of Methodist rules for the benefit, not only of the preachers, but also of the Societies. The questions to be decided by the Court were: Did the Conference publish the promised Code? If so, which is the Code the Conference published?

Dr. Warren produced two documents, and asserted that, taken together, they constituted the collection of Rules promised by the Conference in 1797. The first was the little volume called the *Large Minutes*, which we have already described as a compendium of regulations prepared by Wesley. The Plan of Pacification, the circular address of the Conference of 1797, and two forms of trust deeds for Methodist chapels had been subsequently added to this document. This compendium was placed in the hands of the preachers when they were received into "full Connexion with the Conference," and it was a very useful guide to ministerial duty.* The second part of the Code, according to Dr. Warren, was the Selection of Rules issued by the Book Room, which contained the paraphrases upon which we have commented. It was of supreme importance to Dr. Warren that the Court should accept these two documents as the complete Code of Methodist law. In them, the Regulations concerning District Meetings find no place. In the absence of such regulations, the action of the Special District Meeting that had tried and had suspended him might have been successfully challenged; and, in that case, he would have won an immense advantage over

* Beecham's *Essay*, p. 62.

his opponents. But, in this world, tears too often stain our victories. If the Court had accepted the "Selection" of 1798 and 1800 as the only authoritative expressions of Methodist laws governing the Societies, a rule, which Dr. Warren found very convenient for purposes of controversy, would have disappeared. The trustees' delegates, who assembled in Leeds in 1797, asked the Conference to pass a regulation concerning new rules which would give the circuit quarterly meetings power to suspend their action for a year, under certain specified conditions. The Conference assented, and passed a resolution in harmony with the delegates' request. But the "Selection" omitted this most important concession to the people. That was very unfortunate for Dr. Warren. In his controversy with the Conference concerning the establishment of a Theological Institution, he relied upon this rule to prevent immediate action. He insisted that, as the Conference had passed certain "regulations" concerning the internal management of the Institution, they ought to go down to the Quarterly Meetings, because they were "new rules for the Society at large."* The reasoning was weak, but many of the agitators considered it irresistible. They brandished it in the face of loyal men, and denounced them as violaters of the written law. But, if Dr. Warren's contention concerning the "Selection" was correct, no such rule existed! However, with all its imperfections on its head, Dr. Warren stood staunchly by the Code he had adopted.

The other side produced a document which was marked Exhibit F. In Dr. Beecham's remarkable *Essay on the Constitution of Wesleyan Methodism*, an essay that ought to be mastered by every student of Methodist law, an interesting account is given of the manner in which the copy was obtained which was used in the course of the trial.† We have already referred to this document in our description of the proceedings of the Conference of 1797. When it was placed beside Dr. Warren's Code both judges pronounced an emphatic opinion in its favour. It contained the legislation

* See No. CXLIX. of this Review (October 1890).

† Beecham's *Essay*, p. 62.

which was omitted from the *Large Minutes* and the "Selection," and it was in every respect worthy of its title, "The Form of Discipline Established among the Preachers and People in the Methodist Societies." In Lord Lyndhurst's Judgment, we find that he takes the trouble to compare the two Codes, and he gives his reason for rejecting Dr. Warren's contention.* The acceptance of John Pawson's Compendium by Lord Lyndhurst was of vital importance to the Methodist preachers and people. It disposed of the claims of the paraphrasing versions, and it established the identity and authority of the collection of rules issued by the Conference of 1797. We have tested the meaning of the Leeds Regulations by this Code, and have shown that its statements and spirit are fatal to the pretensions of the agitators.

As we turn over the pages of this historic document, pages that have been toned by the passage of well nigh a hundred years, we seem to catch sight of the men who, in successive Conferences, drew up these *Minutes*. To us they do not seem dark-browed conspirators, muttering deceiving words. The agitators of 1834-5 might, to serve their own purposes, describe them as mummers in a masquerade. That view we cannot hold. For a true description of them, we leave the dusty, noisy arena of controversy, and stand listening at the Bench where the calm voice of Justice speaks. What did Vice-Chancellor Lancelot Shadwell say of these men: "They were not professional persons, accustomed to prepare for all the exigencies likely to happen, but simple, straightforward, intelligent men, who had in view only the exigencies of the moment."† We feel that the Vice-Chancellor was right. He possessed a spirit which enabled him to discern the character of the men who assembled in those early conferences, and passed laws which have survived all controversy. They were, indeed, "simple, straightforward, and intelligent men." And their work endures. The best legislation, sometimes, is that which meets "the exigencies of the moment." Such exigencies often reveal, in an abrupt way, the deep, living, and abiding necessities of society. To see those necessities, and

* *Dr. Warren's Chancery Suit*, p. 14.

† *Ibid.* p. 3.

to meet them by simple provisions, is consummate, if unprofessional, statesmanship. That honour the men of 1797 possess. The storm of abuse to which they were subjected in 1835 has not injured their character. Nor has it destroyed their work. The pamphlet which was recognised by the Lord Chancellor as the Code of 1797 was reprinted, and, at the Conference of 1835, it replaced the *Large Minutes* as originally prepared by Wesley. From that time to this the little volume has been presented to Wesleyan ministers at their ordination. Its authority is indicated by the inscription which appears on its fly-leaf, and which is signed by the President and the Secretary in behalf of the Conference: "As long as you freely consent to, and earnestly endeavour to walk by these Rules, we shall rejoice to acknowledge you as a fellow labourer." *

ART. VIII.—DEAN BURGON.

John William Burgon, late Dean of Chichester. A Biography, with Extracts from his Letters and Early Journals. By EDWARD MEYBICK GOULBURN, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Dean of Norwich. In two volumes, with Portraits. London: John Murray. 1892.

DEAN GOULBURN has written, in two volumes, the biography of Dean Burgon. The biographer himself says that Burgon, Christopher Wordsworth, the late Bishop of Lincoln, and himself were generally considered the "three most impracticable men in the Church of England." It was very fitting, therefore, that the survivor of the three should write Dean Burgon's memoir. At the same time, it would

* In later editions, the pastoral counsels, known as the Liverpool Minutes, have been added to the Code of 1797. For the use of the Societies the document is on sale at the Wesleyan Book Room, City Road, London. The most recent collection of Rules and Regulations relating to officers and members is that which is contained in the Appendix to the Rev. John S. Simon's *Class Leaders' Manual*, a book which is published "by order of the Conference."

have been well if he had not thought it necessary to write it at so great length. The Bishop of Lincoln was, we venture to think, a more considerable man in every way, as well as a more learned scholar, than the Dean. His was also an incomparably better example of the Christian temper. History in years to come will, we think, take more account of Bishop Wordsworth than of Dean Burgon; but Dean Goulburn, sharing strongly some of his friend's most extreme opinions, sets up for him the extraordinary claim of having been, "in this country, the leading religious teacher of his time, who brought all the resources of genius and profound theological learning to rebut the encroachments of rationalism, by maintaining inviolate the integrity of the written Word of God, as the Church has received it." Such a claim, set up for so extreme and eccentric a man, who was, indeed, learned in one particular branch of textual criticism, but was not a man of large general attainments, and certainly has never before been characterised, or, so far as we know, esteemed as a man of commanding genius, is enough to take away one's breath, especially when one remembers such names as those of Liddon and James Mozley in the Church to which Burgon and Goulburn belonged. Of the narrowness of Burgon's range, the extraordinary poverty of his correspondence, as given in these volumes, is signal evidence. There is scarcely a scholarly letter, or a letter showing any sign whatever of genius, in the whole of the two volumes. Burgon seems to have had no learned or brilliant correspondents of his own, while his own letters show little learning and no genius or brilliance whatever. Perhaps the chief reason for this poverty of his correspondence was that, as his biographer distinctly states, Burgon could endure no contradiction, could indeed brook no controversy, on the part of any that were his equals. He could submit to his superiors. He was gracious and sympathetic to children and to women who put themselves under his guidance, but no one that respected himself could enter into controversy with a man so rude, dogmatic, and overbearing. Such, indeed, is the distinct testimony of his biographer, who again and again laments this extreme fault of temper on the part of his friend. Bishop Hobhouse having in a letter

endeavoured to excuse Burgon's "outbursts" of temper as being not "personal" but "instinctive, showing the depths from whence they came," Dean Goulburn is obliged, in the interests of truth, to decline to accept this explanation as a sufficient apology for his friend's "volcanic utterances." He says: "There was in him an intensely and passionately strong will, which, in private life, had an autocratic bend, and could not bear contradiction unless from an acknowledged superior." He adds, "doubtless this despotic bent of the will accentuated his controversial repugnance to those who set themselves against what he conceived to be the truth, and, in part, instigated the 'unduly disdainful utterances' of which Bishop Hobhouse speaks." Dean Goulburn speaks of the "deplorable effect" of all this, and distinctly says that "it made controversy, and almost conversation, with any but his superiors or admitted inferiors, almost an impossibility." In his preface, the biographer partly explains Burgon's temperament in this respect by referring to the strong infusion of Smyrniote blood in him, which was always breaking forth. No doubt this was a material element in his case. At the same time, the Smyrniote blood, the passionate temper, and the overbearing manners would seem, to common-place persons like ourselves, sufficient to discredit the claim for high breeding which the biographer expressly and emphatically puts forward on behalf of Burgon. Notwithstanding much of personal generosity, great tenderness of spirit, in dealing with the troubles or sorrows of a dependent, a peculiar sympathy with children, and strong and dutiful family affection, Burgon was too rude, inconsiderate, and overbearing; too utterly destitute of self-control, whether in speech or even in writing; too fierce and intemperate—fitly to be described as a man of high breeding or even of gentlemanly tone and behaviour.

We have intimated that the biography is much too long. The want of artistic compression and arrangement is evident throughout the volumes. Of the letters very much indeed might well have been spared. They contain very little that is really important, and not a large proportion of what is given possesses any special interest. A succinct narrative, followed

by a careful selection of only such parts of the letters as possess something of permanent importance or special piquancy of interest, would have reduced the biography to something like one half its present dimensions. Besides the faults of arrangement, diffuseness of style disfigures the biography here and there, and in the preface this is a marked fault.

We have no intention, in this article, of entering into the controversies which gave zest to the life of Dean Burgon, for the sake of which, indeed, he seems to have lived. Doubtless as a critical and controversial writer he has rendered some service to truth, notwithstanding his faults of temper. Biblical critics cannot afford to ignore his argument on the subject of the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel. His attack on the Revised Version of the New Testament has undoubtedly produced a permanent, and, in some respects, a beneficial effect, notwithstanding errors and extravagances of statement, and its disfigurement by his characteristic faults of temper, of which the unparalleled use of italics is a sort of index. His services to New Testament criticism in the collection and comparison of codices have been very valuable. With the underlying spirit and purpose, even of his extreme views and arguments on the subject of the inspiration of Sacred Scriptures, and what he speaks of as the "integrity of the Bible," it is impossible for us, at least, not to sympathise deeply, notwithstanding our difference of judgment as to the nature and the degrees or limits of the inspiration of Holy Writ, and our disapproval of the arrogant dogmatism of his tone. Having begun his critical studies comparatively late in life, many years after he had imbibed such views on the subject as can only come to earnest and simple minds, innocent of critical training, and unused to the society of scholarly thinkers, he went to Oxford too late and too ill-prepared to acquire such a discipline of analytic scholarship as might have counteracted the inveterate bondage of ideas sanctioned, in his case, by religious training and feeling, and intensified by personal unteachableness of spirit. It is not worth while, therefore, for us here to enter upon questions which require to be dealt with separately, and to which, from time to time, it has, and will be, our duty to give special attention. The subject of this article will not be his writings,

but his life, which contains points of fresh and special interest entirely apart from his peculiar opinions. We may add, however, in regard to his writings, by way of completing this paragraph, that, as a biographer, Burgon appears to advantage. His *Twelve Good Men* was favourably reviewed by us a few years ago, and will be resorted to by students of contemporary or recent Church history as containing not a little of great interest and value, including one or two exquisite sketches of life and character. His life, also written long ago, of Patrick Fraser Tytler, the historian, has taken rank as a valuable biography.

John William Burgon was of a curiously mixed parentage. On his father's side he was of purely English descent, his father's family having originally come, as it would seem, from a West Riding village, Silkstone, the name of which is now so familiar from its collieries; but, having been long connected with the commerce of London, and in particular with the Levant Company; of which company his father, a Turkey merchant, who was for many years resident at Smyrna, was, after his return to London from the Levant, a member of the Court of Assistants. When in 1826, thirteen years after Mr. Burgon left Smyrna for London, the Levant Company with its monopoly was abolished, his business began to break down, and in 1841 finally collapsed. Mr. Burgon, indeed, seems to have been more of a connoisseur of ancient art than of a merchant. He was especially learned in Greek and Roman metallurgy. At one time he carried on extensive researches and excavations in Melos (*Milo*), one of the islands of the Greek Archipelago, and also at Athens. His large and valuable collection of antiquities, after his failure in business, passed to the British Museum, where he held, during his later life, a curatorship or some such post in the Medal Room. His son describes him, in the days of his mercantile life in London, as "having the care of a great business," but "not *too* rich," as in a great measure self-taught, "the creature of habit," fond of his pipe, "a high Tory and high Churchman," with a decided antipathy to poetry or romance, "fond of matter-of-fact reading and conversation," and a "most indulgent," a carelessly indulgent parent. He was, in brief, an uneducated

or self-educated man, who had a taste for "curios," and had picked up a great deal of "matter-of-fact" knowledge as to ancient coins and remains, a slave to routine, and generally to "habit" or prejudice, but without any basis of well-considered system to govern his habits, or any true largeness of culture to mitigate or relieve his prejudices. He was, however, through his collections and his acquaintance with Oriental travellers, well known to many of the literary and artistic men of the day, so that his son early in life obtained introductions to such men as Samuel Rogers and C. R. Cockerell, the architect, and through such men to many more persons of literary, artistic, or antiquarian tastes.

The Turkey merchant married in Smyrna about 1811 or 1812. Mrs. Burgon was of a very different strain from her English husband. Her father was an Austrian Roman Catholic, the Chevalier de Cramer, and Austrian Consul at Smyrna. Her mother, Sarah Maltass, was the daughter of a merchant of Smyrna, who claimed English nationality, by a Greek or Smyrniote wife. Levantine excitability of temperament seems to have been strong in the blood of her family. Of this Dean Goulburn gives an example in the case of Mrs. Burgon's aunt—her mother's sister—a Mrs. Baldwin, though he does not directly state that a similar strain of excitability was found in Mrs. Burgon. Beauty also would appear to have been a characteristic of the Maltass sisters. Reynolds painted the portrait of Mrs. Baldwin, with an ancient coin of Smyrna in her hand, and the portrait at the time created a great sensation, even Dr. Johnson being stirred up to take knowledge of the Levantine beauty, and to pay her a most special and personal compliment. Her portrait is to be found at Bowood, in Lord Lansdowne's gallery. Mrs. Burgon may well have been the daughter of a graceful and attractive woman. She is described, in a volume entitled *Music and Friends*, by "A Dilettante" (Longmans, 1838), as "not beautiful," but of "singularly elegant form and manners." "I could not but notice," says the writer, "the peculiarity of the Grecian outline in the nose forming almost a straight line with the forehead, and the peculiar length of her neck. She spoke most of the European languages, and had a fine taste in music. . . .

This lady realised in her person all the epithets which the poets of old have bestowed upon the female form and grace of the Circassian women." Her baptismal name was Catherine Marguerite de Cramer. She was born in 1790, Thomas Burgon, her husband, having been born in 1787.

The qualities and dispositions, both of the matter-of-fact and prejudiced, but generous, antiquarian father and of the Smyrniote mother find, at least in part, their reproduction in the character of the ardent, generous, susceptible, obstinate, uncontrollable, intellectually matter-of-fact, antiquarian scholar and theologian, John William Burgon. In the son's character, however, there was a singular, and indeed unique, combination of the temper of a "Yorkshire tyke"—let us imagine of the Silkstone Burgons—and of a mercurial, excitable, aggressive, excessive Levantine temperament. He was devoted to his gay, sympathetic, and graceful mother, who, it seems, never became English enough to be able to pronounce the English theta—th as in *three*,* and she was reciprocally devoted to him. She became the mother of graceful and attractive women, one of whom was married to Archdeacon Henry J. Rose, and another to that gracious and saintly man, Charles Longuet Higgins, the best of the "Twelve Good Men." John William Burgon was the eldest son of his family. Smyrna was the birthplace, in 1813, of the future Dean. In the following year, the family left Smyrna for London. They took Athens in the way, where the year before Mr. Burgon's researches had brought to light the Panathenaic vase, now in the British Museum. Here they met with Mr. Cockerell. The architect, for a freak, carried the infant of seven months up to the Parthenon, and there, on Sunday, April 3, 1814, dedicated the child to Minerva, as is stated in a memorandum left by the future Dean. Twenty-eight years later when the infant of 1814 had entered on the early part of his college course at Oxford, Mr. Cockerell, in a note to him, refers to this incident. "I dedicated you," he says, "to the Athenian goddess of Wisdom, carrying you up in my arms, which I should be very sorry to do now, and in

* Vol. i. p. 14.

company with your father and mother. You have shown me that my labour was not in vain, for from Athenian, you have now devoted yourself to Divine Wisdom." When this note was written, John Burgon was a somewhat ungainly man of more than six feet in altitude, hence the point of allusion in the first sentence we have quoted.

The child, from a very early period, gave indications of the strong art faculty which distinguished him through life. He was never happy unless he had a pencil in his hands. In his nursery, he picked up more or less of modern Greek, which was the language used by his mother and his nurse in talking to each other. Before he was two years old, he would cry, in Greek, *grapho, grapho*, moving his hand as if writing on the table. Drawing seems to have come to him almost by instinct, and through life he was a ready and clever draughtsman. His father's tastes favoured this development, and the "collections" which formed the household treasures afforded the means of cultivating his artistic tastes in this direction. His delicate and accurate drawings of coins and medals enabled him in after life to enrich the numismatic department of the British Museum.

His education, during the first eleven years of his life, was conducted by his mother, between whom and her eldest son the sympathy through life was intense and complete. He, however, while still under his mother's home-care, had taken lessons from a drawing master; Mr. Watts, of Putney, brother of Alaric A. Watts, a well-known minor poet of that period, was his schoolmaster. In his first letter from school to his mother, he begs her acceptance, "as I know you are fond of poems," of a volume of poems, "by Mr. Alaric Watts, who is Mr. Watts's brother." In 1828 he removed to a school at Blackheath, and his school education seems to have come to an end in 1829. In 1829-30, by way of finishing his education, he attended lectures at the London University, where he gained a prize for the best essay in the Junior Class. From school, he removed to his father's counting-house. He disliked the counting-house life intensely, "and found relief," writes his surviving sister, "only in the pursuit of poetry and art during his leisure moments when he returned from the city."

A memorandum written by him when he was nearly of age, and relating to his school days, shows how remarkably in his case, the "child was father of the man." It was written after reading a bundle of his school-letters, "written for the most part from school at an early period."

"From a hasty glance over their contents, I perceive that I was ten years ago much the same creature that I am now. I notice the same love of books and of study, the same hatred of school and contempt for the society of my equals in age, which, since I was eleven, and first went to school, I have never been able to shake off, the same love of quiet, and consequent love of home, the same ill-health, which is, after all, at the root of half the evils of life; in fact, I perceived that, save in a general *manliness*, which at twenty-one every one must more or less acquire, the ten years in question have produced very little alteration in the *materials* of my moral organisation."

John William Burgon, in fact, was not only foreign-born, but essentially foreign-bred. An only boy—in his first years—with a Smyrniote mother and a Greek nurse, and, besides these, only fond sisters with him; his father's business bringing him at home mostly into contact with foreign merchants and travellers; associating only with friends who, like Mr. Cockerell, the architect, were many years older than himself; never at a public school, nor a really good school—less than two years at the Blackheath school which seems to have been the better of the two; at sixteen, leaving school for his father's counting-house—young Burgon, at twenty-one, was really an uneducated man. No contrast could well be greater than that between his education, such as it was, and that which is regarded as the true ideal of a young man's education at the present time. Manly games, gymnastic exercises, the give and take of public school life among boys and young men, the *early* discipline of college *camaraderie* and a University career, all these things had been wanting to the student who, leaving counting-house business and *dilettanti* pursuits, entered Worcester College, Oxford, by special accommodation to his case, under the most influential patronage, and on an examination extemporised and abated to meet his particular state of unfitness, in 1841, at twenty-eight years of age, when for ten years he had not looked at Latin or Greek, and during his previous brief and imperfect schooling,

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had learnt no more than might under the circumstances be expected.

Not unnaturally such a boy at fifteen was as self-conceited and self-sufficient as he was imperfectly trained and educated. The following note to his father refers to his confirmation while at school at Blackheath :

"Blackheath, May 26, 1829.

"I thought it a very solemn ceremony ; but my companions seem to think very little about it. One thing though I thought very absurd ; several of the women and girls were in tears !!! Now Mr. G. has been kind enough to explain to us all, so often, and so fully, the whole meaning and purpose of confirmation, that I was very far from anything like this ; and indeed, to tell you the truth, this circumstance provoked my laughter in spite of myself. I see nothing further to be implied, than that you are old enough to perceive the necessity of doing your duty, and the propriety of what has been promised in your name, when an infant, and that in confessing your belief in Christ you undertake to do your best to do what is right. Three sermons I have heard, and two I have read on the subject, and this is what I extract from them. The bishop seemed young. He was attended by a great many clergymen. I enclose a little sketch of him from memory. Which I think is rather like." *

The pencil-sketch of the Bishop which accompanies this consequential letter is, it should be said, decidedly clever. It is given as an illustration. The " ' little sketch,' done with wonderfully few strokes, seems to summon back the stately and dignified presence of the Bishop with his wig."

It is very evident that the young gentleman who wrote the foregoing passage thought himself quite a great man, and was allowed to be a considerable critic and judge by his father to whom he was writing, and we may conclude, *à fortiori*, that to his mother and sisters he was no less than an oracle. His mother was, of course, incapable of training him for the life of an Englishman, and his father, according to the son's own account,† was weakly indulgent. At sixteen, in fact, this cool and flippant critic of the holiest solemnities, and the most mysterious subjects of faith, seems to have become pretty much his own master. Dean Goulburn professes to be surprised that this precocious youth, "so religiously-minded from his boyhood," did not, after this confirmation service, take the

* Vol. i. p. 20.

† *Ibid.* p. 13.

Sacrament again for nearly five years. Surely Dean Goulburn cannot construe the pert self-righteousness and self-sufficiency of the passage we have quoted as an instance of "religious-mindedness." Nor is it in the least remarkable that, in the unritualistic church-world of sixty years ago, the youth that wrote such a letter to his father, remained aloof from the Lord's Table until, when he was coming near his majority, the solemnities of Easter suggested to him that it was his duty to take up the public profession of his Christian faith. It can hardly be imagined that any feelings of doubt or misgiving kept him from the Holy Communion. Burgon seems always to have been impervious to doubt. The speculative faculty, indeed, whether for better or worse, he does not appear to have possessed. Meantime, he was carrying on his own education along congenial lines.

