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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1867.

ART. I.—1. *Recherches sur la Fusion du Franco-Normand et de l'Anglo-Saxon.* Par J. P. THOMMEREL, Docteur ès-Lettres de la Faculté de Paris. Paris: Pourchet, 1841.
2. *Modern English Literature: its Blemishes and Defects.* By HENRY H. BREEN, Esq. F.S.A. London: Longmans, 1867.

A FEW days ago we read the electioneering address of a candidate, who was an honourable, a major, and an Etonian. One of his so-called sentences ran thus:—"No well-digested measure of Reform but will, *if elected to Parliament*, enjoy my best consideration." We are glad to say that the electors, whose "sweet voices" were thus wooed by him, did *not* elect him, in company with "well-digested measures of Reform," as fellow-members. From the days of Cobbett downwards royal speeches have been proverbially prolific of bad grammar. These documents, one would think, might reasonably be expected to be at least accurately worded. They are framed by men of commanding powers of mind, strengthened, as well as refined, by the highest culture; yet, in the last royal speech, delivered on the 5th of February, we have noted more than thirty passages which are either grossly inelegant or absolutely ungrammatical. A few of these we will specify.

Early in the speech this passage occurs: "I have suggested to the Government of the United States a proposal by which questions pending between the two countries, arising

out of the civil war, may receive an amicable solution; and which, if met, as I trust it will be, in a corresponding spirit, will remove all grounds of possible misunderstanding, and promote relations of cordial friendship."

In the first copy, which was telegraphed throughout the country, "mode" stood instead of "proposal;" but some one, we conclude, having discovered that a "mode" could not be "met," caused the word to be changed, forgetting that, though a "proposal" could be "met," it could not settle "questions," or remove "all grounds," though the "mode," if it had been *adopted*, might perhaps have done both. The sentence contains five other errors, and is, in fact, hopelessly bad.

How easily it might have been mended! We will, in all humility, try our hand at the operation:—

"Various questions, arising out of the late civil war in the United States, are pending between the Government of that country and my own. With the view of settling these questions, and in the hope of preventing future misunderstandings, I have made a proposal, which, if received, as I trust it will be, in a friendly spirit, will tend to the promotion of cordial and lasting goodwill between the two nations."

This, perhaps, is not specially good; but it is at least intelligible, and we hope it is grammatical.

Further on we hear of a war that "*still* continues;" of the Factory Acts and "*other trades*;" of "improved relations," instead of "an improvement in the relations;" of tenants' "holdings," instead of *farms*; of a "limited number of individuals," for *a few persons*; of "I am assured," for *I am sure*; of companies "meeting their engagements," for *paying their debts*; and many other phrases as bad or worse.

Such was the style in which a cabinet containing poets, novelists, essayists, and Oxford first-class men addressed the Parliament of England, in "*again* recurring to its advice and assistance."

Surely, these things ought not to be; for, if speech be not, as the wily diplomatist declared, merely a vehicle of dissimulation, but, on the contrary, the very noblest of God's gifts to man, that which most of all marks him off from the beasts that perish, then few objects can be of higher importance than the maintenance of its correctness and purity. And of all its manifold forms, assuredly one of the fairest is that which, with a fitting tenderness of feeling, we call our "Mother Tongue."

The English language cannot indeed boast of that delicate

flexibility and subtle power of distinction which characterise Greek; nor may it claim the stern terseness and compact grandeur of Latin. It aspires not to the minute precision and refined shading of French, nor to the marvellous aptitude for forming compounds which belongs to the German. But, while admitting all this, we nevertheless greatly question whether there is, or ever has been, any one language in which all these elements exist more largely, and are blended together more harmoniously, than we find them in English. *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna.*

Time was when there reigned too widely a fashion of disparaging the capabilities of the English language; but we are thankful to acknowledge that of late years this ungrateful error has been to a large extent corrected. Englishmen have learnt, and still are learning, to understand their language better, and to esteem it more highly. All honour to those who, beginning with Horne Tooke—to whom, spite of his mistakes, a great debt is due—have patiently wrought in this most toilsome but most productive field.

Most, though not quite all, recent writers of any merit who have treated of the English language have dealt with the origin and structure of words, and their grammatical relations to each other, rather than with English composition or English literature. And rightly so; for words are the tools wherewith the fairest mental workmanship must be wrought; the stones they are, apt and polished, out of which must be reared the most glorious and enduring temples of intellectual might. Hence, in dealing satisfactorily with the great problem of language, the "study of words" must first be undertaken and faithfully pursued, and at a later period will follow the inquiry into the best way of using these tools, and the discussion as to the most fitting and effective style, wherein these materials can be worked up, so as to form a building that shall subserve the purpose for which it is designed, whatever that purpose may be.

Of the works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, the former deals mainly with the vocabulary, and some of the simpler elements of grammar, not including syntax; the author of the latter imps his wing for a loftier flight, essays to initiate his readers into the mysteries of composition, and, in fact, undertakes to remove the "blemishes" and supply the "defects" of "modern English literature."

We shall in what follows make some remarks on each in turn.

M. Thommerel's treatise is at once interesting and valuable.

Its charm of style and felicity of illustration will be sure to enchain the attention of the ordinary reader, whilst in the correctness of its information and the extent of its research are found solid merits which will repay the perusal, and win the thanks of the scholar. We know, indeed, no other publication of the same extent, which contains so much instructive matter and supplies so much food for study, with respect to the formation of the English language properly so called, as this French writer has managed to include within the compass of a hundred pages; and—what, in the case of a foreigner, is specially noteworthy—mistakes, and even questionable positions, are of the very rarest occurrence in his work. We strongly suspect that one or two writers, whom we could name, have been well acquainted with his treatise, though we do not remember their acknowledging the debt which they owe to its pages.

It is impossible to estimate too highly the importance of the special subject to which the author has devoted his labours. The student can never have a profound, or even a correct, knowledge of English, until he has thoroughly mastered the details of that momentous epoch, when Norman-French and Anglo-Saxon, amicably blending, and each generously contributing of its best endowments for the enriching of the composite language of a composite people, laid wide and deep the foundations of a literature, which, at this moment, spreads its influence over tracts of earth more extensive than those which echo back the accents of any other living tongue.

At this period was formed, as our author phrases it, "between the two tongues a tacit compact. The Anglo-Saxon took whatever of pure and polished the Norman-French possessed, and the Norman-French adopted whatever of lively, strong, and energetic the Anglo-Saxon possessed."

It is to a thorough study of this fusion—the principles, on which it was based, and the details of the mode in which it was carried out—that we must betake ourselves, if we would hold the key, that will unlock many of the more difficult problems of English grammar, and would find the clue, that will lead us unerringly through mazes otherwise bewildering and interminable. This truth M. Thommerel seems to have felt strongly, and it has first guided him in the choice of his subject, and then has determined his method of treating it. He pays an ample and a generous tribute to previous writers on the subject, and cordially acknowledges the extreme importance of their labours, modestly adding:—

"For myself, I have been desirous of contributing my mite to this vast store of knowledge, and in the *Rise of English*, I have chosen a task on which I had already spent much time, thinking that readers would not view with indifference the way in which Norman-French and Anglo-Saxon were combined, and the laws which presided over the fusion of the two languages. This work has almost entirely occupied me for the last two years; and yet what I now publish is a mere attempt. Meanwhile, all incomplete though it be, I hope that it will not be read without interest, and that there will be found in it some proof of at least conscientious research."

An interesting part of his Introduction is that, in which he compares the history and fortunes of the French and English languages. In both countries the speech of the natives at the time of the Roman invasion was—using that term in its broadest sense—Keltic. Then came the downpouring of the iron warriors of the Eternal City, and together with their sway, their arms, their arts, and their laws, they succeeded in stamping upon Gaul the undying impress of their speech. French, as we need not remind our readers, is grammatically little more than a modification of Latin—of course with a large admixture of foreign words in its vocabulary. And, not even in Neustria, which accepted the rule of Teutonic-speaking conquerors, and was willing even to call itself after their name, Normandy, the land of "North men," not even there was the yoke of the Latin language ever shaken off, or its supremacy successfully assailed.

Very different was the result of the struggle in England. Here the ancient tongue, for a time seemingly crushed out, or finding a meagre shelter only in the cabin of the serf, gradually rose from its low estate, and created for itself a literature; and, though receiving, as M. Thommerel points out, various grammatical modifications from the Norman-French, and enriching its vocabulary, as time passed on, by the acquisition of large treasures from that language and from other sources, it has so maintained its mastery, that in grammatical structure—the real *differentia* of a language—the speech of England at this hour is Teutonic, not Romance.

The operation of the causes, which led to these contrary results, in nations separated only by the Straits of Dover, is clearly and ingeniously, though of necessity succinctly, traced by our author in his Introduction, which he concludes in these words:—

"These struggles between two languages which, after having repelled each other, ended by approaching, uniting, and giving birth to

a new language. Springing from this union, and then drawing from the pure fountains of antiquity, English was not long in distinguishing itself by *chefs-d'œuvre*, which have raised its literature to the first rank in Europe, and which appear to me to make it well worth while going back to trace its rise.

"In order to treat my subject properly, it seemed to me necessary to inquire first what history has told us about it, to study separately the two languages in their principles and in their decay, and to examine finally the laws which regulated that fusion which, at a later period, the classical languages adorned. This, then, is the plan which I propose to follow in this work."

The work introduced in this genial and appreciative spirit consists of nine chapters, discussing the subject in the following order:—The extent to which the conquerors and the conquered understood each other's language; the elements and the decay of the Norman and of the Saxon respectively; the influence of each language on the other, and the particulars in which each displaced the other. Then follows an able chapter, in which, by dint of great labour, 43,566 English words are classified according to the language from which they are derived, the numbers appertaining to each being exhibited in a tabular form, thus showing at a glance the various tongues whose treasures have been rifled to enrich our own, and the proportion in which they have severally bestowed their sweets to fill our cup. It is, as we need not say, from Latin and Teutonic sources that the main staple of our vocabulary is derived. But not from these alone. Many separate streams, taking their origin in far distant lands, have mingled their waters to fill the well of English undefiled. There is no quarter of the globe whose speech-quarries have not contributed some fair stone for the erection of that stately edifice, the English language. Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, Portuguese, Arabic, Syrian, Hindustani, Malay, Dutch, and even Chinese, are the mines which have been ransacked for jewels wherewith to deck our mother tongue.

The work is concluded by a chapter both interesting and valuable, in which an attempt is made to arrange the words in the language under several heads, according to the classes of subjects for which Saxon or Latin is employed. We cannot resist the pleasure of extracting the following passage on this subject:—

"Look around upon the universe, and nearly all the objects which will strike you—*sun*, *moon*, *stars*, *earth*, *sea*, *fire*, *water*, *day*, *night*, names of the *days* of the *week*—belong to the Anglo-Saxon. Run

through the *fields*, the *meadows*, look at the *flocks* that feed therein, and the *swain* who takes care of them—the *ploughman*, the *reapers*—all are Anglo-Saxon. Think of yourself—look at your *body*, and all its parts, *head*, *eyes*, *mouth*, *hands*, *feet*, &c., and the *clothes* with which it is covered—everything is still Anglo-Saxon.

"Enter the *house*; cast your eyes on *husband*, *wife*, and *children*, united together by *love*, *friendship*, and *kindness*—it is ever the Anglo-Saxon which supplies the vocabulary. It gives the tender name of *father*, *mother*, *sister*, *brother*, and '*home*, *sweet* home,' which perhaps has not its equivalent in any language.

"In his commercial transactions, the Englishman will *sell* and *buy*, by *sea* and *land*, without the aid of a foreign language. In his *dealings*, he will share with others the *rise* and *fall*; will *lend* or *borrow*, *willingly* because he has *trust* in himself and his *neighbour*; and, since he is *skilful* and *careful*, he *will thrive at last*."

The author also thus notices in this chapter the pairs of nearly synonymous words which are derived from Teutonic and Latin respectively:—

"In this fusion of the two languages, the English has found a source of immense wealth; for every object, from the most exalted to the most common, it possesses a fitting expression; often it has even two, the one Saxon, and the other French, which differ only by a slight shade. Such, amongst others, are *limb* and *member*; *feeling* and *sentiment*; *guilt* and *crime*; *work* and *labour*; *will* and *testament*; *shaft* and *dart*; *fair* and *fine*; *barren* and *sterile*; *mild* and *gentle*; *muster* and *review*; *reward* and *recompense*."

We need hardly point out, that it is to nice discrimination in the selection of one or other member of such pairs of words that much of the beauty, and more of the precision, of style is due.

The following passage is, for special reasons, worthy of note:—

"From the calculation which has just been made, it appears that there is not one-third [We think this estimate is considerably below the truth, if scientific and quasi-scientific words are not taken into account] of the words in actual English which belong to the Teutonic tongues. But their number, although limited, is the essential, indispensable part of the language, that without which there would remain hardly anything but a confused catalogue of nouns, adjectives, and verbs, without number, or tense, or mood, or person.

"It is the Anglo-Saxon, in fact, which binds together all these words by means of its particles, its determinate adjectives (except second and million), its pronouns, its auxiliary verbs, and, in fine, almost all the uninflected words, except a few adverbs of quality, and some interjections. . . . In fact, spite of the immense losses which it

has suffered, it would, even in our days, be almost sufficient for the needs of a nation."

Does not this consideration, specially when coupled with the undoubted fact that the grammar of the language is fundamentally Saxon, set forth in the strongest light the advantages—we had almost said the necessity—of a careful study of Anglo-Saxon by all who would thoroughly master the difficulties and enjoy the beauties of their mother tongue? And should not the foundation of this study be laid in our schools and colleges?

We see with sorrow the growing dislike to plain, simple words, and the hankering after fine phrases. Few people now-a-days are content with a *house*. Little less than a *mansion* suffices them. Not long ago we ourselves received a letter from a person living in a dwelling composed of three humble rooms, the only sitting-room having no window, but receiving its light through some panes of glass in the outer and only door; and in his letter—"communication," he probably would have called it—there is this passage: "There are some good lodgings now vacant, situated within a few yards of my *residence*." In the same way, our schools are turned into academies, educational establishments, scholastic institutions, or colleges; tailors' shops are changed into outfitting establishments; butchers have become purveyors; farmers have developed into agriculturists; and, generally, everybody tries to be as grand and to speak as grandly as possible.

Side by side with this evil there has upgrown the kindred fault of shunning the use of Saxon words in common speech, a fault which has been carried so far that many choice Saxonisms have utterly dropt out of the language, and have been supplanted by words of Latin coinage. Gold-hoard, rathe, athwart, folk, wanhope (despair), fordo (ruin), and many others equally good are now seldom, if ever, found. "Gleeds," for burning, glowing, coals, is now a provincialism.

The new words, too, that are introduced into the language are usually coined from classical sources, instead of being framed, as well they might be, from Saxon roots. Thus, how much superior would *incomer** have been to the new *immigrant*. The Anglo-Saxon particle *for* (=German *ver*) was the parent of many words now used no more—*e.g. forbled*, faint from bleeding; *forpined*, wasted away.

* "Comeling" was used in the 14th century in the sense of immigrant.

But we are wandering from M. Thommerel's book, which however has naturally led us to these reflections. We must now take leave of his pages, and, in doing so, we transcribe with much satisfaction the following courteous passage :—

"It is but due that I should express my gratitude to the officers of the British Museum, and to the keepers of the Records in the Tower, from whom I have received acts of friendship, and always met with readiness to oblige when I had occasion to apply to them.

"Having quite recently returned from a fresh visit to England, I feel it my duty to express publicly how much I have been touched by the hearty reception which I met with—not only from my friends, but also from all other persons with whom I had intercourse, and who, entertaining warm sympathies with France, were grieved at seeing any interruption in the harmony between two nations, which so many considerations invite to march side by side at the head of European civilisation."

Mr. Breen's portly volume is a handsomely-printed octavo of 307 pages, and costs half-a-guinea. Its author tells us on the title-page that he is a Fellow of the Society of Arts, and we may add that, in addition to the qualifications implied in that title, whatever they may be, he has brought respectable talents, great diligence, and considerable reading, to bear upon the task which he has undertaken. If he is never profound, he is sometimes amusing, often sensible, and almost always intelligible. His exposure of the errors in composition, and his criticisms on the verbal inaccuracies which he has ferreted out in several writers are entertaining enough; and the zeal, which one naturally expects in an amateur detective officer, has enabled him to execute his task *con amore*. Many of the authors from whose pages his examples are taken are persons of so much eminence and well-won repute, that one is surprised to find them guilty of the gross blunders which Mr. Breen catalogues with such keen delight. Amongst these are such men as Smollett, Disraeli, Hallam, Trench, and Jeffrey. Others, from whom he quotes, we should have thought, were hardly worth the trouble of ransacking in search of mistakes: such, *e.g.*, as Jerdan, Lady Morgan, Soane, Merryweather, and many more even less known to fame than these.

His remarks on "mannerism" are good, and are specially worthy of the attention of young composers. Here, as in other parts of the book, Sir A. Alison comes in for the chief share of the critic's direst wrath. Indeed, the pervading spirit of the book is one of hostility to this writer, so marked and bitter, that we are almost tempted to surmise, either that

the historical baronet in his capacity of sheriff of Lanarkshire must, at some time or other, have fallen foul of Mr. Breen, or else that, on the field of literary strife, there have been former passages of arms between the combatants. Be this as it may, our author never lets slip an opportunity of gibbeting this offender; and we are bound to admit that the victim very often richly deserves his punishment. It may perhaps be some consolation to him to have such writers as Lord Lytton, Christopher North, and Charles Lamb, for companions in adversity. None of these receive any mercy at the hand of their critic, though it is the Scottish baronet who figures as the worst offender, and is castigated with the keenest zest.*

The pages (210—299) devoted to the subject of plagiarism are very interesting, and show considerable knowledge both of French and English authors. We are not sure, however, whether the writer does not ride his hobby too hard here, as in some other places in his book. It does not by any means follow that, because two writers put forth a similar idea, the later of them has knowingly borrowed from the earlier, or even has unconsciously been his debtor. It is, indeed, absolutely certain that the same thoughts and the same forms of expression have not seldom occurred to writers who could not possibly have had any direct knowledge of each other's works, and who, so far as can be ascertained, could hardly have gained such knowledge indirectly. Thus many so-called plagiarisms are in reality nothing more than striking coincidences. Besides, in several of the instances quoted in this book, there appears to us to be so little real resemblance between the passages compared that they are scarcely coincidences. In citing them, the writer did not remember his own comments on Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*:—

"True, we find further on some twenty-five pages of 'imitations' and 'similarities;' but one-half of these have no better claim to that distinction [what distinction?] than the trivial coincidence of a single word or epithet—a claim [*i.e.* the coincidence *is* a claim] which, if strictly enforced, would exhibit all the poetry in our language as made up of similarities."

It does not appear to be part of Mr. Breen's literary creed, that it is in any way necessary to practise what he preaches, for there is hardly a canon laid down by him which he does not violate; and hardly a fault which he condemns in others without committing it himself. In the course of tracing out

* When the text was sent to press the historian's death was neither known nor expected.

the plagiarism, real or imaginary, of great writers, he sagaciously remarks :—"*Before* you can detect a borrowed thought in a writer, you must *first* detect the writer's meaning." The words we have italicised contain tautology, which is surprising in a critic who, as we shall see hereafter, is extremely severe on this blemish in others. We think he has not "detected the meaning" of Wordsworth, when he says:—"The much-lauded sentiment 'the child is father to the man' might pass for original if Dryden had not expressed the same thing when he said, 'Men are but children of a larger growth.'" Dryden's verse, as a cursory examination of the context would have shown, simply asserts, that men in general are, after all, nothing but children, *i.e.* vain, changeable, and foolish as children: Wordsworth's apophthegm, as we understand it, goes much further, and declares, that the character of the man is not only like that of the boy, but is moulded and determined by it.

In spite of these drawbacks, we have read with much interest the chapter on "plagiarism:" we call it a chapter, because the author speaks of the divisions of his book as chapters; but there are, strictly speaking, no chapters in it. Before quitting this branch of our subject, we must mention that Mr. Breen attributes the origin of Goldsmith's famous "Mrs. Mary Blaize*" to a French "Chanson sur La Palisse, Grand Maréchal de France." He might have added that this fact was noticed by Croker, six and thirty years ago. Goldsmith, he says, "tells us that, during his pedestrian tour through France, he procured a subsistence by playing some of his most merry tunes on the German flute; and it is natural to suppose that the sprightly peasants whom he thus entertained requited his skill by singing or reciting some of their popular songs."

In this way, it is very likely that he picked up his knowledge of the French poem of which he made such clever use. Our readers will like to see a few stanzas from each, which we will give alternately :—

"On ne le vit jamais las
Ni sujet à la paresse,
Tandis qu'il ne dormait pas,—
On tient qu'il veillait sans cesse.

"At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

* Mr. Breen spells it "Blaze."

"On dit que dans ses amours
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,—
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles.

"Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux or more:
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

"Il fut par un triste sort
Blessé d'une main cruelle;
On croit, puisqu'il en est mort,—
Que la plaie était mortelle.

"But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
The doctors found when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

"Il mourut le vendredi,
Le dernier jour de son âge;
S'il fut mort le samedi,—
Il eut vécu davantage.

"Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day."

The concluding chapter on "literary impostures" is interesting, and, in the main, well written. It touches slightly on the cases of Chatterton, Ossian, and on several similar impositions which have been practised in France during the present century; and concludes with an account of a literary fraud which none but a Frenchman would have had the audacity to perpetrate. Mr. Breen shall give an account of it in his own words, slightly abridged:—

"In 1813 and 1814, John Potocki, a Polish count, published two novels, under the titles of *Vie d'Avadoro* and *Dix Journées de la Vie d'Alphonso Van Worden*. The number of copies was very limited, and they were soon lost sight of by the reading public. About the year 1835, Count de Courchamps announced his design of publishing the inedited *Memoirs of Cagliostro*. It was not, however, till 1841 that the work commenced to make its appearance; and even then, as if M. de Courchamps wished to feel his way, he only published certain portions of it, as 'feuilletons' in the *Presse* newspaper; but no sooner did they make their appearance than they were denounced by the *National* newspaper as literary piracies, the *Val Funeste* as having

been copied verbatim from Potocki's *Dix Journées de la Vie d'Alphonso Van Worden*, and the *Histoire de Don Benito d'Almusenar* as transcribed from the same author's *Vie d'Avadoro*. Count de Courchamps had evidently imagined that he might appropriate them with impunity and give them to the world as original and inedited. Thanks, however, to the perseverance of the *National*, proof after proof was laid before the public that his *Memoirs of Cagliostro* was one of the most unprincipled frauds in the history of literature. When Count de Courchamps saw that the fraud was discovered, he stoutly asserted that, if there was any theft, it was committed, not by him, but by the publisher of the novels in 1813 and 1814, who, he said, had *surreptitiously* got possession of his manuscripts. In order to give a colour of truth to this charge, M. de Courchamps affirmed that he had lent his manuscripts in 1810 to Count de Pac, a Polish magnate; and as the latter was no longer alive to contradict this assertion, the public were left to suppose that Pac had communicated the manuscripts to Potocki.

"But even on this ground the *National* boldly encountered M. de Courchamps, showing that Potocki's knowledge of the work could not be accounted for by any communication through Pac in 1810, inasmuch as Potocki had already published it at St. Petersburg as far back as 1804, under the title of *Manuscrit Trouvé à Saragosse*. A copy of the latter publication was produced in court during the trial occasioned by these proceedings, and this fact, of which De Courchamps had evidently been unaware, completely established the charge of literary piracy."

We will spare our readers the perusal of M. Breen's moral reflections on this barefaced fraud.

From what we have already said, it will have been apparent that we give this gentleman credit for considerable ability in exposing the almost incredible "blunders" of several eminent writers. Indeed, the untiring industry which he has shown in this work might, if it had been applied to some worthier object, possibly have produced valuable results. But we can hardly regard him as altogether a safe pilot amid the rocks of criticism and the quicksands of literary composition. Indeed his estimate of *Junius* is alone sufficient to dispose of all his claims to possession of the critical faculty. A writer who can speak of that powerful, but much overrated, gladiator, as "one of the greatest of English classics," must either be blinded by prejudice, or very insensible to the real beauty, grace, and vigour of his mother tongue. He thinks fit to decry "the publications of the day" in unmeasured terms; but no one capable of appreciating purity of language, nobleness of thought, and mastery of style, can for a moment doubt that in the present day there are many journalists, to

say nothing of the best writers for the magazines and reviews, who are in every quality of true merit as far superior to *Junius*, as Macaulay is to Mr. H. H. Breen, F.S.A. Indeed we know no better "Foolometer"—to use Walpole's happy term—than the fame of Junius, so utterly disproportioned was it to what in these days we should regard as the true measure of his deserts.