His father's "mansion" in Brunswick Square—the houses of which, sixty years ago, were largely occupied by opulent merchants as well as leading professional men—was the resort of many interesting visitors, of whom some were travellers who had known Mr. Burgon Senior in the East, whilst others were artists and antiquarian students whom the collections of Greek and Oriental antiquities, which were the treasures of the house, attracted to the merchant's hospitalities. Such society young Burgon delighted in as much as he detested the work of his father's office, in which he deemed it his grievous misfortune that he was destined to take his father's place as head of the business. Among those whom young Burgon thus met were, besides Mr. Cockerell, Thomas Leverton Donaldson, an architect and art connoisseur, Sir Charles Fellows, Sir Richard Westmacott, Dr. Leemans, of Leyden, and Dr. Lepsius. The poet Rogers also was an occasional guest at the house. Young Burgon first met him in 1832, when he was about nineteen, and in his journal he gives a particular account of his conversation with the poet. A few years later he met the poet again, at Miss Rogers' house, and at the same time three painters, Wesley, Leslie, and Ottley. Of his breakfasting with Rogers, on another occasion, having his brother with him, his journal contains a rather long and very particular account.

Though he could never get on well with his equals, he was an adept at paying court to his seniors and superiors, famous or distinguished men, and hence, as well as by reason of his artistic tastes and gifts, he seems to have been a favourite with them. Rogers, on receiving himself and his brother, "was sorry it was such a dull day." His young friend replied that "everything would be bright where they were," "with which," says the young courtier, "I think he was pleased." When they sat down to breakfast, he observed to Mr. Rogers that he "never approached his house without feeling" that he "trod on holy ground." This happy allusion to the "many eminent men" who had "imprinted it with their footsteps" naturally led the poet to speak of some of the distinguished men he had known. Of Sheridan he made the ingeniously paradoxical remark, which was certainly in no respect a true criticism, that "if he had had one vice more his history would not have been such a warning as it is—had he had the littleness to love money, and the meanness to hoard it." They had much conversation, among other poets, about Gray. Looking into Rogers' copy of Gray, his visitor observed, and afterwards records in his journal, that the poet—i.e., Rogers—had a habit very common in all ages, we suppose, with men who carefully read the books of their own library. His record raises a smile. "I was amused to see that Rogers has another of my weaknesses—viz., that of writing in his books, and when he meets with anything which interests him, noting the page at the end of the volume, a trick of my own." He ventured at last on a very daring stroke of flattery. "I told him that I thought his genius very much resembled that of Gray; they both had written so little and so well." How Rogers received this extraordinary tribute is not recorded—or, at least, the record, if any, is not given by the biographer. But it is hardly credible that he could feel gratified by such a compliment. Are there two poets more in contrast with each other than Gray and Rogers?

Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Fellows was one of Burgon's correspondents at this period of his life. Fellows was by no means an orthodox Christian, if a Christian at all. But with unbelievers, not of his own age or natural connections, he

maintained no quarrel. "I believe," he says in a letter to Fellows—

"The *sincerity*, and not the *nature*, of our peculiar modes of regarding the Deity, will be one day called in question. I believe, in spite of all that St. Athanasius has written on the subject, that the Turk, who in a broiling sun thrice a day prostrates himself on the soil, and, though there is not a soul who beholds him, offers in that position his adoration to his God, has a much better chance of going to Heaven than the Christian, who is as regular in his weekly round of crime as he is in his appearance on Sunday Mornings at Church. Such is my creed; and, if it were not, you may very easily imagine that I should weary you day and night with intreaties to think as I think, and to see as I see. . . .

"The wonder is NOT that certain divine points should be incomprehensible: but the wonder is that *finite* reason should be able to comprehend *so many* of the designs of *Infinity*. We believe sundry matters in every day life, though we cannot explain them; 'So let it be with Cæsar.'"

During all the years when he fitly might have been at school and college, young Burgon was, in such an irregular way as what we have stated will suggest, carrying on his own education, giving evidence of not a little ambition, and of much perseverance in various lines of general reading. There was, however, no proper continuity in his process of self-education. His school studies seem to have been of exceedingly little value, and on them he built nothing. Latin or Greek he did not touch, but he seems to have mastered French, partly, no doubt, for business purposes. At the age of twenty he published a translation, in French, of an essay, or "memoir," on Pauathenaïc Vases, by the Chevalier Brøndsted. About the same time, also, he competed for and gained Lord Mayor Copeland's prize for the best essay on "The Life and Character of Sir Thomas Gresham," which formed the nucleus of a volume on the subject that he afterwards published. He began also to write by no means contemptible verse. He seems at this time to have come under the influence of the Higgins' family, of Turvey Abbey, Weston Underwood, and of evangelical influences proceeding from that source. To this, as a turning-point in his history, which Dean Burgon has missed, we must direct special attention.

There are indications, as we shall show, that from about the year 1834, when, as has been noted, he went as a

communicant to the Lord's Table for the first time after his confirmation, six years before, and when he attained his majority, young Burgon came under influences which produced a marked change in his religious spirit and character. The flippant self-righteousness and self-confidence of his early youth was exchanged for a devoutness of spirit and a reality of Christian faith, which, jocose as he was through life, became the fundamental quality in his moral character. It might have been expected in a biography of such a man, from the pen of a spiritually-minded clergyman like Dean Goulburn, that some note would have been taken of a change so vital. Unfortunately his biographer, content, it would seem, with having recorded his confirmation, and the boy's comment, flippant though it was, on that solemnity, ignores altogether the subject of his religious consciousness and character during the critical and formative period, when his character must, in a religious sense, have undergone a vital change. He not only does not furnish, he does not seek for, any clue to the change which, it is yet very plain, passed upon him about the period to which we have referred. This is the more remarkable, because there are not wanting traces, even in the slight outline he gives of this portion of his life, which, taken in connection with Burgon's own book, *Twelve Good Men*, seem to furnish the clue required.

Not far from the village of Weston Underwood, Bedfordshire, in an old mansion called Turvey Abbey, the family of the Higgins's had long been established when, some sixty years ago, Burgon first made the acquaintance of Charles Longuet Higgins, who afterwards became his brother-in-law, and whose memory he has embalmed in the beautiful memoir contained in his posthumous work, *Twelve Good Men*, and of Mr. John Higgins, his father, of whom he gives a very interesting description in the same memoir. Mr. Higgins, the father, had been one of the circle to which Cowper and John Newton, of Olney, belonged. Thomas Scott, the commentator, was his parish clergyman. His uncle, Mr. Charles Higgins, whose co-heir he was, himself the parish squire, had provided a free house for Mr. Scott, taking as nominal rent a yearly hamper of pears from a fine tree in the garden, for which he regularly

sent a receipt. Of Mr. John Higgins, the father of Charles Longuet Higgins, and his relations with Cowper, and all his circle, and with Thomas Scott, the "supreme benefit" of whose ministry to his family is emphatically recognised, Burgon writes at some length in the volume to which we have referred. Legh Richmond succeeded Thomas Scott, at Weston Underwood, and under his personal oversight Mr. John Higgins placed his son, until Legh Richmond took him to Cambridge. All the influences, accordingly, which surrounded this family, and gave colour to its traditions, were intensely evangelical. So they remained until, some forty years ago, through the zeal and earnestness of Burgon, who, by that time, had become an Oxford High Church clergyman and "College Don," high church influences were combined with them. Till the end of his life, Charles Longuet Higgins, the good layman, remained fundamentally evangelical. He never went to bed without reading a page or two of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Now there can be little doubt, though nothing is said about it in the biography, that it was mainly to his intercourse with Mr. Higgins's family that young Burgon's change in religious tone and feeling was due. In 1833 we learn from some verses, which he sends to Mr. Fellows, that he had lately visited the neighbourhood of Turvey Abbey, or Weston Underwood, there being a reference in them to the water-lilies in the River Ouse—Cowper's Ouse and Cowper's water-lilies. The verses, it may be noted, are serious verses, which he sends to his sceptical friend. Again, in 1835, he writes to Southey "to communicate a little anecdote respecting Cowper." He introduces the anecdote by saying, "A friend of mine, who lives within a few miles of Weston, and whose father was well-acquainted with Cowper, tells me, &c." No one who compares this letter with pages 347, *et seq.* in the first volume of *Twelve Good Men*, can doubt that the reference here is to Charles Longuet Higgins, and his father, Mr. John Higgins. It is surprising how very little is said about Mr. Higgins and his friendship, intimate and loving as it was, with Burgon in this biography. The first reference is contained in a quotation from a letter of Burgon's to Mrs.

Hugh James Rose, in 1853, in which he alludes to the approaching marriage of his youngest surviving sister to "her and our very old friend, C. L. Higgins, of Turvey Abbey, Beds," as "a source of real satisfaction" to all the family, and "a special blessing bestowed by Providence—I mean Almighty God—on myself." There are, besides, two tributes to his memory after his death, contained in letters to friends, in one of which, written from Mr. Higgins' home—Turvey Abbey—to a lady, he speaks, with passionate tenderness, of the loss of the late master of the house, "he, the loved one, *he, he*, is not," and, in the other, written from the same house, apparently to the same lady, he makes a similar reference. How much he owed to the character and influence of him of whom, in a dedication to one of his books, he spoke as his "brother-in-law-and-in-love," he does not disguise in his life of the "good layman" among the *Twelve Good Men*. It would have been very interesting, and very much to the purpose, if Dean Goulburn had been able to trace the influence which that devoted and sanctified man of God, who was truly what Burgon called him, a "lay-bishop," had exercised upon the early character and life-long development of Dean Burgon, who, whatever were his prejudices and limitations as an extreme High Churchman, or his faults of temper and manner, which, no doubt, were partly due to temperament, and the ingrained effect of very early surroundings and influences, had in his heart the "root of the matter" as a Christian believer and disciple.

We cannot be mistaken, however, in tracing the effects of such a religious change, as we infer to have passed upon Burgon's character about the time of which we speak, in the touching account contained in what he calls "The Journal of my sorrows," of the illness and sudden death, after a critical and painful operation—the opening of the wind-pipe—of an engaging and beloved sister, "little Kitty," who was but seven years old at the time. Frightened at first by the thought that she was going to die—

"'Johnny,' she said, 'pray,' and while she of her own accord folded her little hands, and looked up to heaven, I prayed aloud. . . . Presently she said she was 'better now,' and folded her hands again. I then repeated the Lord's Prayer to her, and she nodded approbation. She subsequently

often looked up, and I reminded her of many consoling things, and told her of the angels, and, I am sure, comforted her. She grew much calmer and happier, and seemed to have no more religious misgivings. . . ."

What one misses, however, in the record from which we have extracted the foregoing paragraph is any reference whatever to the guardian love of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Jesus does not appear in the picture. Nevertheless the whole passage, of which we have only quoted a few lines, shows the deep religious feeling of the young man who seems to have been the sole minister of consolation and faith in her last moments to the little angel whom he so deeply loved, and by whose dying bed he offered a heart-felt, heart-taught prayer, not certainly without the name of Jesus Christ. We may quote a few more words from the last paragraph of the record: "Oh, sweet one, think sometimes, when thou art in Paradise, of me—think of thy old friend and brother, and be my ministering angel!"

In the interval between his coming of age and his belated entry on university life, Burgon made some valuable friendships, in particular one with Patrick Fraser Tytler, with whom he first made acquaintance at the British Museum, and who possessed the requisite seniority, the social and literary position, the experience of life, and the precise features of character to become the admired friend of Burgon. Burgon paid him a delightful visit in the Highlands, found in him a most congenial counsellor and friend—in temperament and tendencies, indeed, Burgon was himself wonderfully like a Highlander—became the guardian of his children, and wrote his life.

However, in other respects, Burgon may have made good use of his time and opportunities, he seems to have been quite out of his place in his father's office, and to have lent no valuable help towards retrieving the declining fortunes of the Turkey merchant. He speaks of his father as "too indulgent" to him, and it would certainly seem as if he were allowed to sit as loose to business as ever he pleased. His evenings were spent in various and congenial reading. His whole heart was in art, music, literary studies, of a miscellaneous and not apparently very high character, and antiquarian researches,

some of which led him to become the biographer of Sir Thomas Gresham. He spent a good deal of time—and a good deal of money also must have been spent—in tours through different parts of England and Scotland. But he gave no more attention than he was in strict duty bound to mercantile affairs or office work. Nevertheless he seems, in his general habits, to have been simple, unambitious, inexpensive, and thoroughly domesticated; and, it is evident, was greatly beloved, as well as wonderfully indulged, in his family circle.

At length, in 1841, the end came of the business—the consummation which had long threatened—and which, though it condemned his family to straitened circumstances, and obliged them to leave the home in which, for nearly thirty years, they had been accustomed hospitably and graciously to entertain a charming circle of friends, he hailed, with undisguised satisfaction, as meaning for himself nothing less than emancipation from slavery. Now, by the help of kind friends, backed by his own industry and frugality, he was enabled to fulfil what he for many years longed for—to go to Oxford.

Our space is waning fast, and what more we have to say must be said as briefly as possible. If we make assertions in the following pages, without offering evidence, it is not because abundant evidence is not available, but because we have no room to give it. Burgon was twenty-eight years old when he went up to Oxford, knowing but little Latin and still less Greek. He went, however, under very powerful High Church patronage, and the way of entrance was specially smoothed and eased for him. His father was High Tory and High Church. His mother was, by birth and bringing up, an Austro-Levantine Roman Catholic, her father having been an Austrian Roman Catholic, and a Chevalier of the Papal Court. Hence he had natural links with the High Church party. Nevertheless, during the period to which we have referred, when under truly spiritual influences, he became earnestly religious himself, and for several years after he was specially attracted to the ministry of that excellent preacher Mr. Dale, then Vicar of St. Bride's, and was also a great admirer of Melvill.

In 1838, however, a strong link was established between

himself and the High Church section of the English clergy, by the marriage of one of his sisters to the learned and accomplished Henry John Rose, Rector of Houghton Conquest, and afterwards Archdeacon of Bedford, brother of the yet more distinguished Hugh James Rose, whose place might have been at the head of the High Church reaction against what was called "liberalism," but for the greater force of the specifically Oxford movement under Newman. About the same time he paid more than one visit to Oxford, for literary purposes, and was there introduced to such High Churchmen as Sir Frederick Rogers (Lord Blachford), Newman, and Pusey. We now find him exchanging Mr. Dale's ministry for Mr. Dodsworth's, who was the most extreme High Churchman among the preachers of central London, and whose services attracted large numbers, his preaching being highly esteemed by those who favoured the ideas of the Oxford Tracts. Some ten years later Mr. Dodsworth followed his leader into the Church of Rome. Under such influences Burgon, already known as a writer of some promise, and even a contributor to the critical columns of the *Times*, found himself warmly welcomed, when, at the ripe age of twenty-eight, he went up to Oxford. His brother-in-law Rose went up with him, and Dr. Pusey selected his College—Worcester—to which he conducted Rose and Burgon, and introduced the latter to Dr. Cotton, the Provost. The Provost, having gained some idea as to how matters stood with the manly giant who had come up for matriculation, removed his misgivings by assuring him that the tutor who should examine him knew that he was "to be handled gently." That gentleman showed some astonishment that the candidate "had read no Greek for ten years and knew so little Latin." Notwithstanding his ignorance, Burgon, at a hazard, named Cicero and Herodotus, as the books to be examined in, which, he says in a letter, was "saucy." Probably, however, it was as much ignorance as sauciness, at least as respects Herodotus, of which he knew nothing whatever, only he had had a little talk the night before with Mr. Rose over a proof-sheet of Herodotus. However, his "executioner was very kind about it; chose half-a-dozen easy lines of each, and told him to turn a

little of the *Spectator* into Latin." He bade him make haste, as in half an hour he would be wanted in the Convocation Room. "Of course," says Burgon, "I made *sad hash* of it; but he said it would do very well." So Burgon's name was duly enrolled, and he was told immediately to provide himself with a cap, and gown, and white tie. "A little juicy tailor," who was in attendance, lent him articles which, of course, did not fit, but with which he made shift for the occasion. The examiner lent him a tie. "I scarcely," he says, "knew whether I stood on my head or my heels when I entered the Convocation Room, and found myself in a little mob of persons with caps and gowns, maces and red inner garments."

Such was his entrance, and it was infinitely to the credit both of Burgon and his tutors that, after four years, and in his final examinations, he gained, not, indeed, the first class he had hoped for, but a second class. To attain this, he had worked prodigiously, twelve or fourteen hours a day for months together, and once nineteen hours out of the twenty-four. He never, as to the nicer technicalities of scholarship, and especially of composition, was able to get on to the level of early and thoroughly educated competitors, but he read immensely, and his translations into English, of verse especially, seem to have often been felicitous. He worked as one who had not only the loss of many years schooling to make up, but to take upon himself the burden of providing for his impoverished family. Hence he entered with undaunted daring into successive competitions for College and University prizes. Three times he competed in vain for the "Newdigate prize" for English verse, the fourth time successfully, the subject of the poem being "Petra." He took his bachelor's degree in November, 1845. Nothing daunted by his failure to gain a first class, he set himself immediately to win no less a prize than an Oriel Fellowship, and his daring was, it seems almost strange to say, crowned with success. Within five months after taking his bachelor's degree he was elected a Fellow of Oriel. The following year (1847) he gained the Ellerton Theological Essay Prize, on the subject of "The Importance of the Translation of the Holy Scriptures." The year before he had tried for the same prize on a much

profounder subject—The Necessarily Mysterious Character of a Divine Revelation—but had failed. Nobly successful as he had thus been, he was so far aware of his own limits as a scholar that he sent away to first class men his pupils who intended to go in for honours and to read Ethics. The felicity of his translations is said to have been one of the elements contributory to his success in the Oriel competition.

Burton entered Oxford just after the discontinuance of the "Tracts for the Times," and before he took his degree Newman had left the Church of England for Rome. He seems, however, to have had scarcely any personal connection with him. His brother-in-law, Rose, and he paid Newman one visit together on his first entering college, but there is no intimation of any further intercourse. The undergraduate must have been far too busy with his studies to know much of Newman. It is somewhat strange, however, that there is no reference even to an occasional attendance on his preaching. But, in fact, there was nothing whatever in common intellectually between the two men. Of speculative subtlety, of philosophic faculty, Burton was singularly destitute. He probably knew as little of the Tracts or of the controversies, at least in detail, of which they furnished the text and the occasion, as Bishop Charles Wordsworth, of St. Andrew's, though an Oxford High Churchman and contemporary, who supposed himself to be in general sympathy with Newman's principles, confesses in his *Autobiography* that he knew about the Tracts or the subjects under controversy, until years after the whole chapter of controversy was overpast. It was Burton's habit to stick loyally, and often more or less blindly, to his leaders, and to stand by any principle, in a positive sense, which he once accepted, without regard to consequences, and without listening to bye-questions or after argument of any sort. Dr. Pusey was his leader, and he swore by him to the last. He had embraced apostolical succession as an integral and necessary principle of the Church of England; and he was prepared to stand by that always, without being disturbed by any consideration of logical consequences. He was incapable of comprehending the intellectual compulsion which slowly, but of necessity, drove Newman along the line of way which the Tracts had opened up, by a direct

continuation right on to the Church of Rome. His biographer says that Burgon was described as being "quite a *primitive* Tractarian." No doubt that was so—he accepted Newman's first principles, but would have nothing to do with their consistent development into outright Romanism; he accepted premisses, which to him, as a Churchman, seemed to be congenial doctrines, but rejected logical sequences which, nevertheless, were inevitable. In this he was the strictest type and specimen of the narrow, illogical, blind school which perpetually harps upon the Church of England doctrines, as taught by the Carolan divines, as if these doctrines, and these alone, were primitive and apostolic, and as if there were no other true Church in the world—shutting themselves up into the very narrowest place, and grounding themselves on the most inconsistent principles, held and relied upon as lines of defence by any Church whatever.

Thus far the writer had proceeded when his work was suddenly interrupted by illness. Returning after some weeks to the subject, all that then remained possible to be done towards finishing the article was to indicate slightly some points in Burgon's history, and some features of his character, which, if space and time had served, would have deserved fuller notice. It had been our intention to sketch the grotesque personality of the Dean, as the giant went about Oxford at all times in College cap and strict costume, and to contrast his personality and character with his surroundings at Oriel. In that centre of intellectual speculation, advanced scholarship and "clubbable" life, Burgon remained always an odd man. In all his correspondence there is not a letter to be found from or to any distinguished Fellow of his college. His correspondence was with young girls, old ladies, and young clergymen desiring to be guided in their duties and training. He was a devoted clergyman, though he was as much noted for jest and pun and oddity as for devotion; but, as we have already stated, he found it perfectly impossible to deal socially or cordially with any but those who were either his seniors and superiors or his juniors, having never been trained in public school or otherwise for the give and take of English society among equals. A curious

illustration of his character is given in an anecdote related by Dean Goulburn. A well-known clergyman was once asked by a lady living in Oxford, who had been brought up as a Dissenter, to give her an introduction to Burgon, then Vicar of St. Mary's, in order that she might consult him about her difficulties. He did so, and the lady was invited to see Burgon after Matins. "She soon knocked at the vestry door, and was seen by him. He asked what her doubts or difficulties were, and spoke at some length in reply to them; and when he stopped, she said, 'But, Mr. Burgon——' His answer was quick and sharp, 'No *buts*—*go*—*do*.'"

It was the same man who, when he was appointed Dean of Chichester, turned that peaceful circle into a ring of unceasing and acrimonious controversy, his idea having been that the relation of a dean to his canons was pretty nearly equivalent to that of a rector to his curates.

On these and a number of associated points in his character, among the rest his amazing self-sufficiency in regard to every possible subject of pastoral theology, this life, written by his admiring friend Dean Goulburn, throws the amplest illustration. His biographer's sense of truth compels him fully to exhibit this aspect of his friend's personality. At the same time he does no more than justice to the sincere piety, the pastoral consecration, the chivalrous friendship, the noble and dutiful self-sacrifice on behalf of his family, the passionate love for children, and the veneration for aged saints and worthies which distinguished Burgon. A friend and devoted admirer of so many different types of godly Anglicanism as he has embalmed in his *Twelve Good Men* must himself have had strong and attractive points of character, as well as deep and sincere godliness. That volume, in fact, reflects the best representation of himself on his good side. We doubt whether this somewhat ill-digested biography by Dean Goulburn, containing so much of little or no value, and failing in those points where the art and skill of a biographer should have been most conspicuous, will give satisfaction either to the admirers of Dean Burgon, or to the large number who were well-informed as to his general characteristics, and regarded him as one of the most peculiar and unclassifiable products of modern Anglicanism.

Dean Burgon could write forcibly, especially as a partisan, or he would not have taken his place among the critics of the QUARTERLY REVIEW. He was a learned pundit as to many questions of Scripture MSS. and some points bearing on textual criticism. He was the most copious and marvellous contributor to the columns of the *Guardian* ever known, and had infinite faith in the virtue and efficacy of his successive series of letters to that great newspaper. But he was, as to the general course of his life, a singularly impracticable man, and, though all who knew him will probably admit him to have been a sincerely good man, who bravely conquered some great disadvantages of circumstance, and did some valuable work for sacred learning, few indeed will be found to agree with his biographer as to his claims to be a great teacher or shining light in his Church and age.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

Anthropological Religion. The Gifford Lectures for 1891. By F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M. London : Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

A FORMER volume, "Physical Religion," dealt with what M. Müller calls "the Infinite in Nature," the present one deals with "the Infinite in Man," a future volume, "Psychological Religion," is to expound the relations of the two and "the true nature of the soul." The three volumes, therefore, will give what M. Müller has learnt from his long studies in the field of comparative religion. We could wish that the results had been given in briefer form and apart from all polemical tinge. One volume would have sufficed for all that is essential. The lecturer has taken great latitude in giving expression to his conclusions on questions more or less closely related to his proper subject. Thus, in the present volume, the first six of the thirteen lectures are introductory to *Anthropological Religion*, discussing "Toleration," "Freedom of Religious Discussion," &c.

"Anthropological" has no connection with anthropology. The purpose of the argument is simply to trace the history of man's thoughts about the soul as separate from the body and destined for immortality, and to show how this has led by another path than external nature to the idea of God. Thus the seventh lecture is entitled "The Discovery of the Soul." The next four lectures deal with the opinions held by different peoples—Greek, Jewish, Barbarian—about the separate existence of the soul and its fate after death. The last two lectures sum up the whole. It goes without saying that the lecturer finds abundant material for illustration in his former works on comparative religion and in the field of language. Much of the phraseology used seems to point rather to a "soul of the world," or to pantheism, than to God in the Christian sense. What is meant by "the Infinite in nature and in man?" So again, "The soul in man and the soul in nature?" However, we have no wish to press a matter of phraseology.

The preface is strongly polemical, and a polemical vein runs through the volume. The lecturer contends that the three great doctrines of God, Immortality and Future Retribution, can be historically proved to be within the ken of reason. We understand him to disavow the fact and the need of special revelation. The whole drift of the argument is to put the revelation

of Scripture on the same level as ethnic revelations. Whether he would regard the three doctrines mentioned as sufficient to form a religion is not clear. He is especially emphatic in insisting on the elimination of miracle, explaining all miraculous accounts as an idealising of facts, a materialising of ideas, or a misunderstanding of metaphors. By one or other of these solvents he gets rid of every miracle. The Ascension of Christ is an idea materialised. The cock-crow in the story of Peter's denial, spoken of as a "belief in a miraculous cock," is an example of a metaphor misunderstood; the phrase means merely "before morning." "Miracles due to the idealisation of material facts are very frequent in all religions." Nearly all the mischief in Christian history is traced to belief in miracle. This is the *fons et origo* of all dissension and strife. Take it away, and all will be peace. "It will be to many of the most honest disciples of Christ a real day of Damascus when the very name of miracle shall be struck out of the dictionary of Christian theology." We suppose that the miracle of Christ's Resurrection and of Christ Himself disappears also, since miracle is described as a mere name of the unknown; as knowledge increases miracle decreases. The language used about the Resurrection is ambiguous. It is accepted "as a real historical fact which from very early days was miraculised and misinterpreted," whatever that may mean. But enough. Like many others, when M. Müller quits his own field for a wholly different one, his strength departs from him.

Canon and Text of the Old Testament. By DR. FRANCIS BUHL, Ordinary Professor of Theology at Leipzig. Translated by Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON, M.A., Findhorn. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1892.

The fact that Dr. Buhl has recently been transferred from the Professorship of Theology and Oriental Literature in his native city of Copenhagen to Delitzsch's chair at Leipzig, shows how high a position he has taken among Continental scholars, and makes English readers eager to know more of him and his work. The present book is an enlarged translation of one in Danish which appeared in 1885. It sought to make known the ascertained results of modern researches with reference to the canon and text of the Old Testament. Additional references to the most recent literature have been supplied in the present English edition. Professor Buhl gives a sketch of the Old Testament canon among the Jews and in the Christian Church, which brings out clearly the chief facts and carefully discusses every authority. He says: "It cannot really admit of any doubt that the Protestant Church has, upon the whole, done right—as the Greek Fathers more or less hesitatingly, and Jerome without hesitation, laid down—in regarding the Jews as the true authority on the question as to the extent of the Old Testament canon." The Jews were indeed the legitimate and competent judges. The whole of Dr. Buhl's "concluding remarks" on the canon ought to be carefully studied. The

non-canonical books "must retreat into the background, if we are to obtain a true picture of the Old Testament revelation, with the peculiar course of development, and the forms of life thereby called forth. On the other hand, it can easily be understood how the Church, which renounced these forms in order to take up into itself all mankind, might conceive an affection for some of these writings, and esteem the spirit that throbbed in them better than the Palestinians had done; and, so far, one is able to approve of what the older Greek and Lutheran Churches did in respecting the traditional usage, and retaining those writings in their Bible translations." The section on the text will perhaps be found even more useful by students than that on the canon. Our present text can, in all essential respects, be traced back to the first century after Christ, "while we have sure witnesses to prove that in the time before Christ, a form of text did exist which diverged considerably from the one we now possess." The necessity for an authorised form of text was strongly felt both by Jews and Christians. The very conception of such a text implies the existence of a definite standard manuscript. "In so far, the relatively recent but already widespread theory, that all extant manuscripts point back to one single archetype, is decidedly correct. . . . By means of the hypothesis of such a primitive exemplar, from which all later manuscripts were transcribed, we may finally explain a part of several abnormal forms which, with pedantic scrupulosity, have been preserved down to our own day." We hope this valuable work will become widely known. Dr. Buhl is not only a judicious but also a thoroughly well equipped critic.

The Epistles of the Apostle Paul: A Sketch of their Origin and Contents. By GEORGE G. FINDLAY, B.A. London: C. H. Kelly. 1892.

Even amid the wealth of Commentaries, Lives, and Introductions which have gathered round St. Paul and his Letters, Mr. Findlay has contrived to find some ground unoccupied. The aim of his book is "to weave the Epistles together into an historical unity, to trace out the life that pervades them, alike in its internal elements and external movements and surroundings; and to do this in a volume of small compass, and free from technical detail and phraseology." The first chapter gives a lucid chronological outline of the Apostle's life as a framework into which the letters themselves may be fitted. Each thus takes its definite place in the student's mental image of the Apostle and his times. The chapter which treats of "the form and style of Paul's writings" brings out clearly the fact which gives them such unique value as a picture of the Apostle and his age. They are personal and incidental writings dealing with problems of the hour which exercise the minds of St. Paul and his correspondents, written not according to a fixed plan and at regular intervals, but simply as occasion arose. The character of the style, the order and contents of the Epistles are clearly brought out.

Professor Findlay then considers the Epistles in detail, giving the facts needed as a basis for personal study. The analysis and brief explanations of difficult paragraphs are a good feature of the chapter. The chapter on the "Four Evangelical Epistles"—to Corinth, Galatia, and Rome—is very suggestive. "It was the defence of 'the word of the Cross' that called forth all his powers and roused them to their full exercise." There we reach the heart both of the man and of his theology. The detailed studies of the letters will reveal their value to any one who uses them carefully with his New Testament at his side. The "General Survey" of Chapter xii. gathers up the results arrived at, showing St. Paul's work as an Evangelist, the growth of his doctrine, and the growth of the Church. The Epistle to the Hebrews is reserved till the close. Professor Findlay thinks it was written "by Silas, or Barnabas, or some one connected with Palestine, amongst the many inspired men of the second Christian generation who are unknown to us." This is vague, but it is a great deal better than the dogmatism in which many commentators have taken refuge from an insoluble problem. The manual is marked throughout by unassuming but exact scholarship and well-balanced judgment. Mr. Arthur Gregory, the editor of the series of "Books for Bible Students," is to be heartily congratulated on this excellent volume. The binder has dressed it in a very neat and attractive cover.

The Leading Ideas of the Gospels. By WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. A new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

The germ from which the first edition of this volume grew was a series of sermons preached twenty-one years ago before the University of Oxford. The book was prepared in haste, but it attracted considerable attention. Dr. Alexander has now been able to revise it thoroughly. He has struck out many statements prompted by his deep concern at the overthrow of the Irish Establishment, which "tinged all objects around him with a certain lurid light." His more mature judgment disapproves the introduction of such passages. "Temporary controversies, however important in their own place, are better absent from our dealings with those immortal pages where Christ is all and in all. In the Gospels He is in His holy temple. We should keep silence before Him. To read their meaning should be our only object." There is no doubt that this is the fitting spirit in which to approach such studies. The book is full of food for thought. Bishop Alexander is careful not to push his theory to extremes, but he often sheds new light on the Gospels and quickens the interest of his readers in every detail given by the evangelists. The chastened eloquence of one of the first preachers of the day lends an additional charm to a most suggestive volume.

The Epistles to the Thessalonians. By the REV. JAMES DENNY,
B.D. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1892.

The new volume of the *Expositor's Bible* is a good one. Mr. Denny has a singularly luminous style, perfectly easy and flowing, so that it is a pleasure to follow his exposition. He knows how to grasp a leading thought and make others fall into rank around it. His chapters are also eminently practical and full of home thrusts. Scholars and critics will naturally turn to the famous passage about the Man of Sin. It is characteristic of Mr. Denny to say that "the reputation for humility which so many have sought, by adopting St. Augustine's confession that he had no idea what the apostle meant, is too cheap to be coveted." He himself sees no mystery. The apostasy is the Jewish defection, the restraining power is Rome, which had protected Paul from the hate of the Jews. Mr. Denny thinks that the only objection against his view is that the words about the appearing of the Man of Sin have never been fulfilled; but this he brushes somewhat lightly aside. "The truth is that inspiration did not enable the Apostles to write history before it happened; and though this forecast of the Apostles has a spiritual truth in it, resting as it does on a right perception of the law of moral development, the precise anticipation which it embodies was not destined to be realised." We confess our fear that lucidity is bought too dear if such a canon of interpretation needs to be applied. Mr. Denny holds that Rome incarnates and fosters that very spiritual pride of which the Man of Sin is the final embodiment. "There is not in the world, nor has ever been, a system in which there is less that recalls Christ, and more that anticipates Antichrist, than the Papal system."

1. *The Ascension and Heavenly Priesthood of Our Lord.* By
WILLIAM MILLIGAN.

2. *Lectures on the Apocalypse.* By WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D.
London : Macmillan & Co. 1892.

1. Professor Milligan's Baird lectures are intended as a sequel to his earlier lectures on the Resurrection of Our Lord. He has felt the difficulty of dealing with such a subject, more particularly in speaking "Of the Offering of Our Lord, of the Gift of the Spirit, and of the essentially superearthly or heavenly nature of the whole Christian dispensation." Theological students will often be dissatisfied with the professor's interpretation and exposition, but they will find his book full of points which provoke inquiry and discussion. It is not a work to be put in the hands of young and inexperienced students, who might be misled by some of its teaching, but to more matured thinkers it will prove eminently stimulating. Professor Milligan holds that by the words "Our Father which art in heaven" "we simply mean that the Father, to whom we

pray, is in a region purer, loftier, and brighter than ours. . . . The conception is the same as that embodied in the words 'Heavenly Father,' so often used by Jesus in circumstances with which the thought of place has no connection, and which take us into an entirely different circle of ideas." This is far from satisfactory. The fact that God is in heaven is really the ground of our confidence in His power and love. There are many other points on which students will join issue with Professor Milligan, but every reader will find his lectures an eminently devout and suggestive treatment of a subject "which ought to lead us into the very heart of the Christian dispensation, and to its most important bearing upon our privileges, our responsibilities, and our work as Christians." We may quote a few more words. "His priesthood begins with His glorification, but of that glorification the death upon the cross was part. The sacrifice which He then offered, the spirit of self-surrender in which He offered it, the loving submission to the Father which it illustrated, and the issue which it was to promote, were really 'glory.'"

2. Those who are already familiar with Dr. Milligan's *Revelation of St. John* will be glad to find that he has here republished it, without the appendices on the authorship of the Apocalypse, its relation to the Fourth Gospel, its date and unity. Those topics are to form a separate volume of dissertations. This will give the author time to reconsider his position in the light of the most recent investigations. In these lectures, which we noticed when the first edition was published, he argues that the Apocalypse contains no continuous history of the Church, nor any mere revelation of events which precede the Second Coming. It is not predictive, but simply the highly idealised expression of the position and fortune of the "little flock" of Christ. To us the system of interpretation presents many difficulties.

The Prayers of Jesus Christ. A closing series of Lent Lectures delivered in the Temple Church. By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D., Master of the Temple. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

This little volume is full of rich food for devout meditation. The six lectures have all that expository insight and spirituality of tone and treatment for which Dr. Vaughan's name is a synonym. The lucid style greatly assists a reader who wishes to drink in the meaning of the preacher's words. It is a noble book, which sheds new light on a subject of profound significance. It cannot fail not only to reveal the mind of Christ more clearly, but also to teach every true Christian how to pray. "The difference of the three narratives of the Agony are indeed *immensely* interesting" is an expression that somewhat jars.

Village Sermons preached at Whatley. By the late Dean
CHURCH.

Short Sermons. By the Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Sermons preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel. By FREDERICK
DENISON MAURICE. Vols. IV. and V.

Eternal Hope. Five Sermons by the Rev. F. W. FARRAR, Arch-
deacon and Canon of Westminster. With new Preface.

The Witness of History to Christ. Five Sermons Preached
before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. F. W.
FARRAR, D.D. Being the Hulsean Lectures for the year
1870.

The Fall of Man, and other Sermons. Preached before the
University of Cambridge and on various Public Occasions.
London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

No one who wishes to have a picture of Dean Church's life as a village pastor should overlook this volume of *Sermons preached at Whatley*. It contains much high thinking put in simple words. The people who sat under such a ministry for nineteen years had many a precious opportunity of counsel and instruction. The "Farewell Sermon" shows how large a place Whatley filled in his life. He says: "I cannot go along a road, through the woods, or across a field, I cannot look out on a prospect, I cannot enter a house, but it brings back something, some bright days, some happy meeting, some fear, some deliverance, some heavy tidings, some summons to me to hasten in the dark, still morning, or the late night, or the warm summer day, to some death-bed, to take the last leave before it was too late." What wonder that the Dean wished himself to rest in the midst of the flock over which he had once been shepherd.—Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Short Sermons* are intended for families that live in the country, and have a short service at home on Sunday evenings, for which a five or ten minutes' discourse is welcome. He has sought to confine himself to those moral and spiritual topics on which all sects and churches agree, though he has not succeeded perfectly. The defect of the volume will be evident from this statement, but its purity of style and freshness of thought give it a great charm. One who turns to the two sermons on "The Kingdom of the Child," and the "Child-like Heart" will find much to agree with.—The fourth volume in the tasteful edition of Maurice's *Sermons* discusses some subjects of great interest. The fifth volume contains the sermons preached from the Advent of 1858 to the following Easter. The sermons on "St. Paul's Address on Mars' Hill" and on the "Parables of our Lord" are good specimens of the preacher's style of

treating his subject. The sketch of the blindness of the Jews is very impressive. "They had the Holy Book in their possession; no heathen could claim it; all its sounds and letters were familiar to them; they could repeat them, argue from them, comment upon them—only they were mere sounds, mere letters. . . . No living voice came to them out of that which was read continually in the synagogue. No voice of a Divine Presence or a Divine Deliverer shone through the writings that testified of nothing else. And so idolatry—taking no shape, protested against and vehemently abhorred—crept inwards, took possession of the whole being of those who held idolaters to be accursed of God. The gold upon the altar became the measure by which they judged of the sacrifice that was offered upon it; the gold of the Temple was really for them the Presence that dwelt in it." The edition will be of great service to all who wish to know Maurice and his teaching.—In the new preface to his *Eternal Hope* Archdeacon Farrar takes the opportunity of stating that his views on the subject are unchanged, and claims that "the controversy which these sermons provoked has ended in a decided modification of the views of Christians of all denominations." We should rather feel inclined to say that his representation of the general belief on the subject was a mistaken caricature. The chief interest of the preface lies in two letters from Dr. Pusey, who writes to Archdeacon Farrar: "It is a great relief to me that you can 'substitute the conception of a future purification for those who have not utterly extinguished the grace of God in their hearts.' This, I think, would put you in harmony with the whole of Christendom. Forgive me, but I think in your eagerness to overthrow the narrow (I suppose Calvinistic) opinion in which you were educated you took up the arguments which came to hand without weighing them." Many will endorse the latter part of the old theologian's verdict.

This is the ninth reprint of Archdeacon Farrar's *Hulsean Lectures*. They are crowded with eloquent passages, and with striking quotations. The volume can scarcely fail to beget a taste for Church history. It is the kind of work in which Dr. Farrar excels. The argument for Christianity drawn from a study of its influence on individuals and on nations is most impressively unfolded.

Dr. Farrar's *The Fall of Man, and other Sermons* have now reached their seventh edition, an honour to which the felicity of style and illustration, as well as their manly earnestness, well entitles them.

The Gate Beautiful, and other Bible Teachings for the Young.

By HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. London :
Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Dr. Macmillan's sermonettes are dedicated to his own young people at the Free West Church, Greenock, for whom they were originally prepared. They are models of thoughtful and instructive talks for the young, not so much for children as those who have passed beyond into the formative period of life.

The speaker has not forgotten "that in these days of universal education the youthful portion of one's audience is often fully as intelligent as the older members, who had not in early years enjoyed their advantages." The prominence given to the teachings of Nature, the pleasing illustrations drawn from experiences of travel in many lands, and from a wide range of various reading, make these talks full of interest. Young and old will here find delight and instruction happily mingled. The volume is one of the best of its kind, even in the growing library of young people's literature.

The Book of Psalms. According to the Authorised Version, metrically arranged, with Introductions, various Renderings, Explanatory Notes, and Index. London : Religious Tract Society.

Every point which a student of the Psalms wishes to know is discussed in the scholarly introduction to this volume. The matter is clearly put, and very well arranged. We do not know, indeed, any better Introduction for ordinary readers. The synopsis of each Psalm and the notes are very useful. The book is a treasure for devotional reading. It is not quite full enough for use as a commentary, but even in that respect it will always be found worth consulting.

How to Read the Prophecies. By BUCHANAN BLAKE, B.D.
Part I. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1892.

In this first part of his work Mr. Blake has arranged ten of the earliest prophecies in chronological order, using the Revised Version and the readings of the Variorum Bible to secure a satisfactory translation, and omitting the usual divisions into chapter and verse. He has inserted the sections from the historical books in their proper places, and has supplied good headings. It is exceedingly helpful to have such a consecutive narrative, and Mr. Blake has done excellent service in preparing it. The second division supplies the historical setting of each prophecy. This is followed by a suggestive essay on "The Ruling Religious Conceptions of the Prophets," with glossaries, a chronological table and notes. There are also two good maps. Bible readers will greatly prize this most helpful handbook, which has been especially prepared for popular use.

The Firm Foundation of the Christian Faith. A Handbook of Christian Evidences for Sunday School Teachers. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. London : Wesleyan Sunday School Union. 1891.

Dr. Beet's luminous style and complete mastery of his subject are strikingly seen in this little handbook. Opinions will differ as to some statements in

the book, but there can be no doubt as to its force and clearness. It covers ground already occupied by the author's Fernley Lecture on "The Credentials of the Gospel," so that those who wish to pursue the subject will find a more advanced course ready to their hand. It was a happy thought to issue such a handbook, and it is packed full of matter, forcibly put and skilfully arranged. The questions appended to each chapter are very helpful.

The Resultant Greek Testament. By RICHARD FRANCES WEYMOUTH, D.L., Fellow of University College, London. With an introduction by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Worcester. Cheap Edition. London: Eliot Stock. 1892.

The Resultant Greek Testament has an established reputation among scholars. Dr. Scrivener's Cambridge Greek Testament made no attempt to construct a text, but Dr. Weymouth has addressed himself to that difficult task, and succeeded in producing a book of the greatest value. He is persuaded that critical opinion will more and more converge towards most of the conclusions arrived at in Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament, not only in respect to substantive readings, but also as to the minor details of orthography, &c. But Dr. Weymouth does not slavishly follow even those learned editors. His work is arranged in such a way that all the material for forming a personal judgment is within the reach of the student. This neat and cheap edition ought to be in the hands of every student of the Greek Testament. It is to be had for five shillings.

The Redemption of the Body. Being an Examination of Romans viii. 18-23. By WILLIAM FITZHUGH WHITEHOUSE, M.A. London: Eliot Stock. 1892.

Mr. Whitehouse, the son of the late Bishop of Illinois, is a layman in the diocese of York. He argues that in the famous passage of the eighth of Romans on which he writes, *crīōis* means the living body, which "waits with longing, intense and painful, for the revealing of the sons of God, for *then* this mortal body shall be delivered from its subjection to the law of decay into the liberty of the glory of the *children* of God." The point is argued out with great skill. The opinions of commentators are cited, the Greek words of the whole passage weighed, and both sound learning and good sense are evident in the whole investigation.

Κολασις Αἰώνιος: or, Future Retribution. By GEORGE W. KING. New York: Hunt & Eaton. 1891.

Mr. King, "Pastor of the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church, Providence, R.I.," has set himself to study the whole subject of Future Retribu-

tion, bringing out what he considers to be the Scriptural view, and meeting objections raised by various schools of thought. He deals with the question in a masterly way, showing perfect command of his material and a becoming sense of the gravity of the doctrine with which he deals. The perfect temper and fairness of the discussion deserve high commendation. The chapter on "The Nature of Future Punishment," will be very helpful to those who wish to understand what the "orthodox" doctrine really is. On page 57 Pharaoh is a misprint for Potiphar.

The Sermon Year-book and Selected Sermons for 1891. London :
Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

This neat green volume, which, in style and size greatly resembles the Globe Shakespeare, forms a kind of monument of the past year's preaching. Methodism occupies a prominent place, for not only are sermons by Mr. Hughes and Dr. Moulton included, but three of the Wesley Centenary discourses have been selected. A glance at the volume ought to do those people good who continually lament the decay of modern preaching. The sermons treat upon topics of great importance as well as great variety. The fifty outlines and the list of texts, which our greatest preachers have chosen during the twelve months will be helpful to many who use this Year-book.

The Preacher's Magazine. For Preachers, Teachers, and Bible Students. Editors : M. G. PEARCE and A. E. GREGORY.
London : C. H. Kelly. 1891.

The editors of the *Preacher's Magazine* have been very fortunate in gathering round them a band of contributors whose names go far to command success. Besides single sermons of great excellence, there is a valuable series of papers by Professor Findlay on St. Paul's Epistles, and some stimulating theological papers by Mr. J. R. Gregory. Sermon outlines, notes and illustrations, and all that lay preachers especially need, will be found in this well-arranged and well-edited volume.

The Real Jesus: a Review of his Life, Character, and Death from a Jewish Standpoint. Addressed to Members of the Theistic Church. By JOHN VICKERS. London :
Williams & Norgate. 1891.