Mr. Breen's critical faculty is, in our judgment, of no very high order, There are in fact to be found in his book not a few instances, in which, where he criticises and condemns great authors, they are clearly right, and he is clearly wrong.

We will give a few specimens, which will enable our readers to judge for themselves.

He condemns this passage of Hallam: "Wolsey left at his death many buildings, which he had begun, in an unfinished state;" and proposes to correct it thus: "Wolsey left at his death in an unfinished state many buildings, which he had began." We have not the smallest doubt that, bad as Hallam's sentence may be, that of his critic is worse. A "death in an unfinished state" is a novelty in the annals of mortality, which would, we imagine, considerably startle the College of Surgeons. It is difficult to understand how the F.S.A. could escape stumbling on the obvious amendment: "Wolsey at his death left in," &c.; or, "At his death Wolsey left in," &c.

He pronounces to be "utterly inexcusable" such phrases as "only faction fills the town with pamphlets;" "only his greatness is determined," and the like, alleging that "alone" ought to have been used. We freely admit that the change suggested would have improved the phrases, but that this use of "only" is "utterly inexcusable," we "utterly" deny. The word, no doubt, is more commonly used as an adverb than as an adjective, but that it can be, and by the best writers is, employed to qualify a noun, is abundantly clear. Did Mr. Breen never hear of "an only daughter" or "an only son?" Possibly it is Mr. Breen's ignorance of the fact that "only" is an adjective, which leads him to the "blunder" of writing "they only furnished a portion," for "they furnished only a portion," or "a portion only."

He roundly rates Hallam, Alison, and Macaulay for the use of such words as "Two more guns were sent for *from* Waterford," because it was from Limerick that the message was sent *to* Waterford; not being aware that the phrase, "sent for from Waterford," is elliptical, and that the prepositional phrase, "from Waterford," does not qualify "sent for," but "to be brought," or some such words understood.

He complains of Savage Landor, Macaulay, and Alison for using (what he calls) "the perfect tense," when, he says, the "imperfect" should have been employed. In order that our readers may comprehend what the critic means, we must premise, that the form "issued" he calls the "imperfect" tense, and "has issued" he calls the "perfect" tense. He then lays down this rule, which, so far as it goes, is correct, though badly worded: "When the time spoken of is unconnected with the *present* in some manner, either expressed or implied, then the perfect tense should be used." Having thus stated his rule, he condemns the following sentence of Alison:—"Out of Cadiz in 1810 and 1811 *has issued* the cloud, that *now* overspreads the world." We venture to ask Mr. Breen whether the word "now" is "unconnected with the present?"

Probably few of our readers will require to be told that "tense" means "time," and that the only three times are, past, present, and future. Furthermore, since an action may be regarded as incomplete, complete, or without any relation to other actions, in respect to which it is incomplete, or complete, the "tenses" will be,

Past—
Present— } Imperfect, Perfect, and Indefinite.
Future—

Cobbett having spoken of "a titled plunderer who lives in idleness," our critic reprehends him, and says, "In the example before us he talks of a *plunderer* who lives in *idleness*, without perceiving that his words express a glaring contradiction. . . . It is no more consistent with sense to talk of an 'idle plunderer' than of an 'idle libeller,' or an 'idle highway robber.'" May we take the liberty of asking Mr. Breen whether he considers a receiver of stolen goods a "plunderer?" Yet such a man may probably follow no occupation, and do no work, beyond smoking his pipe and drinking his beer; and therefore he "lives in idleness."

Lady Morgan, in her letter to H.E. Cardinal Wiseman, writes: "Father Mathew in Ireland effected a reform once deemed impossible by Church or State—the reform of temperance." Hereupon Mr. Breen talks much nonsense. He says,—

"This is simply Hibernian. In the confusion of her ideas, and her hurry to express them, Lady Morgan puts one thing for another, and would have us believe that what Father Mathew reformed was the

virtue of temperance. The expression, 'the temperance reform,' would not have been incorrect; but the preposition 'of' alters the sense, and its objective case can be no other than the thing that is reformed. We reform vices and not virtues."

Her ladyship's phrase is not elegant, but it is in no way Hibernian. It is analogous to the expression, "the sin of fraud," "the city of Rome;" and it resembles, though less closely, the phrase, "that blockhead of a critic." Mr. Breen says that in "the reform of temperance," temperance "can be no other than the thing that is reformed." Well, let us try a sentence formed on this model. "The prophet Moses in Egypt produced a plague, once deemed impossible by Pharaoh or Aaron,—the plague of flies." Would Mr. Breen tell us that "flies can be no other than the things that were plagued?"

A fair, but rather mild, specimen of the style in which this writer permits himself to speak of others, is the following:—

"Looking at the numerous blunders, both in English and French, which have been cited from Isaac Disraeli, the reader will not be surprised to learn that Latin and Greek come in for a share of ill-usage at his hands. Indeed, it is a question with me whether he possessed any knowledge whatsoever of those languages. He quotes from them occasionally, as any one may do who will be at the trouble of copying; but when he has to deal with expressions adopted or derived from them, the manner in which he couples with such expressions adjectives of the same import, plainly shows that he is unacquainted with their meaning or derivation. A few short examples will illustrate this."

One of those is the following: "These appear trifling minutiæ," whereon Mr. Breen remarks:—

"The writer who penned such sentences could not be aware that 'minutiæ' is a Latin word, and means 'trifles.' If we are surprised to meet, in Disraeli, with an expression so palpably tautological as 'trifling minutiæ,' what are we to think of a writer of the ability and ripe scholarship of Archbishop Whately, who has the same fault in the following sentence:—'Some writers have confined their attention to *trifling minutiæ* of style'"?

Had Mr. Breen been mentally less pachydermatous, the thought would have occurred to him, when he saw this expression used by such a man as Whately, that possibly it might not be inaccurate after all; and that his criticism might turn out to be not only offensive, but "blundering." He says, D'Israeli, "when he penned this sentence, could not be aware that *minutiæ* is a Latin word, and means 'trifles.'" We should think not. True, *minutiæ* is a Latin word: but it means, not

"trifles," but "exceedingly small particles;" whereas "trifles" are not only exceedingly small, but worthless also, which "minutiæ" may or may not be. A good physician, summoned to attend a case of alarming disease, would not regard the "minutiæ" of his diagnosis as "trifles;" and, if Mr. Breen will take the trouble to inquire the price of gold dust, he will probably discover that the "minutiæ," of which that substance is composed, are not valueless or "trifles."

But we should only weary our readers with more samples of Mr. Breen's unjustifiable criticisms upon others. We therefore proceed to cite a few of his own "blemishes and defects."

In the forefront of this part of our subject we desire to inscribe two of our author's sentences.

"It is melancholy," he says, "to think how honest people are defrauded of their money, in consequence of the fallacious titles that are now commonly adopted for the worthless literature of the day. The use of false titles ought to be made punishable at law, like the use of false coins, with this difference, that the imposition in the latter case is less injurious, because more easily detected, than in the former, where you have often to wade through a couple of volumes of sheer trash, before you can discover that you have been duped."

With these sentiments we cordially agree; and, fresh from their perusal, we turn to our critic's own title-page, which runs thus: *Modern English Literature: its Blemishes and Defects*, by Henry H. Breen, Esq. F.S.A. Now, if the writer had wished to give us what he professes to admire, viz. "a book with a plain, honest name," he would have called it "The blemishes and defects of modern English literature." But this style is far too homespun to suit our modern authors; and so, forsooth, our ears must be tormented with this hop, skip, and jump kind of title—*South America: its Savages and Slaves. Mormonism: its Frauds and Fallacies. English Literature: its Blemishes and Defects.* But this is not all. What is a "defect?" Johnson defines it thus:—"want; absence of something necessary;" and common sense tells us that he is right. Yet, so far as we can remember, Mr. Breen nowhere, in his 307 pages, notices any "wants" of modern English literature. His table of contents is as follows: "Errors, blunders, mannerism, criticism, plagiarism, literary impostures, and errata;" and we are bound to add that of the last two "blemishes" in this list his own lucubrations supply an abundant crop.

The author is extremely severe on the subject of punctuation, and expends several pages of censure directed against

Lytton, Lamb, Wilson, Carlyle, and Whately for their sins in this matter. "Derision," "illogical," "violating ordinary principles," "contrary to all known rules," "perplex the reader," "careless," "inaccurate," "improper," "intellectual abortion," "mock-heroic," "bathos," "affectation," "absurdity," "silly," and "frightfullest," are some of the terms which are here employed by a writer who proves by his own practice that he is ignorant of most of the "ordinary rules" of punctuation. Two principles, which admit of no exception, are: first, that a single comma should never cut off the nominative case from its verb; and, secondly, that every clause should be at its beginning and end stopt off from the sentence of which it is a subordinate member. In the very first sentence of his book he violates the first of these rules. He writes thus: "The most striking characteristic of English literature in the nineteenth century, is the loose and ungrammatical diction that disfigures every species of prose composition." Here the verb "is" is severed from its subject, "characteristic." Similar "blemishes" abound in the pages of our author. "Another plagiarism in the *Bride of Abydos*, occurs in this couplet." Again a divorce is effected between the verb and its noun.

He is also unfortunate in his use of pronouns; although, from some passages in the critical parts of his book, we are disposed to conclude that he is acquainted with the not very abstruse fact that a pronoun is a word used instead of a noun. He writes, "you must detect a writer's meaning; and *that* is not always easy," &c. *That* what? He should have said "to do that." "Certain phrases are elliptical in their construction, and, when *this* is confined within allowable limits, *it* adds a degree of vigour," &c. There is, again, no noun, for which *this* and *it* stand. How easily might the correction have been made! "Certain phrases are elliptical, and, when this construction," &c.

In pp. 156, 157, our author is laudably severe on the inelegant use of the word *but*, which is, he tells us, ludicrously repeated in a book of Merryweather's, treating of books, yet "lamentably deficient in that, which constitutes [he means] *is* an essential quality of every good book—correct composition." He must surely have been thinking less of Merryweather's book than of his own, which, in the chapter on "plagiarism," treats us to this marvellous passage: "Dr. South, Lloyd's contemporary, but who survived him," &c., instead of "Dr. South, who was contemporary with Lloyd, but survived him," &c. The writer of this is hardly the man to ridicule the

"curious sample of the species *but*," furnished by "poor John Bunyan."

The word "it" is fatal to Mr. Breen. Sometimes he omits it where he should have inserted it, as when he says, "as generally happens," "whether borrowed seems uncertain," and the like; and sometimes, as if to make amends for past delinquencies of this kind, he showers *it's* into his sentences till they cluster as thickly as nettles on a sunny bank. In one sentence he gives us the word *it* seven times in six lines. And yet he can quote Cobbett, and find fault with him, too, in connection with "the poor oppressed little pronoun *it*."

He says, "There is nothing, whether *it* be the meaning of a phrase, or the expression of a face, that affectation will not mar." The pronoun "it" here represents "nothing;" and how can *nothing* be a "meaning," or an "expression?" He might easily have said, "There is nothing, not even," &c.

Reproving D'Israeli, Brougham, and Carlyle, he says, "another fault is when a relative is coupled," &c. If he had inserted "committed" before "when," he would have done better; and if he had said "is that of coupling," he would have done better still. Having thus told us that "a fault is *where*," on a subsequent page he favours us with the information, that "an instance is *where*," &c. and "borrowings are *so*."

It is in the highest degree objectionable to import into a book of this kind the discussion of questions of religious and political controversy. Mr. Breen treats us to both; and, amongst other things, has adorned his pages with a disquisition on the Pope's infallibility. We do not remember ever meeting with a Roman Catholic who could give us an intelligible notion of this doctrine, but assuredly no new light has been shed upon it by our author, although the introduction of the subject has given him the opportunity, which he has not lost, of displaying the usual graces of his style; as, for example, "You cease to be a Roman Catholic the moment you cease to believe in this infallibility. But there is another species of infallibility with which, it is alleged, the Pope is endowed, and which has occasioned much controversy among the members of *that* persuasion." What persuasion?

In another place he expresses himself thus:—"*Once he* gets into his jacket, nothing will get him out of it." He uses the word "latter," not only when two, but also when three, things have been spoken of. Two's and three's, indeed, are numbers which seem to perplex our author very considerably; for he speaks elsewhere of a certain course as being an "*alternative*" between two others. Subsequently he speaks of Sir Edward

Bulwer Lytton as "Sir B. Lytton" and "Sir Bulwer," a mode of speech which may be due to his study of French authors, who, we believe, do occasionally talk of "Sir Peel," or "Sir Wood."

Mr. Breen is a great stickler for "propriety" of language—"diction" he prefers calling it—but he does not scruple to use such words as "frightfullest," "seldomest," "cantish," "jumble," "twaddle," "old-womanish," and "whole hoggish," and he tells us that *Blair's Rhetoric* has "gone through *near* twenty editions." He enlarges also on the enormity of "erroneous locutions;" would himself never be guilty of "a mediocre one;" prefers a "forceful locution;" and calls a man's name his "patronymic." His sublime freedom from self-consciousness appears strikingly in the following passage. "Aye, say we, and where one writer is inveighing against slip-slop, and another against slatternly expressions, is it not amusing to find them making use of language which savours of both?" In the phrase the "borrowings are only so in appearance," the word "only" should come after "appearance." Our critic inveighs with righteous severity against the misuse of singulars and plurals, which, he says, is characteristic of English writers, "be their genius what it may." That the aid of genius is not necessary to the commission of this fault, is clear from the following sentences of his own:—"A few fragmentary ballads are all, that *has* come down to us." "Method and perspicuity are the very essence" of the French language. How *two* things can be "the very essence" of a third thing is beyond our understanding. Nor is it in any known sense of the word "essence," that either "method" or "perspicuity" can be the essence of a language.

He visits with an elaboration of accumulated censure this "locution" of Alison's, "*If* ever two poets arose, Rogers and Southey are the men." He calls this "the *If* style," and condemns it as "old-womanish twaddle" and "jugglery;" although he says that the same historian's habit of repeating "certain words in close succession" is "still more offensive." Yet both these "blemishes" disfigure his own book; and at page 143 both appear in one sentence, which we will transcribe. "In an able writer it is often the effect of negligence, in a mediocre one it may be reckoned the consequence of mediocrity, and if in the correctest composition it is sometimes unavoidable, it must be admitted that there are few sentences, in which it occurs, that might not be improved either by its omission altogether," &c.

The third clause of this sentence is, as our readers will

perceive, "embellished" in "the *If* style;" and the "repetition" censured in Alison can hardly be worse than the five "it's" of Mr. Breen, who, by the way, elsewhere speaks of the reader as being "dragged through apparently interminable *windings*, and finding himself at the *winding* up," &c. "This," to use his own words, "affords a fresh illustration of the fact, that it is easier to preach than to practise; a disadvantage, to which are all more or less subject." With this very original remark we gladly close a branch of the subject, of which we, and doubtless our readers also, are heartily weary.

Before we conclude, we must notice Mr. Breen's atrocious statement, that in the principal reviews of the day—specially the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*—"the art of criticism is prostituted to the service of politics and partisanship." And again, the works of living authors, he says, are not "estimated according to their worth or worthlessness, but according to the political bearings of the reviewer," &c. That political journals and reviews do their utmost to forward by every honourable means the interests, and maintain the principles, of their party, is no doubt true; for this statement is only another way of saying that they do their duty. But the assertion that the judgment which they pass upon literary questions and literary merits is warped by political favouritism is one which may be disproved in a moment by reference to the pages of any respectable reviewer. Any one who will take the trouble to make that reference will find Tory reviewers freely praising Liberal poets, or travellers, or chemists, or historians, and Liberal reviewers cordially applauding Conservative writers upon these and all other neutral topics. Indeed, when the subject is purely literary and uncontroversial, the partisanship alleged is in nine cases out of ten impossible, for the simple reason that the reviewer is ignorant of the politics of the writer upon whose productions he forms the best judgment in his power. But we need not waste time in repelling this foolish slander of Mr. Breen's upon that republic of letters in which he is ambitious of a prominent place. We will merely refer him to the way in which Lord Derby's *Homer* has been received by the Liberal press.

We feel that we owe our readers some apology for having given to Mr. Breen's book an amount of attention which they will deem disproportionate to its claims. We have not done so without what we consider to be sufficient reasons.

In fact, the "blemishes" which we have exhibited in this writer may be regarded as being, to a great extent, *typical* faults. They are just what are most commonly met

with, though in a less uncouth form, in too much of our "modern English literature." It is indeed such typical examples that we have tried to select, rather than those which would have brought out the worst faults of the book. In some respects, Mr. Breen's complaint of the style and composition of most of the authors of the day is but too well founded. It is, we fear, undeniable that, even in the best of them, inelegancies, and indeed errors, are neither few nor far between. Sometimes a word is chosen which only partially expresses the writer's meaning, though another is close at hand, which would precisely have answered his purpose. Sometimes the writer is unlucky enough to fall upon a word that actually gives to the whole sentence a meaning the very opposite of that which is intended. Sometimes one part of speech is used instead of another; adverbs are made to do duty as adjectives, adjectives as adverbs; whilst the poor pronouns are turned loose and naked into the world with no nouns to take care of them; standing, in fact, for something which has no existence in the regions of space. Sometimes, again, the syntax is more evil entreated still. Verbs without nominative cases, nominative cases without verbs, dependent clauses with no principals to which they can be attached, conjunctions omitted or wrongly used, broken constructions of every possible variety; these faults and others of the like kind crop out everywhere in the works of the day. And there are not a few, even amongst thoughtful men, who consider that this is not a matter of much importance. If the sense is all right, there can, they think, be no great harm in having the grammar a little wrong. Provided the matter is good, the rĕasoning sound, the arguments effective, or the incidents amusing, people do not care to scrutinise too closely the *minutiæ* of the dress in which they are clad. They look upon a struggle for purity of style as unnecessary and pedantic. Laxity such as this obtains but too much support in quarters from which we should have looked for better things. The example of Parliament is not beneficial, and the practice of many of our most popular writers is most baneful. A licence, however, which, not without reluctance, was conceded to their genius and power, must not be enjoyed as a matter of course by a crowd of servile imitators, who exaggerate the peculiarities and caricature the faults of their originals. Against any such tampering with the purity of our language, and against the *dicta* of those who assert that correctness of style is a matter of little moment, we must record our emphatic protest. It must never be forgotten that words mean *things*; that inaccuracy of

language is engendered at first by looseness of thought, and begets in its turn the same vice in the hearer or reader.

The first requisite of good writing is, of course, that the writer should know what he is going to say, and should have in his own mind a clear conception of his subject in its various bearings.

The next point is to master thoroughly the leading principles of grammar, which are more or less common to all the exact languages. These principles will give the key to the construction of sentences, to the relation and inter-dependence of their clauses, and to the way of delicately marking minute shades of meaning by changes of arrangement and form. This will lead a writer to avoid involved constructions, to eschew long sentences, or, if he uses them, to have a care that they are simply framed; and, above all, to take good heed that the beginning and the end of them fit together.

A wise writer, especially if a young one, will fly from "pretty writing" as he would from a plague. We mean pretty writing attempted for its own sake. When the nature of the subjects befits it, and the poetic or pictorial power of the writer enables him to produce it, an ornate style will of course be in keeping, though even then the ornament, as in the purest Gothic architecture, should be constructional, not applied; an integral portion of the body and framework of the conception, not mere external finery; the construction should be ornamental, not the ornament constructed.

Regard to this principle will make him write simply. He will not be afraid of calling a spade a spade. He will run no risk of such a rebuff as Chief Justice Ellenborough administered to a surgeon who appeared in the witness-box. "What are you, sir?" said the counsel. "I employ myself as a medical man," was the answer; whereupon the Chief Justice thundered out, "Pray, sir, does anybody else employ you?"

It would have prevented Mr. Breen from the folly of calling words "locutions," and men's names "patronymics."

Of course the careful reading and repeated transcribing of the works of the best authors will be eminently useful; and these need not be exclusively in one's own language. No one who has read Cicero can doubt as to the source whence Hooker drew his sonorous periods and the majestic roll of his mighty waves of sound.

In our remarks on the subject of "writing simply," and in what we said in an earlier part of this paper with respect to Saxon, we were far from meaning that, in our judgment, a writer should invariably select brief words in preference to

long ones, or words of Saxon rather than Latin origin. Much must depend on his subject and on his audience. The following may be all very well in its place, but in writing on other than scientific subjects anything approaching to its "diction" will be scrupulously avoided by a sensible man. It is given *verbatim*:—

"Begoniaceæ, by their anthero-connectival fabric indicate a close relationship with anonaceo-hydrocharideo-nymphæoid forms, an affinity confirmed by the serpentarioid flexuoso-nodulous stem, the liriodendroid stipules, and cissoid and victorioid foliage of a certain begonia, and if considered hypogynous, would in their triquetrous capsule, alate seed, apetalism, and tufted stamination, represent the floral fabric of Nepenthes, itself of aristolochioid affinity, while by its pitchered leaves directly belonging to Sarracenias and Dionæas."

That nothing is necessarily lost by the use of short, simple, words will be clear from the following sonnet, with which we shall bring to a close remarks that have already, we fear, overtaxed the patience of our readers. It is due to the pen of the American Professor A. Alexander and is written, as will be seen, entirely in monosyllables:—

"Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true, who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear, is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore throat, or like a strange wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows but burns not, though it beam and shine—
Light, but no heat—a flash, but not a blaze!"

ART. II.—*New America.* By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. Fifth Edition. In Two Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1867.

THE record of English travel in America has usually been ungenerous and unfair. Foibles, almost inseparable from the life of a people in transition, and in themselves trivial, have been exalted into national characteristics; graver errors have been treated with an elaborateness altogether out of proportion to the justice of the case; while the many virtues of a really great nation have been ignored. Here and there a traveller of Republican principles has gone to the other extreme and lauded the institutions of the United States with exuberant enthusiasm. But, in the main, the Englishman in America has either shut his eyes to actual facts, or has allowed his flippancy or his prejudice to lead him to an opinion as ungenerous as it has been unjust. The successive appearance of many works on America conceived in the spirit of Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens, but destitute of the good-natured talent of either, has led to the very natural irritation of the always-sensitive American mind; and this has only complicated the difficulty of forming a fair estimate of this wonderful people. So that up to a very recent period our popular notion of America was altogether wrong. A people of amazing energy, capable of any quantity of brag, alive to every conceivable dodge, not overburdened with honesty, and very much overburdened with rude and ungainly habits;—such was the English ideal of the people of the States. New light came with the civil war. The valour, the endurance, the genius, the patriotism, the prodigious resources of America stood out then in bold relief against the cloud of adversity. Clearly enough it was seen that this people was capable of something grander than the making of wooden nutmegs. The citizens of the Republic claimed and won their right to a place in the fore-front of the nations. The American of the popular conception turned out to be but a caricature of the American of real life. A new and better understanding began to gain ground; and among its first fruits are Mr. Dixon's volumes, the title of which might have been chosen to designate the changes which have taken place, not only in America herself, but in the estimate which other nations have learned to form concerning her.

It would be difficult to imagine a theme of study more interesting or more varied than New America. The vastness of the territory over which the "stars and stripes" have rule is overpowering. Three million square miles of land, and a quarter of a million square miles of water; mountain ranges, in comparison with which the Pyrenees, Apennines, and Alps are hillocks; forests, by the side of which the Schwarzwald and Ardennes are but plantations; rivers, five times as long as the Rhine; lakes, into which all the waters of the lakes of England, Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland, and Italy might be poured without any perceptible addition to their flood—such is the property which the American humourists delight to call "Uncle Sam's Estate." No wonder that it is a common joke in New York "that a Yankee in London dares not leave his hotel after dark, lest he should slip off the foreland and be drowned in the sea." Size, however, is not the only question of interest involved in the study of America. The life of the country is a great political and social experiment. The vast empires of Europe are the product of a long and varied past. Every great principle of their law, and every great privilege represents protracted and often painful experience. The charters of the people are the fruit of conflict and blood. Their wealth is the product of the industry and culture of a thousand years. America, on the other hand, is but of yesterday. Within the memory of living men her people had no independent political existence. Her legislation is necessarily extemporaneous, and without precedent. Yet, with scarcely more than half-a-century of independent political life, she stands shoulder to shoulder with the great powers, and boldly challenges an admiration that she seems in every way able to sustain. The rapid growth of the United States is a phenomenon of which no philosophy founded on the analogy of history can furnish explanation. To the English mind the subject has a yet further charm. These people are of our kindred; in their oldest and greatest families there runs true English blood; they speak our language; their faults are not altogether unlike our own, and their virtues are such as to make us feel proud. It is no disparagement to the glory of England that America should be exalted. The two nations have the tenderest reasons for rejoicing in each other's greatness. And we therefore welcome Mr. Dixon's book, because, while faithful to the faults and dangers which an observing eye cannot but discover, he gracefully accords to the real virtues of America the homage which they deserve.