A thoughtful statement of Jewish feeling about our Lord's life could not fail to be interesting. We therefore turned to this volume with some expectation. We have been bitterly disappointed. It is a violent and unreasonable attack on Christ's character and history by a man who has no eyes for the

moral beauty of a life which has compelled the admiration of men of all ages and all schools of thought. There are statements which are almost libellous, as, for instance, the passage in which the writer states that he has reason to believe that the Rev. J. Moden, a clergyman of the Established Church, "retains as strongly as ever his Unitarian convictions." The verdict on the writer and his book must be one of unqualified reprobation.

Darkest Britain's Epiphany. By the Rev. R. DOUGLAS, M.A.,
Rouen. London: Nisbet & Co. 1891.

The author is one of those who hold that the English race in some way, which is not defined, represents the lost ten tribes of Israel, and the volume is occupied with the proof of this position. The proof ranges over a wide field, and leads to the expression of peculiar opinions, such as that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written to the ancient British Church, and that Buddha was a Saxon Israelite. The evidence of identity between Saxon and Israelite is a strand of many threads, which we cannot here unravel. We confess we do not think that the evidence is very strong either as a whole or in its separate parts. It would be strange if some points of contact and affinity in customs, language, beliefs, between any two nations of the world could not be found. We do not think the author has done more than bring out such points of resemblance, some of them interesting, but many fanciful.

Things to Come; being Essays towards a Fuller Apprehension of the Christian Idea. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.

The Essays are by various writers, and are meant to explain something called "Christo-Theosophy." As we are utterly unable to understand even the explanation, it would be useless for us to say anything about the matter of the book. We quote a few sentences, taken at random: "Philosophy starts out from the cognising personality; Theosophy starts into the cognising personality." Again: "When we say sin, evil, is not real, we do not mean that it is not real to our external faculties, but that it is not real to God's transcendent faculty." The four principles of the new doctrine are "Incarnation as a universal principle, the Universal Fatherhood, the Universal Brotherhood, Immortality." "We talk of the Incarnation as if Christ alone were the Incarnate Son." "In truth, there is no sin; sin being but as a shadow that has no real existence." "I put out of court and aside at once the old and to me horrible notion of vicarious suffering, as an idea too mean, too degrading, to be for one moment entertained by any one of any nobility of mind." We have quoted enough.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Queen Elizabeth. By EDWARD SPENCER BEESLY. London :
Macmillan & Co. 1892.

PROFESSOR BEESLY is not inclined to over-rate Good Queen Bess. He says ; "There have been many greater statesmen than Elizabeth. She was far from being an admirable type of womanhood. She does not, in my opinion, stand first among female sovereigns, for I should put that able ruler and perfect woman, Isabella of Castille, above her." He feels, however, that such comparisons are unjust. Few rulers have had to face such formidable and complicated difficulties as she ; few have surmounted them so triumphantly. Good luck is no explanation of the signal success with which she guided our national affairs for forty-four years. In intellectual grasp of European politics as a whole and of English interests, the queen was probably superior to any of her counsellors. "No one could better than she think out the general idea of a political campaign. But theoretical and practical qualifications are seldom, if ever, combined in equal excellence." Her sex compelled Elizabeth to leave others to carry out her plans. Her "irresolution and vacillation were therefore a consequence of her position—that of an extremely able and well-informed woman called upon to conduct a government in which so much had to be decided by the sovereign at her own discretion." These words show that Professor Beesly has got into the heart of his subject, and found the clue to Elizabeth's conduct as a sovereign. Still greater interest will be felt in his description of the queen as a woman. Her flirting with Thomas Seymour, the Lord Admiral, after he was married to Queen Catherine Parr, gives "a glimpse of the utter absence both of delicacy and depth of feeling which characterised her through life . . . With Elizabeth the heart never really spoke, and if the senses did, she had them under perfect control. And this was why she never loved or was loved, and never has been, or will be, regarded with enthusiasm by either man or woman." Philip of Spain thought she would jump at an alliance with himself. He told his ambassador, after dwelling on the many inconveniences of such a match, that he had decided to make the sacrifice on condition that Elizabeth would uphold the Catholic religion ; but he could only visit England occasionally. Elizabeth was as much amused as piqued when Feria foolishly showed her this letter. "She was as fastidious about men as her father was about women ; and for no political consideration would she have tied herself to her ugly, disagreeable little brother-in-law." Her people took it for granted she would marry. If it had been foreseen that she would elude the obligation, she probably would never have been allowed to ascend the throne. But she never

seems to have loved any man. She delighted in flattery, but she had "neither a tender heart nor a sensual temperament." She liked Robert Dudley, but not in such a way as to prevent her proposing with evident sincerity that Mary, Queen of Scots, should marry him. Mary was too heavily weighted by her sex "to match the superb self-control of Elizabeth. She could love and she could hate; Elizabeth had only likes and dislikes, and therefore played the cooler game. When Mary really loved, which was only once, all selfish calculations were flung to the winds; she was ready to sacrifice everything, and not count the cost—body and soul, crown and life, interest and honour. . . . Here was a woman indeed." Elizabeth's reluctance to take Mary's life was most genuine. She was neither revengeful nor cruel. The execution was held by her counsellors essential if Elizabeth's own life was to be secure. As to the queen's religion the biography contains some significant words. "She was not pious. She was not troubled with a tender conscience, or tormented by a sense of sin. She did not care to cultivate close personal relations with her God. A religion of form and ceremony suited her better." The picture of her loveless old age is very pathetic. Professor Beesley's volume is crowded with matter. It will help many readers to gain clear views on the disputed points in Elizabeth's history. We should have liked a little more information about Sir Philip Sidney, Raleigh, and the literary life of the reign; but perhaps the special aim of the series compelled the writer to concentrate attention on Elizabeth's statesmanship.

Sir Walter Raleigh. A Biography. By WILLIAM STEBBING, M.A. With a frontispiece. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

Sir Walter Raleigh had a strange fascination for his own generation. Poet, adventurer, soldier, statesman, sailor, chemist, physician, colonial founder, and historian—"a whole band of faculties stood ready in him at any moment for action. Several, generally, were at work simultaneously. For the man to be properly visible he should be shown flashing from more facets than a brilliant." The literature of his times abounds with allusions to him; he fills a large place in the correspondence of ambassadors and statesmen. "No personage in two reigns was more a centre for anecdotes and fables." Lawyers, historians, essayists, and biographers have discussed the knotty points in his career for more than two hundred years. Mr. Stebbing says his history is "beset with insoluble riddles and unmanageable dilemmas. At each step, in the relation of the most ordinary incidents, exactness of dates, or precision of events, appears unattainable. Fiction is ever elbowing fact, so that it might be supposed contemporaries had with one accord been conspiring to disguise the truth from posterity." The material gathered by the industry of earlier biographers, or brought to light by the publication of State Papers, has emboldened Mr. Stebbing to make another effort to light up the

character and motives of one of the greatest Englishmen of his age. The latest biographer does not allow himself to fall into the temptation of diffuseness and irrelevancy, but keeps steadfastly to his own special study. A reader may sometimes be disappointed at the absence of authorities for various statements. There is neither foot-note nor appendix in the volume; but it is evidently the matured fruit of unwearied research, and furnishes a series of judgments on debated points which are of great service for a student. Raleigh's letter to Cecil—recommending the execution of Essex—is the darkest blot on his memory. Mr. Stebbing skilfully sets forth the difficulties of construction in this document; but he cannot remove the painful impression it produces. Raleigh would gladly have been the firm friend of Essex, but "he had found it of no use; and a period came when he rejoiced in an inveterate enemy's discomfiture." Raleigh's conduct in Ireland is another blot on his fair fame. He believed in extreme measures, and did not scruple to carry out his views. But his conduct during his Irish service, and at the siege of Cadiz, shows that he was an indefatigable man of action, who shunned no toil or danger. He owed his emergence from obscurity to Elizabeth herself. The queen recognised his strong wit and clear judgment, and saw in him an apt instrument for the good of the State. To the day of his death Raleigh spoke with a broad Devonshire accent; but he had a bold and plausible tongue, with a strong imagination and many lofty fancies. He gradually grew rich by royal gifts, and was one of the trusted advisers of the country. Whilst enjoying the plenitude of royal favour, Raleigh was cast into the Tower for his conduct towards Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of the queen's maids of honour. Camden tells us the reason: "*Honorariâ Regina virgine vitiatâ, quam postea in uxorem duxit.*" Even if the charge be true—as Mr. Stebbing is forced to admit—Raleigh made what amendment he could. There is scarcely a more touching and perfect story of domestic life than Raleigh's to be found in our history. The tall, slender, blue-eyed, golden-haired, handsome maid of honour proved a brave and noble consort, who shared her husband's ill-fortune as loyally as she rejoiced in his honours. After the tragedy in Palace Yard she kept her husband's head ever by her during her nine years of widowhood as her most precious relic. Raleigh owed his release from the Tower to the arrival of a magnificent prize, taken by the squadron of which he was still titular general. When the great Portuguese carack arrived at Dartmouth all the eagles rushed on the carcass. The port of arrival is said to have looked like Bartholomew Fair. Robert Cecil had already been sent to stop the plundering. Raleigh was despatched after him as a State prisoner, in charge of his keeper—Blount. He was determined to spoil the game of the London jewellers. "If I meet any of them coming up—if it be upon the wildest heath in all the way—I mean to strip them as naked as ever they were born; for it is infinite that her Majesty hath been robbed, and that of the most rare things." Raleigh and Hawkins received £36,000 as their share of the spoil. Dark days came for Raleigh with the accession of James I. His pitiful trial at Winchester, on complicity in an

obscure plot, is vividly described by Mr. Stebbing. Raleigh's noble defence was of no avail. He was found guilty of high treason and committed to the Tower. He never shows to such disadvantage in the whole course of his history as in his attempt to pacify the King. Mr. Stebbing toils hard as apologist to show that this attitude was due to his longing to gain time to carry out his colonial policy; but he only makes the case worse. The whole scene is in strange contrast with his manly bearing after the second trial, fifteen years later. The description of his long imprisonment in the Tower is perhaps the most interesting part of this biography. Chemistry and medicine filled many happy hours, but his chief labours were literary. Great as a man of action, he was greater far as a literary artist. The English language had produced no such dirge as his epitaph of Sir Philip Sidney; his *Cynthia* showed that "had he lived in the nineteenth century, in default of new worlds to explore, or Armadas to fight, he might have written an *In Memoriam*. In the Tower he prepared that famous *History of the World*, which led Fox to say that Bacon, Raleigh and Hooker were our three greatest prose writers between 1588 and 1640. "For style, for wit, mother wit and court wit, and for a pervading sense that the reader is in the presence of a sovereign spirit, the *History of the World* will, to students now as to students of old, vindicate its rank as a classic. But its true grandeur is in the scope of the conception, which exhibits a masque of the lords of earth, 'great conquerors, and other travellers of the world,' rioting in their wantonness and savagery, as if Heaven cared not, or dared not, interpose; yet made to pay in the end to the last farthing of righteous vengeance. They are paraded, paying it often in their own persons, wrecked, ruined, humiliated; and always in those of their descendants." Raleigh's release from the Tower, his disastrous second voyage to Guiana, the contemptible effort to please Spain, which brought him to the scaffold, are fully described in Mr. Stebbing's fascinating pages. He thinks that had Raleigh "been less vivacious and many-sided he might have succeeded better, suffered less, and accomplished more. . . . But if less various he would have been less attractive. If he had shone without a cloud in any one direction he would not have pervaded a period with the splendour of his nature and become its type. More smoothness in his fortunes would have shorn them of their tragic picturesqueness. Failure itself was needed to colour all with the tints which surprise and captivate. He was not a martyr to forgive his persecutors. He was not a hero to endure in silence, and without an effort at escape. His self-love was enormous. He could be shift, wheedling, whining. His extraordinary and indomitable perseverance in the pursuit of ends was crossed with a strange restlessness and recklessness in the choice of means. His projects often ended in reverses and disappointments. Yet, with all his shortcomings, no figure, no life gathers up in itself more completely the whole spirit of an epoch; none more firmly enchains admiration for invincible individuality; or ends by winning a more personal tenderness and affection."

Sir Philip Sidney : Type of English Chivalry in the Elizabethan Age. By H. R. FOX-BOURNE. London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

Mr. Fox-Bourne's earlier work on Philip Sidney has long been a standard volume. He has been able to avail himself of it in preparing the present biography, and has added many details gathered through the research of others or his own reading. "Some matters previously enlarged upon have been lightly dealt with; much fresh information has been presented." A slip in a date which put Lady Penelope Devereux's marriage to Lord Rich in 1580 instead of in 1581, led Mr. Fox-Bourne to draw some very unfavourable conclusions about the jousting in Whitehall Tilt-yard at which Stella looked on, and by her gaze won Sidney's thanks for helping him to gain the prize. The lady was not then married; but seems soon after to have entered into her unfortunate and unhappy union. The change of date puts a new complexion on the sonnets. Sidney was not seized with a mad passion for the young lady, whom he had known and liked in her childhood. "Such assumptions are wholly inconsistent with everything else that we know about Sidney's character and temperament." Lovers of Sidney will rejoice that this blot has now been removed from his fair fame. The book is indeed a singularly interesting study of a noble life. Some remarkably good illustrations add much to its charm. It is printed in bold type, and got up in the attractive style which has won such a high place for the "Heroes of the Nations" Series.

Montrose. By MOWBRAY MORRIS. London : Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Tradition points to a building in the town of Montrose as the birthplace of the great Marquis whose tragic fate has never ceased to excite the imagination and stir the pity of poet, novelist and historian. It is, however, by no means certain where the gallant nobleman was born. His family, the Grahams, had long played a distinguished part in Scotch history. His grandfather held in succession the offices of Treasurer, Chancellor and Viceroy of Scotland. His father was more the country gentleman than the statesman. He kept a good stable, and took great delight in golf and archery. The Marquis inherited these tastes. His skill at the targets and on the links won him many a prize at college; whilst the grace and dexterity of his horsemanship became famous. The boy was only fifteen when his father died in 1626. When just eighteen he married the youngest daughter of Lord Carnegie. She bore him four sons and died in 1645. Montrose was of middle height, well and strongly built, and of graceful carriage. His hair had a light reddish tinge; his nose was aquiline; his eyes bright, grey and keen. Cardinal de Retz, who met him in Paris in 1647, regarded him as the very ideal of one of Plutarch's heroes. He was apparently somewhat too stately and formal, but "exceeding constant

and loving to those who did adhere to him, and very affable to such as he knew." The part he played in the history of the "Covenant" is vividly described in this valuable little biography. Mr. Morris is very happy in his account of the signing of that historic document in the churchyard of the Greyfriars. How he turned Royalist, and by dint of heroic daring became master of all Scotland; how he was defeated and fled to the Continent, where news of the execution of Charles I. led him to return to his country to avenge his master's death, Mr. Morris must be allowed himself to tell. Charles II. left him to his fate. As he walked down the High Street from the Tolbooth to the place of execution all Edinburgh gathered to watch the final scene. "He stepped along the street with so great state, and there appeared in his countenance so much beauty, majesty, and gravity as amazed all beholders. And many of his enemies did acknowledge him to be the bravest subject in the world; and in him a gallantry that graced all the crowd, more becoming a monarch than a peer." The way in which the ministers tormented his last hours by urging him to confess his sins against the Church and the Covenant is a painful note of the times. One of them did not hesitate to call him "a faggot of hell," which his prophetic eye could already see in flames. Montrose made no reply; but bowed his head in silent prayer, covering his face with his hat, and raising one hand to heaven. Eleven years later there was a different scene. The remains of Montrose lay in state at Holyrood, and were borne to the old Cathedral of St. Giles' with such demonstration of sorrow and respect as had never been seen before in Edinburgh.

The Diaries and Letters of Madame d'Arblay (Frances Burney).

With Notes by W. C. WARD, and Prefaced by Lord Macaulay's Essay. With Portraits. In three volumes.
London: F. Warne & Co.

Messrs. Warne have just purchased the copyright of this edition from Messrs. Vizetelly, who published the first and second volumes, and they have completed it by issuing the third. The set, bound in tasteful boards, printed in bold type on good paper, can now be had complete for seven and sixpence. Those who know little about Frances Burney beyond what they have gathered from Lord Macaulay's Essay will rejoice that her diaries and letters are now put within their reach in so cheap and attractive a form. The charm of the work—so perfectly easy, so vivid, so quick to catch the impressions made at the moment by people famous at court or in the literary and artistic circles of the time—has been in no wise exaggerated. It is a diary which one finds it easy to pick up and hard to put down. We are glad that Macaulay's Essay is given as the introduction to these delightful pages. Mr. Ward supplies notes where any of his statements call for correction, or need to be supplemented by later research. The editor has throughout shown both skill and sound judgment. The diary is broken into chapters and sections, an arrangement

which adds considerably to its interest. Historic prefaces throw much light on the diarist's references; whilst the crisp, brief, well-informed notes are of real value to a reader. It would be impossible to publish the whole of the voluminous diary and correspondence of Madame d'Arblay in a popular form. Her niece filled seven volumes when the work was originally published in 1842-1846, but even then was able to give but a selection. The editor of this first popular edition has sought to include all the most valuable and interesting passages of the original, and has been careful neither to alter or to add anything to the records. His edition claims a place on the shelves of all who wish to study English life under the Georges, or to gain a personal introduction to Dr. Johnson and the celebrities of London a century ago.

Rulers of India : Earl Canning. By Sir H. S. CUNNINGHAM, K.C.I.E. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1891.

Earl Canning belonged to an old Bristol family of clothworkers and ship-owners, who played a prominent part in the civic life of their town in the fourteenth century. In 1618 a member of the family received a grant of the Manor of Garvagh in Londonderry from James I. Stratford Canning, the great-grandfather of the future Viceroy, was the fourth in descent from this founder of the Irish branch of the house. He was an austere man who turned adrift two of his sons because they had aroused his wrath by lovers' entanglements. But the father's harshness proved to be a blessing in disguise. One of these sons became a London banker. He was the father of the great diplomatist, Stratford de Redcliffe. The other son, who became a barrister, was the father of Canning, the Prime Minister. George Canning early won distinction in Parliament, and in 1810 married Joan, daughter and co-heiress, with the Duchess of Portland, of General Scott who won fortunes for his daughters at the whist table. The Viceroy, George Canning's third son, was born at Gloucester Lodge, between Kensington and Brompton, on December 14, 1812. He went to Eton in 1824. The late Earl Granville cherished a grateful memory of young Canning's kindness, when he came a year or two later to feel the first rude experiences of public school life. He attained considerable skill in Latin verse, and had a high reputation for ability among his contemporaries. In December, 1828, a year after his father's death, he went up to Oxford. He was then, says Earl Granville, "a great gentleman in character and demeanour. He was handsome, with singularly fine eyes. He was fond of sport—hunting, shooting, and especially fishing. . . . He had extraordinary powers of continuous work for months and years, when the occasion arose, together with a faculty for being perfectly idle for long periods." In 1833 he took a first in classics, and a second class in mathematics. The same year he married the eldest daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, a lady whose beauty and ability won her love and esteem both in England and in India. In 1836 Canning entered Parliament, where he soon

acquired a solid reputation. He held office in several Governments. As Postmaster-General he brought out many reforms, and stoutly opposed the vested interests which stood in the way of departmental efficiency. In 1855 Canning was made Governor-General of India. Lord Dalhousie was coming home a broken man. He had revolutionised India during his notable term of office. Many great questions were of necessity left to his successor. Canning threw himself with all his strength into the work of governing the great dependency. His horror of imperfection and inexactitude made him treat matters small and great with the same conscientious care. His colleagues did their best to induce him to lay some portion of his task on other shoulders, but found that their chief was ready to sacrifice himself, rather than allow his work to suffer in the smallest degree. Sir H. S. Cunningham's chapter on "The India which Lord Canning found" brings out clearly the condition of the various provinces on the eve of the Mutiny. There were things which more profoundly stirred the public mind in India even than nationality. Religious disquietude was widely felt. Those who wished to stand in the old ways of custom and creed felt something like consternation "at changes which threatened the whole structure of society, and struck at the very heart of religion. Creed and custom and institution seemed to be tottering to their fall." Popular education was threatening the childish cosmogony of the East; the penalties of apostasy from Brahminism were swept away; it was declared by a British enactment that the widow was free to marry again. The Brahmins resented another measure which restrained certain odious forms of polygamy. Meanwhile, the Mussulman was feeling the dull pain of humiliated authority and tarnished prestige. He brooded gloomily over his glorious past. There was a general feeling of unrest. One of Lord Dalhousie's last acts in India had been to lay on his Council table a series of minutes recommending a reduction of Sepoy regiments, an increase of the European force and of the European officers in native regiments. Sir Henry Lawrence, in 1855, had also called attention to the numerical disproportion of the native to the European army. He pointed out the danger of entrusting high military command to incompetent men, and showed that there was much sullen discontent caused by the inadequate pay, the scanty and long-deferred pension, and the narrow possibilities which bounded the native's ambition. Two years later, the Mutiny broke out. The general course and main events of that terrible rebellion are clearly traced: "In one great station after another the Sepoys rose, drove out, or massacred the Europeans, pillaged the treasury, turned loose the population of the jails, and marched away in triumph to join the rebel army." Havelock gallantly relieved Cawnpore. "Not less a military than a religious enthusiast, he had been for forty years preparing himself, by study and much varied service, for the realisation of his long cherished dream—the command of a British army in the field. Some derided his pietism, some his theoretic researches, some his care-worn features and emaciated frame; but Sir H. Hardinge had said of him: 'If ever India should be in danger, the Government have only to place Havelock

at the head of an army and it will be saved.'” Nobly did Hav-
lock fulfil that prediction during the terrible events of 1857. Lord Canning had a
trying post. The English community at Calcutta, profoundly shocked and
agitated, began to criticise and condemn the action of the Government.
Canning found that some of his high officials were not giving him the moral
support he had a right to expect. He was working in an atmosphere charged
with electricity. Distrust, dislike, and resentment were hard to bear.
But the Governor-General's calm and judicial temper did not suffer him
to rush into excess. He was not carried away, save for a moment by
the fierce and sometimes ferocious spirit of revenge which was felt
by some of the English residents. Even Canning had written in May
to the Commander-in-Chief: “I should rejoice to hear that there had
been no holding our men, and that the vengeance had been terrible.” But
after the first hot rush of indignation the Governor-General saw that
vindictiveness must not be allowed to usurp the place of justice. He
resolved that there should be no angry or indiscriminating act or word
whilst he was in power. He wrote to Lord Granville: “I don't care two
straws for the abuse of the papers, British or Indian. I am for ever wonder-
ing at myself for not doing so, but it really is the fact.” Neither taunts nor
sarcasms could turn him from the path of public duty. After a terrible
struggle India was pacified. Public attention in England had been con-
centrated on its affairs. It was now resolved that the Government should
be transferred from the Company to the Crown. Her Majesty appointed
Canning her first Viceroy. The Royal Proclamation was read with great
ceremony in the chief centres of India on November 1, 1858. Canning had
seen the rebellion suppressed, but his trials were not over. He now had
to face financial difficulties of the gravest kind. The expenditure, for four
years in succession, had exceeded the income by an average of nine millions
per annum. There was an enormous deficit. Canning secured the help of
Mr. James Wilson, an experienced financier, and set himself to meet the grave
crisis. Throughout the Mutiny provisions were strictly paid for, and a
scrupulous integrity guided all relations with the people. This meant heavy
charges, but it inspired a confidence in the administration, which had no small
share in hastening the restoration of tranquillity. In the last days of 1861
Lady Canning died of fever. The stroke was the more bitter because her
husband's Viceroyalty was drawing to its close and she was hoping to enjoy the
pleasures of home life in England. She had borne her full share of the
grave anxieties of the Mutiny. “Her serene courage in hours of danger
and anxiety, when the hearts of many around her were failing them for
fear, her readiness to help in all beneficent projects, her sympathy with all
human suffering, her nobility of character, shining high above catastrophe
and vicissitude, made her death a public loss, a common sorrow, and
make her memory now one that Englishmen treasure among the precious
relics of their country's past.” Canning toiled on. In March 1862,
Lord Egin arrived, and he turned his face toward England. He died the

following January. "Like Dalhousie he left India a widower; like him, too, though he knew it not, a dying man." He was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the spot where his father and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe rest. Clyde and Outram came to do honour to the man with whom they had toiled during the dark days of the Mutiny. The great Viceroy had borne much vituperation and contumely, but he had calmly stood at his post, conscious of the rectitude of his policy. A man more effusive might have been more fortunate in gaining public sympathy; but it is doubtful whether he could have done Canning's work. "He had to lay down the lines for the future, not only of English sojourners in India, but for two hundred millions of native inhabitants; and his wisdom during the struggle and after it, his calm assurance in the ultimate triumph of his country, his impartial mood, his unwavering resolution to be just, his hatred of violence and excess, secured the result that the disaster left behind it so little that an Englishman need regret or a native resent, that the breach between the conflicting nationalities, though deep and serious, was not irremediable, that extravagance and ferocity in the stern work of retribution were the exception and not the rule, that, as the flood of anarchy subsided, it left a soil rich with the materials of orderly progress and friendly co-operation, and that the generation which followed the Mutiny has witnessed European and native labouring hand in hand at the task of national development." Such is the well deserved tribute which a competent judge like Sir H. S. Cunningham pays to the first Viceroy of India.

Two Thousand Years of Gild Life; or, an Outline of the History and Development of the Gild System from Early Times, with Special Reference to its Application to Trade and Industry. Together with a full account of the Gilds and Trading Companies of Kingston-upon-Hull, from the Fourteenth to the Eighteenth Century. By the Rev. J. MALET LAMBERT, M.A., LL.D., Vicar of Newland, Hull. Hull: Brown & Sons. 1891.

This is a work of unusual interest for students of Early English customs. Books and charters of the Merchant Companies of Kingston-upon-Hull have been studied in the Record Office, the archives of the borough, and other independent sources. The copious records of the Merchant Companies of York, which still survive, have been carefully consulted, and many original documents have been drawn upon. Mr. Lambert has been fortunate in securing help from Mr. William Andrews, a well-known local antiquarian, and has produced a standard work on a subject which is of special importance in these days of Trades Unions. The originals are freely quoted, so that the book will be a mine for historians. It has some illustrations of unusual interest, such as the quaint picture of "The Crowle Family," given as a frontispiece, the fine

specimens of plate in the possession of the Hull Corporation, and the *facsimile* of the Hull Bench Book, showing the Assize of Bread in 1266-7, which fixed the price of loaves according to that of the quartern of wheat. Mr. Lambert prefaces his special study of the Hull Gilds by an historic survey of the rise of similar trading companies in Greece and Rome. He then gives a careful critical estimate of all the famous English Gilds of the Middle Ages. It will astonish some readers to find how important a place these societies held. "They were very largely the Chambers of Commerce, the Friendly Societies, the Trades Unions, the Freemasonry, and in some degree the Joint Stock Companies, of times when the merchant lived in his warehouse, which was also his factory as well as his shop; when the apprentice sat at his master's table for his seven years, somewhat after the fashion of an adopted son; and when to obtain the membership of the Gild was to gain a recognised and honourable position in the land." Those who wish to study the subject will find Mr. Lambert a judicious and well-informed guide. He writes in a style that cannot fail to attract readers, and has stores of knowledge to open out, which any one who delights in old English life will find profoundly instructive. There is a good chapter on "Gilds and the Christian Church" which should not be overlooked.

Horæ Sabbaticæ. Reprint of Articles contributed to the *Saturday Review*. By Sir JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, Bart., K.C.S.I. First and Second Series. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

These fourteen papers deal with Joinville and St. Louis, Froissart's *Chronicles*, Philippe de Comines, Montaigne's *Essays*, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Archbishop Laud, Chillingworth, *The Liberty of Prophesying*, Jeremy Taylor as a Moralist, Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams*, Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, and his *Life*. It will be seen from this list of subjects what variety there is in the volume. The papers contain a great deal of ourious information on books that are little read, and present the mature judgments of a keen critic on men and things. The article on Laud is a good illustration of the character of the book. Sir James Stephens holds that "the Archhishop is one of the many persons whose character has never been fairly studied, because his name has been made into a kind of symbol by two parties fiercely opposed to each other." "To speak of Laud as a 'ridiculous old bigot,' and to balance the vices of his heart against the imbecility of his intellect is as unjust as it is altogether unreal and fanciful to idealise him into a saint and a martyr." His writings are clear, lively, simple, free from the involution and amplitude of style common in his day. A vein of humour runs through all he wrote, especially his correspondence with Strafford. There is a touch of mysticism in one or two of his prayers, but his general tone is quite the other way. His bent was far more towards politics

than theology. "His whole heart is in his correspondence with Strafford, and it is obvious enough that they felt for each other that kind of strong personal sympathy and liking which leads men to careless familiarity." Laud was utterly intolerable as a Prime Minister. "A learned, well-meaning, and, in his way, liberal-minded college don is, perhaps, the last person in the world whom the English nation is likely to receive as a ruler and governor in all matters human and divine." The *Second Series*, which deals with philosophical, sceptical, and theological writers such as Hobbes, Locke, Bayle, Mandeville, Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Butler and Warburton is of no less interest than the first. The importance of the subjects, and the freshness of Sir James Stephen's treatment, ought to attract a wide circle of readers.

The Coming of the Friars, and other Historic Essays. By the Rev. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D., Rector of Scarning. Fifth Edition. London: T. F. Unwin. 1892.

There is a freshness and charm about these essays which explains the fact that they have now reached a fifth edition. Dr. Jessopp has caught the spirit of the olden time, and knows how to make others share his interest. He regards St. Francis as the John Wesley of the thirteenth century, and shows that while Rome absorbed the orders of friars and made them her "great army of volunteers, perfectly disciplined, admirably handled," turning even their jealousies and rivalries to good account, the Church of England would have nothing to do with Wesley and the early Methodists. "Village Life Six Hundred Years Ago;" "Daily Life in a Mediæval Monastery;" "The Black Death in East Anglia;" "The Building up of a University;" and a curious study of Muggleton, "The Prophet of Walnut-tree Yard," are the other papers. Each study has its own interest for lovers and students of the past.

Theodor Christlieb, D.D., of Bonn. Memoir by his Widow, and Sermons translated chiefly by T. R. KINGSBURY, M.A., and SAMUEL GARRATT, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1892.

Professor Christlieb died of cancer fourteen months after the Emperor William. He had long been recognised as one of the foremost evangelical leaders of Germany—a man of great gifts as a preacher and full of zeal for all good works. He was a special favourite with the present Emperor of Germany, who once said, "My grandfather has many an eloquent preacher in the empire, but there is only one Christlieb in all Germany." It was well known that the young Emperor was making arrangements for his friend to reside in Berlin when his fatal illness seized him. Dr. Christlieb's widow tells the story of his life with much tenderness; perhaps she lays herself open to the charge of writing a panegyric on his life and work, but it is

evident from her touching record that her husband was a man of commanding gifts. His influence over young men, his power as a preacher, his skill in conducting the "Theological Seminary," where each student delivered a sermon to be criticised by his fellow-students and then by the professor—these and many other points are well brought out. The sermons do not strike us as profound, but they are full of evangelical truth happily expressed, and one can easily understand, in looking at the beautiful portrait given in this volume, the words of an old student: "To hear him preach was something never to be forgotten. During the singing of a hymn, a robust form with a firm step, but pale and earnest face, was seen to enter the pulpit. His whole appearance was that of a man having a great message to deliver. The very lip seemed to quiver with suppressed excitement. His eyes were lit up as with the light of another world." The volume gives a pleasing glimpse into evangelical circles in Germany, and is a fitting tribute to one of her noblest sons.

James Stacey, D.D.: Reminiscences and Memorials. By the Rev. W. J. TOWNSEND. With portrait. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

Dr. Stacey was for many years one of the most influential and deservedly esteemed ministers of the Methodist New Connexion. As tutor of their Training College for Ministers and secretary of the Missionary Society, he rendered conspicuous service to his own Church. Sprung from the ranks, he was early inspired with a passion for self-cultivation, and became a widely-read and thoughtful man. The reminiscences of his early days, given in the opening chapters of this volume, supply many details of his boyhood. It is another fine illustration of Dr. Smiles' doctrine of self-help. The description of the "old salt" with one leg, who was the child's first schoolmaster, is very amusing. He seldom used his crutch, for he had acquired the art of moving forward on one leg by pressing his toe on the floor and then jerking aside his heel. The boy's conversion and early ardour for knowledge are well brought out. He found a warm friend in Joseph Barker, then a New Connexion minister, but happily was not able to accept an offer of tuition which Mr. Barker made him. He was thus probably saved from sharing his old friend's downward career into Atheism. Dr. Stacey was appointed to London in 1841. He travelled from Sheffield in a third-class carriage, "a huge, heavily-timbered waggon, with bare seats running the whole length of it from end to end, on both sides and in the middle, but, with no covering overhead"—which would scarcely be considered fit in these days for a goods-van or a horse-box. In London he lodged with a wholesale dealer in fruit and vegetables, who was accustomed before engaging in any important business or domestic transaction to consult a "wise woman." The man's wife did the same. Sometimes they went together, but at other times separately and

secretly. Their young lodger expressed his astonishment and regret, but was informed that they had often been greatly helped by this woman. They told him that there were many of the same profession in London, who were consulted by multitudes of people in all ranks of life. The "seer" was one day abruptly introduced into the young preacher's study. She said that a lady of quality had early initiated her into the mysteries of the science, and had left her books and other requisites for pursuing the profession. Dr. Stacey's next appointment—to Hanley—was in many respects eventful. His style of preaching had awakened suspicion of his doctrinal soundness in the minds of some good people, and it was thought that the matter might be settled if he were appointed to Hanley, where a wealthy potter—Mr. John Ridgway—lived, one of the leading men in the Connexion. Mr. Ridgway soon saw his worth, and became his attached friend. The young preacher also became engaged to a Miss Holland, who proved "the light of his home and his life." In early life Dr. Stacey had formed a warm friendship with the Firths, of Sheffield, who afterwards founded their famous firm. Dr. Stacey had the joy, through their generous gifts, of seeing his Connexion provided with a training college for ministers, of which he became the first tutor. He thus exerted a powerful influence for good. The whole story of his life and work is told in this volume. The details given are sometimes rather trivial, and the literary merit of the book can scarcely be called high, but it gives a sketch of an unselfish and strenuous life, and affords useful material for a study of the inner life of the Methodist New Connexion.

Thomas Cook's Early Ministry; with Incidents and Suggestions concerning Christian Work. By HENRY T. SMART.
London: C. H. Kelly. 1892.

This is certainly a story worth telling, and Mr. Smart's long and intimate friendship with the subject of his volume as well as his own special evangelistic sympathies, marked him out as the man to tell it. The record may well take rank by the side of those *Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers* which have been a continual source of inspiration to their successors. It may be questioned whether any man, even in that noble band, was more directly led to his providential work, or more mightily used for the blessing of others, than Thomas Cook. It is well that his story should be read whilst he himself is still with us, for others will find in it encouragement and guidance in similar labour. The Evangelist's early life is brightly sketched, but the stress is rightly laid on his labours and methods of Evangelistic work. We wish that Mr. Smart had pruned his manuscript more carefully. There are digressions and discussions which distract attention, and somewhat mar the simplicity and force of what is, nevertheless, a stimulating and most interesting study of a life, which happily is yet in its early prime.

Lives that Speak: Charles H. Spurgeon; John Wesley. Men with a Mission: Henry Morton Stanley. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. London: Nisbet & Co. 1891.

These books deserve to be widely known and read. The little volume on Stanley is a magnificent shilling's worth. It is neatly bound, printed in bold type on capital paper, with a good portrait, and is as full of matter as an egg is full of meat. The story of Stanley's life is admirably told. The two half-crown volumes in the "Lives that Speak" Series, are not quite so closely packed; but they are eminently readable. In dealing with Mr. Spurgeon's wonderful career, the writer is able to avail himself of his personal knowledge as a former student in Pastor's College. His book is one of the best lives we have of the great preacher, whose loss England mourns. It is full of good stories well told. Mr. Ellis is not so completely master of his material in his sketch of John Wesley. The "Foundery" was not in City Road, but in Windmill Hill, now known as Tabernacle Street, a little to the east of it. It never "became the City Road Chapel, the Cathedral of Methodism." That chapel was an entirely new building on a different site. Nor are Mr. Ellis's remarks on John Wesley's rule over his preachers, or on Alexander Kilham satisfactory. Nevertheless, the sketch is pleasing and instructive. The full account of the recent Wesley Centenary is a capital feature of the book.

John Wesley, sa Vie et son Œuvre. Par MATTHIEU LELIÈVRE. Troisième Édition, revue, augmentée, et précédée d'une lettre-préface d'Edmond de Pressensé. Paris: Librairie Évangélique. 1891.

Dr. Lelièvre has put his best strength into the revision of his *Life of Wesley*. The high literary merit of the first edition won it warm recognition both in France and in England. We had the pleasure, in noticing the second and enlarged edition, of congratulating the writer on the marked improvements made in it. As it now stands the volume is one of the best popular lives of the Founder of Methodism that have appeared.

Nature in Books: Some Studies in Biography. By J. ANDERSON GRAHAM. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

Mr. Graham says in his Introduction that the man "who woos Pleasure in field and coppice, and walks with her on purple moorland, where blue sky is the only roof, is slowest to discover any falling off in the beneficent sweetness of his mistress. With others, the ruling passion that began by yielding delight ends in becoming a tyrant. The devotee of wealth or fame, even after accomplishing his desire, is still a bondman. For renown does not come till the heart is withered in its search, and the dear circle of those who would have

shared it is narrowing to an end; while, long ere riches have been accumulated, the joys to be bought with them pall upon a jaded mind. But while our senses endure, they will not cease to be gratified with the music and pageantry of earth. When the ear has grown weary, not only of human intercourse, but of old tunes, and instruments, and songs, it will still listen with content while the summer wind, travelling over field and sea, sighs out the faint low melody it has sung to past generations—the melody it croons above their graves, and plays to their children. Till the dim tired eyes have closed out the light for ever, spring's green that fades into summer brown, and after flashing out in a transient gleam of gold and purple, dies in white, will be the most beautiful and refreshing of things seen." The passage shows the delicate phrasing and style of these studies. Mr. Graham has aimed in his little gallery of portraits to show how the writer's boyhood colours his life-work, and to illustrate the view of Nature taken by some of the clearest and most contemplative minds of the century. "How all that is most precious in a man's work results from the union of ability with environment, of accident and endeavour, is incidentally shown by the contrasts of their history. For indeed, it would appear that a man's success arises from his adjustment by hazard to circumstances that develop his peculiar talent." The seven sketches are headed: "The Magic of the Fields" (Richard Jefferies); "Art and Scenery" (Lord Tennyson); "The Philosophy of Idleness" (Henry David Thoreau); "The Romance of Life" (Scott); "Laborare est orare" (Carlyle); "The Poetry of Toil" (Burns); and "The Divinity of Nature" (Wordsworth). There is much in each of the studies to set one thinking, and send a reader back to the writers of whom Mr. Graham treats. His Richard Jefferies, Tennyson, and Scott are all full of good passages. Perhaps the Thoreau will be freshest to most readers. Mr. Graham says that his essay on winter animals, with its calm criticism of all the cries of poor half-starved creatures, goes far to prove that Thoreau was a man without pity or tenderness. Here also is a fine passage: "Thoreau's Mysticism, though born out of due time, is purely Darwinian. In that Walden Wood he stands as the most wonderful and sensitive register of phenomena, finer and more exact than any cunningly-devised measure. He is vision and hearing, touch, smelling, and taste incarnate. Not only so, but he knows how to preserve the flashing forest colours in unfading light, to write down the wind's music in a score that all may read, to glean and garner every sensuous impression." Those who can appreciate such passages will find this book a treasure.

Lady Hymn Writers. By MRS. E. R. PITMAN. London: Nelson & Sons. 1892.

This is a book that all lovers of hymns will enjoy. Mrs. Pitman's three chapters on "God's Singers," and the associations and memories woven around our psalms and hymns are crowded with pleasant details. Then follow twelve chapters on lady hymnists, English and American, queenly and noble.

The two children, David and Louie, their uncle Reuben and aunt Hannah—hymn writers and translators of hymns. There is a good selection of favourite single poems, though these, not being hymns, are somewhat out of place here. If the volume be taken as a collection of good stories about hymns and their writers it will be much enjoyed. It is, however, far from perfect. The story of Samuel Wesley giving out the first line of "Like to an owl in an ivy bush" as a snub to his clerk who delighted to deck himself out in the rector's cast-off wigs, is badly told. The whole point of the incident lies in the fact that the clerk was accustomed to give out the second line of the psalms, and had himself to make humble confession: "That woful thing am I." The account given of the composition of Charles Wesley's "Jesu, lover of my soul," is, we are afraid, apocryphal. If Mrs. Pitman will look in the *Dictionary of Hymnology* she will find that Watts did compose many of his "Divine and Moral Songs" at the request of a friend, who wanted help in his work among children. We hope that the writer will be able to revise her book somewhat severely in a second edition. It is not good English to say that Mrs. Alexander is "beyond comparison, *one of* the best writers of hymns for children." If she had said "the best," it would have been good English, or if she had left out the words "beyond comparison." The book will be popular, and we should like to see it perfect. It is full of good things.

BELLES LETTRES.

The History of David Grieve. By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.
In three volumes. London: Smith & Elder. 1892.

THE success of Mrs. Ward's second novel bids fair almost to equal that of its famous predecessor. It deserves the measure of appreciation it has met with during the first months of its existence, for *David Grieve* exhibits most of the merits of *Robert Elsmere*, while a few of the faults which marred the latter are corrected. A few, but not all. Mrs. Ward so deliberately retains some of the features that were complained of in her former story—its length, its undue elaboration in parts, its solid pages of dissertation which retard the action—that it is probable she does not consider them to be faults at all. Indeed, in the eyes of many readers they form an attraction, however decidedly they may be condemned by the eye of the artist.

We have found every part of the three volumes to possess an interest of its own. The purest, most vigorous, perhaps in every sense, the best part of the story is the first. The pictures of the Derbyshire moors and the limning of the inhabitants of that bleak but picturesque district, are alike excellent

admirable foil and counterfoil—'Lias Dawson and old Margaret, the Methodist revivalist, and the rough boys, whom he swayed so mightily, are all drawn with fresh and vigorous strokes. In this instance, and in the sketching of David's early life in Manchester, we should guess that Mrs. Ward is drawing from Nature at first hand. The long Paris episode and the period of David's maturity show some falling off both in vigour and impressiveness. A worse novelist than Mrs. Ward would have sketched the "storm and stress" period more boldly and effectively; while the last section of the book, which ought to be the strongest, is for several reasons the weakest of the whole. The characters of Dora and Lucy are not sketched with the author's best skill, and many of the personages in the third volume are mere lay-figures. But the book, as a whole, is full of evidences of power as well as of careful and conscientious work. The interest seldom flags; and while we cannot credit Mrs. Ward with the success which belongs to genius, she abundantly deserves the success which belongs to great talent, diligently cultivated and used. We have spoken of *David Grieve* only as a novel. Like *Robert Elsmere*, though not in so marked a degree, it aspires also to be a kind of theological treatise. Mrs. Ward's religious views are by this time tolerably well-known, and *David Grieve* only exhibits in another form the theological characteristics which we felt obliged to condemn in noticing her former work. It is not necessary to travel over that ground again. Mrs. Ward is not altogether unfair to the representatives of Anglicanism, Methodism, Roman Catholicism, and other sections of Christians whom she introduces into her pages. But she is not, perhaps cannot be expected to be, really fair to them in their relation to that "new Christianity" of which Mrs. Ward is the apostle. It would be out of place in a short notice like the present for us to point out the enormous assumptions made in Mrs. Ward's pages, in favour of that very vague and shadowy religion which David Grieve describes as the Christianity of the future. Some things may be forgiven to the novelist which would be unpardonable in a theologian. But let those who are attracted by Mrs. Ward as a story-teller, skip, or ignore, or forget—as thousands doubtless will—her pages of propagandism. If there were not more reality and substance about Mrs. Ward's character-painting than there is in her theology, her books would hardly be read at all.

1. *The Story of Columbus*. By E. NESBIT. Illustrated by Will and Frances Brundage and J. Pauline Sunter.
 2. *George Eliot: Her Early Home*. Arranged by EMILY SWINNERTON. Illustrated by Patty Townsend, Lilian Russell, and G. G. Kilburne, R.I.
- London, Paris and New York: Raphael Tuck & Sons. 1892.

1. Every art of the printer and designer has been employed to make this a worthy *souvenir* of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the discovery of

America. We have never seen a more striking frontispiece. The medallion of Columbus with the year 1492 beneath it is simply exquisite. The column of children forming the ornamental border of the first page is a very dainty device. The coloured pictures of the departure, the terror of the seamen sighting land, the natives astonished, planting the flag, presenting gifts, presented at court, and other scenes are most effective. The monochromes are quite as attractive, and the poem is well adapted for little people. The volume is a large quarto in handsome binding. Every child who gets this treasure will want to know more about Columbus.

2. *George Eliot's Early Home* will be as attractive to older people as *The Story of Columbus* is to children. It gives faithful representations of her birthplace at Arbury Farm, her first school at Coton, Griff House and Garden, with many other places and persons immortalised in her *Scenes of Clerical Life*. The coloured pictures are exquisite. That of the little child standing on the cushion during the psalms and the singing is a gem. Equally good in other ways are the two old women in "Chilvers Coton College for the Poor"; "At Melby Vicarage," &c. The monochromes here also are very pleasing. The quotations, happily culled from the earlier novels, help the reader still more to enjoy the pictures. We do not know of a more delightful gift-book than this for lovers of George Eliot.