Resisting the invariable temptation of travellers, and thus

sparing his readers the story of the outward voyage and its sensations, Mr. Dixon plunges at once *in medias res;* for on the very first page of the book we find him and his companion, Mr. Charles W. Dilke, in a small and dirty hotel in Kansas, *en route* for the great Salt Lake, by the Overland Mail. The sounding title, the large postal returns of letters going outward, and the credit of the government, seemed to the travellers a sufficient guarantee that their journey across the prairies, though romantic and slightly spiced with peril, would issue favourably, more especially as they understood that an adequate escort of soldiers would be furnished. True, the picture of the route was not assuring. The track of the mail for thirteen hundred miles lay through a country which had never been surveyed, which had no road and no bridges, and in which the small military posts of the United States were planted two hundred miles apart. These drawbacks appeared trivial when compared with the fact that the various tribes of Indians in the locality had determined to resist the passage of the white man across their hunting-grounds. But the dignity of the mail, and the prospect of an escort of veterans from the Potomac, allayed the natural fears of the travellers, who, having duly paid their fare of five hundred dollars each, were, after some delay, indulged with a sight of the coach that was to convey them to the City of the Saints. This vehicle was unlike anything of the kind known in Europe. Crammed with forty-two hundredweight of mail bags, it offered little room for the expectant passengers, among whom were a lady and two babies. As soon as this clumsy vehicle was ready to start, the mail agent, lost to all sense of gallantry, bade the two gentlemen "get aboard;" the coach was filled, and the lady with the babies were left behind, astonished and protesting. By-and-bye the lumbering coach was exchanged for "a light prairie waggon, smaller in size, frailer in build, without a door, with very bad springs, and with canvas blinds for windows." Into this vehicle the travellers, by doubling their legs, straining their necks, and slinging their elbows into straps, managed to wriggle, comforted by the driver's assurance that in course of time the bags would shake down and give them plenty of room. No escort had as yet put in an appearance. In answer to Mr. Dixon's inquiry, the agent confessed that the officer in command of the district had refused to lend any troops for the mail service. Two English travellers were, in fact, the escort and the only escort of the mail from New York to San Francisco—one of the largest and most important mails—and traversing a region more

dangerous, perhaps, than any in the world. The whole of this mail, with its invaluable treasures, with its secrets of State, of commerce, and of domestic life, with its letters of all kinds, was for six days and nights at the mercy of two strangers, who might have satisfied their curiosity or filled their pockets at will. They, too, were its only guardians against the Cheyennes and Sioux who were known to be out on the war-path in those very plains. Complaint, of course, was of no avail. The one answer was, that Government would do nothing until roused by some great disaster. A passing friend expressed a hope that the two English travellers might be scalped, as such an event would be likely to create "a pleasant and profitable sensation in New York." Such a sensation will be excited in all probability before long.

A journey across the Western prairies must be no joke, even when not attended by the responsibility of guarding the imperial mail. Within a hundred miles of the Missouri, the plains are alive with shrubs and flowers, the sunflower especially brightening the landscape with its golden light. Here and there the white man's ranch or wooden house peeps out from a mass of foliage, while droves of cattle and trains of waggons remind the traveller that he is yet within the pale of civilisation. The sky is intensely blue, the air warm and sweet, and the prospect of broad plains swelling gradually into uplands and far away to distant sierras, is most picturesque. But as the traveller draws away from the river, the scenery alters. The woodlands disappear; wild flowers give way to several species of grass; the rattlesnake and the wolf appear in the picture; and the whitened skeletons of mules, oxen, and men are the only traces of human enterprise. In these deserts Nature alone is lord. Even if it were possible for man to bring the prairies under cultivation, the myriads of locusts which people the air would annihilate all fruit of his industry. Farther west, the plains teem with life. Elks, antelopes, and deer scud across the path of the traveller, and vast armies of buffaloes, numbering "tens of thousands after tens of thousands," roll thundering past. Then the sun grows fiercer and the sand hotter; snakes, lizards, and locusts swarm on every side; water becomes scarce; fierce siroccos beat the sand into the eyes of the traveller, while many a mirage tantalises him with the promise of relief for his burning thirst. Yet, strange to say, with the morning light there comes a sudden gush of life, which compensates for all the horrors of the previous day.

"We crawl," says Mr. Dixon, "from our miserable den . . . . banged and beaten and jolted, until our heads are swollen, our faces bruised, our hands lacerated; helpless. hungry; our temples racked by pain, our nostrils choked with sand, our limbs stiffened and bent with cramp; but, after rinsing our mouths and dipping our heads in some little creek, the water of which we dare not drink, and pushing on three or four miles ahead of the stage, winding up the long prairie swells, and breathing the morning air, we pause in our brisk step, look at each other, and smile. The effect is magical—all pain, all cramp, all languor has disappeared; the blood flows freely, the lungs act softly, the nostrils seem to open from within, and the eyes appear to cast out sand and dust by some internal force."

The prairies, across which lies the new track of the imperial mail, are the hunting-grounds of many tribes of Red Indians. No amount of diplomacy has succeeded, so far, in persuading them to forego their rights. The path of the white man is fatal to the red man's chances of food. With concise logic the latter says, "White man come, buffalo go: when buffalo gone, squaw and papoose die." The policy of resisting all encroachments upon his hunting-ground is, therefore, to the Indian beyond all dispute. As a natural result, he has set himself against the recent decision of Congress in favour of carrying the overland mail by a route which cuts right through the choicest of his buffalo-runs. And he has begun in good earnest. Bands of Cheyennes and Sioux, numbering from fifteen to fifty, well armed and mounted, move along the line, plundering the stations and scalping their luckless occupants. They meet with very little resistance from the whites. The white man, unsupported by his government, dares not fire on a band of Indians, even though he is sure that they are bent on taking his life; for, if he killed an Indian who had not previously shot some of his party, he would be tried for murder, according to the present anomalous administration of the law. The wary Indian knows this, and is perfectly confident that he may insult and rob his white brother as much as he likes, provided he stops short of murder. The people at the lonely stations on the mail-track have to submit to the greatest indignities at the hands of the red man. "They have to bring forth their stores of bacon, dried buffalo tongue, beans, and potted fruit, set the kettle boiling, the pan frying, and feed the rascals who are going to murder them, down to the very last pound of flesh, the very last crust of bread; only too happy if they will then go away into their wilds without taking away women and scalps." When, however, there is no chance of getting anything to eat, the Indian

scalps the white man and burns his shanty. Two stockmen with whom Mr. Dixon spent some time on the road were butchered within three weeks of his visit to them. At another station, a party of Indians had only just ridden away when the mail came up. The people at the station were terribly scared, for the redskins had eaten everything in the hut; and their chief, on riding off, had turned and said, "Fifteen days, we come back, you gone—good; you not gone—ugh!" accompanying his threat with a horrible pantomime, expressive of lapping flames.

The Red Indian is one of the many difficult "questions" with which New America has to deal. He is by no means the picturesque and romantic personage of whom we read in the poetry of Longfellow and the novels of Cooper. His religion is that of Nature. A believer in many gods, he has never learned to erect temples to their worship. The creeks and woods, the skies and lakes of his home, are to him the only recognised shrines of spiritual presence. His religious rites are few; his doctor is his priest; and his worship is one of magic. The tribes have no settled laws. Their government is, in the main, patriarchal, age taking precedence in the council, and valour on the war-path. All work they hold in sovereign contempt, leaving it to squaws and white men. Drinking and fighting are their most signal accomplishments. Their domestic life is revolting. The squaw is no better than a slave. "She has to perform all in-door, all out-door labour; to fix the wigwam in the ground, to fetch water from the stream, to gather billets from the bush, to dig roots and pick up acorns, to dress and cook the food, to make the clothes, to dry the scalps, to mend the wigwam, to carry her children on the march." Nor is this the worst. She has the rights neither of the woman nor the wife. Her dignity and her modesty are alike ignored. The husband may offer his squaw to any passing guest. The natural result is that she is savage, filthy, and shameless. Her cruelty is unrelenting. The torturing of prisoners is always delegated to the women of the tribe, who perform their task with the ingenuity and refined barbarity of demons. White women who have fallen into the hands of Indians, and have been unhappy enough to survive, assert that the cruelty of the squaws exceeds that of their lords by far.

Attempts to civilise the Red Indian of the prairies, according to Mr. Dixon, have hitherto failed. Recoiling from the notion that the red man should be left to perish, benevolent men have set on foot many plans for his education in the

arts and habits of domestic life. Tracts of land have been assigned to him; all the appliances of farming have been furnished; schools, chapels, saw-mills, houses have been built for him; clothing has been provided, and every method of training him in the arts of life has been adopted. A fine location on the Alleghany river was assigned to a tribe of Senecas; a tribe of Oneidas was settled upon a lot in the centre of New York. But they would not labour to any purpose. "A good harvest made them lazy and improvident; a bad harvest thinned them by starvation and disease." The Delawares, the Pottawottamies, and some of the Shawnees, have succeeded better; but their success is attributable mainly to their amalgamation with the whites. The Shawnees, in particular, have risen to some social dignity, a few among them aspiring "to the mysteries of banking and lending money." But their mixed blood takes them out of the category of pure Indians, and their case is, therefore, of no weight in argument. Mr. Dixon fails to give any account of the effect of missionary labour among the red men. He does, indeed, cite the case of the Pottawottamies in Kansas, who have been taken in hand by a Romish bishop. This functionary has trained them to domestic life, and brought some two thousand of their children under the influence of education. We are unable to say what the state of the case actually is, but we strongly suspect that, if Mr. Dixon had made adequate inquiry, he would have found that the missions of the Protestant Church among the American Indians have been yet more successful, and that there are many thriving settlements of red men under the teaching of the missionaries. It may be very well to talk of "the great laws of nature," and of the impossibility of bridging the chasm between Indian barbarism and European civilisation; but the chasm has been bridged. Tribes more degraded than those of North America, and more directly under the influence of the great laws of nature, have been Christianised in various parts of the world. Industry, thrift, sobriety, domestic purity, and the appreciation of the arts, have followed in the track of the missionary; and there are settlements of Indian Christians in British North America, if not in the States, which prove that the civilisation of the red man is not an impossibility.

The difficulty of the Indian question is complicated by the very marked division of public opinion in the United States. East of the Mississippi the red man is petted, and regarded only under "romantic lights." Indian assassins, "taken all but red-handed," and carried to Washington, have been ac-

quitted, and have returned to their prairies, "bearing on their arms and necks gifts of philanthropic ladies." In the Western cities, on the other hand, the red man is looked upon solely in his prairie aspect, as "a thief, a beggar, an assassin, who may have stolen white women, and scalped white men." In many of the Western states it is difficult to meet with people whose friends have not been either carried off or butchered by the "braves." Hence it is not to be wondered at that the views of statesmen as to proper policy to be observed towards the Indians are widely divergent. In the East "all are for rose-water," in the West all are for revolvers and bowie-knives. Indeed, where the Indian is best known, it would be dangerous to speak of him otherwise than as a dog, "whom it is the duty of every honest man to shoot." Beyond the Canadian frontier, justice seems to be far more vigorously and wisely administered than in the States. This was very clearly put by a sturdy old trapper, whom Mr. Dixon met near Denver.

"You see, colonel," said he, "the difference is this: if a Sioux kills a white man near Fort Ellice, you English say, 'Bring him in, dead or living, here's two hundred dollars;' and when the Indians have brought him in, you say again, 'Try him for his life; if he is guilty, hang him on the nearest tree.' . . . But if a Sioux kills a white man near Fort Laramie, we Americans say, 'Bring him in with care, along with all the witnesses of his crime;' and when the Indians have brought him in, we say again, 'He must have a fair trial for his life; he must be committed by a justice, and sent before a judge; he must have a good counsel to speak up for him, and a jury to try him who know nothing about his crime.' So most times he gets off, has a present from some lady, perhaps, and goes back to his nation a big chief."

If a policy is to be judged by its results, there can be no question that the Canadian method is the wiser and the more humane. The Indians of British North America are far more loyal and peaceable than those of the states of the West. They have been taught to respect the rule of the English. The red man of the prairies, on the other hand, believes that his white brother is weak and cowardly, and that his own people are not only stronger and braver, but actually more numerous than the Americans. Hence the expenditure of talk, blankets, rifles, powder, and whisky has done little or nothing to clear the hunting-grounds of their original proprietors. They think they have the right to prevent the white man from intruding upon their buffalo-runs, and they imagine themselves strong enough to exercise it. If, however, the road across the prairies is to be maintained, it ought to be

protected against hostile interference. The Indians should be either induced or compelled to allow the passage of the mail. It would be hard and unjust to deprive them of their hunting-grounds without offering an equivalent. But it is a disgrace to the American Government to subject the drivers and passengers of the imperial mail to the imminent peril of insult and death. The day has come for the abandonment of a free-and-easy policy, in favour of one that is vigorous, adequate, and firm.

About midway between Leavenworth and Great Salt Lake lies Denver, the City of the Plains. This city, which is but of yesterday, and which now contains about five thousand inhabitants, may be taken as a fair specimen both of the enterprise and vice of the Western population. It has some ten or twelve streets, "with two hotels, a bank, a theatre, half-a-dozen chapels, fifty gambling-houses, and a hundred grog-shops." Every tenth house is either a brothel or a gaming-house, or both. And in these dens a man's life is held as cheap as a dog's. Two years ago it was quite a usual thing to hear the sound of scuffling in the night, and to find a dead body in the street in the morning; and no one thought of inquiring into the affair. Assassination was a crime of every day. A lady told Mr. Dixon that when she first settled in the West, some four or five years ago, there were sixty persons lying in the graveyard of Denver, not one of whom had died a natural death. Nor was her statement far from the truth. During Mr. Dixon's stay in the city, he heard a pistol-shot under his window, and, looking out, he saw a man writhing on the ground. Next morning, no one knew who or where the assassin was, and no further inquiries were made. Two soldiers were drinking at a well, when one of them said, "Look, there's a cobbler; bang at him!" His comrade at once raised his piece and fired. The poor cobbler just escaped with life, but no action was taken in the matter. The soldiers were not even reprimanded. A yet more dreadful story is told of a rowdy, who was known to have shot six or seven men, and who used to say that he was sick of shedding blood. No one had thought of interfering with him, until,

"One day, on riding into Central City, he met a friend, whom he invited to take a drink. The friend, not wishing to be seen any more in such bad company, declined the offer; on which the ruffian drew his pistol in the public street, in the open day, and saying, with a comic swagger of reluctance, 'Good G—! can I never come into town without killing some one?' shot his friend through the heart."

This was too much even for Western society. The murderer was at once seized by the indignant crowd, and hanged on the nearest tree.

Justice in Colorado is administered by a secret and irresponsible board, known as the Vigilance Committee. Even the names of the members of this council are unknown. Yet nothing occurs of which they do not take cognisance. The sittings of the board are held at night, and its judgments are carried into effect between twelve and two in the morning. A cotton-tree growing on the town creek is the place of execution. A citizen disappears; if any inquiry is made about him by a stranger, the answer is "Gone up," which, in the language of Denver, means *hanged*. Sometimes the victim of this irresponsible tribunal is found in the morning dangling from a branch of the famous cotton tree. Commonly, however, the body is cut down and flung into some hole before morning; and it is an offence to make any inquiry. Owing to a wholesome fear of this secret committee, to the influence of William Gilpin, the governor-elect of Colorado, and perhaps most of all to the presence of a few English and American ladies, society in Denver is improving. Drinking, swearing, gambling, and the use of the revolver and bowie-knife have somewhat abated; and in the rough American fashion these Western men are slowly founding an empire in the prairies.

At the foot of the snowy range of the Wasatch mountains lies the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the Eden of the Mormons. A lovelier landscape cannot be seen upon earth than that which bursts upon the view of the traveller as, weary, hungry, and ill, he turns a projecting mountain ledge, and suddenly comes upon this promised land. The whole expanse, stretching away into unseen vistas, and shadowed by a barrier of mountains, is "filled with a golden haze of surpassing richness, the effect of a tropical sunshine streaming over fields sown thick with sun-flowers, like an English field with buttercups, and over multitudinous lakelets, pools, and streams." The air is sweet and cool. So clear is the atmosphere, that objects in the far distance seem but a few hundred yards away. The Great Lake, a hundred miles broad, and a hundred and fifty miles long, darkens and cools the valley, "with its amplitudes of blue." The Jordan, bearing the fresh water of Utah into the Salt Lake, flows through the plain; and in front of it, bowered in trees, and bathed in a delicious light, lies the City of the Saints. As the weary wanderer from London slums, and Yorkshire mills, and Northumbrian coal-

pits, looks down upon this exquisite picture, he forgets the hardships of his English home and the privations of his perilous journey, and it seems to him as if the Eden of the past were already his own.

It is but a few years since Joe Smith, the founder of the Mormons, published the story of the gold plates, the Urim and Thummim, the angel visitants, and the sword of Laban. Cunning as he was, he knew full well that his pretensions to prophetic honours would prove of little avail, unless he could excite enmity and persecution. He purposely courted oppression, and threw himself in the way of martyrdom. Thirty-nine times he was cited before legal tribunals, and in each case he gained an acquittal. But he gained more. Every new charge against him secured new adherents. His personal character, however, was bad. His friends, with whom he was always bickering, began to desert him. His accomplice in the fraud of the Spalding romance exposed him, and his influence had well-nigh ceased. His name and his sect would have slipped into oblivion, but for the violence of a band of Western rowdies. His assassination in the prison at Carthage elevated him into a martyr and a saint. "Men who could hardly have endured his presence in the flesh proclaimed him, now that he was gone, as a true successor of Moses and of Christ." The blood of Joe Smith the martyr was, in truth, the seed of the Mormonite Church. Brigham Young, a New England carpenter, shrewd, far-seeing, and of the soundest sense, now took the lead. He saw clearly enough that the settlement on the Mississippi was untenable, and that if Mormonism was to survive it must be in some land far away from civilisation. Beyond the Rocky Mountains there lay a wilderness which no man had ever claimed—without verdure, without springs, without wood—a wilderness to which a passing swarm of locusts, or a herd of buffaloes, gave only a fitful life. Its streams were said to be putrid, its scanty herbage poisonous, its soil stony and incapable of culture. The red men who occasionally crossed it in their search for food were known to be the fiercest and most degraded of all the Indian tribes. The route to it lay through a prairie peopled with savages, wolves, and bears. Rapid rivers had to be crossed, and ice-clad mountains to be scaled. Fifteen hundred miles of road, without a bridge, an inn, a well, or a green field, must be traversed. Such was the prospect which Brigham Young offered to his disciples. They eagerly embraced it; and leaving Nauvoo, with its cornfields, gardens, cottages, pictures, pianos, and all the produce of their industry,

they started for the promised land. The story of that exodus has no rival in history. It was in winter, when the snow lay on the ground, and the days were short. The canvas roofs of their waggons were the exiles' only shelter from the bitter cold. Their hands and feet were frost-bitten. When they came to creeks and streams, they found the water unfit to drink. The whisky which they had taken with them from Nauvoo to correct the bad water was destroyed by the agents of the Government, under the pretence of its being meant for the Indians, to whom it was unlawful to sell spirits. Disease broke out among the cattle. Five hundred of their most promising young men were drafted into the army for the invasion of Mexico. Day by day the weaker ones fainted and died. New graves were dug at every halt. Yet onward they went, singing hymns by day, and dancing round the watch-fires at night. In the midst of unexampled privation they contrived to publish a newspaper, by means of which cheering words and counsels were carried through the camp.

They never flagged. Though every new turn in their road opened out a drearier picture, though the desolation of one wilderness was distanced by the horrors of the next, they plodded on without losing heart. They knew that even the goal of their journey was an arid desert. But it would be to them the home of peace and freedom. So on they went, until, "descending the passes with beating hearts and clanging trumpets, they entered on their lonely inheritance." A few days of research discovered to them springs of fresh water and woody nooks. They set to work at once. Houses were built, creeks were coaxed into new paths, fields were cleared and sown, roads were made, orchards were planted, saw-mills were established, a newspaper was published, and the foundations of a colossal temple were laid. Successful war was waged against locusts and crickets, the red-skins were propitiated and turned into friends, harvests covered the plains with their golden wealth,—and now the merchandise of Utah is known and prized in every city of Europe and of the States.

The City of the Saints stands upon three thousand acres of land, and is laid out in blocks of ten acres each. The temple block—the edifice itself not being built—gives form to the whole city. A street, one hundred feet wide, starts from each side of it in a straight line. Parallel streets of the same width run north, south, east, and west; each street being planted with trees, and cooled by two running streams from the hills. Some of the larger buildings are of red stone and granite, the smaller ones are built of sun-dried bricks, and

many of the private houses are of wood. There are banks, hotels, restaurants, bazaars, where you can buy everything "from candles and champagne, down to gold-dust, cotton prints, tea, pen-knives, canned meats, and mousetraps." There is also a city hall and a theatre. The latter has been built in order to carry out a favourite theory of Brigham Young's. He regards the stage as not only a school of manners, but as a most important platform for the teaching of morals, and as a means for combining religious feeling with pleasure. He has spared no pains to make his model theatre a success. The utmost propriety and order reign both before and behind the scenes. As an example and encouragement to others, he has placed three of his daughters on the stage; for he does not think it right to ask any young lady to undertake a function which he would consider lowering to a member of his own family. He enters most heartily into the pleasures of the play; and he, with all his principal elders and bishops, may be seen, night after night, laughing and clapping hands, "like boys at a pantomime."

The Mormonites are singularly indifferent to religious formularies. Their temple, which is some day to be a most imposing structure, is not yet built, it being regarded as a thing that can wait. Professing that their religion is "in their blood and bone," they often dispense with religious forms. Mr. Dixon heard Brigham Young address a company of newly-arrived emigrants in some such language as this:—

"Brothers and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ, you have been chosen from the world by God, and sent through His grace into this valley of the mountains, to help in building up His kingdom. You are faint and weary from your march. Rest, then, for a day, for a second day should you need it; then rise up and see how you will live. Don't bother yourselves much about your religious duties; you have been chosen for this work, and God will take care of you in it. Be of good cheer. Look about this valley into which you have been called. Your first duty is to learn how to grow a cabbage, and along with this cabbage an onion, a tomato, a sweet potato; then how to feed a pig, to build a house, to plant a garden, to rear cattle, and to bake bread; in one word, your first duty is to live. The next duty, for those who, being Danes, French, and Swiss, cannot speak it now, is to learn English—the language of God, the language of the book of Mormon, the language of these latter days. These things you must do first; the rest will be added to you in proper seasons. God bless you, and the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

The theology of the Mormons is composite, comprising elements of faith gathered from the teachings of Christ, the

ancient patriarchal system, the voluptuous tenets of Mohammed, and the crude and degrading superstitions of Utes, Snakes, Shawnees, and Shoshones. The Bible is the recognised standard of faith. "King James's Bible," said Brigham Young, "is my Bible; I know of no other." When a friend of Mr. Dixon's asked the keeper of a Salt Lake book store for the Mormon book of faith, he immediately handed him an English Bible. But, though thus adopting the Christian Scriptures as the letter of their creed, the Mormons have a method of interpretation which discovers new meanings in almost every passage, and gives sanction to theories of which the English reader has never dreamed. The whole moral and social fabric of Mormonism is but a jumble of the patriarchal, the Moslem, and the Indian creeds. The following are the heads of Mormon theology:—

"1. God is a person, with the form and flesh of man. 2. Man is a part of the substance of God, and will himself become a god. 3. Man was not created by God, but existed from all eternity, and will exist to all eternity. 4. Man is not born in sin, and is not accountable for offences other than his own. 5. The earth is a colony of embodied spirits, one of many such settlements in space. 6. God is President of the immortals, having under him four orders of beings—(i.) Gods, that is to say, immortal beings possessed of a perfect organisation of soul and body; being the final state of men who have lived on earth in perfect obedience to the law: (ii.) Angels—immortal beings, who have lived on earth in imperfect obedience to the law: (iii.) Men—immortal beings in whom a living soul is united with a human body: (iv.) Spirits—immortal beings still waiting to receive their tabernacle of flesh. 7. Man, being one of the race of gods, becomes eligible, by means of marriage, for a celestial throne; his household of wives and children being his kingdom, not on earth only, but in heaven. 8. The kingdom of God has been again founded on the earth; the time has come for the saints to take possession of their own; but by virtue, not by violence; by industry, not by force."

On some of these points there is a little divergence of opinion on the part of the more thoughtful and studious Mormons. Orson Pratt, the most scholarly of the apostles, has laid down a cosmogony of heaven and earth, which, with others of his views, has been formally and officially condemned. The doctrine of angels has led to frequent division. But Brigham Young maintains that angels are beings who, when in their human stage, failed to fulfil the law of life, and have therefore been arrested in their growth to a higher state. When pressed to explain the form of their failure, he unhesitatingly avers that they did not marry many wives, as

Abraham, Jacob, David, and Solomon did. The angels are therefore the bachelors of earth condemned to a subordinate status in heaven.

The relations of Mormonism to the outside world are strongly catholic and tolerant. The church is free and open, without reference to any personal conditions or profession, to all men. The one exception is the negro, whom Brigham Young regards as the descendant of Cain, and as wearing in his black skin the brand and curse of the first murder. But not only does Mormonism receive all comers with open arms, and asking no questions, but it tolerates all kinds of Dissenters even within its pale. If a man will conform to the most general rules—to rules, in fact, which have no special relation to religion—he may think just what he likes. In his creed he may follow Swedenborg, Zinzendorf, Muggleton, Sandemann, Calvin, Luther, or Wesley, so that he pays his tithes, makes vigorous use of his spade, and maintains peace with his neighbours. The cardinal principles of Mormonism are not less attractive to the vulgar and sensuous mind than its church polity and its dogmatic teachings. They are these—1. That the church is ruled by a Divine presence, God dwelling actually, though invisibly, among His people, and making known His will from day to day on all matters and in relation to all persons, through one chosen and unfailing channel. Brigham Young stands to the people in the relation which Moses sustained. He professes to bring them into the immediate presence of God. When he says, "This I know," his followers accept a judgment as divine, and at once acquiesce. 2. That the enjoyment of life is the highest service of God. All the austerities of the ancient creeds are banished from Mormonism. Its votaries live in an atmosphere of trust. They have no fear of hell, and no anxiety as to the future. God reigns upon the earth, and His people have a right therefore to eat, drink, and be merry. Pleasure is worship. The devoutest psalm-singing is that of merriment. Balls, music parties, pic-nics, plays, are a part of religion; cooking, the eating of delicacies, the culture of rare and luscious fruits, are all pious exercises. The theatre is as much the house of God as the temple. 3. That work is noble. The social canons of civilisation on the question of labour are unknown in Utah. There a man is held to be, not only serving God, but fulfilling the highest ideals of intelligent life, by toil. The Mormon gentleman is he who works the hardest. The mowing of a field, the digging of a drain, the training of a peach, the building of a fence, are deeds of dignity. The rough and horny hand is a badge

of honour. Hence no one is idle in Utah. None but a religious industry could have changed that salt desert into a blooming garden. An old trapper, when he first heard of the Mormon exodus, said that he would give a thousand dollars for every ear of corn raised in the valley. His incredulousness was well-founded. But when a band of men came upon the spot, who looked upon labour as a part of religion and as the highest honour of man, a soil that would have yielded to no power but that of enthusiasm was coaxed and constrained into fertility. The favourite name of Utah is Deseret, the city of the bee. The Mormon women are most industrious. They make gloves and fans, they weave linen and knit stockings, they embroider and excel in all kinds of needlework, they dry peaches and figs, and prepare seeds. Outdoor labour falls to the men. "Prophets, presidents, bishops, elders, all pursue their avocations in the city and on the soil; sell ribbons, grow peaches, build mills, cut timber, keep ranches, herd cattle, drive trains." The great lights of the church are as notable for their industry as for their piety, according to Mormon standards. Young is a planter, a grazier, and farmer; Kimball owns mills, manufactures linseed oil, and grazes cattle; Smith is a farmer and miller; Pratt teaches mathematics; Hyde is a farmer; Canon is a printer and editor, and Taylor is a millowner. The chief justice of Deseret sells drugs over the counter in the hours of judicial leisure, and Mr. Dixon met Joseph Young, the brother of Brigham, and the president of the Seventy—a venerable old man—with a basket of peaches on his arm, which he was taking to market for sale. No man is paid for any religious service; even the apostles must work for their bread.

No one can wonder that the cardinal principles of Mormonism should have great weight with the classes among which more especially they are published. The mission of Mormonism is to the poor. Starting at the command of Brigham Young from his home and friends, for Delhi, Pekin, Vienna, London, Paris, or Damascus, the Mormon missionary carries with him no purse or scrip, but, moneyless and alone, and often in the endurance of the bitterest hardships, works his way, as a driver, guard, tailor, carpenter, mechanic, or clerk, to his allotted sphere. There he opens his commission. Passing by the rich and intelligent, he appeals to the poor; scatters "among deck passengers, dock-men, street porters, farm-servants," the tidings of a land of plenty and peace. The starving tailor, the Spitalfields weaver, the Lancashire spinner, the Cornish miner, hear of bread and honour and

home; of sunny landscapes and fertile vineyards; of religious freedom, and of a gospel whose first principle is the enjoyment of life; of a society which allows no poverty and knows no workhouse; where the wants of the necessitous are met by the gifts of the affluent, and where no man can starve. Is it a matter of wonder that a missionary with such a gospel should seldom fail, and that every fresh caravan which reaches the valley should bring with it scores and hundreds from Welsh hills and Midland shires?

When we add that, in all Deseret, there is neither gaming-house, brothel, nor gin-shop; that a drunkard is rarely seen, and a prostitute never; that no beggar ever solicits the passenger; and that violence and quarrelling are almost unknown; we have put the finishing stroke to the higher aspects of the picture. It is but just to say that, judging from the outward aspect alone, the Mormon system appears to be a success. In its inner life, however, there is an element which already threatens the dissolution of the whole fabric, and which, if not restrained and put down, will sooner or later change the City of the Saints into a hell. It is the Mormon institution of marriage. One of the principles of the system is that Nature is dual, and that, to complete the organisation, man must marry a wife. Immortal spirits, waiting for their tabernacle of flesh, are dependent for the fulfilment of their destiny on the marriage of the sexes. The saints have gone farther, and adopted the principle of a plurality of wives, not merely as a thing to be tolerated, but encouraged and made conditional to all elevation in the church. No man can rise to the higher functions of Mormonism who has not married at least three wives. Brigham Young has, or had when Mr. Dixon visited him, twelve wives. Kimball and Wells, the two other presidents, have probably an almost equal number. The twelve apostles, being mostly poor men, are not so lavishly endowed. Between them, however, they number fifty-three wives; Taylor, the richest of them, having seven.

A mere plurality of wives, however, is not the worst feature of this polygamous revival. Polygamy has been revived in its most revolting form. The Mormon saint may not only marry many wives, but "he may marry three or four sisters, an aunt and her niece, a mother and her children." Though somewhat slow in his admission, Young did actually admit to Mr. Dixon the occasional occurrence of the marriage of a mother and her child by the same man: and, though he did not dare to defend it, he gave a private opinion on it, which he

bound Mr. Dixon not to publish. Indeed, he went so far as to admit the propriety of the marriage of brother and sister. Such unions, however, have never yet occurred in Deseret, being prohibited by public opinion. But the marriage of two sisters, of a brother's widow, of a mother and her daughter, is a matter of frequent occurrence; and one of the saints is married to his half-sister. The elders believe that public sentiment on these subjects will, in course of time, become more liberal, and that, in a generation or two, popular prejudice will give way.

The right of man to marry more than one wife was not preached prominently, if at all, by Joseph Smith. Brigham Young avers that he saw a paper containing a copy of a revelation made to Smith at Nauvoo, commanding him "to receive into his bosom as many wives as should be given unto him of God." This paper is said to have been destroyed, as well it might be, by Smith's wife. She, on the other hand, asserts most solemnly that the whole story is a fabrication, that Smith never had but one wife, and that he was utterly opposed to the doctrine of polygamy. She has therefore headed a schism, in connection with her four sons, and has separated herself from the church of Brigham Young. The fact of Smith's polygamous tendencies rests solely on the word of Young. The evidence is not strong, and we are disposed to endorse Mr. Dixon's judgment, that Brigham Young is the real author and promoter of the Mormon doctrine of the plurality of wives. At any rate, whoever was the author, the revelation itself was formally adopted at a conference of two thousand elders, held August 29th, 1852. The new dogma was announced, not as a right, but as a special grace; not "as a privilege of earth, but as a gift of heaven." Hence—and Young knows well how to use the power—though a saint may wed one woman without the leave of the prophet, he cannot marry a second without the express warrant of heaven. That warrant is sought by Young alone. If he disapproves the match, there is no appeal.

Among the curiosities of the revival of polygamy is the Mormon notion of "*sealing*." A woman may be sealed to a man without becoming actually his wife or mistress. The sealing may have reference to time only, or it may be for eternity. A woman who is sealed to one man for time may be sealed to another for eternity. She has about "the same power of selecting her celestial bridegroom as the male enjoys of selecting his mortal bride." The indefinite relation of such marriages, especially as they are generally kept se-

cret, is sufficient to alarm any Mormon husband; for to what lengths of depravity may not these secret sealings for eternity be carried? But a yet stranger custom prevails: the sealing of a living person to the dead. This sealing, which can be effected only by Young's intercession and consent, must be a genuine union, and not merely a Platonic attachment of souls. The difficulty of bringing about a conjunction of the living and the dead is solved by the machinery of *substitution*. An earthly husband becomes the proxy of the heavenly one. By a religious act, Young can seal a woman to any dead man "whom she has chosen to be her own lord and king in heaven; by the same act, he can give her a substitute on earth from among his elders and apostles: should her beauty tempt his eye, he may accept for himself the office of proxy for her departed saint." The favourite bridegroom of the skies is Joseph Smith. The dignity of the dead prophet is too high to admit of his being represented on earth by any other proxy than Brigham Young. As his substitute, Young has taken certain ladies to his home, who have borne him several children. The sealing of the living to the dead is not, however, such an absurdity as the sealing of the dead to the living. A young woman whom Elder Stonehouse intended to marry died during his absence from the city. On her deathbed, she expressed a desire to be sealed to him, that she might share his throne in heaven. On his return from Europe, "the rite was performed in the presence of Brigham and others, his first wife standing proxy for the dead girl."

The social position of woman at the Salt Lake may be gathered from the simple study of Mormon life. The statements of Belinda Pratt, and of many travellers who have been deceived by outside appearances, are necessarily false. Polygamy is contrary to the instincts of nature and the order of God. It cannot, therefore, be indulged but with social and moral deterioration. The prospect of being one of many wives is of itself such as to deter many Englishwomen from even listening to the persuasions of Mormon missionaries. Some English women who have ventured upon the society of the Salt Lake have steadily refused to marry any elder, bishop, president, or other man, notwithstanding all sorts of revelations from heaven, excepting on the one condition of being his only wife; and even those who have been persuaded that polygamy is right in the abstract, refuse, in many cases, to allow its application to themselves. "I believe it's right," said an English girl, who had been three years in Utah, "and I think it is good for those who like it; but it is not good for

me, and I will not have it." Listening only to the elders, or to their wives in the presence of their lords, one might conclude that the institution of polygamy worked well and happily. But the women, when they can see the stranger alone—a very rare opportunity—tell a different tale. The Mormon home is terribly like the Moslem harem. The men do not often meet at each other's houses. Long blank walls are run up to ensure privacy. Smiling women and rosy children are seldom seen at windows. If a friend or two should join the family circle, the wives of the host act as waiters, never taking part in the conversation. Sometimes they are brought in to see the company—just as children are in English homes—and, after shaking hands, quietly pass into other rooms. A quiet, unnatural calm seems to possess them. Mr. Dixon seldom saw them smile, save "with a wan and wearied look." Laughter is never heard among them, and their poor, plain dresses show how little interest they have in woman's very natural desire to render herself attractive. The only occasions on which the ladies of Mormon husbands appeared natural and unreserved were when, in Mr. Dixon's presence, the question of polygamy was mooted. Then their flashing faces told of the indignation burning at their hearts. The Mormon wife has been represented as becoming her husband's willing mediator in the endeavour to increase his harem. Such a representation is false. "Court a new wife for him!" said one lady; "no woman could do that; and no woman would submit to be courted by a woman." The one redeeming feature in woman's position in the Mormon church is that, though she may be a drudge on earth, she is to be a queen in heaven. But even this status is not assigned to her on the ground of her special merit and dignity. Her want of sense is presumed to preclude the possibility of her going far wrong. Man, because of his knowledge and power, may live in defiance of Divine law, and stop short of his destiny. Woman, being weak and silly, has not sufficient power of character to be lost. She is therefore of necessity saved.

Mormonism is a very serious fact. In very little more than thirty years it has won the adhesion of more than two hundred thousand votaries, not counting those who are dead. It has occupied a territory larger than Spain, and, by an incomparable industry, has changed a desert into a garden. It has trained an army which, at the present moment, is some twenty thousand strong. In its priesthood, which is unpaid, there are hundreds of prophets, presidents, bishops, and

elders. Its wisest and wealthiest men are ready to go at an hour's notice to any quarter of the globe to publish its gospel. It has founded a theology contrary to all creeds, a jurisprudence entirely original, a system of social life revolting to all the finest and strongest instincts of nature. It has set at defiance the laws of God and of man, and reproduced in the noonday of civilisation many of the absurdities, and some of the vices, of the age of Abraham. And it is yet progressing. In England and its dependencies there are upwards of fifteen thousand Mormons. On the Continent of Europe there are ten thousand. How is it to be dealt with? The answer of the New England politician is, that it must be put down, and by force. A strong party in the States is in favour of invading the valley of the Salt Lake, and shelling the City of the Saints. Such a policy would be fatal. Mormonism has already been fed by persecution. Its one martyr has gained for it its present position. A thousand martyrs would be so many new centres of force. The truth is great, and it will prevail. Let the moral power of the States be brought to bear upon this anomalous growth in their midst. Let godly men settle in Utah, and, by their teaching and living, illustrate the beauty of a better life. Open up communications between the Salt Lake and the rest of the world. Temperately expose the evils of Mormonism, while its industry, its sobriety, its general virtues, are recognised. Polygamy has no inherent vitality. It cannot long co-exist with civilisation. It must die out in the sunshine of truth.

Mormonism is not the only religious phenomenon in America. On the side of a hill, not far from New Lebanon Springs, a favourite resort of pleasure-seekers from New York, stands a prim and picturesque group of buildings. It is the home of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Coming—better known to the world under the title of Shakers. About a hundred years since, a poor Quaker woman, named Jane Wardlaw, who lived in Bolton, Lancashire, announced that she had received a call from heaven to testify the truth in the streets of her native town. Boldly taking her stand in the market-place, she declared to the rough, coarse crowd around her "that the end of all things was at hand, that Christ was about to reign, that His second appearance would be in a woman's form." Her husband, strange to say, was her first convert. More notable, however, was another of her early disciples, a Manchester blacksmith's daughter, named Ann Lee. A somewhat eccentric young woman, "a prey to hysteria and convulsions" from her birth, she was never-

theless somewhat clever, and most ambitious. While scarcely more than a child she had been married, and had borne to her husband four infants, all of whom had died. This fatality may probably have exerted some influence on her future course. She joined the sect of Jane Wardlaw, and went out into the back streets of Manchester publishing the new gospel. The parish constable, unable to appreciate the case, took her before the magistrate as a nuisance, and she was sent to gaol. As she lay in her gloomy prison on the Irwell she asserted that the Lord Jesus appeared to her and "became one with her in form and spirit." In the face of such dignities, poor Jane Wardlaw was nothing, and the little church at once deposed her from the headship of affairs, and elected Ann Lee to the rank of mother, regarding her as the bride of the Lamb, and even as an incarnation of Christ. But England was too prosaic for such august assumptions. The factory girls laughed at the mother; so, renouncing her native land, with five male companions and two females, she sailed for New York. Her husband, though one of her associates, was not a believer in her principles, the chief among which was that husband and wife should dwell apart, and live only as the angels in heaven, where there is no marrying or giving in marriage. Carrying his heterodoxy into effect, he deserted his wife and took up with another woman in New York. Nothing daunted, Mother Ann and her companions pushed on into the backwoods, and in the spot now known as Water Vliet founded the first Shaker settlement. Here, patiently and industriously cultivating the soil, they rested for three and a half years, waiting for a sign from heaven. A revival in the neighbourhood added some substantial adherents to the little community. Persecution added more. The War of Independence was raging at the time, and some people took into their heads that Mother Ann and her disciples must be spies. They insisted therefore that they should take the colonial oaths. This they refused to do, as being contrary to their principles. The result was that the Mother was lodged in Poughkeepsie gaol. On her release she found herself famous and started on a tour. Her disciples increased, and materials were gathered for her model societies. The toil of her mission, however, proved too much for her; and in the autumn of 1784 she gathered her friends around her, appointed Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright her successors, and vanished from sight. Her followers assert that she did not die. With her corpse before them they contended that she had been "made invisible to the flesh through excess of

light." The dust which they looked upon was "but a worn-out garment which the Mother had cast away." They put away the body in a field, without funeral rites, for the Shakers look for no further resurrection. All the dead, according to Shaker notions, are risen. The seeming death of the body is but its retirement into an inner chamber of light.

This is one of the most prominent and seductive doctrines of the Shaker faith. Death is but a change of costume. The dead are still as actually in the midst of the living as though they could be seen and felt. Indeed they can be seen and felt by the eyes and hands of those who are gifted with grace. A Shaker woman with whom Mr. Dixon spent some time asserted that she could talk more freely and confidingly with the spirits of her friends than she could with him. To her the room in which she sat was full of Cherubim and Seraphim; Mother Ann was there; all the friends who had vanished from earthly sight were there. Her rapt eye, her wandering manner, proved that this woman, most intelligent and sensible on all other questions, believed that she was in a presence more august than any upon earth. The intercourse of the Shakers with an invisible world is fruitful of more than sentiments. All the hymns and tunes of the society are learned in dreams and reveries. Sister Antoinette, of whom we have spoken, showed Mr. Dixon a song which she had heard in the night, sung by an angel choir. We are bound to endorse Mr. Dixon's opinion that the song was singularly deficient both in syntax and rhyme.

The present female leader of the Shaker Society is Elderess Betsy Bates,—the title of mother having been abandoned, in accordance with the belief that Mother Ann is still living among her children. Elder Boler is the Shaker bishop. The community contains two orders of members, who are called respectively Probationers and Covenanters. The former are not bound by the rules of a strict celibacy. They come in for a time, to see how they like it; and, during their probation, they are at liberty to retain their private fortune, if they have any, and to go out when they please. The latter are those who have cast in their lot with the brethren, and consecrated themselves to a purely celibate life. The dogma of celibacy is not held by the Shakers as one of universal adaptation. They hold that it is perfectly right, under certain circumstances, that men and women should marry and be given in marriage. But they, as a priesthood appointed by God to redeem the world from sin, are supposed to have passed into a Resurrection Order, in which marriage is not lawful. They

have put away the flesh and the lusts thereof. Their other prominent tenets are:—that "the old law is abolished, the new dispensation begun; intercourse between heaven and earth is restored; God is King and Governor; the sin of Adam is atoned, and man made free of all errors except his own; every human being will be saved; the earth is heaven, now soiled and stained, but ready to be brightened by love and labour into its primæval state."

The Shaker settlement at Lebanon is most picturesque.

"The streets are quiet, for here you have no grog-shop, no beer-house, no lock up, no pound. Of the dozen edifices rising about you—work-rooms, barns, tabernacles, stables, kitchens, schools, and dormitories—not one is either foul or noisy; and every building, whatever may be its use, has something of the air of a chapel. The paint is all fresh, the planks are all bright, the windows are all clean. A white sheen is on everything; a happy quiet reigns around. . . . The walls appear as though they had been built only yesterday; a perfume, as from many unguents, floats down the lane, and the curtains and window-blinds are of spotless white. Everything in the hamlet looks and smells like household things which have been long laid up in lavender and rose-leaves."

The people are like the place—demure, quaint, quiet. The costume of the men is "a sort of Arab sack, with a linen collar and no tie, an under vest buttoned to the throat and falling below the thighs, loose trousers rather short, and broad-brimmed hat, nearly always made of straw." The women wear "a small muslin cap, a white kerchief wrapped round the chest and shoulders, a sack, or skirt, dropping in a straight line from the waist to the ankle, white socks, and shoes." Every one is busy, but it is not the industry of constraint. All labour with them is a labour of love. The most perfect freedom is maintained. No one is invited to enter the society, no one is forced to remain in it. They have no soldiers, no police, no judges. Peace, order, contentment reign throughout. They drink no wine, and are strangers to doctors. Their only medicines are good food and sweet air. In thirty-six years they have only had one case of fever, and they refer to it as a disgrace. Every man must have a trade, whatever his rank; and all the women have functions assigned to them. They distil essences, especially rose-water, for which they are famed throughout the world. They are clever in making maple-syrup, cherry-water, and peach-water. They weave cloth, sew, and preserve fruit. Their school is said to be the best, for giving a good general education, in the State

of New York. The farming of the men reaches a perfection attained in no other district of America.

In a Shaker house the men and women live apart, but meet at a common table. The men have each a room to themselves. The women usually sleep two in a room. In these rooms there is no evidence of asceticism. They are furnished with looking-glasses, so that even a Shaker lady is allowed the privilege of contemplating her personal charms. The privilege, however, is guarded with an occasional caution, for, said Elder Frederick, "Females need to be steadied, some." At the sound of a bell, they pass into the dining-room in single file. On reaching their places, they drop on their knees, and offer, in silence, a short prayer. They do not speak at meals, excepting to ask for any dish, and then it is but in a whisper. Their food is almost wholly vegetable, and is the produce of their own estate. They have but three meals a day; over each of these they spend about twenty minutes. No thanks are exchanged for courtesies at the table, it being thought that such forms of politeness are not necessary among a family of saints. Their worship is unique, and, to one without, most ludicrous—"a ritual of high jinks." The service is sung and danced; to the latter exercise the society owes the name of Shaker.

But though one may be almost driven to smile at the absurdity of their ritual, and some portions of their creed, it would be folly to deny that the Shakers are exerting a vast influence on the religious thought and feeling of America. Every American revival increases the numbers of the Society. Motives of the grossest order might induce men to espouse the fortunes of Mormonism. No such element can enter into the calculations of the candidate for membership with the Shakers. He must renounce everything which a worldly man most prizes: wealth, ease, glory, affections. "He must throw his possessions into a common fund, he must consent to labour with his hands for the general good, he must forget all ranks and titles of the world, he must abandon his house and kin, his books and friends, he must tear himself away from his wife and child." He must denationalise himself—a hard task to an American—for the Shakers have no interest in politics, no contact with the outer world, give no votes, and hold no political meetings. No persuasion is brought to bear upon him, no inducements are offered to him, it being a principle of the Society to make use of no argument with the Gentile. Theirs being a heavenly kingdom, the responsibility of peopling it rests not with the saints, but with God. They

have, therefore, no missions. There is no analogy between the case of the young Romish priest who renounces the right to marry, and the Shaker candidate who, in many instances, is already married. The young priest is tempted by the prospect of social status. His profession is popular, and is crowded with prizes. It exempts him from manual labour, and endows him with power. The Shaker, in renouncing the affections, voluntarily cuts himself off from the world, and gives himself to a life of labour, hardship, and scorn. Nevertheless, thousands of men and women, many of them young, beautiful, and rich, have, of their own free and unbiassed will, entered the company of the saints. In the United States there are no less than eighteen Shaker Societies; according to the census of 1860, they numbered upwards of six thousand.

How are these societies recruited, without missions, and without increase from within? The harvest-times of Shakerism are the religious revivals, for which America is famous. In fact, the Shakers say "that every large revival, being the accomplishment of a spiritual cycle, must end in the foundation of a fresh Shaker union." Their eighteen societies represent eighteen revivals. Nor is it to be wondered at, that, after the intense religious excitement of the camp-meeting, the minds of many who have been roused to the sense of sin and the fear of judgment, should cling with satisfaction to the idea of a kingdom of heaven upon earth, in which there is no death, no incentive to sin, no possibility of falling, and in which God and His angels are the daily companions of the saints.