Plain Tales from the Hills. The Light that Failed. Life's Handicap. By RUDYARD KIPLING. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Mr. Kipling's short stories have carried the reading public by storm, so that these neat editions will be warmly welcomed. His work is not seldom distinctly repulsive, as witness the leper tale—"The Mark of the Beast"—yet however grim an incident may be there is a vividness and power in the telling of it which fascinates the reader. The sketches of civilian life in India give home-staying folk a fresh and vivid idea of society in our great dependency, and one that is not altogether pleasing. But it is "Tommy Atkins" who owes Mr. Kipling a debt which he can never repay. The mad escapades, the dashing bravery, the homely sorrows and temptations of the private soldier abroad are painted with wonderful vividness and sympathy. "The Taking of Lungtungpen" is inimitable for its grotesque humour; "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" brings out the pathos of the soldier's domestic life. There is scarcely a story in *Plain Tales* or *Life's Handicap*, which does not invite comment, though many are morbid and unpleasant. In *The Light that Failed*, Mr. Kipling's powers have been more severely tested. The ending is, to our minds, utterly incomprehensible. That Maisie should deliberately turn her back on Tom in his blindness, and never go near her lover again, is a piece of brutality of which we cannot believe her capable. The battle scenes of the volume reveal the hand of a master; though we

would gladly have been spared some of their revolting details. The description of the way in which Tom's blindness comes on is also terribly realistic. The book is full of power and promise. As the writer's horizon widens he will shake himself free from that "flashy pretentiousness of expression," which is one of the chief blemishes of his work.

Stories from the Arabian Nights. Selected from Lane's Version, with Additions, newly translated from the Arabic. By STANLEY LANE-POOLE. In three volumes. New York and London: Putnam's Sons. 1891.

Though not equal to the best English printing, this latest issue of the "Knickerbocker Nugget Series" is a dainty edition, both as to binding, paper, type. The *Arabian Nights* is perhaps the most popular collection of stories ever issued. Lane first brought out their importance as constituting a picture of Moslim life and manners. Other writers had treated them merely as romances; he saw that they were "records of the life of the people, as accurate and detailed as many an historical work." In the present volumes those stories have been selected which best represent the various classes of romances, united together in the famous collection. Mr. S. Lane-Poole, who has prepared this edition, has translated "Alā-ed-din and the Wonderful Lamp" from the Arabic text of a MS. of the *Nights*, recently discovered in Paris. He says, in his valuable preface, that "The oldest tales may date—in their Arabic form—from as far back as the eighth century; the nucleus of thirteen mainly Arab and Mohammedan stories (found in all the editions) was probably in existence between the eighth and twelfth centuries; and the other tales were added by a long series of public reciters in various parts of the Mohammedan East from time to time during the succeeding centuries, even so late as the beginning of the sixteenth. Various reasons, derived from a study of the internal evidence furnished by the stories themselves, point to the thirteenth century as the probable time when the work assumed pretty nearly its present form; and similar grounds lead us to assume that it took this final form in Egypt." The origin of the tales is uncertain; but the local colour corresponds more nearly to that of Cairo, under Saladin and the early Memlük kings, than to any other civilisation with which we are acquainted. There is a useful glossary of Arabic words, with two or three beautifully executed pictures. It is a charming little edition.

The Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell. With an Introduction by THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Any one who has not yet learned to delight in Lowell and his poetry ought to find his eyes opened by reading Mr. Hughes' introduction. Long personal

friendship, cemented by a close correspondence and repeated intercourse, taught him to know the poet as few Englishmen knew him. In his introduction he lingers over the poems and the man with many a pleasing incident or happy quotation from his letters.

In the spring of 1889, when staying with Mr. Hughes, Lowell asked "Who is it that blacks my boots?" When told that it was a boy from the neighbouring industrial school he said: "Well, I haven't had my boots properly blacked since last October, and I should like to see that boy and thank him." The boy came in and received a florin with the welcome compliment that his "shine" was a credit to him and his training. This was coupled with the advice that if he wished to be quite perfect he should take care to black an inch on each side of the hollow on the sole under the instep. Such little incidents help us to understand the man. There is no need to praise his poetry. Mr. Hughes brings out well its chief features. Like Swift he is a great satirist, but his rapier, though as keen as the Dean's, is never poisoned. This collected edition of his poems ought to have a wide circulation. It is, as Mr. Hughes says, one of

"The loved books that younger grow with years."

The portrait of Lowell, given as frontispiece, is a very happy one.

A Primer on Browning. By F. MARY WILSON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

This neat half-crown primer is one of the best guides to the study of Browning's life, character, and poems, that has been issued. The first two parts, which deal with his literary life and characteristics, are followed by the third and most important section, which supplies "introductions to the poems." There is an immense amount of matter packed into the book, and every page bears witness to conscientious and clear sighted study of the poems. The style is now and then somewhat inflated. We have been amused with this fragment, which follows the account of the poet's pedigree: "Thus there were in Browning mingled threads of nationality, worked upon a web of English middle class. In Browning's heredity were germinated his vast intellectual and emotional range, and his insensibility to race differences, but the genius which modulated these varying strains into undreamed of harmony was his own." The section on Browning's "philosophy and religion" is both acute and judicious; the sketch of the way he deals with childhood and the parental relation is excellent; whilst the pages on "defects and difficulties" show that the writer is no mere panegyrist. The primer may be warmly commended to every perplexed student of Browning.

Warbeck. A Historical Play. In Two Parts. Partly founded on the Perkin Warbeck of Ford. By JOHN WILLIAM AIZLEWOOD, LL.B. (Lond.), of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1892.

Mr. Aizlewood says in his modest little preface that this tragedy was "mostly written more than five years ago," but, though he has kept it back a long time, he still regards it as very imperfect. He wishes his play to be judged rather as an attempt to fill in the blank page between Richard III. and Henry VIII. than as an adaptation to present theatrical needs. The scene opens at Brussels in the palace of the Duchess Margaret, whose spies bring in to her two boys who seem fitting instruments for her plot to trouble Henry VII. by making some one personate the Duke of York. She finds just the youth she wants in Perkin Warbeck, who eagerly lends himself to her plans. The Duchess coaches him carefully, and reminds him that

"Without the prop of kind gentility
'Tis but a silly wish—to win a crown.
Carry indeed when meet a kingly air;
Preserve a heavy sense of your misfortune,
Excluded rights, the evils of late times;
In brief, become the rank that you pretend;
But tread not the way of many high-born men;
Be affable to all, seem pleased with all,
Nay further, if it lift you up in fortune,
Bow cap to all."

Perkin Warbeck proves an apt pupil. His selfishness is well brought out. He does not believe in the Duchess, but is ready to profess that he trusts

"This new-made aunt;
So, by this good move I checkmate a king,
And pretty Warbeck sits on England's throne.
For wherefore should I fail to gain this crown?
I can hit off the part of any man.
Where is that man that is so popular?
For I, sunning myself in those same hearts,
Will shade him and his popularity.
Or where is that so pitied man? For I,
With eyes all teeming with expedient tears,
Will pitilessly steal away that pity.
Why, I can tune my heart to any strain,
Can find fit words and deeds in any pass;
I'll match the devil with my blasphemy,
Outdo the Pharisee's hypocrisy."

He comes to England, plays and loses his game, to find himself at last in the Tower. He hopes to win over his keepers, but they only lure him to unfold his schemes in order to betray him to the Lieutenant. When the prisoner speaks of the charming weather Strangeways answers :

“ Ah yes, elsewhere, outside these cruel gates,
Where all walk free and thriving, the bright sun
Gladdens men's hearts ; but here, where sights most sad
And stories pitiful cross men's daily thought,
Some men scarce heed the heavens, or if they do,
The sunny contrast makes them sadder still ! ”

Warbeck's despair, when he finds himself betrayed and loaded with irons, is finely described, as also is the scene where he is brought before the King. Henry hopes to make him confess his imposture, but Warbeck saves himself from the degradation which Henry had prepared for him, and goes calmly on to meet his doom. Mr. Aizlewood has given us a drama with some very felicitous passages. It is distinctly a good piece of work.

A Garden, and other Poems. By RICHARD FRANCIS TOWN-DROW. London : T. F. Unwin. 1892.

This is a little volume which shows the touch of a true poet. *The Garden* is marked by an unusual command of language, and great ease in rhyme. “ An Artist's Ideal ” is a very graceful little poem, and “ Theo ” a dainty song of a baby. Some of the sonnets are equally happy. Mr. Towndrow has turned out some good work, and the Messrs. Unwin, of the Gresham Press, have dressed it up in a neat little volume.

Thirteen Satires of Juvenal. Translated into English by ALEX-ANDER LEEPER, M.A., LL.D. New and Revised Edition. London : Macmillan & Co. 1892.

We are glad to welcome a fourth and revised edition of this admirable translation of Juvenal. When it first appeared, ten years ago, we expressed our high approval of the book as a ripe piece of scholarship. It may be heartily commended to all who wish to study the great Roman satirist.

A Prelude to the Idylls of the Queen. By W. ALFRED GIBBS. London : Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

Mr. Gibbs' poetic chronicle of her Majesty's reign was one of the gifts which she graciously accepted at the time of her Jubilee. This has emboldened him to describe the fifty years to come. He sees in vision the Princess May seek-

ing relief from her sore bereavement in foreign travel, learning perfect submission at Gethsemane, and becoming

"Our Fairy Queen,
Her throne Compassion, and her sceptre Love."

It cannot be said that the verse is of a high order, and the work which the knights of the new Queen are to accomplish is somewhat indistinct, but the verse is tender and full of kindly feeling.

Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts. Collected and narrated
by PATRICK KENNEDY. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Mr. Kennedy's book is well entitled to the honour of a reprint. He heard the greater part of these tales and legends from the story-tellers of his own youth. None of them have been copied either in substance or form from any modern writer. They have been handed down, mainly by oral tradition, among the unlettered from a date long before the Christian era. The volume furnishes many instructive comparisons with German and Norse tales, which have profound interest for the student; but the rich humour and wild adventure in which they abound make them entertaining reading for young and old. The book is well entitled to a corner in the library of every lover of national tales and legends.

A Study in Scarlet. By A. CONAN DOYLE. A new Edition.
With Forty Illustrations by George Hutchinson. London:
Ward, Lock & Co. 1891.

One of the cleverest and best detective stories we have seen. The way in which a mysterious murder is tracked out by an amateur detective, while the Scotland Yard men are in a hopeless fog, is intensely interesting. The deed proves to have been long deferred revenge for some dark deeds done in Utah twenty years before. A beautiful girl had been snatched from her lover, her father killed, and herself brought to an untimely grave by the heartless brutality of some of the chief men among the Mormons. The descriptions of the wild scenery of the Sierró Blanco in the heart of the North American continent, and the mysterious terrorism which the "Holy Four"—as the Mormon Secret Council was called—exercised over the lives of all who opposed the Prophet, are powerful passages in this exciting story. Mr. Conan Doyle is a literary artist, and this is a good specimen of his skill. Mr. Hutchinson's striking illustrations are well in keeping with the nature of the story.

A Vicar's Wife. By EVELYN DICKINSON. London: Methuen
& Co. 1892.

This is a powerful but painful story. Markham Fletcher, the new vicar of Colewater, marries Lucy Willbraham, whose brother is squire and rector of

Wilswick. The somewhat unclerical squire is a man of fine character, who instinctively distrusts his sister's lover, but her heart is set on the marriage. Disillusionment begins before the honeymoon is over. By and by there comes a bitter awakening. The Vicar is beneath contempt—unutterably selfish, untruthful, and cruel. His daughter, a fine but high-spirited girl, repays his unnatural hatred with interest. The mother's rejected lover hovers around her perilously, but at the critical moment she is saved from going astray by an oil painting in a little Roman Catholic chapel. It represented Christ standing on the sea, holding out his hand to save Peter from sinking. She saw the precipice, on the verge of which she had been standing, and resolved to seek and find the Christ as her own Saviour and Helper. Henceforth she has new strength. Her life is bitter, but she bears herself with true Christian fortitude. She is compelled in the end to leave the vicarage with her daughter. Her husband dies suddenly on the road in a fit of passion. His wife was talking to some boys who used to be in her Sunday-school class as he passed to church. One of the lads ventured to taunt him with his conduct. The Vicar's paroxysm of rage brought on a fatal attack of hæmorrhage. His wife knelt on the road to help him, but his last action was to strike at her with his clenched fist. Before the doctor came all was over. Such a story cannot be made pleasant reading, but there are some good studies. Eddy Bengough, the old lover, is one of the best characters, but his tirade against the clergy is both extreme and in bad taste. There are other passages of the story which are distinctly objectionable.

Castle Warlock. A Homely Romance. By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D. New Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1892.

This is a bracing story, with some capital sketches of character, such as readers have learned to expect from George Macdonald's pen. Cosmo, the hero of the book, who did not "ken hoo to make a lee," is a fine study, and he has his reward in a happy marriage with "lady Joan." The last chapter gives an amusing picture of the way Agnes resigns Cosmo to Joan. "For aething," she says to the girl, "'cause he likit you better nor me. Only he thought ye was merriet, an' he didna like lattin' us gang frae the house." We can heartily recommend the story to those who do not already know it.

Sprattie and the Dwarf; or, The Shining Stairway. By NELLIE CORNWALL. London: C. H. Kelly. 1891.

Sprattie and the Dwarf shows the same grace of style and freshness of treatment as other stories by the same hand. It is a book which will be read with great delight, and which cannot fail to teach both gentleness to others and gratitude for one's own mercies.

WESLEYAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL REWARD BOOKS.

A Woman's Dilemma. By EDITH CORNFORTH SURTEES-RAINE.

Life in Malin's Lea. By ISABEL STUART ROBSON.

Marjory Flint's Latch Key, and other Stories. By REV. W. H. BOOTH.

The Little Folks at Kelverton Grange. By W. J. FORSTER.

Fritz: The Young Swiss Guide; Jim and his Charges and the Old Castle. By ALICE BRIGGS.

Esther's Craze, and other Life Stories. By A. FRANCES PERRAM.

Fine Herbs; or, the Story of Old Ebby's Boy. By ANNIE M. LAINSON.

London: Wesleyan Sunday School Union. 1892.

This is a capital set of stories, dressed in attractive bindings, and well supplied with pictures, such as young people love. Mrs. Raine won a high reputation as a story-writer before her marriage, and *A Woman's Dilemma* has the old charm. It is full of movement and incident. *Life in Malin's Lea* is a series of studies of village life and character, which are based on personal experience. The humble folk entwine themselves round our hearts. We also learn to love the bright girl who works among them with such success, and to rejoice that her marriage to a young doctor fixes her lot among the people who loved and trusted her. *Marjory Flint's Latch Key*, and the other stories by Mr. Booth, were much and deservedly enjoyed when they appeared in *Light and Love*. They will be heartily welcomed in this beautiful volume. Mr. Forster has not done a better piece of writing than his *Little Folks at Kelverton Grange*. It is a bright little book, full of good lessons. *Fritz*, by Alice Briggs, is a sketch of a young Swiss guide, who is quite a hero in his fidelity to duty and his forgiving spirit. This is a stimulating tale for boys. *Jim and his Charges*—its companion story, by the same writer—also teaches some capital lessons. *Esther's Craze* is one of a group of short sketches of Sunday-school life which will stimulate many a teacher to fresh effort. The fruit of patient work comes at last. *Fine Herbs*, by Mrs. Lainson, is a pretty story of a lost child, which will be prized by all little people.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Argentina and the Argentines. Notes and Impressions of a Five Years' Sojourn in the Argentine Republic, 1885-1890. By THOMAS A. TURNER. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

Seven years ago next August two young Englishmen sailed from Southampton to the River Plate. They soon found that their countrymen sailing to and from South America maintained "their characteristic reserve even to the verge of incivility," so that the voyage proved somewhat tedious. The only port of call was Madeira, "a veritable poet's dreamland," like a vast vineyard sloping "from the pebbly beach to the cloud-capt hills. The sombre aspect of the foliage was relieved by the vivid freshness of the buildings which, with their white, yellow, or light blue walls, red roofs and green shutters, peep out with fantastic irregularity from amidst the banana, the palm, and the vine." A few hours on shore led the visitors to conclude that the staple industry of the island was begging. The number of mendicants of all ages and all degrees of wretchedness was bewildering; their whining impudence was simply appalling. Begging went on briskly on sea as well as on shore, for thirty or forty boys might be counted diving round the ship for silver coins. Many an exciting struggle took place deep under water for possession of a shilling.

After taking in coal, the *Hevelius* started for its eighteen days' run to Argentina. At last the vivid blue of the Atlantic began to give way to the muddy hue of the River Plate. Gulls and Cape pigeons screamed a welcome; passengers got ready to land; officers smartened themselves up; whilst the sailors began to scour and paint the ship. Next morning, when the passengers went on deck, they found their steamer anchored amid a forest of masts, with the glistening domes, cupolas, and spires of Montevideo full in view. Magnificent bouquets of camellias and Neapolitan violets adorned the saloon tables, whilst the bustle of strangers, and the noise of discharging cargo into lighters formed a strange contrast to the quiet of the three weeks at sea. The discomfort of the approach to Buenos Ayres made the last stage of the voyage intensely disagreeable. Shallows and banks of sand and mud compel ships to anchor ten or twenty miles below the point where passengers landed. They had, therefore, to get into a wretched tender, which carried them a few miles, then a little boat took them to the mole stairs or, if the water was low, the last stage had to be accomplished on the shoulders of some uncouth Italian, or in a heavy springless cart. This was in 1885. The

construction of the Madero Port has since done away with some of these discomforts. The passengers' sorrows were not over when they touched *terra firma*. Three or four tedious, worrying hours had to be spent in examination of baggage, until at last the poor exhausted victims wondered whether it had not been well to act on Emerson's maxim: "The wise man stays at home."

If the tide is low, scores of Italians—men, women, and children—may be seen in the Plate, using its puddles of yellow water as a sort of wash tub. Linen thus dealt with was never free from a disagreeable odour of the river, into which all the town refuse flows. The advancing port works are rapidly putting an end to such laundry operations.

Buenos Ayres is a magnificent city. Public buildings and parks bear witness to the lavish prodigality of the Juarez administration. There was much nefarious jobbery in those days; but the dismal masses of brick and plaster made way for buildings of more elegant aspect. Squares, promenades, and parks show as much care and taste as our own Kensington Gardens; the river frontage will soon be as fine as any in Hamburg. In order to construct one avenue, property was bought at a cost of millions of dollars. The Argentines, who wished to have a boulevard which might rival those of Paris, destroyed valuable property and disfigured their finest thoroughfare by a Quixotic scheme. The administration of Juarez Celman was a golden age for the jerry-builder. There are miles of dismal tenements of brick and stucco, which can scarcely be surpassed for discomfort and general wretchedness. Privacy is almost impossible; every word spoken above a whisper can be heard by your neighbours in the upper storey. Yet for these miserable places of six or eight rooms a rent of seventy to a hundred and fifty dollars was demanded. The common lodging-houses sometimes have 200 apartments, which are centres of disease and infection. In one room, scarcely fit for four persons, Mr. Turner saw twenty-five to thirty Italians, who slept on broad shelves fitted round the walls and in the middle of the apartment.

Before the commercial crisis, elegantly-dressed people, costly shops, and showy equipages bore witness to the prosperity of Buenos Ayres. The domestic habits of the people showed how superficial all this refinement was. "Their manners at table are ultra-Bohemian. They read the papers, shout vehemently at each other, sprawl their limbs under and over the table, half-swallow their knives, spit with true Yankee freedom on the carpeted floor, gesticulate and bend across the table in the heat of argument, smoke cigarettes between the courses . . . use the same knife and fork for every course—fish, *entrée*, or joint; in a word, the studied deportment of the street is, in the house, exchanged for the coarse manners of the tap-room."

Education has reached a high standard in Argentina, but though the school-houses are among the finest of the public buildings, sanitation is utterly neglected. They have frequently to be closed through outbreaks

of typhoid or some other dangerous epidemic. Moral training is at a discount. A boy is "taught everything except the sacredness of a promise, the value of time, the responsibilities of members of society." Any little influence for good which the school may possess is soon undone by home training and the temptations of theatres and billiard saloons. On a fine evening groups of young men and old—"undersized, insignificant, and effeminate dandies"—block the path along the streets, and make impertinent remarks on the dress, figure, carriage, and looks of the ladies. No woman dare walk out alone in the dusk, and hardly in the daytime. Children of tender years strut about smoking cigarettes, and "looking for all the world like men seen through the wrong end of a telescope." Such behaviour is encouraged by the parents, who allow them to rule the servants, and control everybody but themselves.

The police force is now somewhat improved, but four or five years ago it was a terrorising incubus. The criminal classes laughed at its incapacity, the innocent were oppressed by its cruel and incapable officers. During the insurrection of July 1890, Mr. Turner, who watched the mob from the roof of a house, saw half-a-dozen of these policemen barbarously murdered. The moment of retaliation had come, and indiscriminate vengeance was taken on the hated order. The police plunder all who fall into their hands. A young man lodging with an English family died of consumption. He had told his landlady that she would find sufficient money in his trunks to provide for his funeral, but the police seized all his belongings, with many articles of value. Nothing was ever heard of them. The body was consigned to a pauper's grave.

Lawyers charge no fee for consultation in Argentina. How they lived was always a mystery to Mr. Turner. He came to the conclusion that most of them got hold of a will case, and "battered on the dead." In one will case the lawyer's honorarium was fixed at £16,000. No wonder there are free consultations! If a man wishes to start in business, it is wise to have his name entered on the commercial register; but simple as this appears, it will be found that the smallest matter will be left undone unless bribes are freely forthcoming. An amusing account is given of the way in which any one who seeks to obtain a concession must set to work. Four or five years ago Argentina was the scene of speculation almost as feverish as that of South Sea Bubble times. Every one, from the President to the youngest clerk, traded in concessions. "A mere list of the schemes, sane and otherwise, hatched during that period, with the briefest comment on their pretensions, would fill a volume." Any one could get a concession who had "unlimited command of palm-grease. It was perfectly useless to attempt to get one without that. The number of palms one would find outstretched for greasing in a day's march through, say, the marble halls of La Plata, was as countless as the show of hands in a vast crowd." It is hard to believe that such a state of things could exist, but Mr. Turner is here giving his own personal experience. When al

is ready, the official who draws up the deed of concession must be liberally feed. Every word he writes must be watched, lest "the least careful of the servants of the Government" should make a blunder which would ruin your scheme. When at last the concession is duly signed and enrolled, its happy possessor may sail for Europe to float his company and realise his golden dreams.

People accustomed to deal with English tradesmen find themselves in a new world at Buenos Ayres. The coal porter will not bring your sacks inside the door without extra payment; the man who delivers wine demands a dollar if he puts it in the bin. You can buy almost anything at your door from Italian hawkers. Everything has to be haggled for; the real price is about a fifth of what is asked at first. Four o'clock in the morning is the best time to go marketing. It is hard to thread one's way through the throng of buyers and sellers. There is an overflowing abundance of everything. "Eggs by the hundred thousand, vegetables by the van load, meat by the ton weight, and fruit, ah! fruit by the train load. The contents of a whole orchard or island meet the eye at a glance." Peaches! Mr. Turner saw acres of ground covered with them—wasting, rotting, several feet deep, no means of carriage available. Pears are almost the only fruit worth eating in Buenos Ayres. Apples are tasteless, strawberries small and flavourless, currants and gooseberries do not thrive. Quinces, figs, melons, and oranges abound. Before the crisis things were astonishingly cheap. Vegetables to supply a large family for a week could be bought for a few pence; a whole sheep for two or three shillings; "pumpkins, big as balloons, were cut up with a carpenter's saw, and doled out at a cent or two the kilo." To watch the bartering in an Argentine market is better than a comedy.