Of an essentially different order, though kindred in some of its outward aspects with Shakerism, is the sect of Perfectionists, or, as they are sometimes called, Bible Communists. The founder of this sect is John Humphreys Noyes, a man who has been in turn, "a graduate of Dartmouth College in Connecticut, a law clerk at Putney in Vermont, a theological student in Andover, Massachusetts, a preacher at Yale College, New Haven, a seceder from the Congregational Church, an outcast, a heretic, an agitator, a dreamer, an experimentalizer," and who is now acknowledged by many as "a prophet enjoying light from heaven, and personal intimacies with God." While living at Putney, as a lawyer's clerk, Noyes was strongly affected by the great revival which swept through the States in 1831. Feeling that he could not master the world so long as he continued in the profession of the law, he entered himself as a theological student at Andover. The society of his fellow students was not salutary to his soul, and as he was

thinking of seeking the Lord elsewhere, he opened his Bible, and lighted on the words, "He is not here!" He therefore left Andover, and entered Yale College, where much light fell upon him in the reading of the Epistles of St. Paul. From the Apostle he learned that the Christian Church had been, since the fall of Jerusalem, a great historical mistake, there being no visible church, but a dwelling of Christ among His own people,—all law being abolished. Through many centuries, though feeble and unrecognised, this perfect society had been maintained by the grace of God, until the time should come for the revival of apostolic faith and practice, and the return to the primitive communism of the saints. Noyes felt that that time had come, and that he was called to be the preacher of the revived truth. Passing up and down among the churches, he made some converts; but his principles were fatal to organisation. Each man being a law to himself, it was impossible to found a church. At the end of four years he found himself denounced by the press, and without a disciple. He then saw clearly that he must establish some principle of association. Returning to Putney, he formed a Bible-class of about a dozen members; and, caring less for quantity than quality, he bent all his efforts upon preparing them for transformation into a Bible Family, dwelling in one house, and free from the trammels of law. When the little society was ripe for this experiment, he began to look about for the means of purchasing a suitable house. He was poor, but one of his disciples, a young lady in Vermont, had money and expectations. Marriage with her would make him master of her fortune; but marriage was against his principles, as pertaining to the bondage of law. Money, however, must be had; and so he wrote to the young lady, offering her his hand, with the following extraordinary reservation: "We can enter into no engagements with each other which shall limit the range of our affections, as they are limited in matrimonial engagements by the fashion of this world. I desire and expect my yoke-fellow will love all who love God, whether they be male or female, with a warmth and strength of affection unknown to earthly lovers, and as freely as if she stood in no particular connection with me." The offer was accepted; and with his wife's seven thousand dollars, supplemented by an after legacy of nine thousand, Noyes built a house and printing office, bought a press and types, and started a newspaper. The new family renounced allegiance to the United States and every form of law, suspended prayer and religious service, gave up the Sabbath, broke up family ties, entirely

abolished the selfish relations of husband and wife, and threw all their property into a common stock. The new principles did not work well. The devil found his way into this second Eden. Gospel freedom "in the matter of goods and wives" was sadly abused by the Communists, and the colony at Putney was broken up. Letting his house to a Gentile, Noyes migrated to Oneida Creek, a remote but lovely and fertile spot. Some fifty men, and as many women, joined him; and with their united means he built a new house, and bought a patch of land. Here a more perfect freedom was inaugurated. Wives, children, goods, were pronounced to be alike common. In spite of a hard life and rude fare, many strangers joined the family. One of them, a Canadian trapper, may be regarded as having made their fortune. He invented a trap, known through America as the Oneida trap. By the sale of this invention the Family made, in one year, no less than eighty thousand dollars. Trap-making does seem a singular business for saints, but they have a ready answer for the satirist. The earth is cursed with vermin—the saints are to subdue the earth: hence the religiousness of the trap trade!

The number of the family now gathered under the roof of their large and stately house at Oneida Creek is about three hundred. The estate covers six hundred acres of land, and is well drained and enriched. They adopt no particular costume, save that the women and girls wear their hair cut short, "a tunic falling to the knee, loose trousers of the same material, a vest buttoning high towards the throat, short hanging sleeves, and a straw hat." The first principle of the society is holiness. Every member has a right to do what he likes; but, being solely under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, he can, from the nature of the case, do nothing but what is good. The Perfectionist knows no law: he lives, not under law, but under God. No commandment is binding on him, seeing that he is a child of grace. "Laws are for sinners—he is a saint; other men fall into temptation—he is sealed and reclaimed by the Holy Ghost." A man arrives at this state of grace simply by wishing it. He stands up in public, and takes upon himself the profession of Christ; and the thing is done. The principle of holiness, however, cannot stand alone. If a man be a law to himself, he cannot, in the nature of things, be a law to his brother. Driven to recognise this by the contending elements of his family, Noyes introduced a second cardinal principle into his system—that of sympathy. A brother may do as he pleases, provided that everything he does is in sympathy with the general wish. If

public opinion is against him, he must be wrong, and falling from grace. The family must needs be wiser than the individual. If a member wants anything, he must consult the elders, to ascertain the feeling of the brotherhood. This idea of ruling by sympathy has saved the fraternity of Oneida Creek from the failure which has always overtaken communistic societies. It has become quite a science; and the evening meetings of the family are generally devoted to the free criticism of the conduct of erring members.

The core of the Bible Communist system is the mutual relation of the sexes. "The central domestic part of the household is the complex marriage of its members to each other, and to all—a rite which is understood as taking place on the entrance of every new member, whether male or female, into association, and which is said to convert the whole body into one marriage circle, every man becoming the husband and brother of every woman; every woman the wife and sister of every man." The marriage rite and the fact itself they have abolished, declaring their belief that the institution is too selfish and exclusive to be tolerated where true ideas of religion are entertained, and that the heart should be kept free to love all who are worthy. The more the heart loves, the more it is capable of loving; and sentimental people only are satisfied with one lover. But, while adopting the idea of this promiscuous and catholic love, they do not regard it as a passion which must inevitably take its course, but as a thing to be subjected to an enlightened control. Each member of the family must, therefore, submit the conduct of his affections to the elders, whose judgment, in particular cases, is final. In the settlement, they keep a record of hundreds of cases of the secret strivings and workings of human hearts under the influence of love. One young man whom Mr. Dixon met at Oneida told him the whole story of his affections, "with a grave face, a modest manner, and in a scientific spirit;" and, though the records of similar cases are for the present sealed, they are to be published as soon as the day comes "when philosophers begin to study the life of man as they now study that of bees."

The life of a community professing such extraordinary theories has not been maintained without a struggle. Satire, contumely, invective, and even physical force, have been brought to bear against it. Yet, it has not only maintained its position, but has gained and is gaining ground. If Noyes would allow its extension, it might be carried to a much greater length; for applicants for admission into the family

are refused daily. He regards the scheme as experimental; he is laying the foundations tentatively; and, when each detail has been tested, he will proceed to the formation of other communities. In the meanwhile, he points cavillers and all inquirers to the experiment as worked at Oneida Creek. "Look," he says, "at our happy circle; we work, we eat, we study, we enjoy: peace reigns in our household: our young men are healthy, our young women bright." Appearances are certainly in his favour. The recently-wild forest-land of the settlement has been cultivated, so as to rival in beauty and richness the loveliest scenery of Kent; orchards and vineyards have been planted; forges, mills, and workshops have been built; a thriving business has been established: neither lawyer nor doctor is ever seen in the community or ever needed: everyone seems busy, brisk, and content. There is little of the subdued and ascetic character of Shakerism at Oneida Creek. Even the women assert that they are perfectly happy. Detestable as their principle may be, there is good reason to believe that these Bible families will increase and become very prominent among the already numerous phenomena of the religious life of New America. In the words of a Shaker elder, "they meet the desires of a great many men and women in the country—men who are weary, women who are fantastic—giving, in the name of religious service, a free rein to the passions, with a deep sense of repose."

The statement of Mr. Warren Chace, one of the vice-presidents of the American Spiritualists, that there are more than three millions of men and women in the States professing Spiritualistic doctrines, is more than startling. It is impossible to ascertain the truth or falseness of this statement. They are not returned as a separate body in the census; but the number of their lyceums, the extent of their literature, the frequency of their conferences, and the multitude of their organisations, warrant the assumption that Mr. Chace's statement is not very wide of the mark. In their ranks may be found lawyers, doctors, soldiers, divines, merchants, men of intellectual renown, and thousands of ladies. The third National Convention of Spiritualists was held lately in the city of Providence. Delegates attended from eighteen states and territories. Observers were struck "with the wild and intellectual appearance of this cloud of witnesses," who were, in the main, very pale, with eyes "preternaturally bright." The men wore their hair long, the ladies were closely cropped. Delegates were also present, or said to be, from the invisible world, and were formally welcomed and addressed by succes-

sive speakers. From the addresses delivered on the occasion, it would be impossible to gather a comprehensive estimate of their creed. Incoherence and rambling are the characteristics of Spiritualistic eloquence, probably as the result of communion with the intangible and unseen. A prominence was given, however, to the doctrine of the dual nature of the Godhead; the existence of a male and female essence—a fatherhood and motherhood in the Deity. From this duality they inferred the equal rights of both sexes upon earth. Some of the delegates affirmed the possession of miraculous powers—the gifts of spiritual insight, tongues, and healing. This practical aspect of the question comes out strikingly in their newspapers, which are crowded with advertisements of mediums, who propose to heal diseases and solve all kinds of problems for a small consideration of dollars. One medium advertises that she will "examine and prescribe for diseases and cure the sick by her healing powers, which have been fully tested." A medical gentleman requests those who wish for his advice to send him "a dollar, a postage stamp, and a lock of hair." A Mrs. Collins "still continues to heal the sick in Pine-street." Another lady "sees spirits and describes absent friends." Mrs. H. B. Gillette, who introduces herself as "electric, magnetic, healing, and developing medium," volunteers to cure both body and mind." All, however, are distanced by Dr. Emerson, who announces his power of healing disease "by drawing the disease into himself!"

The tone of most of the speakers at the Convention was one of hostility towards the creeds and moral standards of Christianity. Churches were condemned as having already "too long oppressed and benighted society." One of the delegates "thanked God this was not the age of worship, but of investigation." Another was opposed to the use of the word "sacred," there being nothing in his creed answering to the term. A Dr. Child congratulated the meeting on its success in weakening "the superstructure of human law;" and a Mr. Finney gloried in the fact that the old religion was dying out. An important resolution, as indicating the political tendencies of Spiritualism, was passed by the Convention. "That the hand of honest labour alone holds the sovereign sceptre of civilisation; that its rights are commensurate with its character and importance; and hence, that it should be so fully and completely compensated as to furnish to the toiling millions ample means, times, and opportunities for education, culture, refinement, and pleasure; and that equal labour,

whether performed by men or women, should receive equal compensation."

Apart from the religious aspect of Spiritualism, it is a matter of grave importance that a school professing such political and social views should have gained so strong a hold on the mind of New America. Taking Mr. Chace's statement of numbers as an exaggeration—assuming the existence of only one million, or even half-a-million of disciples—what is likely to be their influence upon the destiny of a republic which is governed by popular votes? And who can calculate the moral force of such a vast number in its bearing upon questions of social and moral life? In England, Spiritualism is but a phenomenon, transient and unimpressive. So little hold has it upon us that we scarcely note its existence, and give ourselves no trouble by the endeavour to combat it. The record of an occasional séance, and a satirical letter or two in the newspaper, exhaust our interest in the school. In America it is a power, wide-spread and intelligent. No one knows where it will stop or how much harm it will do. Mormonism will die out in the presence of light and truth. Shakerism, whether its term of existence be protracted or brief, can do little damage. Bible Communism is not likely to prevail to any very large extent, so long as it maintains the principle of pantagamy. But Spiritualism, counting as it does in its ranks men of eminence and reputation, and striking at the very root of the faith and traditions of Christianity, is a system, the growth of which the past seems to assure, and the future may have the bitterest reason to regret.

Strange religious and political phenomena are not, however, the source of the only questions with which New America has to struggle, and the growth of which she has reason to dread. We used to hear of the "irrepressible negro." Even at the risk of our gallantry, we venture to assert that one of the greatest difficulties of American society is "irrepressible woman." Almost everywhere in the United States there is a most notable disproportion between sex and sex. The terrible havoc of the late war has not sensibly modified this disproportion. It is observable everywhere, in streets, ball-rooms, churches, theatres, as well as in squatter settlements and Western wilds. At the census of 1860, "the white males were found to be in excess of the white females by seven hundred and thirty thousand souls." In every other country, save in the Papal States, which are exceptionally abnormal, in France, England, Germany, Spain, the females are in excess of the males. In France, for instance, there are two

hundred thousand more women than men; in England, upwards of three hundred and sixty-five thousand; in America, in thirty-eight out of forty-six States and territories, the males outnumber the females. The emigration of single men does not account for this disproportion. In fact, more males are born than females. This peculiarity among the white people "is not explained and corrected by any excess in the inferior types." Among the yellow population and among the red men the same disproportion prevails. Only among the negroes is there anything like a balance of the sexes. In some of the more westerly States the disproportion of the sexes is most serious. In California there are three men to every woman; in Washington the proportion is four to one; in Nevada eight to one; and in Colorado twenty to one!

The result of this disproportion is, that while "girls who are young and pretty have a lottery of prizes ready to their hand, even those who may be bold and plain can have husbands when they please." Hence the difficulty of hiring female servants. In the Western States your hostess is compelled to cook your dinner and to wait at table. She draws your corks and changes your plate, though an hour before she may have been reciting to you the choicest selections from Tennyson, or singing the beautiful melodies of Gounod's *Faust*. This, however, is by no means the worst feature of the case. This universal demand for mates, as Mr. Dixon says,

> "Affects the female mind with a variety of plagues; driving your sister into a thousand restless agitations about her rights and powers; into debating woman's era in history, woman's place in creation, woman's mission in the family; into public hysteria, into table-rapping, into anti-wedlock societies, into theories about free love, natural marriage, and artistic maternity, into anti-offspring resolutions, into sectarian polygamy, into free trade of the affections, into community of wives."

Conscious of their importance, and knowing full well that whatever action they may take they are not likely to lose their status, the women of America do not fear to look their wrongs in the face; on the contrary, they have already asserted their claim to teach, to preach, to hold parliaments, to discuss domestic reform, to wear any sort of costume, masculine or feminine, and to occupy those positions in law, physic, and divinity which have hitherto been held exclusively by men. If, say they, domestic life be woman's sphere, domestic reform is her proper work. Entering on this work with spirit, they

have ransacked the records of history; they have appealed to imagination, to science, to nature; they have studied the position of woman in every country, civilised and savage—in every era from Eden to now; and have discovered that everywhere and at all times she has lived in degradation—the toy, the chattel, the victim, the slave of the strong. Her very dignity is her disgrace; for if she marries she must yield to her lord her name, her property, her very individuality; she becomes, in legal jargon, a *feme covert*, a thing without responsibility. Her wedding ring is a badge, her home is a prison. It must be confessed that the facts which lie at the root of this gathering feminine discontent are sufficiently grave. The rights of man have steadily increased with the growth of civilisation. Each new era finds him in the possession of new liberties, new powers. For him Acts of Parliament are passed, and his interests, in the main, occupy the councils of nations. The rights of woman, on the other hand, do not grow in corresponding ratio. In England and America the privileges of a married woman are fewer and less assured than those of her sister in Asia. The harem, despite the vices which encircle it, is guarded by "wise and compassionate rules, which are not to be broken with impunity by the stronger sex." According to English and American law, marriage cancels all the rights to which a woman may have been born, and gives her into the power of a man who may squander her fortune, embitter her existence, and break her heart. Every right of the Moslem woman remains with her to death. By actual text of law her privileges are all maintained. Her husband cannot touch her property, she can sue her debtors in her own name, she can sign bonds and execute trusts, she can devise her wealth in any manner she chooses, without the interference of her lord. The secret tyrannies of English and American homes do not lie open to legal scrutiny and action; the man who commits an abuse of the harem "knows that for the victim of his temper there is a swift and sure appeal to an impartial judge." The anomaly arises out of the fact, that while the statutes of Mahommedanism are founded upon the Koran, the marriage laws of England and America have their origin in the Pandects. Our morals are Christian, our statutes are Pagan. The man who goes before the cadi of an Eastern city pleads his case from the Koran, and gains his verdict accordingly. A lawyer who quoted the Bible in an English or American court, as a legal text book, would be laughed at. In the home which is governed only by legal and commercial rules, a woman may be miserable and degraded; only where

she is mated in the spirit of loyalty to the principles of the Gospel can she be happy.

It is this fact which is agitating the minds of thousands of women in America, and leading, it must be confessed, to some very extravagant assumptions. Their battle-cry is for equal rights. In the assertion of these rights, "Harriet Noyes and Mary Walker have taken to pantalettes; Elizabeth Stanton has offered herself as a candidate for the representation of New York; and Olympia Brown has been duly ordained as a minister of the Gospel." At the first female congress held in Ohio, a series of resolutions of the following character met with vociferous reception:—"That all laws which exclude women from voting are null and void; that all social, literary, pecuniary, and religious distinctions between men and women are contrary to nature; that it is unjust and unnatural to hold a different moral standard for men and women." One of the speakers told the girls that, *if they wanted to be men*, they must stay at school till they were twenty-one! At the Massachusetts Convention, it was resolved: "That political rights have nothing to do with sex, and that the word 'male' should be struck out of all state constitutions." Other resolutions claimed for a wife equal control with her husband over property gained by their mutual toil and sacrifice; and for women generally a fair partnership with men in trade, and a share in the administration of justice. This, however, is not the highest ground taken. One school, which has already its seers, its canons, and its sects, soars into a region of what are said to be nobler truths. The prophetess of this new sect is Eliza Farnham, of Staaten Island. Five-and-twenty years ago, the truth of woman first flashed upon Eliza's mind. She was then a poor girl—unmarried, unlettered, unknown. She hid the secret in her heart, till she had proved its power. She became wife, mother, widow; toiled with her hands, buried her children, wandered from town to town, till, when the shadows of the evening began to fall, she felt equal to the task of beginning the war, and raising the standard of the revolt of woman. The first principle of the sect is that woman is not the equal, but the superior of man. This superiority is radical and organic. It is a superiority of essence. Man possesses intellect; woman has the faculty of intuition. Man is scientific; woman is spiritualistic—the one allied to rank, the other to heaven. "Life is exalted in proportion to its organic and functional complexity: woman's organism is more complex;" *ergo*, woman is man's superior. He may be physically larger, but it is only in the bones and

sinews, not in the finer and more delicate tissues. In quality and growth of brain, in swiftness of hearing and sweetness of voice, in blueness of vein and whiteness of skin, in lightness of type and beauty of contour, woman takes the lead. The same principle prevails through all the animal grades. The female of all creatures is more perfect than the male. Science and Scripture are against Eliza's theories; but she contends that a true science would show that woman stands at the head of all created things. And, as to Scripture, she has her own way of reading the story of the Fall. Eve was not weak, but strong. She found Adam in bonds, leading an animal life, knowing neither good nor evil. She listened to the voice of wisdom, and took the forbidden fruit. She handed it to man, and so broke his fetters, and showed him the way to heaven. Her ascendancy began in Eden!

Western Rowdies, Red Indians, Mormons, Bible Communists, Polygamists, and Pantagamists, Spiritualists, Female Seers, and Rights of Woman Conventions, such are some of the difficulties of New America; and they are but the germs of evils which lie at the very root of American society. The negro question, the North and South question, the reconstruction question, are all, in truth, questions of secondary importance. They are in process of solution, and are far less subtle in their influence than those to which this paper is devoted. Slavery is gone; the theory of State-rights is gone; the dream of independence is over. The brave warriors of the South accept their failure as a fact, and are loyal to the stars and stripes—the symbol not of a section, but of the great republic. At a dinner-party in Richmond, a politician proposed the toast of "the fallen flag." "Hush, gentlemen," said a son of General Lee; "this sort of thing is past. We have no flag now but the glorious stars and stripes; and I will neither fight nor drink for any other." A nation that has done so much can do more. Slowly, it may be, but certainly, America will rise above her difficulties. She has much to learn, and she has much to sacrifice. The treasures of money, of blood, of life lavished in Southern valleys, have not been altogether wasted, nor have they borne yet the harvest of results which they are destined to yield. Perhaps, though every man must deprecate the probability, the day of sanguinary strife has not passed away for ever. New blood may be shed on new battle-fields. But America has shown the two grandest characteristics of a nation—buoyancy under defeat, and magnanimity in the hour of victory. In her path of progress and promise—for even the evils with which she has to grapple

have within them the seeds of good—she will be freely and severely criticised; she will be misunderstood, and she will probably betray many of her olden weaknesses. A nation made up of the most incongruous elements cannot well keep in the track of precedent and conventionality. But it is our conviction and our hope that, by the help of Divine Providence, and by the diligent culture of her almost boundless treasures—material and moral—New America will succeed, not only in reproducing the virtues of her first fathers, but in reaching a dignity, an influence, and a repose, of which they never dreamed.

ART. III.—*The Political Writings of Richard Cobden.* In Two Volumes. London: Ridgway. New York: Appleton. 1867.

THE motto which appears in the journals of the Royal Agricultural Society would be sadly out of place in the journals of the House of Commons. "Practice with science" has come to be recognised as the true basis of agriculture. It is a long way from being acknowledged as the foundation of politics. The divorce between politics and political economy is only too notorious and of too long standing. The number of men who have prepared themselves for a parliamentary career by a special training is far short of a tithe of either house of the legislature. The great majority of our M.P.'s look upon Parliament as a club, the *entrée* to which gives them position; very few regard politics as a profession necessitating a careful education. For one man who enters the House of Commons with a right appreciation of the duties of a legislator, twenty men enter to advance their personal interests, or because they belong to the "ruling families." The middle-aged directors who seek a seat in order to extend their connections in the city or to improve their social position at the West End form a large proportion of one moiety of the House; the young cadets of noble houses form a large proportion of the other. A borough chooses its candidate according to the length of his purse. A candidate is chosen for the county according to the length of his ancestry. Thus it comes to pass that the House of Commons is largely composed of men whose proper place is the Stock Exchange, and of youths who ought to be still at the university. The number of men who look upon politics, not as a game, but as a science, is lamentably few. How few, for instance, were they who knew anything more of the American conflict and its objects than what they learnt from the by no means trustworthy correspondents of the *Times*. Even now that they have discovered how their oracle misled them, how few have crossed the Atlantic as Mr. Oliphant has done, and acquainted themselves with the feelings of the Americans towards this country. Even a matter of such vital importance as the seizure of the Birkenhead rams was debated, not as involving the highest interest and the maintenance of friendly relations between two powers, but as a

party topic, upon which men voted according to party ties, in utter ignorance of international law. Or take, again, any social question involving important details of political economy, such as the housing of the poor in our large towns, education, or the regulation of the liquor traffic, and what an amazing ignorance do we see displayed by the men who have to deal with these important matters. Political science is scarcely recognised in the first political assembly in the world. It is supposed that a miscellaneous collection of men—traders, lawyers, officers, and club-loungers—will arrive at a right decision upon all such questions by "an unerring instinct." Deficient though we still are in scientific politicians, the present age pays more respect to the few it possesses than preceding ages paid to the philosophers of those times. Formerly the very fact that a man was known to have studied politics seemed to make against him. Until now, only one of our great political economists has had a seat in Parliament. Adam Smith, though Grenville, and Dundas, and Addington, and Pitt himself loved to talk with him, was never provided with a seat though nomination boroughs abounded. For the man whose teaching more than that of any other man has influenced our political history, no place could be found in the legislature, but he was appointed Commissioner of Customs. Bentham had a band of ardent disciples, and among them Romilly and Brougham, yet Bentham never passed within the portals of that building under whose shadow he lived and died. M'Culloch was made Comptroller of Stationery; Malthus, Professor of Political Economy at Haileybury. Only Ricardo of all our great political economists had been admitted into the House of Commons, until two years ago the Radicals of Westminster elected Mr. Mill, and the working men of Brighton Mr. Mill's most promising disciple, Professor Fawcett. And while the political philosophers were thus excluded, the practical statesmen were often strangely deficient in political knowledge. Of all the great names that adorned the beginning of the century, Pitt, Fox, Windham, Sheridan, Burke, it is only the last that will be associated with politics as a science. We may fairly hope that now a better time is coming. The day should surely be gone by when the theorist is supposed incapable of practical legislature, when a "thinking" politician is a term of reproach. If this is not altogether the case, it soon will be; and the new dispensation will be hastened by this republication of the *Political Writings of Richard Cobden.*

Cobden, as an eminent politician, whose voice and vote

frequently influenced the fate of a ministry, we all know, but many of us had forgotten that he was a philosopher. We know him as foremost among those who won cheap bread for our poor, and as the chief author of that commercial treaty by which war between England and France is rendered all but impossible; but not a few of us fail to remember that he was the founder of a new school of international policy, which is every day receiving more numerous adherents. The principles of this school he set forth in some of the most powerfully written pamphlets in the language. They were elicited by passing events; they embodied permanent truths. His written works supplement his speeches, and the two together are a luminous exposition of the political creed which is now being adopted by our ablest statesmen. Cobden embodied the doctrines of Adam Smith, and applied them to trade. But he did far more than this. He not only attacked at home the fallacy that any class can benefit permanently at the expense of the general community, but he undertook the bolder task of proving that no one nation ought to benefit at the expense of the rest. The first was an easy achievement compared with the second. He had the great majority of his countrymen with him when he made war upon the monopoly of the corn-laws; he had them, almost to a man, against him when he controvated the national sentiment, which, though called patriotism, is but selfishness in disguise. For the first work he was rewarded with the votes of one of the most important constituencies in the kingdom; for the second he was punished by the withdrawal of those votes. The adored free-trade champion of 1846 was the rejected opponent of the China war of 1857. The men who had been taught by him that no country can be really prosperous where one class thrives at the expense of another could not be brought to see that this principle ought to have a wider application, and that no nation should seek to profit by the inferiority of another. To affirm that England's prosperity would be increased by the prosperity of other nations, that she would be in a better position if they were on an equality with her than if they were below her, was to run counter to the belief of centuries, which had been expressed in our most popular ballads, and which had guided the conduct of our most famous statesmen. That Britannia had a Divine right to rule the waves, that British territory ended at low-water mark of the countries next adjacent, that all the expanse between was her territory, and that the foreign ships which traversed the ocean were trespassing on her domain by sufferance—this was the firm

belief of ninety-nine out of every hundred Englishmen. That which would have been condemned as arrogant selfishness in individuals was commended as true patriotism in nations, or rather in the British nation. Even now the same idea largely prevails. Even now politicians, who assume to be peculiarly national and patriotic, affirm that no true Briton will ever admit his country to be in the wrong, that no true British minister will ever allow his country to degrade herself by apology or reparation. Nevertheless, the better creed is gaining ground. The representatives of the rival ideas went down to the grave in the same year, and though the champion of the old was buried in the Abbey, with all the solemn pomp of a state funeral, while the pioneer of the new was laid with simple rites in the grave of a country churchyard, it was the last who deserved the victor's funeral. For the old order was already changing, yielding place to the new; the policy of Cobden was even then supplanting the policy of Palmerston.

The doctrine of non-intervention has been greatly misunderstood. Recently it has been set forth in an exaggerated form, the result of a reaction from the excessive interference wherein we used to indulge. Formerly, if a statesman in Europe wrote a dispatch, our diplomatists felt bound to be made acquainted with its purport. Formerly, no government could have a difference with its subjects but England obtruded her advice, which, as in the case of the Sicilians in 1848, sometimes proved fatal to those who followed it. It was possible to continue this "spirited foreign policy" so long as we were prepared to support it by force of arms. If states and rulers did not value our counsels, at least they feared our fleets; if they thought our arguments weak, they found the logic of the strong hand irresistible, and so we obtained much "glory" of a certain kind, and the name of England was "respected," which, being interpreted, too often meant hated. When we came to rely upon our arguments alone, when, from various circumstances, we found ourselves in no condition to enforce our recommendations, the truth came out. The nations revenged ancient grudges by rude retorts and uncourteous reprisals. The immediate effect of this altered tone was to induce in us such deep disgust, that in a fit of sullen anger we declared we would henceforth never interfere in the affairs of the Continent by word or deed. If the nations of Europe chose to bite and devour one another, it should be no concern of ours. Such a temper could not long prevail; such a policy was impracticable. Cobden's principles, which had partly caused us to desist from armed intervention, compelled us to

intervene diplomatically. The international commercial ties which he had done so much to strengthen would render any interruption of commerce a misfortune too great to be contemplated with indifference, or to be endured with impassiveness. So, though the rebuffs which Lord Russell experienced did, for a while, determine us to forswear continental politics altogether, no sooner did a great war threaten, which would involve those two countries of Europe with which our commercial dealings are largest, than we again interposed, forced to do so by our own interests. Of old, we should have made an alliance with one of the combatants, according to the prejudices of the hour, regardless of the merits of the quarrel. Now we use all our influence to prevent a conflict. We propose a conference, with the addendum that, if not accepted, England will observe the most rigid neutrality. Thus, while the principles of which Cobden was the chief exponent condemn all unnecessary and meddlesome interference, they necessarily increase the opportunities for wise and friendly interposition. Through the adoption of these principles nations become interested in each other's peace and prosperity. They are knit together into one body, whereof, if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Commerce does that which even religion has been unable to effect: it turns swords into ploughs, spears into pruning-hooks. The treaty of commerce supersedes the treaty of offensive and defensive alliance. International trade promotes international peace.

Cobden's political career gives rise to a question of great interest. How far is the existence of independent politicians, such as he was, compatible with government by party? Every student of politics must know, recent events especially have shown, that government by party is impracticable, if every one does that which is right in his own eyes. No party can accomplish any good for itself or for the state if it is made up of isolated individuals, each bent upon enforcing his own creed or crotchet. There must be union before there can be action; there must occasionally be a certain amount of sacrifice of opinions, in order to advance principles. But there must clearly be a limit to such concessions. A great reform generally has its origin with one or two minds. The reformer is at first nothing better than a *vox clamantis in deserto*. Neither friend nor foe will heed him at first, and perhaps he may spend his whole life without making one convert. In following Cobden's history, we see how he was thus compelled to stand aloof from his usual political associates, just because he had knowledge of truths whereof they were ignorant. He

so stood aloof especially on two memorable occasions—the wars with Russia and China. Both wars were opposed to the fundamental articles of his political creed: the first to his belief that England's interests can be advanced by alliance with a corrupt state; the second, to his conviction that England ought never to make use of her superior strength to inflict a wrong on a weaker power. In 1854 he fought almost alone; in 1857 he led an attack, which was successful at first, but which involved an overwhelming defeat when the question was submitted to the constituencies. And such a fate must constantly befall great reformers. While inferior men think only of the claims of party, and triumph with their party, and receive the rewards which the party bestows for faithful allegiance, the reformer gets obloquy instead of honours, and has no present success to compensate him for his deprivation. He stands condemned as a mere crotcheteer. The world makes no distinction between the sublime isolation of a Cobden and the unique fanaticism of a Whalley. Every great cause has its martyr, who is stoned as a fanatic, or even as a blasphemer. There is no truth won without experience at some time of the sorrow which comes of loneliness and desertion, of the agony of single-handed conflict, of the bitter endurance of the age's invective and reproach.

If Cobden had enormous difficulties, he had also great advantages. His "unadorned eloquence" was peculiarly fitted for a practical assembly like the House of Commons, which is inclined to look upon oratory with suspicion. Then, too, uncompromising as he was in opposing principles which he deemed false, he very rarely came into collision with persons. Again, he never indulged in vague declamation, or wholesale denunciation of classes. He had such a storehouse of facts always at his command, that there was no need for him to resort to dangerous generalities. In these respects his career presented a striking contrast to that of his firmest ally, Mr. Bright. The splendid eloquence of the younger man the elder did not possess. Yet the influence of the latter in the House of Commons was ten times as great. His audience had not been excited against him by wholesale personal imputations, as the present House of Commons frequently is against Mr. Bright. Moreover, Mr. Cobden possessed the gifts of a practical administrator, of which Mr. Bright is supposed to be destitute. It is difficult to imagine the member for Birmingham submitting to the drudgery of working out the multitudinous details of the French commercial treaty. Pegasus set to draw a waggon would not be more out of place than Mr. Bright

deciding upon the tariff for French gloves and Paris clocks. Finally, there was a *bonhommie* in Cobden, which, twenty years ago, seemed to be utterly wanting in Bright. Thus all parties liked the man even when they disapproved of his principles. They knew him to be thoroughly honest and sincere; they acknowledged his readiness to appreciate the arguments and even the prejudices of others. Political warfare, as he waged it, was always conducted with scrupulous fairness, and with chivalrous generosity. "Palmerston was always a very generous enemy," said Cobden of the Premier, when himself at the point of death. Most opponents were generous enemies to Cobden, if there was anything generous in them to answer to the generosity that was so conspicuous in him. He was a man to be loved even by those whose political errors he exposed. Few men had occasion to oppose themselves to so many persons as he had; few have succeeded so well in avoiding the conversion of political into personal antagonists.

There are some persons who will be apt to blame Mr. Cobden because, while holding strongly certain principles of statesmanship, he refused to take upon himself the responsibility of carrying them into effect as a Minister of the Crown. Twice did he decline office; in 1846, after the triumph of free trade, which Sir Robert Peel ascribed mainly to him; and in 1859, when the Liberal party, shattered for a time by the feud between Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, was reunited at Willis's Rooms, and when, Cobden being at that time abroad, a post was kept vacant for him until his return. That these refusals, as well as his subsequent rejection of the well-paid and permanent post of Chairman of the Commissioners of Audit, and the honorary distinction of a baronetcy, show his disinterestedness, every one admits. But it will be urged that the duty of serving the State is incumbent upon those who have the power to do so, when the opportunity is offered to them. It may have been that, had Cobden taken office in Lord Palmerston's second administration, he would have checked the extravagant outlay in fortifications and armaments which he so effectually rebuked in his *Three Panics*. But he did not believe that he could do this. He felt that between his principles and those of Lord Palmerston there was an irreconcilable difference; and he frankly told the Premier, in reply to the offer of place, that he considered him to be the most dangerous minister living. Moreover, it is a sufficient reply to those who criticise Cobden for not taking his share of administrative responsibility, that, though he refused to be the colleague of Lord Palmerston, he freely

placed his services at the disposal of that minister when the opportunity arose. The onerous duties connected with the arrangement of the commercial treaty with France might fairly have been attached to the office of President of the Board of Trade which was offered to him, and would have rendered illustrious a department that has been singularly barren of statesmanship. But while he accomplished the work he declined all reward. Like the typical Englishman that he was, he rose from the ranks to a position that the highest born might envy; he, the commercial traveller, the son of a small farmer, rose to be the colleague of an Emperor in arranging one of the most beneficent treaties that Europe has ever been blessed with. But while he won the race he refused the prize.

Our object in this article is to consider Cobden rather as a political writer than as a practical legislator. When it is remembered that it was chiefly through him that the nation obtained two of the greatest benefits conferred upon it during the century, the breaking down of the barrier between class and class in 1846, and between nation and nation in 1860, it must be admitted that he was no mere critic of other men's doings, and that he had the right to take up the pen if practical achievements confer that right. How it was exercised we will now proceed to examine.

These political writings consist of seven pamphlets occupying over nine hundred octavo pages. Some indeed are too substantial to be considered pamphlets. They would make a by no means scanty volume. The subject in each case concerns the relation between England and foreign countries. Though Cobden began to write as early as 1835, long before the question of free trade was decided, he seems from the first to have clearly seen that his mission was the bringing into union the scattered family of nations. The abolition of the corn laws was with him only the means to an end. It was a great triumph, no doubt, to have obtained cheaper bread for the people; it was a still greater triumph to have thrown open the English markets to all the world, and so to have secured another guarantee of peace. For this reason he steadfastly opposed large armaments, which always have a tendency to kindle suspicion, and which too often, instead of being a precaution against war, are the surest preparation for it. The true promoter of foreign alliances, he held, was the trader. It was the duty of the Government, negatively, to put no obstacle in the trader's way; positively, to devote all its energies to the correction of internal abuses, and the develop-

ment of industry. These ideas are set forth with great force in the two long pamphlets, together occupying over 330 pages, which lead off the seven.* Writing within three years of the passing of the Reform Bill, he was not led astray, like so many other young politicians, by delusive expectations. The measure of 1832 had had a good effect, no doubt, but already the reaction was setting in. The military expenses were being increased. Irish questions were being shelved. The landlords were everywhere opposing the formation of railways. Class interests were impeding the development of the nation; rival armaments were obstructing international union. It was under these circumstances that he went to the root of the matter and attacked the then time-honoured and now all but exploded notion of the balance of power. Joseph Hume had endeavoured year after year to cut down the estimates; but in vain. Granting the principle upon which the estimates were based, it was useless to contend against individual items. Admit that England ought to prevent any one of the Powers from encroaching upon another, that she was the policeman of Europe, that her flag ought to be seen in every sea, and her language heard in every port, and it was but lost labour to spend supply nights in doing battle with the officials of the War Office and the Admiralty. Going to the *fons et origo mali*, Cobden wrote,—

"To maintain what is denominated the true balance of European power has been the fruitful source of wars from the earliest time; and it would be instructive, if the proposed limits of this work permitted it, to bring into review all the opposite struggles into which England has plunged for the purpose of adjusting from time to time, according to the ever-varying theories of her rulers, this national equilibrium. Let it suffice to say that history exhibits us, at different periods, in the act of casting our sword into the scale of every European state. In the mean time events have proclaimed, but in vain, how futile must be our attempts to usurp the sceptre of the Fates. Empires have arisen unbidden by us; others have departed, despite our utmost efforts to preserve them. All of them have undergone a change so complete that were the writers who, only a century ago, lauded the then existing state of the balance of Europe to reappear, they would be startled to find in the present relations of the Continent no traces of that perfect adjustment which had been purchased at the price of so much blood. And yet we have able writers and statesmen of the present day who would advocate a war to prevent a derangement of what we now choose to pronounce the just equipoise of the power of Europe."

These are remarkable words, especially when we remember

the time at which they were written (1835). They are the first words of Cobden's first pamphlet. Elsewhere we find him writing—"Will not the two Governments (England and France) then embrace this opportunity of giving effect to this policy, which, whilst generally disarming, involving no risk, no sacrifice of honour, or diminution of relative power, will tend to promote the present prosperity and future harmony of the two countries, and thus offer an example of wisdom and moderation worthy of the civilised age, and honourable to the fame of the two foremost nations of the earth?" These are the last words of his last pamphlet. And what a noble unity there is in the two. How grandly this man stands out amidst the crowd of common-place politicians and even famous statesmen! He has stood still while they have been moving on, just because he took up at the outset of his career the position which they did not attain till thirty years afterwards, which many of them have not reached yet. "Happy," says Goethe, "the man the end of whose life is in harmony with its beginning." That happiness was Cobden's.

The particular event which gave rise to Cobden's first pamphlet was Mr. David Urquhart's violent attack upon Russia, and the Russo-phobia which it excited. At that time even Palmerston was not sufficiently bellicose to satisfy the nation, and when the *Times* inserted Mr. Urquhart's insane ravings the public began to believe what he declared, that the British Foreign Minister was betraying his country to the Czar. It was Cobden's mission all through life to be exposing and overturning the *idola fori*, and this absurd outcry give rise to his first achievement in that way. At the same time, it is not at first sight the most successful. The overland route to India was not opened till two years after the first pamphlet was written, and Cobden therefore did not estimate at its full importance the possession of the key to the East. At the same time, there is no reason to think that had he done so he would have abandoned his position. The position was this: There is no force in the argument that the establishment of Russian power on the Bosphorus would be injurious to English commerce. In the first place, the commerce with Turkey is small, and would be more likely to increase than diminish were the ports of the Black Sea in Russian possession. In the next place, the argument for war against Russia on the plea that we ought to defend our commerce is thoroughly unsound, since it has been found again and again that violence and force can never prevail against the national wants and wishes of mankind. In the third place, let the inducement

be what it may, England ought not to do anything to prolong the existence of a power thoroughly tyrannical and corrupt. These arguments were urged with still greater force in his next pamphlet, *Russia, Turkey, and England*, and in it the further consideration was added that England, of all countries in the world, with one foot on the Rock of Gibraltar and another at the Cape of Good Hope, and with two monstrous possessions in Canada and India, ought to be the last to complain of Russian annexations. Cobden was equally opposed to the interposition which amiable enthusiasts like Lord Dudley Stuart wished to bring about in behalf of the Poles. At that time the Polish refugee was a favourite with Englishmen, and to suspect him of being the rascal he often turned out to be was to fly in the face of society. It was treason to speak against the Pole then as it was against the Turks twenty years later. Nevertheless, Cobden pointed out that the sufferings of the Poles as a nation were due in great measure to the selfish intrigues of a small faction among them, and he cared as little for the reproaches which his strictures called down upon him, as he did when, during the Crimean war, he expressed his belief that the Turk was not quite the suffering angel which it then suited our purpose to believe him to be. At the same time, Cobden let it be seen that he was not callous to distress when he believed it to be real. Believing that the Polish nobles were the true cause of the misfortunes of Poland, he yet had a word of kindness for "the unfortunate stranger that is now within our gates, imploring our help in a season of distress. In throwing himself upon our shores, the unhappy Pole evinced his generous belief that we would protect and succour him, and he will not discover that we want the power or the will to do either; nor will we wait to enquire whether he be peer or peasant." Political economy does not necessarily ossify the heart.

There was no popular tradition which was at the time whereof we are speaking (some thirty years ago) so generally received as the necessity of maintaining the balance of power. There is none which Cobden so thoroughly rejected. It is easy for us to laugh down that popular superstition now. When settlements intended to be final are treated as if of no account, when old treaties having all the prestige of age, and new treaties on which the ink is scarcely dry, are alike torn to shreds, we are compelled to admit that there is very little chance of our maintaining the "balance," if it can be preserved only by conventions and protocols. But it was different then. The treaty of Vienna was still the charter of Europe which no

one ventured to impugn. Many of the statesmen who had drawn up that solemn compact, many of the soldiers whose gallantry had made the compact possible, still lived to influence their contemporaries, and to carry down to a future age the traditions of the past, wherein they so thoroughly believed. The treaty of Vienna was specially our handiwork, and we were therefore particularly jealous of any encroachment upon it. The sentiments which had sustained us during the long war still prevailed, and made us ready to take the first place in all diplomatic and even military proceedings. We were in the place of Providence to Europe. The idea was fascinating to our pride, and we fostered it. It was under such circumstances that Cobden undertook the seemingly desperate task of pointing out that neither our interest nor our duty really involved us in such a heavy responsibility, that we had duties much nearer home unfulfilled, that there was a country of whose growing power and influence we had much more reason to be afraid, though we took small note of it. So long as Ireland was discontented and misgoverned, so long as the United States were pressing close upon our heels in the race for wealth, we had much better keep ourselves from perpetual plotting and counter-plotting in all the capitals of Europe, from Lisbon to Constantinople, from Naples to St. Petersburg. It is almost impossible at this distance of time to credit the infatuation we had a generation ago for intermeddling in the affairs of other states while we neglected our own. A Conservative paper of Oct. 22nd, 1834, denounced the Whig government because it had "settled" nothing. British ministers were held up to reproach because the Dutch question was still undecided, the French were still at Ancona, Don Carlos was fighting in Spain, Dom Miguel preparing for a new campaign in Portugal, Turkey and Egypt were at daggers drawn, Switzerland was quarrelling with her neighbour states about Italian refugees, Frankfort was occupied by Austrian troops, Algiers was being made a French colony, ten thousand Polish nobles were persecuted and wandering in Europe, and French gaols were full of political offenders. All these things were counts in an indictment against the ministry of that time, and no one thought the indictment absurd. According to the traditions of the day, it was the duty of England to have prevented each and all of these things; and when we remember that the seals of the Foreign Office were then held by Lord Palmerston, who can be surprised? Everybody accepted, as a matter of course, these responsibilities; everybody thought that if Russia banished her subjects we ought to

send them back, and that if France shut up hers in prison we ought to take them out. It was under these circumstances that Cobden wrote the following words of wisdom :—

"We know of no means by which a body of members in the depraved House of Commons could so fairly achieve for itself the patriotic title of a national party as by associating for the common object of deprecating all intervention on our part in Continental politics. Such a party might well comprise every representative of our manufacturing and commercial districts, and would, we doubt not, very soon embrace the majority of a powerful House of Commons. At some future election, we may probably see the test of 'no foreign politics' applied to those who offer to become the representatives of free constituencies. Happy would it have been for us, and well for our posterity, had such a feeling predominated in this country fifty years ago. But, although since the peace we have profited so little by the bitter experience of the revolutionary wars as to seek a participation in all the subsequent Continental squabbles; and, although we are bound by treaties or involved in guarantees with almost every state of Europe, still the coming moment is only the more proper for adopting the true path of national policy, which always lies open to us. Nor do we think it would tend less to promote the ulterior benefits of our Continental neighbours than our own, were Great Britain to refrain from participating in the conflicts that may arise around her. An onward movement of constitutional liberty must continue to be made by the less advanced nations of Europe so long as one of its great families holds out an example of liberal and enlightened freedom. England, by calmly directing her undivided energies to the purifying of her own internal institutions, to the emancipation of her commerce—above all, to the unfettering of her press from its excise bonds—would be then serving, as it were, for the beacon of other nations, and more effectually the cause of political progression all over the Continent, than she could possibly do by plunging into the strife of European wars. For, let it never be forgotten, it is not by means of war that states are rendered fit for the enjoyment of constitutional freedom; on the contrary, whilst terror and bloodshed remain in the land, involving men's minds in the extremities of hopes and fears, there can be no process of thought, no education going on, by which alone a people can be prepared for the enjoyment of national liberty. Hence, after a struggle of twenty years, *begun in behalf of freedom*, no sooner had the wars of the French Revolution terminated, than all the nations of the Continent fell back again into their previous state of political servitude, and from which they have ever since the peace been qualifying to rescue themselves by the gradual process of intellectual advancement. Those who, from an eager desire to aid civilisation, wish that Great Britain should interpose in the dissensions of neighbouring states, would do wisely to study in the history of their own country how well a people can,

by the force and virtue of native elements, and without external assistance of any kind, work out their own political regeneration; they might learn, too, by their own annals, that it is only when at peace with other states that a nation finds leisure for looking within itself, and discovering the means to accomplish great domestic ameliorations. To those generous spirits, we would urge that, in the present day, commerce is the grand panacea which, like a beneficent medical discovery, will serve to inoculate with the healthy and saving taste for civilisation all the nations of the world. Not a bale of merchandise leaves our shores but it bears the seeds of intelligence and fruitful thought to the members of some less enlightened community; not a merchant visits our seats of manufacturing industry, but he returns to his own country the missionary of freedom, peace, and good government; whilst our steamboats that now visit every part of Europe, and our miraculous railroads that are the talk of all nations, are the advertisements and sureties for the value of our enlightened institutions."—Vol. i. pp. 44—6.

Such was the vision which this statesman, then young in years, saw; the vision which our poet saw about the same time, the vision in which

"—— the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of man—the federation of the world.
There, the common sense of most shall hold a fretful world in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

But while the world applauded the poetry, it found the prose so very prosaic. Tennyson won his laureateship by the poem from which we have just quoted: Cobden won only misrepresentation and contempt. There was something ignoble in trade, and the idea that it would civilise and reconcile was scouted, and they who propounded it thought, it was averred, only of turning their cotton bales into coin. We had not at that time begun to say, much less had we begun to believe, that "peace has its victories as well as war." It was sufficient that the advocates of peace would profit by peace to discredit their teachings. It was forgotten that our soldiers and sailors were likely to be at least as much interested in war as our merchants were in peace. The soldier and the sailor were heroes, the manufacturer and the merchant were peddlers. In one respect, perhaps, Cobden was not wholly right. The passage just quoted implies that every oppressed people is oppressed through its own fault: that it has the power to make itself free, or that it does not deserve to be free. If we cast our eyes over Europe at the present time, it is impossible to assert this. Italy, the most wonderful national creation for

many a century, owes its position, in great measure, to the intervention of France. True there was a period when France hindered rather than helped the great work, and when all the skill of the greatest of modern statesmen was taxed to the uttermost to prevent the ruin of the work. But before that, both diplomacy and war were invoked to good purpose. Had not the French troops fought in the plains of Lombardy eight years ago, Italy would still be a heptarchy—a mere geographical expression. Belgium again, another of the homes of constitutional government and popular liberty, owes its existence in the first place to the intervention of England, and then to the international guarantee, by which the "cockpit of Europe" has been converted into one of the most prosperous and peaceable states, and is, besides, a breakwater that has often kept back the tide of war when it threatened to overwhelm the Continent. On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that, in most instances, Cobden's principle holds good. We have given constitutional government to Spain, and where is it now? Trodden under foot by the most profligate court in the world. We have interposed both with the pen and the sword in behalf of Turkey, yet who can believe that the crescent will float much longer over the mosques of Stamboul? France, successful in Italy, has failed utterly in Mexico; for the Italians deserved freedom and settled government, the Mexicans did not. England, too, who gave a king to Belgium, sustained a memorable and fearful disaster when attempting to give a king to Affghanistan; for here, again, the Belgians desired and deserved an established throne, the Affghans neither merited nor wished it. But, though the instances in which intervention has failed may be more numerous than those in which it has succeeded, the rule which Cobden laid down is far from being absolute.

Not only did Cobden believe that commerce was the best civiliser and peacemaker, but also that it stood in need of no assistance. The notion that the trader could be helped by the soldier he utterly repudiated. The most powerful passage in all his pamphlets is that wherein he exposes the absurdity of increasing our navy, in order to "protect" our commerce. It is a masterpiece of triumphant logic.