Girls between the ages of fifteen and seventeen are strikingly beautiful with a beauty that dazzles the eyes and captivates the senses, but does not appeal to the soul. These young ladies are playful and mischievous as kittens. They are ardent and clever in the pursuit of the three objects of their life—the piano, French, and a string of lovers. Married ladies take little exercise and eat excessively, so that they soon grow stout. Happily weight is the test of a fine woman in Argentina.

Buenos Ayres is the city of tramways. Horses cost only two or three pounds. The cars are packed, men and boys hold on wherever they can get a footing. The cars often jump the metals, so that you think yourself fortunate if you reach the end of a journey without mishap. Comparing population and mileage the tramcars are used by sixty-six people in Buenos Ayres for one in the United Kingdom. There is no hotel in the city worthy of the name, but the restaurants are first-class—some of them not inferior in decoration, attendance, or cookery to the best in London. The federal capital also has one of the best appointed gymnasiums in the world. Nearly two thousand members are enrolled. It provides thorough instruction in the art of offence and defence—English, French, Italian—

has reading, writing, and music-rooms, and is a centre for every social and philanthropic movement. It was here that the powerful political association—the *Unión Cívica*—arose, which showed that Argentine society was not willing to submit tamely to the corruption of public life in the Republic. Mr. Turner regards politics as “the cause of almost every evil, social and economical, that has befallen the Republic since the beginning of its history as an independent State.” There are not two men in either of the Chambers or in the whole province who will agree upon an interpretation of any given clause of the Constitution, “except on purely personal grounds of partisanship or friendship.” Every man hungers for notoriety and yearns to be an “official.” La Plata, the seat of government, sprung up ten years ago like an enchanted city. Most of the clerks live at Buenos Ayres, thirty-five miles away, and travel backwards and forwards every day. More than £10,000,000 have been spent on this political capital.

Mr. Turner holds that the cure for the woes of Argentina is to be found in European administration. “All the so-called ‘native industries’ are started, worked, or directed by the foreigner,” but the Constitution jealously excludes him from holding office in the Government, or exercising any control of the national finances. The natives have ruined Argentina and wasted millions of European capital. The only possible cure for the evils of the country is an enlightened and honest administration.

My Second Journey through Equatorial Africa, from the Congo to the Zambesi, in the years 1886 and 1887. By HERMANN VON WISSMANN. Translated from the German by Minna J. A. Bergmann. With a Map and Ninety-two Illustrations. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

Lieutenant von Wissmann's volume was prepared during a short rest in Germany, after a long tour of exploration in Africa. The strain on his nerves, and the dangers to which his expedition was exposed from the Arab slavers, produced violent headaches and nervous asthma, with most painful sleeplessness. He grew exceedingly weak, and in his low spirits began to recount the trials of an explorer's life; but no sooner did strength return than the old love of his work led him to feel that even peril and privation might be endured if he could but do something to make the Dark Continent better known and win deeper sympathy for its down-trodden people. His manly and unaffected record cannot fail to awaken such compassion. When von Wissmann re-entered the territory of Benecki, he found dismal silence among the huge groves of palm-trees which once marked that happy settlement. Again and again the peaceful people had been attacked by slave

raiders. The bravest men were slain, women and children were carried into slavery, then a dreadful famine set in, with small-pox introduced by the Arabs. Thus the densely populated district had been stripped of its inhabitants. The explorer shuddered with sadness at the horrible spectacle. Yet this is but one illustration of the havoc that is daily wrought in Africa. The revelations of cannibalism and cruelty are equally heart-rending. Lieutenant von Wissmann proved himself a born leader—kind, yet firm and prompt in all his measures. His journals contain many graphic details of life in Equatorial Africa. The wonderful skill with which the Badinga row their canoes charmed him. “The stalwart, muscular, dark-brown figures smoothly swinging their oars up and down so as to keep the plumes on their heads in wild motion.” Standing and singing, as they row, they form a striking picture. The curse of drunkenness in districts where palm wine is plentiful can scarcely be conceived. It is not advisable to visit such countries in the afternoon, for the intoxicated negroes then grow bitterly quarrelsome. Many delightful pages are given to the wild beasts, snakes, and insects of the region. The profuse illustrations add much to the pleasure with which we turn over these pages. The book is a notable and welcome accession to the growing library of African travel.

BLACK'S MANUALS OF PRACTICAL LAW.

1. *Wills and Intestate Succession.* By JAMES WILLIAMS, B.C.L., M.A.
2. *Banking and Negotiable Instruments.* By FRANK TILLYARD, B.A.
3. *Bankruptcy.* By CHARLES FRANCIS MORRELL.
4. *Copyright, Patents, Designs, Trade Marks, &c.* By WYNDHAM ANSTIS BREWES, LL.B.

London: Adam & Charles Black. 1891.

These neat five shilling manuals, in crown octavo, are issued under the general editorship of Mr. Williams. He has secured the help of various members of the English bar who have become authorities on the various subjects treated, and has aimed to make the volumes of service to lawyers and laymen alike. Laymen, however, have the first place in the thought of the writers. The volumes deal with the most important branches of law, giving a careful list of authorities, a good table of cases cited, with index and appendices. No work on Succession exists “which attempts in a small compass to deal at once with the history and principles for which the student looks, and with the practical law essential to the layman, who is pretty sure at some time in his life to be a testator, an executor, or an administrator.” Mr. Williams has produced a

compact, comprehensive, clearly-arranged manual, which ought to have a wide circulation. His earlier chapters on the "History of the Will and of Intestate Succession in England" supply a good sketch of a subject which possesses much interest, and which has never been adequately treated. Ample information is clearly given on all points of importance. Mr. Tillyard deals with a topic which none of the books on banking have handled. He attempts to treat concisely and simply the practical legal questions which arise in the course of a banker's business. The writer has to discuss some delicate points but he is not afraid to express a decided opinion. If lawyers differ from him they will still find it helpful to weigh the judgments of one who has made a special study of the question. The volume is even more popular than that on Succession. It discusses every topic with great acumen, and is a mine of useful information, where even a general reader will find much to interest him. The chapter on "Special Customers" deals with the relations of a banker to married women, husband and wife, shareholders of the bank, corporations and companies, trustees, partners, executors, brokers, and agents. Every bank ought to have a copy of this manual in constant use. Mr. Morrell in his work on Bankruptcy endeavours to give a concise statement of the laws dealing with the subject. The more recent cases decided under each head have been noted, references being given to the law reports. A general sketch of the law as it exists in Scotland and Ireland is inserted, with a short chapter on the difficult subject of Conflict of Laws. A general outline is given of Bankruptcy Law in England, from the first statute dealing with such matters—34 and 35 Henry VIII.—down to the Act of 1883, with the short Amendment Act of 1890. The book will be of real value to business men. Mr. Brewes has the difficult but important subject of Copyright, Patents, Designs, Trade Marks, &c. He discusses such topics as the rights of authors previous to publication, subject-matter, publication, literary and artistic copyright, in a way for which literary men and artists ought to feel much indebted to him. Many people desire to find a safe guide in such matters, and they can certainly not find one more competent than the writer of this valuable manual.

The Commerce of Nations. By C. F. BASTABLE, LL.D., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin.
London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

The new volume of Messrs. Methuen's capital series on "Social Questions of the Day," is a timely and most instructive study. Professor Bastable has written his book "in the belief that existing commercial policy and the doctrines respecting it are best explained by reference to their history. A method that has been so fruitful in all other directions of social inquiry can hardly be ineffective in this one." Readers of his volume will endorse this judgment. It throws quite a new light on American notions of protection to

trace back the policy which has now been crowned by the McKinley tariff. The difference between English and American methods is partly historical, partly the result of differences in environment. The natural tendencies of the American colonies, whose trade was so greatly hampered by the old colonial system, might have been expected to be strongly in favour of complete freedom of commerce. But hostility towards the English Government, the notion that native industries required something to stimulate them after the long depression under which they had suffered, and, lastly, the pressing fiscal necessities of the new Government, combined to bring about the establishment of a moderate tariff on imported goods. The course of the movement is clearly traced, and a good account is given of the McKinley tariff. Various articles are now either admitted free or at reduced rates; many duties remain practically unaltered, but a third group of commodities is placed under much higher taxation. Tobacco duty has been raised from 80 per cent. to 180 per cent.; the tax on agricultural products and ready-made clothing is increased by about 50 per cent. The pages on the mercantile system and the English customs system, 1815-1860, are very instructive to a student of our own financial history. The luminous chapter which deals with the "Economic Arguments for Protection," will also be of great service to those who wish to master the whole subject. Professor Bastable thinks "we cannot expect any speedy abandonment of the protective system, which will doubtless continue for a long time; but we may look for breaches in it, and at intervals steady and sustained reforms, leading, finally, though by slow degrees, to the adoption of free-trade, pure and simple."

A Vindication of the Rights of Woman. By MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. With an Introduction by ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. London: Walter Scott. 1892.

The "Scott Library," of which this is the first volume, is to consist mainly of well-known works of English literature, and of translations of ancient and modern classics. "Besides including well-known works, which every reader desires to possess in a handy and pleasant shape, the Scott Library will present in a cheap form many works hitherto, owing to rarity or high price, practically inaccessible to most readers. It will also be an object to include in the new library works of which the literary, historical, or other value is known to the critical and the few, but which have only to be thus made better known to become more widely sought after." The volumes have gilt top, rough edges, and are published at the low price of one shilling and sixpence. Mrs. Pennell's preface gives a good resumé of the chief facts in Mary Wollstonecraft's sad life, and shows the place which the "Vindication" holds. Its writer was the first of a new genus—the women who make literature a profession. After the publication of her famous volume she was denounced as a social outcast, a "hyena in petticoats." Horace Walpole

dubbed her a "philosophising serpent." Her latest editor says that if her book had appeared to-day, her reputation might not have outlived her own generation. The fact that she formed a nobler conception of women's sphere and work, and had the courage to state and defend her opinions, entitles her and her book to special remembrance. There are many things in the "Vindication" which are now universally accepted as commonplaces of a woman's training. She holds that the most perfect education "is such an exercise of the understanding as is best calculated to strengthen the body and form the heart." There are passages from which we gravely dissent, but the book is one of unusual interest. The pleasing sketch on page 201 of the working man's return to his family after his day's toil shows that Mary Wollstonecraft knew the joy of a happy home. "I have seen the wife prepare herself and her children, with only the luxury of cleanliness, to receive her husband, who, returning weary home in the evening, found smiling babes and a clean hearth. My heart has lingered in the midst of the group, and has even thrilled with sympathetic emotion when the scraping of the well-known foot has raised a pleasing tumult." Her own father, though a man of wealth, was a drunkard—the terror and tyrant of his household. As a child Mary had to act as her mother's defender. "Many a night she had passed crouched at the threshold of the bedroom, on the alert to play, if needed, her part as protector in the next scene of the family tragedy." It is little wonder that in such a home she formed lax views of the sanctity of the marriage tie. She is a woman whose history calls forth deep sympathy as well as grave censure.

Gossip in a Library. By EDMUND GOSSE. London: Heinemann. 1891.

These studies in miniature have already appeared in various English and American periodicals, but many readers will be thankful to have them gathered together into a volume like this. They are distinctly entertaining and suggestive. Mr. Gosse picks many famous volumes, little known to ordinary readers, from his shelves, and writes brief "retrospective reviews" as though they were new discoveries. Sometimes the personal history of the book is made the subject of the paper. The idea is a happy one, and it enables Mr. Gosse to lay his own vast store of reading under contribution, so that his volume leads one into many unexplored nooks of literature. Modern writers are not forgotten. George Meredith's *Shaving of Shagpat* finds a niche, though the little notice is somewhat slight. The book, in fact, is true to its title. It is pleasant "gossip" which will whet the curiosity of its readers, and make them familiar with many treasures of English literature.

The Grammar of Science. By KARL PEARSON, M.A. With Twenty-five Figures in the Text. London: Walter Scott. 1892.

Professor Pearson's book is primarily intended as a criticism of the fundamental concepts of science. He accepts almost without reserve the great

results of modern physics; but thinks that the language in which these results are expressed needs reconsideration. Such reconsideration is the more imperative because the language of physics is widely used in all branches of biological science. Science has contrived to hide its own deficient organisation; but this weakness has "already had a very discouraging influence both on scientific recruits and on intelligent laymen. Anything more hopelessly illogical than the statements with regard to force and matter current in elementary text-books of science it is difficult to imagine." Professor Pearson's experience, both as teacher and examiner, has led him to the conviction that such works possess "little, if any, *educational* value; they do not encourage the growth of logical clearness, or form any exercise in scientific method. One result of this obscurity we probably find in the ease with which the physicist, as compared with either the pure mathematician or the historian, is entangled in the meshes of such pseudo-sciences as natural theology and spiritualism." The present work is marked by due caution, great clearness and acumen, as well as a thorough grasp of the subject. Professor Pearson holds that it is the scope of science to ascertain truth in every possible branch of knowledge, and show the method by which it works. He devotes a good chapter to the facts of science gathered by sense-impressions. He very aptly describes scientific law as "a brief description in mental shorthand of as wide a range as possible of the sequences of our sense-impressions." The book will help to clear the minds of its readers on many scientific problems.

The New University for London. A Guide to its History and a Criticism of its Defects. By KARL PEARSON, M.A. Formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Professor of Applied Mathematics, University College, London, and Gresham Lecturer in Geometry. London: T. F. Unwin. 1892.

We have quoted the title-page of this little book in full, in order to show that Professor Pearson is in a good position to appreciate the bearing of the important subject with which he deals. His essays have been hastily thrown together, because the question of the Gresham University Charter had to be discussed in Parliament, but they are the result of long study and thought. Professor Pearson dedicates his pages to those of his colleagues who have formed a higher ideal for university life in London than is represented by the "Albert Charter." He gives the history of the project for a teaching university, with full particulars of the various schemes that have been put forward during the last eight years. The defects of the successive proposals are clearly indicated. The Professor gives his own opinion as to the true lines of academic reorganisation in London with a view not to an ideal scheme, "but to suggest feasible modifications which would render current proposals less antagonistic to the

ultimate development of a great professorial university in London." We have a good deal of sympathy with his description of the Convocation of London University, as "the group of prehistoric meddlers and muddlers who believe that a university can thrive if it be governed, not by its teaching and examining executive, but by those whom the executive has stamped as taught." No scheme for a university for London can pretend to be satisfactory which leaves the great establishment at Burlington Gardens out in the cold; but Convocation has done a good deal to bring such a calamity within the range of possibility. The whole scheme needs to be reconsidered. To rush the matter at this stage would be a calamity for the university and for London.

Essays, Civil and Moral, Advancement of Learning, Novum Organum, &c. &c. By FRANCIS BACON. With Portrait and Biographical Introduction. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1892.

Mr. Bettany, whose early death has left a painful gap in London literary circles, did excellent work in arranging and editing the Minerva Library of Famous Books, which have enjoyed a very extensive circulation. The neat volumes, furnished with capital Introductions by the editor's own hand, have been of great service to those who could not afford to purchase expensive editions. For such readers we know no collection of Bacon's chief writings to compare with this. The *Essays*, which have an indescribable charm of style, the first book of the *Advancement of Learning*, the *Novum Organum*, the *Great Instauration*, the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, and the *New Atlantis*, are all given in this one volume. Mr. Bettany's Introduction is everything that such a sketch ought to be. The facts of the great statesman and lawyer's life are clearly given. The best construction is put on the dark episodes of Bacon's career, though Mr. Bettany carefully abstains from any appearance of partisanship. A few helpful paragraphs are devoted to the writings themselves. We may call one sentence which shows that the writer's heart was set on something beyond mere attainment of knowledge: "How happy a thing it would be for many men of science if they could, as Bacon recommends, give up making mere knowledge the be-all and the end-all of life! How fortunate we should all be if we could use our knowledge to give ourselves repose and contentment and not distaste or repining!"

Ancient Facts and Fictions concerning Churches and Tithes. By ROUNDELL, Earl of Selborne. Second Edition. With a Supplement containing remarks on a recent history of Tithes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

This is a companion volume to Lord Selborne's "Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment." It is not a popular treatise, but a mass-
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terly survey of some historical questions bearing on the subject. It deals with the period preceding the Norman Conquest both in Continental and Anglo-Saxon Churches. The developments of early ecclesiastical institutions which resulted in the modern parochial system, and the endowment of the parish with tithes, are traced as only a lawyer and a statesman like Lord Selborne could trace it. Students who wish to study the subject to its inmost recesses should make themselves familiar with this scholarly work.

Every Man his own Horse Doctor. By GEORGE ARMATAGE, M.R.C.V.S. In which is embodied Blain's *Veterinary Art*, with numerous Recipes, Steel Plates, and upwards of Three Hundred Practical, Anatomical, and Surgical Illustrations. Fourth edition, revised and considerably enlarged. London: F. Warne & Co. 1892.

Our national wealth in horses exceeds the total value of the horned stock, sheep and swine of the United Kingdom. Every year the horse seems to play a more prominent part in our complex modern life, and to feel more keenly the strain put upon it by cab, tramcar, omnibus, and the ten thousand calls of English industry in town and country. This handsome volume, prepared by a lecturer at the Albert and the Glasgow Veterinary Colleges, has already established its reputation. Three large editions have been rapidly disposed of. In the present issue much new information has been incorporated so that the latest results of veterinary science are within the reach of all who consult it. It is written in a very clear style, carefully arranged and supplied with all information necessary for the practical treatment of horses in every ailment, simple or serious. The illustrations are especially useful. The volume deserves all the popularity it has gained, both for its ample knowledge and its practical sagacity. Every one who has the care of horses ought to get the book and use it.

A Concise Dictionary of the English Language. New and enlarged edition. By CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. London: Blackie & Sons. 1892.

Thirty-two closely packed pages have been added to this edition. A supplement of additional words, some of which have not hitherto found a place in any English dictionary, shows how our language is growing every day. The technical character of these jaw-breaking words will strike any one who runs his eye down the list. The key to names connected with fiction, as well as mythology, is a novel and welcome feature, as also are the chronological list of authors, and the table showing the formal modes of addressing persons of title or official rank, and the conspectus of the money of the world. No dictionary is at once so cheap, so full, so compact, and so reliable as this.

The Globe Hand Atlas. By J. G. BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.
London: Nelson & Sons. 1892.

We do not know any half-crown atlas to compare with this. There are fifty-four maps of the various countries, very effectively coloured, with small but more fully detailed maps of the chief towns. Below the capital map of Ireland, for instance, the environs of Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, are given in a very neat and striking way. The commercial map of the world, which shows the British Empire at a glance, the novel Time Chart, which gives the hour of day for every country when it is noon at Greenwich, the ocean currents, the prevailing winds, the races of man, the density of population, and the diagram of geographical terms will be very useful. The population of chief cities and countries, according to recent census returns, is another capital feature of this most complete and carefully arranged atlas.

Education Report to the Minister of Public Instruction for the Year 1890-91 Melbourne: R. S. Brain.

This education Report, presented to the Parliament of Victoria by order of the Governor, shows that during the year 1890 the number of schools was 2152, an increase of 170 in full-time unclassified schools, but a decrease of 40 in full-time classified schools, and 23 in half-time schools. The total number of localities provided for was 2227, an increase of 84 on the previous year. The average attendance was 133,768, an increase of 2909; in 1872 the average attendance was 68,456, so that it has nearly doubled in eighteen years. The report says "The general condition of the schools is found to be highly satisfactory, substantial progress being made, and good discipline maintained, while the difficulties of the new programme have been fairly overcome. The general reports of the inspectors of schools indicate very plainly that an improvement all along the line has taken place, and that the hopes of the framers of the new programme that it would produce quickened intelligence and better mental training have not been disappointed." It was said that the change would reduce teachers' salaries, but three years' experience proves that salaries have actually been raised. "The result percentage, on which a teacher's payment partially depended, never rose on an average above 84 under the old programme, while last year the average percentage of passes for all schools was no less than 77.7, which, with the merit grant, averaging 11.5, made a total of 89.2, the highest average percentage ever reached." The increased number of attendances required by the Amending Act of 1889 has borne fruit. The number of pupils who attained to "the standard of education" was 11,431, as against 7999 in 1889, and 4680 in 1888. The number of certificates awarded was the highest ever reached. 4708 teachers are employed by the Education Department, an increase of 122 over the total for 1889. Over 55 per cent. have the certificate of competency, or a higher one; the rest have the lower qualification of a simple

licence to teach. It is to be hoped that these "permits to teach" may soon cease; but unfortunately the standard which qualifies for obtaining them has been lowered during the past two years. The inspector for the Castlemaine District complains of the condition of the schoolrooms. The Boards of Advice let the buildings for dancing assemblies. Country lads and lasses gather for a romp. The furniture is put outside; "the floor is greased with pieces of cut-up candle. After the midnight supper pieces of jam tarts and cheese cakes are trodden in, and towards morning coffee stains, &c., are added. In many cases saliva is expectorated freely in the porches. When the teacher arrives the next morning to open school, having hunted up the key, he finds the air of the room reeking with the stale fumes of tobacco, and he has to press a number of boys into the service to replace the furniture and prepare for the school work. In one case—not in this district—I found that even the privacy of the teacher's quarters was invaded, to the annoyance and disgust of the teacher's sick wife." Many other passages in these reports invite comment. The surroundings of the teacher in Victoria differ widely from these with which we are familiar in this country.

*Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand for the Year 1890;
with Abstracts from the Agricultural Statistics of 1891.
Wellington: George Didsbury. 1891.*

The population of New Zealand for 1890, exclusive of Maories, was 625,508; the births, 18,278; the deaths, 5994; the marriages, 3797. The emigrants from the colony were 1782 more than the immigrants. 43 917,200 letters were received and dispatched; 17,912,734 newspapers. The postal revenue was £229,867; the miles of telegraph open, 5060; of railways, 1842. The railway receipts were £1,121,702. The tonnage of ships entering New Zealand was 662,769; the outward going tonnage was 649,705. The value of wool exported was £4,150 599; of grain, £1,074,354; of frozen meat, £1 087,617 (it was only £783,374 in 1889). These figures are distinctly encouraging to friends of the colony.

The Report on the Statistics, which is given in a separate volume, carefully brings out the chief points. Any one who wishes to understand the present position of the colony ought to master these two volumes. One is glad to read that "The Maories show great aptitude for civilisation. They possess fine characteristics, mental and physical, and many rapidly adopt the manners and customs of their civilised neighbours."

Our Villages: another View. By A. N. Coojer, M.A. *Home Words Office.* 1891.

This unpretending little pamphlet, called forth by the vigorous articles which

appeared in the *Daily News*, is well worth reading. It shows that there is another and a brighter side to the subject of village life.