At the opening of the parliamentary session of 1836, the speech from the throne spoke of the necessity of giving adequate protection to the extended commerce of the country. The trade of England, that is the exported manufactures, had increased, and the inference which the government of that time wished Parliament to make was, that a proportionate

increase in our naval strength must be made. Against this theory Cobden protested. He declared that the best protection for our trade was the cheapness of our manufactures, and that that nation will command the markets which can offer the purchaser the best terms. To prove this and to show, moreover, how completely naval supremacy failed to secure the object mentioned in the king's speech, Cobden contrasted our trade with America, which was unprotected, with our Mediterranean trade, which was guarded by the most powerful navy in the world. Dealing a blow at the corn laws, *en passant*, he remarked:—

"One-third of our whole exports consists of cotton manufactures, the raw material of which is produced from the soil of the United States. More than a million of our population depend upon the due supply of this cotton wool for the labour of every succeeding day, and for the regular supply of their weekly wages. We sometimes hear objections against the free importation of corn, made upon the ground that we should become dependent upon foreigners for bread; but, here we have a million of people, whose power of purchasing not only bread, but meat—aye, or even potatoes, as well as clothing—is supplied from the annual growth of lands possessed by an independent nation, more than three thousand miles off. The equilibrium of this stupendous industry is preserved by the punctual arrival from the United States of a quantity of raw cotton, averaging 15,000 bales weekly, or more than 2,000 bales a-day. It depends also upon the equally constant weekly departure of more than a quarter of a million sterling worth of cotton goods exported to foreign parts. Now, what precaution is taken by the Government of this country to guard and regulate this precious flood of traffic? How many of these costly vessels of war, which are maintained at an expense to the nation of many millions of pounds annually, are stationed at the mouths of the Mersey and Clyde to welcome and convoy into Liverpool and Glasgow the merchant-ships from New York, Charleston, or New Orleans, all bearing the inestimable freight of cotton wool, upon which our commercial and social existence depends? Not one! What portion of our standing army, costing seven millions a-year, is occupied in defending this more than Pactolus—this golden stream of trade—on which floats not only the wealth, but the hopes and existence of a great community? Four invalids at Perch-rock battery hold the sinecure office of defending the port of Liverpool. But our exports to the United States will reach this year, perhaps, in real or declared value more than ten millions sterling, and nearly one-half of this amount goes to New York. What portion of the royal navy is stationed off that port to protect our merchants' ships and cargoes? The appearance of a king's ship at New York is an occurrence of such rarity as to attract the especial notice of the public journals; whilst along the entire Atlantic coast of the United States, extending as it

does more than 3,000 miles—to which we send a quarter of our whole yearly exports—there are stationed two British ships of war only, and those two have also their station at the West Indies. No! this commerce, unparalleled in magnitude, between two remote nations, demands no armament as its guide or safeguard: nature itself is both. And will one rational mind recognise the possibility of these two communities putting a sudden stop to such a friendly traffic, and, contrary to every motive of self-interest, encountering each other as enemies? Such a rupture would be more calamitous to England than the sudden drying up of the river Thames, and more intolerable to America than the cessation of sunshine and rain over the entire surface of one of her maritime states."—Vol. i. pp. 293, 294.

Having thus shown how entirely independent of armed protection our chief trade was for its prosperity, and how every addition to the amount of traffic between two independent states forges fresh fetters of peace, and rivets more securely the amicable bonds that unite the countries, Cobden proceeds to point out how utterly the armed protection has failed of its object where it has been tried.

"At the moment when we write, the British naval force stationed in the Mediterranean amounts to thirty-six vessels of war, mounting altogether 1,320 guns, being rather more than a third of the death-dealing metal afloat in the king's ships. Our entire trade to all the nations bordering on this sea, and including the whole of that with Spain and France, amounts to very nearly the same as our exports to the United States. In value or importance, however, it is not equal to the latter. Now, leaving for the present the question of the profitableness of carrying on a traffic with such heavy protecting expenses annexed, let us proceed to ascertain whether or not this prodigious and costly navy affords an *efficient* protection to our commerce in those quarters. The reader will bear in mind our statement that the Chamber of Commerce of Manchester had the unpleasant task of reporting to the Board of Trade that the drill manufacturers of Saxony and the calico printers of Switzerland had superseded goods of the same descriptions, made in England, in third or neutral markets. *Those markets were in the Mediterranean.* This is not all. One of those markets—from which our manufactures were reported to have been expelled by a decree of far more potency than was penned by the hand of violence at Berlin and Milan, and prohibited by an interdict ten times more powerful than ever sprang from the Prussian league, the interdict of *dearness*—one of those markets was Gibraltar. We give it to the reflecting portion of our readers as a truth authenticated by the very best authority, and worthy of deep attention from the economist, the statesman, and the advocate of peace, and of a moral ascendancy over physical force—that the artisans of Switzerland and Saxony have achieved a victory over the manufacturers of

England upon her own fortress—the free port of Gibraltar! We kiss the rod; we dote upon this fact, which teaches, through us, a lesson to mankind of the inefficacy of brute violence in the trading concerns of the world. Let us pause, then, to recapitulate our facts. On the one hand, behold a commerce with America, amounting to one-quarter of the whole trade of the kingdom, upon which depends, from week to week, the subsistence of a million of people, and whereon rests our very existence as a commercial empire, conducted regularly day by day, without the aid or intervention of ships of war to guide or coerce it; on the other, armaments, avowedly to protect our commerce, of 1,320 cannon, unable to guard our manufactures against the successful cheapness of the poorest, the weakest, and humblest community of the Continent—a community destitute of fleet and without standing army. The inference is plain. We have succeeded in establishing our premises; for, having proved that the (physically speaking) impregnable fortress of Gibraltar, with its triple lines of batteries, aided by thirty-six vessels of war, and altogether combining a greater quantity of artillery than was put in requisition to gain the victory at Waterloo, Trafalgar, or the Nile, surrenders our commerce into the hands of the Swiss and Saxons, unable to protect us against the cheaper commodities of those countries, we need not go farther to show, since these two countries without navies are witnesses of the facts, that armed fleets, armies, and fortresses are not essential to the extension of commerce, and that they do not possess the power of protecting it against the *cheapness* of rivals. These may appear trite and familiar facts to our intelligent readers; our justification may be found, if needed, in the fact that the Government has demanded and obtained an addition to our navy estimates this session of Parliament, amounting to nearly half-a-million sterling per annum, under the pretence of protecting our commerce; and we do not recollect that one of our representatives rose from his seat to tell the minister, as we now tell him, that *his* is that kind of protection which the eagle affords to the lamb—*covering it to devour it.*"—Vol. i. pp. 296—8.

The argument did not end even here. Supposing that our armaments were as effectual to protect our commerce as they were shown to be ineffectual, yet even then we ought to see that the outlay was not disproportionate to the resulting benefit. Tried by this test, how did the matter stand? In 1836, the date of Cobden's second pamphlet, we had a force in the Mediterranean mounting more than 1300 guns, costing yearly upwards of three millions sterling. This was just about one third of the value of our whole Mediterranean trade. Upon this Cobden asks, "Now what kind of business would a wholesale dealer or merchant pronounce it, were his traveller's expenses for escort alone to come to 6*s.* 8*d.* in the pound on the amount of his sales?" An even worse case was forthcoming.

"We were at that time keeping a naval force in the Tagus at a cost of about £700,000 a-year, while the declared value of our exports to Portugal was £975,000. Our commerce with that country was precisely of the same ruinous character to the British nation as it would be in the case of an individual trader who turned over twenty thousand a-year, and whose expenses in clerks, watchmen, rents, &c., were £15,000. If anything could add to the folly of such conduct—conduct which, if proved against an individual brought before an insolvent debtors' tribunal, would be enough to consign him to prison—it is to recollect that no part of such a national force can possibly be of the slightest service to our trade with Portugal, which is wholly independent of such coercion. Even our Foreign Secretary—a functionary who, during the last hundred and fifty years, has travelled abroad for this commercial empire with no other result to the national ledger but eight hundred of millions of bad debts—has, we are happy to see, discovered this truth; for, on being questioned by Mr. Robinson in the House as to a recent *grateful* augmentation of duties upon British goods, amounting to 14 per cent., by the Government of Lisbon, our present Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston, answered that the Portuguese were free to put whatever restraints they chose upon our trade with their country; and he merely threatened, if the tariff was not satisfactory, that he would attack them—how do our readers suppose?—with the thunder of our ships in the Tagus? with soldiers and sailors? with grape, musketry, shot, shell, and rocket (all of which we provide for the protection of our commerce)? No—*with retaliatory duties!*"—Vol. i. pp. 315, 316.

Cobden did not flinch from his own argument even when it led him into political conclusions more startling than those we have already named. For instance, he found that our trade with the West Indies was even more costly than our trade with Portugal; that, in fact, it was costing us more than it brought in. He was not afraid to state in the plainest terms the inference that, if the trade with the West Indies could be maintained only under such conditions, it ought to be given up. He asked,—

"How long will it be before the policy of the Government of this manufacturing and commercial nation shall be determined by at least as much calculation and regard for self-interest as are necessary to the prosperity of a private business? Not until Englishmen shall apply the same rules of common sense to the affairs of state as they do to their individual undertakings. We will not stop to inquire of what use are those naval armaments to protect a traffic without our territory. It is customary, however, to hear our standing army and navy defended, as necessary for the protection of our colonies, as though some other nation might otherwise seize them. Where is the *enemy* that would be good enough to steal such property? We

should consider it to be quite as necessary to arm in behalf of the national debt."—Vol. i. p. 318.

Bringing the argument to a conclusion, Cobden wrote—

"Having the interests of all orders of society to support our argument in favour of peace, we need not dread war. These, and not the piques of diplomatists, the whims of crowned heads, the intrigues of ambassadors, or schoolboy rhetoric upon the balance of power, will henceforth determine the foreign policy of our Government. That policy will be based upon the *bonâ fide* principle (not Lord Palmerston's principle) of non-intervention in the political affairs of the nations; and from the moment this maxim becomes the loadstar by which our Government shall steer the vessel of the State, from that moment the good old ship Britannia will float triumphantly in smooth and deep waters, and the rocks, shoals, and hurricanes of foreign war are escaped for ever."—Vol. i. pp. 333, 334.

Not only did a spirited foreign policy thus fail in the ostensible ends it had in view, it also diverted us from the consideration of our own needs and shortcomings, and exposed us to the danger of being outrun by other nations less prone to dissipate their energies. Our sympathies were constantly being demanded for some European power, for almost all in turn, and at the same time the wants and wrongs of our own people were to a great extent forgotten. Ireland, the country of fine rivers and noble ports, was at the period that Cobden wrote his first pamphlet almost a *terra incognita* to the great majority of Englishmen. No one, for instance, would then have known, probably there are few who know now that the largest river in the British islands is, not the Thames nor the Severn, but the Shannon. We have indeed discovered that Cork harbour is the most favourably situated port of communication between the British empire and the United States. But the name, Queenstown, indicates that the discovery is not older than the present reign. It was Cobden who, in 1835, pointed out the facilities, of which we have since learnt to avail ourselves. It was he, too, who indicated the routes of the best railways, which have since been constructed almost exactly as he suggested; and it was he who showed how steamers could be run from Irish to English ports in connection with the railways. But at that time, though we were increasing our navy to protect our commerce, we were doing almost nothing to extend that commerce. For instance, up to 1838, there were only about five hundred miles of railway opened throughout the whole kingdom, whereas in America there were a thousand miles opened three years before. In the

United States the new mode of locomotion was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm. In England it was impeded in every conceivable way by the landowners. One landowner, for instance, refused to allow the Great Western Railway to go through the country traversed by the mail road because he had a canal in the same district. The heads of Eton College were equally opposed because they thought the line would injure the character of their scholars. The London and Birmingham Company, as the North Western Railway Company was then termed, after spending £40,000 in attempting to obtain the sanction of the legislature, was unsuccessful in the House of Lords. "How near does your line run to Lady Hastings's place? How far from the house is the point where it is visible? Could the engines be heard at the distance (a quarter of a mile)? Could not the line be carried farther off?" Such were the questions asked by the House of territorial magnates, and which the promoters of the greatest national boon of the age had to answer satisfactorily at the peril of having their plans rejected. Keenly alive to the smallest inconvenience which might possibly arise to them, the landowners were utterly indifferent to the general welfare. "Can it be of any great importance whether the article goes there in five or six hours, or in an hour and a-half?" was the question asked of a shopkeeper by an hereditary legislator. The Marquis of Chandos gave a public dinner to celebrate the frustration of the Great Western scheme. These were the men who were always first to cry out for an increase of our military resources to protect that commerce which they were doing their best to stifle. And to add to the difficulties which they put in the way, we had to deal with the formidable obstacle presented by our land laws. The law of entail was grievously felt in all our large towns, and especially in those which were the main centres of manufacture and railway enterprise. In Manchester scarcely any freehold land could be bought; Birmingham had to be built entirely upon leasehold land; Wolverhampton long presented a dilapidated appearance in consequence of the land being the property of the Church, and (previously to the existence of the Ecclesiastical Commission) inalienable. Of course such impediments in the United States were absolutely unknown. There was no need there to fight landlords in the committee-room, or to buy off their opposition by constructing costly tunnels, which would for ever reduce the shareholders' dividend and increase the traveller's fare. There was no necessity to obtain the consent

of three generations before a piece of land could be sold. So it came to pass that while we crawled the Americans ran. Moreover, they were not then burdened, as we were, with the weight of a debt of eight hundred millions. Nor did the disproportion end there. While America had an untaxed press and a national education, our journals were weighted with excise and stamp duties, and national education was all but unknown. The Parliament which voted £60,000 towards partly furnishing Buckingham Palace, voted in the same year for the education of the people of England £20,000. For two or three years prior to this the Americans spent more than ten times as much.

While the whole country was thus suffering from the grievous burdens laid upon it, Ireland had to endure additional burdens of its own. One would have thought that the miserable condition of that unhappy land would have given our rulers sufficient field for their energies without meddling with Turkey or Poland, were it not always found that statesmen are more ready to pull out the motes in foreign eyes than the beams in their own. The policy which had been announced by William III. when he promised the British Parliament that he would "do everything in his power to discourage the woollen manufacture of Ireland," and which had been maintained for a century afterwards by the sealing of the Irish ports against American imports, and by the prohibition of the export of live cattle from Ireland to England, was of course greatly modified by the time that Cobden wrote his first pamphlet. Nevertheless the spirit of that legislation still prevailed. Ireland was a newly conquered country rather than a part of the kingdom for nearly seven hundred years. As such it was deemed lawful for the English to pass laws which would favour England at the expense of Ireland. In fact, the country, though held to its allegiance with an unrelenting gripe, was to be treated as in every way unworthy of privileges or even of ordinary justice. Two facts put in juxtaposition show with startling clearness the position of Ireland thirty years ago. Thirty-six regiments, more than four times the strength of the whole standing army of the United States, were then stationed in Ireland, and the entire foreign commerce of Ireland scarcely exceeded the trade of one second-rate port in Scotland, Dundee. It is sad to think that, though something has been gained in those thirty years, though English energy and enterprise have done somewhat for Ireland, yet the country has still to be governed by the bayonet. But a few weeks ago five-and-twenty thousand troops kept it in submission. Some

of the evils which Cobden pointed out have been removed. The want of railroads has been supplied, the ports have been turned to account; the excessive population has been decreased, as he suggested, by emigration, but also, alas, by famine. Yet still the country does not prosper, and is not loyal. There is at the time we write a new cry of want rising from Connemara in the West, and the trials for high treason are going on at Dublin in the East. One difficulty which still remains sets forth with painful clearness the relations between Ireland and England—the relations of a subject province to a dominant and conquering state. But the Irish Church was thirty years ago an even more prominent topic than it is now. It had caused a fatal schism in a Liberal administration, and drove the rising hope of Whig statesmen into the arms of the Conservatives, whose leader that statesman now is. Cobden wrote on it with his usual cogent moderation, so much more forcible and impressive than the bitter invective to which Mr. Bright has since accustomed us. The writer of the pamphlet *England, Ireland, and America* pointed out that the tendency of persecution was to confirm the persecuted in their faith; for the soul, disdaining all mortal fetters, loves to show that it owns no allegiance but to itself and its Maker. In Ireland, therefore, it was useless to suppose that the Reformed faith could make any way so long as it was associated with a great injustice.

"So long as the Church of England possesses the whole of the religious revenues of Ireland, there cannot be—nay, judging of the case as our own, there ought not to be—peace or prosperity for its people; and, what is of still more vital importance, there can be, judging by the same rule, no chance of the dissemination of religious truths in that country. Let us not be met by such unthinking persons, who view tithes as religion, with the cry about the destruction of the Protestant Church. We are of that Church, and we reckon it among the happiest circumstances of our destiny that Providence has placed us in a Protestant land. . . . No greater misfortune can attach to a people of the present age than to profess the Roman Catholic religion; and it is in order to give the Irish an opportunity of considering, with that indifferency which, we believe with Locke, is the indispensable prelude to the search after truth, the doctrines of our reformed faith, that we would do them the justice, in the first place, of putting them on a perfectly equal footing as respects matters of conscience with their Protestant fellow-subjects."—Vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

It is remarkable that Cobden, the chief leader in the campaign against the corn-laws, as Peel acknowledged him to be, should have written scarcely at all upon this subject. Out

of all his seven pamphlets, it is alluded to in only one, and there very briefly. That it was not from lack of arguments, we have not only the memorable declaration of the minister we have named, but also the testimony of the American editor of these *Political Writings*. Mr. W. C. Bryant tells how on the evening of June 18, 1845, he went to hear the orators of the Anti-corn-law League at Covent Garden Theatre, and how he was most of all impressed by the speech of Cobden: "By his direct dealing with the subject of discussion, the manifest sincerity of his convictions, his air of invincible determination, the perspicuity of his statements, his skill in arranging and presenting his topics, and the closeness of his logic." Nevertheless, though Cobden was the chief orator of the League, his published writings contain no work upon that subject, and the few remarks that he has written appear in the earliest of his pamphlets. Perhaps the circumstance was partly due to the incessant labours which devolved upon him in connection with the League. The agitator (we use the term in no unfriendly sense) has necessarily but little time at his disposal for indicting treatises. There is no doubt that the present Reform Bill is due more to the speeches of Mr. Bright than to any other single person, yet he has scarcely put pen to paper in its behalf. So, too, while Cobden was journeying from town to town, and speaking from a fresh platform to a fresh audience every week, he had not the opportunity for writing on the subject which lay so close to his heart. This abstinence from the pen is clearly shown by the fact that seventeen years elapsed between his second and third pamphlets. Ten years of that time were the busiest part of his life. After that, misfortunes fell upon him, which it needed fortitude to endure and energy to repair. But whatever weight attaches to these explanations, it must not be forgotten that nearly all his writings bore more or less directly upon the great question of free trade. For this question was not with him a mere matter of cheap bread, though that consideration had due influence with him. He looked far beyond the little loaf and the big loaf which used to be shown side by side, as symbols of the monopolists and the free traders. Free trade was even more than that conflict of classes and interests, of the landlord and the working classes, of the agricultural and manufacturing interests, which seemed to be its chief merit in the eyes of some anti-Protectionists. Cobden was no mere class partizan, no mere Englishman even; he was cosmopolitan in the noblest sense of the word, in the desire to bring the scattered nations of the world into one family. It was this, and not any sectarian

vagaries, which made him hate war. He did not, as the Peace Society has too often done, attempt to establish the sinfulness of war by quoting isolated passages from Scripture. Amiable but not very wise Quakers wished to impose upon nations the precept which had been given to individuals, and would have made national independence impossible, by inducing a people, however outraged, to submit without resentment or attempt at redress. Cobden, with greater wisdom, laboured incessantly to remove the causes of war, to diminish the chances of outrage. He left the baby-talk about the horrors of the battle-field to those who thought that such platitudes would be effectual. He knew that they would not, that a nation roused to fury by some great wrong or deadly insult, would as little listen to all these preachings as the wronged husband would have heeded a homily on the sin of duelling in the old days, when the avenging of dishonour was not, as now, entrusted to lawyers. Free trade, he saw, would tend to render war more difficult, by reason of that very objection which was urged with most force against free trade. Cromwell in England and Colbert in France, two of the statesmen most in advance of their age, had held that all countries ought to be self-sufficing, so far as the necessaries of life are concerned, in order that they might not be hampered by the want of them in going to war. It was for this reason that Cromwell passed his navigation laws, which even the apostle of free trade, Adam Smith himself, declared to be justified by the circumstances of that time; it was for this reason that Colbert forbade the export of corn from France; let us charitably hope that it is for this reason the manufacturers of New England are imposing protective duties on foreign manufactures. But this, the only plausible argument to be brought forward for protection, did but supply Cobden with another motive for getting rid of it. Draw the nations together, make them mutually dependent, let each clime supply what other climes demand, make war so formidable a thing that only in the last extremity—only when reparation for flagrant wrong is withheld and arbitration refused—it will be resorted to, this was the key to his life. It was this that prompted him to enter upon the work which, begun amid jeers and reproaches in a Manchester committee room, closed amid the applause and gratitude of two nations, in the imperial palace of the Tuileries.

In accordance with this dominant idea of his life, Cobden attempted to render war ridiculous, and, when it was inevitable, to confine its ravages within the narrowest possible limits. The pamphlets, 1793 *and* 1853, and *The Three Panics*,

are instances of the first endeavour; his *Letter to Henry Ashworth, Esq.* is an illustration of the second. The first of these three was the most successful of all his writings. It was written at a time when men's minds were greatly agitated by the events which had recently happened in France. It was published *in extenso* in the *Times* and the *Manchester Examiner*, and was republished in a cheap form by the Peace Society. It passed through many other editions, both in England and America, and was commented upon, far and wide, on the continent of Europe. And, in truth, the attention which it excited was well deserved. Viewed merely as a contribution to historical literature, this pamphlet of some 140 pages was a most remarkable production. It aimed to overturn the popular notions about the great French war, as Mr. Froude's subsequent *History of England* did those respecting the Reformation. We need scarcely remind our readers that up to 1853 it was always assumed that in that war France was the aggressor, and England was compelled to fight in self-defence. Many readers of the late Sir Archibald Alison's *History of Europe* are of that opinion still. Cobden strove to show how utterly baseless it was. Seizing the occasion offered to him by the presentation of one of those numerous sermons which were delivered on the death of the Duke of Wellington, he took a passage from the said *History of Europe* as the text of another and very different sermon.

Alison had declared, in the passage to which we refer, that "the passions (of Englishmen) were excited, democratic ambition was awakened, the desire of power, under the name of reform, was rapidly gaining ground among the middle ranks, and the institutions of the country were threatened with an overthrow as violent as had recently taken place in the French monarchy. In these circumstances the only mode of checking the evil was by engaging in a foreign contest, by drawing off the ardent spirits into active service, and, in lieu of the modern desire for innovation, rousing the ancient gallantry of the British nation."