New Light from Old Eclipses; or Chronology Corrected, and the Four Gospels Harmonised by the Rectification of Errors in the Received Astronomical Tables. By WILLIAM M. PAGE. St. Louis: Barnes Publishing Co. 1890.

Mr. Page is a successful business man, who has made astronomical calculations the hobby of his leisure hours. He thinks that he has thrown new and true light on all chronology by a more exact study of the eclipses mentioned in ancient history. He puts the birth of our Lord in the spring of B.C. 3, and the Crucifixion in 29 A.D. His chief effort is directed to prove that Christ's ministry lasted only one year. He finds an argument for this in the fact that the Paschal lamb had to be of the first year; but this would lead one to argue rather that our Lord should have made atonement in the first year of his life rather than the first of his ministry. Mr. Page disposes in a somewhat off-hand fashion of the feasts in St. John's Gospel. We venture to think that these are more trustworthy than the writer's eclipses. His book, however, though unconvincing, is both ingenious and reverent. It must have cost an enormous amount of time to prepare the lunar tables. The latter and larger half of the volume is a harmony of the Gospels, with the narrative arranged according to Mr. Page's new lights.

The Works of Heinrich Heine. Translated from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). London: William Heinemann. 1891.

Mr. Leland says in his "Introductory Note" that Heine, though a voluminous writer both in prose and verse, has left few lines that could be spared from the literature of the world. Much even of Goethe's poetry cannot stand so searching a test, though the master of German literature towers far above Heine as a poet. Heine has made his mark in philosophy, criticism, and even politics, as well as in poetry. He carried the happy instinct of a poet into his prose, and wrote with a charm of style and thought which makes his work classical. As a poet he was essentially a *Volks-dichter*, a bard in whom true feeling and power of melody were combined with perfect lucidity and perfect proportion. "Imagine such a man to be at the same time a most original and accurate thinker, and to possess in the discussion of grave matters the ease and brightness and symmetry which have constituted his charm as a lyric poet, and it will be seen that his prose may be as well worth translating as his verse."

It is not merely as a master of style that Heine is entitled to careful study. His relation to the creeds and circumstances of his century, and his influence in shaping European thought, claim for his writings special attention. He liked to compare himself to Aristophanes, but he was rather the Socrates of his time, who called attention to the great problems of the age, and compelled men to think more clearly. The first volume of this edition of his works contains the "Florentine Nights," "Herr von Schnabelewopski," the "Rabbi of Bacharach," and the critiques on "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women" which have such charm for an English reader. The second and third volumes are taken up by his "Pictures of Travel in 1823-1826 and 1828." The *Reisebilder* cover the "Hartz Journey," the "North Sea Wanderings," "Italy and England." Heine is often vulgar. Sometimes "this vulgarity, half-real, half-affected, takes the form of intense admiration of style, aristocracy, fashion, and elegance. . . . But there is vulgarity of another kind, such as he poured forth on Platen, which is in striking contrast to his brilliancy, wit, and artistic power, since it is, with very little exception, coarse, unattractive, and unpleasant, not even good of its kind, and often quite untruthful." Heine, one is glad to remember, himself suppressed much of this nauseous stuff. He had been led astray by his exuberant spirits. Mr. Leland thinks that for piquant drollery, Heine, Dickens, and Sydney Smith are probably the three leaders of the century. The new edition is very neatly bound, and printed in bold type. The volumes are published at five shillings each. Students of German thought can have no better edition of Heine than this.

Timbers and how to know them. By Dr. ROBERT HARTIG.
Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1890.

This little manual will be exceedingly useful to those who wish to identify timbers, and to have within reach a concise statement of their composition, quality, and structure. It divides the subject into two parts, Needle-leaved and Broad-leaved trees, under which the various woods are placed. An index and a very clear "Explanation of Terms," without which the book would be useless to the general reader, have been added by the translator. There are many illustrations. The articles on the pear tree, the teak, and the hawthorn may be referred to as good specimens of clear yet brief descriptions.

The Student's Handbook to the University Colleges of Oxford.
Tenth Edition. Revised to December, 1888. The Clarendon Press. Oxford: 1889.

We need only direct attention to this, the most recent and revised edition of the *Oxford University Handbook*. In this manual taste and utility are combined, as they should be by the Oxford Press.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (January 1).—M. Chailey-Bert contributes a valuable article to this number on the "English in Upper Burma." The paper deals with the administration, laws, and functionaries of the province. The writer says that a European Power does not now pretend to found a colony. It sends out a military force, rallies all classes to its standard, issues proclamations of peace and conciliation, guaranteeing the security of person and property, the respect of national beliefs, the maintenance of laws and customs. It promises a *régime* of justice and prosperity, but when it reaches this point the work is not finished. To reduce a nation to subjection it is not enough to conquer it. Years of wise force and tenacious kindness are needed before the new masters can win a firm hold. Such considerations show how hard is the task of subjugating the old empires of the East. In Burma our work "has consisted in acclimatising the laws of India in Lower Burma, then in preparing to acclimatise the laws of Lower Burma in the Upper Province." The criminal laws of India have won the highest praise from such experts as Sir Henry Maine and Sir John Strachey. Englishmen are more anxious about the criminal than about the civil code. The penal legislation of the inferior civilisations is a cruelty which revolts civilised people. "One may not be able to say that the English are the champions of the ideas of humanity; but they are the enemies of the ideas of cruelty, especially as inscribed in laws." Being what they are, "they endeavour to introduce a more humane penal code in India as in all their other colonies. The fact that the judge represents English society in the eyes of the Hindu, makes it wise to give more weight to the text of the law and leave less liberty to the judge in fixing sentences. In civil matters, where the contest lies between two individuals, the judge is left more free to interpret and apply the law. The penal code, due to a commission over which Lord Macaulay presided, challenges comparison with any legal work. The code of criminal procedure and the law of witnesses are also entirely satisfactory. Civil legislation, on the other hand, is still incomplete. Some years ago a code of civil procedure was formed, and a general law about contracts was passed, but it is still largely a matter of detail and arrangement." No blame attaches to our Government for this state of things. We are more timid than our French neighbours. We think rightly that legislation ought to vary with change of latitude, and in a country like India the difficulty is doubled by variety of race and religion. A good sketch is given of the complicated laws of Burma. The *Scheduled Districts*, despite the common name, and in virtue of powers conferred on local authorities, have different laws, which vary from day to day according to circumstances. We must beware of imposing on the people a legal *régime* which is too complicated for them, or which offends their beliefs and customs; yet we must also beware of leaving the country without fixed laws, or regular administration. The article pays a high tribute to our functionaries in India as the most carefully and skilfully chosen body of officials in the world. The writer says, "I do not venture to extend the same praise to the officials of all English possessions; but in India the mode of recruiting has been organised with a luxury of precautions and furnishes subjects of a merit that defies all comparison." Careful statements are given to show the merit of these English representatives, as well as the mode in which they are chosen and trained for their posts. Burma has not been popular among Indian officials, so that it has been found necessary to offer special advantages in order to attract proper men. There have been great difficulties in settling the administration of the province, but these are now being successfully faced. M. Planchut, in his article on "Le Berry," one of the ancient provinces of France, says that "tastes, industry, religious beliefs, all are changed." The

people have a gentleness and a humour which is somewhat sceptical, with that kind of indolence insurmountable by the man who is wedded to quiet ways and labours steadily like the ox at the plough. Some interesting items about marriage customs are given. Grandparents will scatter almost all their savings in the two or three days of the wedding. In the villages of the Vallée-Noire a singular ceremony is observed, which seems like homage paid to rural virtues. The guests, with joyful shouts, betake themselves to an orchard, where, amid the music of fiddle and bagpipe, they search for the finest cabbage. They pretend that it is so firmly rooted that it cannot be pulled up, and consult some patriarch with enormous spectacles on his nose, who declares that a pair of oxen must be brought to detach it from the soil. These are brought, and the cabbage is placed above the roof under which the newly-married couple are to live. The girl shuts herself up in her parents' house whilst her *fiancé* chants outside the door about beautiful ribbons which he comes to present to her. She chants a few lines in reply. At last she opens the door. The antique simplicity of the funerals is very touching. The writer has often seen four young oxen drawing a cart on which rested a coffin of white wood, without funeral drapery or wreath of any kind. A little company of peasants follow with the children of the dead man and the widow, dressed in a black mantle with its hood lowered. At each cross-road there stands a cross of wood on a green hillock. Here the funeral cortège stops, tapers are lighted, prayers said, then one of the assistants deposits at the foot of the great cross a little cross made of rough-cut chips of wood. M. Gaston Deschamps's account of "Six Weeks spent in the Isle of Amorgos," is another paper that will greatly interest all who wish to understand the quiet life of the Isles of Greece.

(February 1.)—M. Charles de Coutouly deals with the German settlement in South-west Africa and its state of defence. At the time of the Crimean War England subsidised a Germanic legion, whose members obtained lands in Kaffraria. The agriculturists and their families were called from Prussia and Mecklenburg to reinforce the colonial military element. That is the explanation of the large German population at the Cape, and of the names Berlin, Potsdam, and Braunschweig given to the local railway stations. But these colonists have become Africanised like the rest, and, though preserving the use of their own language, they speak English, Dutch, and Kaffir. They cultivate the sandy flats around Cape Town, and are brave people who work hard on their poor farms. The presence of these German agriculturists has no political significance. If German officialism had not set foot in Damaraland the presence of these settlers would have been a matter of no consequence. The first indications of Germany's political activity in South Africa date from two years after Sadowa, when the disagreement between Sir Philip Wodehouse and his Parliament arose. German missionary societies wished to push forward their work in Namaqualand and Damaraland, hence arose consultations with the British Government. M. Coutouly traces the course of German negotiation with successive English Governments. At the Cape Afrikanerism reigned. It aimed to unite South Africa under one great federation. The entrance of Germany to the circle confused that geographical expression and disturbed the charming vision. Difficulties arose as to the *hinterland*. These are carefully described in the article. The writer says the African seaboard is open to all comers, save at two points where the peninsula ends at the Cape of Good Hope. On the side facing the Atlantic, Table Bay, with Cape Town at its base, is provided with unfinished defences. There is artillery sufficiently powerful to prevent a bombardment. At the other side the maritime arsenal of Simon's Town has also received the necessary fortifications. There has been no reason to create a second Gibraltar in South Africa. Gibraltar is so small, so steep, so fortified by Nature that there has never been any difficulty from the days of Tarik, the barbarian general, down to our own times, in rendering that rock impregnable. Cape Town has no such advantages, nor does it seem to need them. The Cape colonists depend on the naval protection of England, and do not wish to see their capital turned into a fortified camp with a strong garrison.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (February).—In a short sketch of commercial treaties it is stated that no country is so much injured by the McKinley Tariff Bill as Germany. It has surrounded the United States with a wall of taxes which can scarcely be scaled by European traders. Thanks to the enterprising spirit of her people and the activity of her Government, Germany has largely overcome the difficulties of her geographical position and the barriers raised by the exclusiveness of her neighbours. She has gradually acquired an industrial position which is only second to that of England. For a long time she has been denied access to her natural markets in the east and south of Europe. France has never opened her doors to German trade. England, with her over-sea possessions, and America have been Germany's best customers. The partial loss of the American market has been a heavy blow to her. If the policy of statesmen like Mr. Blaine is to succeed there is only one way for Germany to take, and that is the cultivation of closer relations with Austria-Hungary and the regions which lie beyond that Empire.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (January 16).—Signor Ferraris deals exhaustively with the subject of "Finance and National Economy," which is now exciting great interest in Italy. Di Rudini's explanation of the programme of the new Ministry was received a year ago with lively satisfaction in the Chamber. The view was there expressed that the country desires financial reform above all things. Tables of statistics are given in this article in order to show the method of balancing its accounts adopted by Italy, and the whole subject of finance is discussed. The points to aim at the writer thinks are: A strong and systematic reorganisation of the bank of issue with a view to the return to payment in money, so that the actual depreciation of the paper of the bank and the State may be known; a vigorous land policy which would complete and co-ordinate the schemes undertaken on private initiative. Gradually, but energetically, the country would increase the quantity, improve the quality, and augment the commercial exchange of the products of the soil; a better arrangement of the finance of the provinces and of the State, and especially of localities which are in debt; the reorganisation of the Bourse so that wealth may be the reward of labour, not of gambling and speculation; a reform of commercial legislation so as to give every facility to honest trade; the gradual and prudent return to sound principles of commercial liberty with the view to promote the exportation of farm produce. "Experience has at length shown that high duties were the cause of the decay of industry, of the destruction of vast capital, and of the impoverishment of the country." The last point, which the writer thinks of great importance, is the transformation of the imposts and duties of the public service (postal tariff, telegraphs, &c.), so as to increase the production and the output of work. The present system depresses the economic activity of the country, and its revision would be valuable in the interest of the State itself. The paper shows that enlightened views of national finance are spreading in Italy.

METHODIST REVIEW (January, February).—In his editorial notes Dr. Mendenhall says that "British Wesleyanism, like American Methodism, exhibits in striking contrast some phases of conservatism and radicalism. On the whole it is more radical than conservative, needing check rather than spur, because the progressive spirit needs always to be tempered with a due consideration of the lessons of history. In its tendency to accept evolution, indirectly allying itself with the adverse forces of agnostic science, it needs to guard itself lest it go too far. In its sentiment in favour of the ecclesiastical rights of women, opening the doors of the local ministry to her advance, it furnishes a genuine surprise to the American Church, and admonishes conservatism to be less restrictive. According to Wesleyanism, a Christian woman confessing to be called of God to preach, may be inducted into the lay ministry, and without ordination or a pastorate may exercise the ministerial function just as any unordained local preacher may exercise the office." The editor thinks that such a solution of the woman question—allowing her to preach but refusing to invest her with the pastoral function—would go far towards settling the vexed question of the alleged ministerial rights of

women. The editor has been strangely misinformed. We wonder how any ordinary Methodist superintendent in this country would regard a lady who wished to become a local preacher. There are men of large experience who never saw a woman's name in any such list. It is hard, therefore, to see how we can be said to have settled the question. One of the current discussions on "The Life Tenure of the Methodist Episcopacy" regards the attempt to alter this as the most unwise of all proposed reforms. The Review says that Mr. Bunting's paper, read at the recent Oecumenical Conference, was entirely too radical for the American theologian, "in so far as it inclined to apply evolution to the realms of ethics and religion." Mr. Longking, of New York, gives some figures as to the progress of Methodism in that city during the past hundred years. In 1790, when the population of New York was 33,131, there were 624 members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1890 the population was 1,513,501, the membership within the city limits 15,250. Methodism is not the power there that it is in Baltimore, but it is neither dead nor dying.

CENTURY (January, February, March).—Dr Buckley, the editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, handles the congenial theme of "Witchcraft" in the January number. He says: "Witchcraft is at the present time believed in by a majority of the citizens of the United States," and its baleful spell still holds four-fifths of the human race in bondage. This startling estimate is backed by a careful survey of the conditions of thought in the various countries of the world, which goes far to substantiate the doctor's statement. The details as to the belief and the excesses to which they have led in many lands are painfully interesting. New England has a bad pre-eminence in this record of fanaticism. Dr. Buckley asks whether the Bible teaches the reality of witchcraft. He argues that "only the existence and criminality of the attempt to practice it are to be concluded from the words of Scripture." The Witch of Endor must have known Saul, and gleaned all the facts she needed from the king's own statement. She was not necessarily a deceiver, but may have worked herself into "a species of trance in which she imagined the character suggested by her applicant. If so, she would naturally personify the tone of another person, and would speak to a greater degree in harmony with what the character might be expected to say under the known circumstances." "Saul, who never saw anything, but depended upon her description, 'perceived that it was Samuel.'" There is no doubt that Dr. Buckley's discussion of the "confessions" made by many persons as to their interviews with the devil is satisfactory. Torture is a sufficient explanation of some cases. Religious and spiritually-minded persons "were saturated with erroneous views of the power of the devil, and his mode of exercising it. They believed that he was very near them all the time, endeavouring to effect an entrance; and when they were accused and saw 'the afflicted,' and realised that the magistrates and ministers thought they were guilty, their minds being weakened by the terrible pressure upon them, they came to the conclusion that in some unguarded moment the devil had gained an advantage over them; and that, though 'they were unconscious of having done such things, their spirits must have committed them,' and they therefore confessed." In the March number Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer brings her notable papers on our English Cathedrals to a close with a study of "St. Paul's." She says it was hard to decide with what church to begin her series of articles, but there is no question as to that with which she must end. "After the Norman or Romanesque period came the Gothic, with its three successive styles—Lancet-pointed, Decorated, and Perpendicular. After these came the Renaissance period, which produced, not a group or series of cathedrals, but, in magnificent isolation, the one great church of St. Paul's in London. And this is the end. St. Paul's is not the last large church that has been built in Great Britain, but it is the last that reveals an architect of genius, or illustrates a genuine phase of architectural development." The writer discusses the building with her usual acumen as an architectural critic. She thinks the chief defect of the interior is the vast length of the choir, which leaves the

dome poised upon stretching colonnades, unsustained to the eye by any massive bulk of wall. The transept is also too long for good effect; more people can enter than can profit by the service. The whole article deserves close study. Mrs. Van Rensselaer thinks that, despite all the beauty of Gothic spires and towers, a dome is the noblest crown that a great aggregate of human homes can carry. "In the measureless panorama of London what are the towers of Westminster, what would be the spire of Salisbury, compared with its Titanic bulk, so majestically eternal in expression, yet so buoyant, so airy, that when the clouds float past it we can fancy that it soars and settles like a living thing?" Renaissance art is really the art of Protestantism. "St. Peter's, and the countless Renaissance churches which Catholic hands have since erected simply prove that even Rome herself could not escape the influence of the great movement which produced the Reformation."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—M. de Blowitz writes a new chapter of his memoirs—Alfonso XII. proclaimed King of Spain—in *Harper* for March. It is really a very entertaining paper, which gives some glimpses of Laurence Oliphant and Mr. Delaine, which English readers will prize, and shows how long De Blowitz had to wait for his promotion as chief correspondent for the *Times* in Paris. He really did a very clever stroke in securing an account of Alfonso's accession from his own lips. He was well backed by friends at Court, without whom the feat would have been impossible, but the way in which he schemed and won makes a capital story, and brings out the journalist's enthusiasm for his profession. A more amusing episode describes the way in which during the Shah's first visit to Paris the journalist went to Versailles provided with introductions which opened every door, but found to his chagrin four or five of his colleagues in the foreign press had placed themselves at his side resolved to stay there and profit by every facility at his disposal. "This lasted throughout the evening. I attempted to make shifts and turns, but still I found this cortège at my heels rather increasing than diminishing." It was of small use to see everything if others did the same, and published it in all the English papers next morning. The exit from the park was blocked by 10,000 people, so that there was no hope of getting out in that way before the telegraph office closed. The eager correspondent spied a ladder leaning against the wall outside. He and his friends climbed the wall by the aid of a friendly chair, got down the ladder, and managed to remove it before the baffled correspondents inside could secure a footing. De Blowitz thus had the wire free all to himself, sent off his telegram, and heard the hapless rivals, who arrived too late, striking their fists against the closed doors of the office. "This is the way that one manages to send telegrams before other people, and succeeds in making five enemies in one single well-employed evening." Mr. Ralph's "Capitals of the North-West" should not be overlooked. He says that in another ten years the twin cities of the wheat region—Minneapolis and St. Paul—will boast a population of a million. Seeing that last summer they only had 350,000 residents this prospective increase almost rivals that of Chicago itself. "Close to their doors lies the famous Red River Valley . . . declared to be the third agricultural region, in point of fertility in the world, there being one Asiatic and one African valley in the foreground beyond it." It is prairie land of black soil, which once formed the bed or deposit of an ancient sea. The past year was one of such unusual fertility that it was said the farmers would be able to pay off all their mortgages with its profits. You hear of farmers whose profits were \$30,000 in one season, and of others who bought farms of great extent, expecting to pay for them in an indefinite number of years, but found that last season's wonderful yield enabled them to do so in a twelvemonth. In Minnesota and the two Dakotas the wheat crop alone was estimated as worth one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. There are 8,832,000 acres in the Red River Valley, less than a quarter of which were in crop last year. If wheat were grown on every acre it would become a drug on the market. As it was the yield was estimated at thirty to thirty-seven million bushels. Twenty bushels is the average yield per acre, but as

many as forty-seven have been gathered under exceptionally favourable circumstances.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—Mr. Dickinson's "Station Life in Australia" gives a good idea of the great sheep ranches of the Antipodes. One owner has ranches equal in area to Belgium, another is lord of 200,000 acres and a quarter of a million sheep; a third has 1177 square miles as his domain. In 1793, Mr. John McArthur, of Sydney, introduced light fine-woolled sheep from the Cape of Good Hope. The improvement in wool was so great that ten years later he set off to secure some Spanish merinos. The Spaniards had, however, made the exportation of their sheep a capital offence, so that McArthur was unable to effect his purpose. Fortunately George III. heard of his visit. The King of Spain had presented him with a pair of these merinos some years before. From their progeny he gave McArthur four splendid animals, with which he went back to the colony rejoicing. His expectations were more than realised. At the end of 1890 the descendants of these sheep in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand numbered 101,267,084, worth at least £400,000,000, together with the land on which they pastured. There are many Australian squatters who have an annual income of from £10,000 to £100,000. One pastoral king, who owns thirty "stations," made in 1890 a net profit of £192,000. The plague of rabbits is a great trial to the squatter. A settler near Melbourne introduced a score in order that his station might remind him of his home in England. Little did he dream of the prodigious increase that would follow. Severe measures have been used. "In all but the remoter sections, the rabbits are now fairly under control; one rabbitier with a pack of dogs supervises stations where one hundred were employed ten years ago, and with ordinary vigilance the squatters have little to fear. Millions of the animals have been killed by fencing in the water-holes and dams during a dry season, whereby they died of thirst, and lay in enormous piles against the obstructions they had frantically and vainly striven to climb; and poisoned grain and fruit have killed myriads more. A fortune of £25,000, offered by the New South Wales Government, still awaits the man who can invent some means of general destruction, and the knowledge of this fact has brought to the notice of the various Colonial Governments some very original devices." "The Water Route from Chicago to the Ocean," in *Scribner* for March, gives a picture of the great lakes, the towns which stand upon their banks, and the enormous traffic of the district. In 1889, sixty new steamers and eleven sailing vessels, with an aggregate of 70,000 tons, and valued at \$6,650,000 were added to the fleet. The population of Buffalo had grown from 42,000 in 1850, to 255,000 in 1890; Cleveland from 17,000 in 1860, to 262,000 in 1890; Chicago from 30,000 in 1850, to 1,100,000 in 1890. Detroit, which had 116,340 residents in 1881, has now 205,876; Milwaukee in the same time has sprung from 115,587 to 204,468.

ST. NICHOLAS (January, February, March).—In *St. Nicholas* for March there is one of the best descriptions of the boomerang—how it is made and used by the aborigines in New South Wales—that we have seen. The interest of this entertaining magazine is thoroughly maintained.