Cobden firmly believed that the same policy was about to be adopted at the time that he published his pamphlet, and it was as much to prevent a repetition of a great crime as to correct a capital historical misrepresentation that he wrote. The preacher who sent Cobden a copy of his sermon had said that an occasion may arise when a resort to arms is necessary to rescue the nations of Europe from a tyrant, who has trodden their liberties underfoot; that such an occasion was the usurpation of Napoleon, and that Wellington was the

instrument chosen by God to destroy the usurper. To this Cobden replied that, though the prevalent impression was that the war arose from an unprovoked and unjust attack upon us, in spite of our earnest desire for peace, the very contrary was the truth. No fact was ever more conclusively proved in a court of law than this—that England was the aggressor, and that France, so far from provoking hostilities, all but went down upon her knees to avert a rupture with England. Then follows a succinct and masterly narrative of the events which led to the war. We are told how France, in her eagerness to retain our friendship, submitted to an insult which would be deemed almost intolerable now, and continued her ambassador at the British Court, although our own ambassador had been recalled, and the French minister was told that he could no longer be recognised in his official capacity; how he submitted to any amount of humiliation in order to obtain interviews with Lord Grenville, and how he did not cease to labour for peace until, on the news of the execution of Louis XVI., the French ambassador received a peremptory order requiring him to leave the country within eight days. "The sole ground alleged by the British Government for this step was the execution of the French king. England, which had 140 years before been the first to set the example to Europe of decapitating a monarch; England, which, as is observed by Madame de Staël, has dethroned, banished, and executed more kings than all the rest of Europe, was suddenly seized with so great a horror for regicides as to be unable to tolerate the presence of the French ambassador!" As to the liberties-of-Europe theory, it was not even alleged by the originators of the war. That theory is of more recent origin. The object of the war was to sustain the old governments. It was as far back as August, 1791, that the celebrated declaration of Pilnitz was issued, by which the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia invoked the assistance of the other sovereigns of Europe in behalf of Louis XVI.—not of the liberties of the French people, be it remarked. They were only too successful. The attitude of the various powers became so threatening, the conduct of the emigrant nobles who were plotting in Germany the ruin of their own country, became so dangerous, that the French Government, which up to that time had been occupied only with the domestic affairs of France, was compelled to demand of the Emperor of Germany a categorical explanation of his intentions. This elicited a note, in which the French Government was called upon to rescind all the changes which it had made, to restore the

old *régime*, and, as even so very Conservative a writer as Sir Walter Scott admitted, to place France at the foot of the sovereign and at the mercy of the restored emigrants. These extravagant proposals were followed by a declaration of war on the part of the French Government. The Duke of Brunswick, commander of the allied troops, replied with a manifesto, threatening that, if the least outrage were offered to King Louis or any member of his family, the city of Paris should be given up to military execution, exposing it to total destruction. Another manifesto, published two days later, declared that, in case the king should be forcibly carried off, any town which did not oppose his passage should be treated in the same fashion as Paris. These atrocious threats only exasperated the French people, and led to the massacres of September and the other excesses of the Revolution. These excesses, in turn, aroused the indignation of England, which had not till then taken part in the conflict. In vain did the French minister use all the arts of diplomacy and exhaust all the patience of a martyr in order to prevent the calamity which was then impending. Unfortunately, the ablest writer and orator of his time had conceived a hatred of France so outrageous that it can be ascribed only to the oversetting of his judgment by the domestic calamity which he at that time experienced. Burke had lately lost his only son, and that event, it was noticed at the time, so changed the whole man, and made him the victim of a monomania so strong, that, whatever the subject before the House of Commons, Burke lugged in this one topic. "The French Revolution is his everlasting theme," said Francis; "the universal remedy, the grand specific, the never-failing panacea, the principal burden of his song; and with this he treats us from day to day—a cold, flat, insipid hash of the same dish, perpetually served up to us in different shapes, till at length, with all his cookery, the taste revolts, the palate sickens at it." Burke lashed the people into indignation, and he told their rulers that, if they would save their country, they would not remain at peace with France. Pitt, at first indisposed to war, gave way, and so began that terrible struggle which kept back the progress of Europe for half-a-century, and loaded England with five hundred millions of debt. With such a history before him, Cobden had good reason to feel alarm when he saw the same prejudices arising against the second empire as had been excited by the first republic. Fortunately the *Letters of an Englishman* failed to excite the passions of the nation as Burke's treatises had excited them. England began to see how

absurd it was for her to attempt to legislate for thirty-six millions of Frenchmen. The *coup-d'état* was, no doubt, a great crime; but, as Cobden asked, "why should not the French be allowed the opportunity of deriving some of the advantages which we have gained from bad sovereigns? Where would our charters and franchises have been if our Johns and Jameses had not reigned and misgoverned?"

It was no small gain to have convinced the British nation that it was not called upon to make war with France in behalf of the dethroned dynasty. But Cobden had to do more than this; he had to persuade his countrymen that France had no intention of making war upon them. When hostilities were declared sixty years before, Windham had admitted, even then, that there was no such intention, and had defended the conduct of the ministry on the ground that no doubt France would be of a different opinion before long. It was necessary, therefore, in order to prevent the danger of war, to prove that France was as peaceably disposed as ourselves. Great authorities, like the Duke of Wellington and Sir Howard Douglas, had frightened this nation from its propriety by the alarming pictures which they drew of England, defenceless and helpless before the attacks of midnight marauders, as lawless as the Danes of a thousand years before. It was gravely contemplated as an actual possibility that the French might some night, without previous declaration of war, make a descent upon our coasts, advance upon the unarmed capital, and give it up to pillage. A few months later, France and England had gone to war—together, but not against each other—their ships lay side by side in Besika Bay, and the men who had been denouncing Napoleon as the most atrocious of criminals, and France as the most aggressive of foes, now declared that sovereign to be the wisest of princes and that country the closest of allies. One would have thought that the lesson thus learnt would have sufficed once for all. Nevertheless the old madness returned, and, nine years later, Cobden published his last and ablest pamphlet, *The Three Panics*. In this masterly production the peculiar powers of the writer were exhibited to the greatest advantage. His skill in hunting down a fallacy, in exposing a misrepresentation, in ridiculing absurd exaggerations, was never so conspicuous as in this his latest work. His recent mission to France, in connection with the commercial treaty, had afforded him facilities for acquiring precise information such as he had never before obtained; and, in his hands, statistics had all the interest of a romance. This same mission had moreover given

an authority to the writer which he had not before possessed. The one work supplemented the other—the pamphlet the treaty. The treaty made war almost impossible; the pamphlet made the fear of war supremely ridiculous. Space fails us for a thorough analysis of this masterly piece of writing. As it is the most recent, so also is it one of the most widely known of Cobden's political works, and there is, therefore, the less need that we should reproduce all its arguments. The following extracts must suffice.

The panic of 1847—8 was at its height at the beginning of the latter year, and, on the strength of it, Lord John Russell proposed to increase the income-tax from sevenpence to a shilling, in order to meet the costs of training the militia and of the increased armaments. But the augmentation of taxation, coming as it did contemporaneously with a great depression of trade, gave rise to much discontent, and it soon became evident that the additional income-tax would be fatal to the whole scheme of the national defences which had been so loudly demanded in the previous session.

"Whilst the Government measure was still under discussion, a portentous event occurred in France, which, if it had not involved the gravest consequences to Europe and the world, would have imparted a character of burlesque to the closing scene of the first invasion panic. On the evening of the 24th February, 1848, whilst the House of Commons was in session, a murmur of conversation suddenly arose at the door and spread through the House, when was witnessed—what never occurred before or since—a suspension for a few minutes of all attention to the business of the House, every member being engaged in close and earnest conversation with his neighbour. The intelligence had arrived of the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe, and of the proclamation of the republic. The monarch and the ministers, whose ambitious projects had furnished the pretexts for our warlike armaments, and the gallant prince whose pamphlet had sounded like a tocsin in our ears, were now on their way to claim the hospitality of England."—Vol. ii. pp. 231, 232.

Cobden goes on to say that, under any other circumstances than those in which the country was then placed, the panic would have been increased by the revival of the old watchwords on the other side of the Straits—"*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" As it was, the nation was far too depressed to bear additional burdens, and public meetings were held to denounce the increase of taxation. Petitions to this effect poured in, and on February 28 the Chancellor of the Exchequer withdrew the budget for amendment.

"The Militia Bill was heard of no more for four years. A com-

mittee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine into the military and naval expenditure, with a view to greater economy in the estimates. Before the close of the session considerable reductions were announced: the income-tax remained at its previous amount of sevenpence in the pound for the remainder of the year; and, on the meeting of Parliament in 1849, notwithstanding that a Bonaparte had just been elected President of the French Republic, and that the Continent generally was in a state of revolutionary disquiet, the Queen's speech contained the following announcement:—'The present aspect of affairs has enabled me to make large reductions on the estimates of last year.' The advocates of a system of direct taxation may profit by the admission; there can be no doubt that the proposal to add fivepence in the pound to the income-tax mainly contributed to put an end to the first invasion panic."—Pp. 233, 234.

Three years later the second panic was upon us. The nation had grown rich and prosperous with a rapidity beyond precedent. Our exports had nearly doubled in five years, and Jeshurun, having thus waxed fat, necessarily kicked. It was no longer Louis Philippe and the Prince de Joinville that we feared, but the Emperor Napoleon. The most bloodthirsty projects were ascribed to him. Anonymous writers and writers of high social position made the most startling assertions, attributed to him the most atrocious designs. Lord Palmerston declared that steam had bridged the Channel. In vain did the French ministers deny all knowledge of such designs, and laugh at the credulity of the English people thus hoodwinked by their rulers; in vain did Mr. Disraeli, who has consistently denounced our "bloated armaments," declare that it was extremely strange and startling to hear the French Government, with which we were working together diplomatically for objects of great public benefit, denounced as corsairs and banditti. "S. G. O.," and all other persons who, like him, combine a fluent style with a great susceptibility to popular prejudices, contended that the burglars were at our doors, and that we must look to our bolts. But soon there came a wondrous change.

"The sudden change which was now to be witnessed in the temper of the public and the action of the Government was so unlooked-for and so utterly beyond all rational calculation, that it might be compared to the shifting of the view in a kaleidoscope. . . . Let us suppose an invalid to have been ordered, for the benefit of his health, to make the voyage to Australia and back. He left England in the month of February or March. The militia was preparing for duty; the works and dockyards were being fortified; the navy, army, and artillery were all in course of augmentation; inspectors of artillery

and cavalry were reported to be busy on the Southern coasts; deputations from railway companies, it was said, had been waiting on the Admiralty and the Ordnance to explain how rapidly the commissariat and military could be transported from the Tower to Dover or Portsmouth. The latest paragraph of news from the Continent was that our neighbours on the other side of the Channel were practising the embarkation and disembarkation of troops by night. He left home amid all these alarms and preparations for a French invasion; after an absence of four or five months, during which time he had no opportunity of hearing more recent news from Europe, he steps on shore at Liverpool, and the first newspaper he sees informs him that the English and French fleets are lying side by side in Besika Bay. An impending naval engagement between the two powers is naturally the idea that first occurs to him; but, glancing at the leading article of the journal, he learns that England and France have entered into an alliance, and that they are on the eve of commencing a sanguinary war against Russia."—Pp. 268, 269.

It does not seem to have struck our alarmists that it was not a very prudent thing to leave our coasts exposed to the attacks of that nation which they had just been describing as a nest of banditti, who might make a descent on our coasts any night. On the contrary, these alarmists were loudest in upholding the Anglo-French alliance, and most eager to send our fleet to a point where it could be of no use in defending us against the "midnight marauders."

Five years passed before the third panic fell upon us. This was perhaps the most severe of any; it was undoubtedly the most absurd. Experience had shown the groundlessness of the previous panics. Since then Napoleon had proved the sincerity of his desire to maintain peaceful relations with England, by giving permission for our troops to be sent through France on their way to India, instead of seizing upon the Indian mutiny as a favourable opportunity for making the long talked-of attack. But all was in vain. Neither experience nor common sense would avail. Both parties in Parliament vied with each other in urging the imminence of the danger, and the necessity of increasing our defences. Sir John Pakington persuaded the House of Commons into granting him leave to "reconstruct" the navy. Lord Palmerston obtained leave from the same susceptible body to spend ten millions in fortresses, for the completion of which, as the greatest alarmist of all, Sir Charles Napier, in one of his sane moments, remarked, the French were not at all likely to wait. The peculiar absurdity of this panic was, that while we were thus building ships and forts, and allowing Sir

William Armstrong to squander three millions sterling in guns now condemned as useless, by reason of their tendency to go off at the wrong end, we were actually negotiating a treaty of commerce with the very country against which all these preparations were directed. It may be easily conceived that such inconsistency did not lighten the labours which Cobden undertook. Sapient young statesmen declared that the treaty would deliver us over, bound hand and foot, to France; for we were going to sell her our coals at a cheaper rate, and all she would have to do was to lay in a stock against the time when she made her long threatened midnight descent upon our coasts. But in this case, as in the other, a sudden event dispersed the panic. The news reached us one November evening in 1861 that an English mail steamer had been boarded by the captain of an American ship of war, and two passengers carried away forcibly from beneath the protection of the British flag. The outrage was gross, so gross that it was impossible to suppose the Washington Government would attempt to justify it, engaged as that Government then was in putting down a most formidable rebellion. Moreover, certain information reached our Government that Captain Wilkes's escapade had not been authorised, and would not be defended. Considering the supposed critical condition of our relations with France, it might have been thought that the British ministry would have hastened to make known this information, lest Napoleon, presuming upon our difficulties with the United States, should push forward his invasion. Lord Palmerston did nothing of the sort. He despatched regiment after regiment to Canada in the very depth of winter, regardless all the while that he was thereby exposing our flank to attacks from a much nearer and more formidable foe than the Americans. And what did France under these circumstances? Mr. Cobden shall tell us:

"The difficulty in which we found ourselves when under the sudden necessity of providing warm clothing for our troops, brought the disposition of the French government to a singular test. Such is the severity of the winter in Canada, that sentries are often obliged to be relieved every half hour to avoid being frozen, and there is frequently a fall of seven feet of snow during the season. For such a rigorous climate a corresponding equipment of clothing was indispensable. Among other articles of necessity were long boots, in which we found ourselves deficient. The following little incident must be given in the words of Sir G. C. Lewis, the Secretary for War, delivered in the House of Commons on the 17th February, 1862 . . . 'There was one article that was not used by any of our regiments, and which was not

in store in this country—the article of long boots. The French government, having been informed of our difficulty, undertook the supply of 1,500 pairs of boots, which came over in forty-eight hours from Paris (cheers), and at a cost for which they could scarcely have been obtained from our contractors (hear, hear). I am happy to mention this as a proof of the friendly action of the French government (hear, hear).' And thus ends the third panic."

Considering the groundlessness and absurdity of these alarms, it is to be feared that the third is not the last. Should it prove so, that boon will be due mainly to one man, the author of this pamphlet and of the Commercial Treaty.

The shortest of Cobden's pamphlets is, so far as regards its present value, the most important, because it deals with a subject that has not yet been permanently settled. In a short letter to Mr. Ashworth, of Manchester, Cobden urged that private property should be respected in time of war. This question is in itself sufficient for a separate article, and we can therefore only indicate in the briefest manner some of the arguments in favour of this proposition. In the first place, under the present system neutrals suffer by reason of the disputes of other nations. Five millions of persons in the cotton manufacturing districts of England and Scotland were reduced to the most grievous straits because the Americans quarrelled about their form of government. This purely domestic question brought misery to us because of the blockade system. In the next place, blockades are, as a rule, rarely effective. In America it was otherwise, because that country is complete in itself and separated from the rest of the world; but in the case of a European war, a far more frequent occurrence, the goods which cannot leave a belligerent port are sent over land through a neutral state at an increased cost, which has to be borne by the purchaser. This actually happened during the Russian war, when Russian hemp and tallow, instead of coming to us direct from Riga and St. Petersburg, reached us in Prussian ships clearing from Prussian ports. In the next place, England, being a maritime power, and being moreover insular, is peculiarly interested in the abolition of blockades and the immunity of private property. Of course these arguments were treated by the organs of Philistinism, notably by the *Times*, with the same contempt that had been displayed at the outset towards free trade and the commercial treaty with France. But they produced a marked effect, so that when the German war of last year broke out it was agreed that the same protection should be

given to private property at sea, as has been from time immemorial bestowed upon private property on shore.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the pamphlet, *How Wars are got up in India*. It is written in thorough accordance with the principles which moved Cobden to denounce the China war of 1857 and the Japan war of 1862. It has been urged against what is termed the Manchester school of politicians that they are essentially selfish, and think only of obtaining markets for their goods. If this be a true accusation, and the rejection of Mr. Bright and Mr. Gibson at the general election of 1857 by the electors of Manchester seems to give some colour to it, Cobden was, at all events, free from that fault. Far more precious in his sight than increased commerce was national integrity. He could not contain the indignation which the atrocities of the China war aroused in him. Party ties and considerations of trade were alike powerless to repress his denunciations. For if ever there was a statesman who indulged in "the luxury of a conscience," it was he. His honesty was as conspicuous as his sagacity. Hence it is that his influence continues to grow year by year; hence it is that the political doctrines which he propounded are constantly growing into favour, so that within the last few weeks we have seen a Conservative English Ministry, for the first time in the history of diplomacy, averting an imminent war by an international council of peace. At this rate of progress we shall very speedily arrive at that golden age when all international disputes will be submitted to an international amphictyonic council, a world-wide court of arbitration. We need not wait for that happy time in order to write our epitaph upon Richard Cobden, one of the most prescient and the most high-minded of British statesmen.

ART. IV.—1. *A Treatise on Homiletics, designed to Illustrate the True Theory and Practice of Preaching the Gospel.* By DANIEL P. KIDDER, D.D., Professor in the Garrett Biblical Institute. London: Hamiltons and Simpkins. 1866.

2. *The Preacher's Counsellor.* By ATHANASE COQUEREL. Translated by Rev. R. A. BERTRAM. London: Elliot Stock. 1867.

3. *The Preaching Required by the Times.* By ABEL STEVENS, D.D. New York. 1855.

IN the Christian scheme preaching and believing are coupled together. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them which believe." "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?" again the Apostle argues, "and how shall they hear without a preacher?" But preaching was not at the first, and, except in the case of Protestant churches established by law, would not appear at any time or in any country to have been, absolutely and without exception, the exclusive prerogative of a separated or *clerical* class. Those that "were scattered abroad" in the persecution which arose at Jerusalem on the death of Stephen, "went everywhere preaching the Word." At this time it does not appear that, besides the apostles, there were any separated ministers of the Church whatever. The layman, if we may use a word to answer to modern questions, which at that time could scarcely have had any meaning—the layman whose heart was full of Christ, and "inditing a good matter," could not but tell out to others the good news of salvation which to him had been life from the dead. "Preaching," thus understood according to its original simplicity and the proper meaning of the words which are commonly rendered *preach* in our version, was merely *proclaiming*. The proclamation might be declared at large, with much fulness of exhortation, argument, and entreaty, or it might be very brief and in form very rude; but to proclaim Jesus as the Christ and the Saviour of the world was to "preach the Word." When Philip said to Nathanael, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph," he was, in fact, preaching Jesus.

It is evident, however, that, besides the rude and spontaneous announcements, assertions, invitations, and appeals,

of the multitude of believers—although these have always been a mighty means, perhaps the most efficacious ordinary means, of spreading Christianity—there was needed more formal and elaborate exposition and argument. The Jewish rabbi had to be encountered. Pharisaic tradition was to be confuted. The false exposition of the Scriptures relating to the Christ and His kingdom must be exploded, and the true exposition asserted and vindicated. And among the Gentiles degrading superstitions and prevailing immoralities were to be reproved and exhibited in their true character, false philosophies to be exposed, and the preaching of the cross, which the Greek counted "foolishness," to be vindicated, as "the power of God and the wisdom of God" to every one that believed. To satisfy such demands as these, high gifts and large resources, under the inspiration of "faith and the Holy Ghost," were needed. Hence such preachers as Paul, Apollos, Cephas, were the great leaders in the great work of preaching in the primitive age. And this work of preaching was a great work indeed; it was *the* great work. Nothing else was to be compared with it. Paul declares that he was sent, "not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel."

The work thus done, in the primitive ages, by the multitude of the Christian believers, and especially by the apostles, the prophets, the teachers, "the elders who laboured in the word and doctrine," has always been the means by which the Church of Christ has been sustained and increased. In the apostolic age *the preacher* would seem to have been one who addressed himself to those without, the gainsaying Jew or the heathen Gentile; while *the prophet* ordinarily signified one who, under spiritual influence, spoke to the Christian congregation. "He that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort." In the functions of "the pastor and teacher," or of the elder, whether he confined his attention chiefly to ruling and discipline or also laboured eminently "in the word and doctrine," it seems likely that systematic instruction, approaching to catechetical method, prevailed. But, in any case, it is certain that there was free scope for the exercise of all the gifts which the different members of the church possessed; for spontaneous exhortation, for free prayer, within the congregation; for all natural, homely, unbidden manifestations of evangelical zeal and concern, for informal preachings of every kind, in intercourse with unconverted Jews and Gentiles. And by the combination of all means, and gifts, and energies, and inspirations, by apostolic preaching, by prophetic testimony and

exhortation, by assiduous and systematic instruction, by the simple and irrepressible zeal of the wayfaring man, who could not but witness everywhere for Christ, by the ministries of all sorts and conditions of men and also of women, by all that belonged to the pervasive life of the kingdom of heaven now taking hold of the earth, the Gospel in the first ages won its way, "the word of the Lord ran and was glorified."

It will be found, also, that in all ages the Gospel has prevailed just in proportion as the free spirit of the primitive Church has had way in the churches. There has always been a need for the mighty preacher, for the impassioned prophet; for the eloquent expounder and defender of Christian truth, for the unsparing denouncer of immoralities and idolatries, of dominant superstitions, of reigning sins, of all that belongs to "the course of this world;" for the able pastor; for the irresistible pleader on behalf of Christ with perishing sinners. But then have such preachers and prophets been mightiest and most eloquent; then have the chief ministers been everyway most able and successful, when the gifts of the laity have been most freely exercised, and their liberty and right to use such gifts has been most heartily acknowledged and most fully provided for; when each private Christian has had the opportunity to join in the fellowship of mutual prayer and exhortation; when it has been counted the duty of each individual Christian to testify for his Lord and Master.

In the apostolic, and to a large extent in the sub-apostolic age, Gospel narrative must always have formed a large element in Christian preaching, and have lain at the basis of all the argument, the application, the appeal, by which the speaker strove to force his way home to the convictions and conscience of those he addressed. The outlines of apostolic addresses which are given to us in the Acts confirm this conclusion. But the polemical argument, expository and doctrinal, and founded on the ancient Scripture, must also have been largely used in dealing with the Jews; and the arguments of "natural theology," together with philosophical criticism and discussion, must have entered as an important element into such preaching as was addressed to "Greek" or Gentile hearers. Their false gods and their vain philosophies needed to be exposed. Accordingly in the discourses of the Apostles to Jews and Gentiles, and in the apostolic writings—especially the discourses and epistles of St. Paul—such polemical argument and discussion as we have now described, the Biblical for the Jew and the theological or philosophical for the Greek, are found to constitute the staple and substance.

After the apostolic age, instead of the Gospel narrative, the traditional substance of the gospels, as given out by the primitive preacher, to his eager listening congregation, we have the homily, the gospel exposition, which took the holy writings of both Testaments (the Canon of the New being now complete) as its text, bringing out the meaning and lessons of the Scriptures. Not until the middle of the second century could this method of teaching obtain extensive prevalence or be matured into formal and impressive shape. Not till some ages later could it, through the adequate culture of the preachers, and the general familiarity of the people with the contents of the sacred writings, assume that maturity and finish of matter, form, and style which is found in the homilies of John the Golden Mouthed—the famous Chrysostom.

Philosophical discussion at an earlier date attained to its highest development in the writings, and we may also presume, in the public addresses, of the leading Christian teachers and preachers. Following out the vein which had been opened by St. Paul, the great Christian teachers exposed the incongruities and the degrading character of the Gentile cults, and the unsatisfactoriness of the current philosophies, whether of the Athenian, the Alexandrian, or the Roman schools. This was a part of the necessary polemic of the rising faith of Christianity against the worn-out mythologies and philosophies of heathenism. It was a polemic, too, which could be carried on apart from merely Biblical exposition, and whether the Canon were complete or not. Hence the early apologists of the second and third century dealt largely in this element. And there can be no doubt that it entered very largely into the public discoursing of such men as Origen and Tertullian. In fact, philosophical and theological discussion forms so leading an element in the remains of Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Tertullian, Augustine, and others of the Fathers, down to the end of the fourth century, that none can doubt of the large prevalence in the ministry of all the leading Christian teachers in the early centuries of whatever belonged to the Christian argument against both the philosophies and the idolatries of heathenism.

The preaching of the first age was brief, simple, artless; that of the fourth century was, at least in the chief centres of Christian culture and development, elaborate and imposing, often highly eloquent, more often still highly rhetorical. Chrysostom's homilies are fine samples of rich and impressive discoursing; Augustine's public addresses, less expository and

biblical than those of Chrysostom, and savouring more of the method and gifts proper to the profession in which the preacher had been brought up, are at the same time distinguished by a singularly copious and forcible eloquence. The former spoke, not only as an orator, but as a biblical critic and as one imbued with Greek culture and philosophy; the latter, whilst not unimbued with philosophic culture, spoke as a Roman to men of Rome, and as a Christian advocate and orator to those whose standard of eloquence had been fixed in the forum of the imperial city. Both did noble work in their generation; and the cultured eloquence alike of the Eastern homilist and of the Western orator was as needful, as befitting, as worthy, each in its own time and for its own sphere, as the pathetic, unstudied outpouring of the primitive preacher or prophet at Antioch or Ephesus, at Philippi or Corinth, was in the first century.

From the age of Augustine, preaching declined in the West, —soon very rapidly; nor did its power and glory linger long in the East. The old Roman culture was dying swiftly out, as the decaying empire, long battered by the assaults of the Northern hordes, at length visibly gave way, and, wasted, torn, and woe-begone, was broken up into wretched fragments. Christianity had for a long period been overlaid by ritualism, had been assimilated in its public worship and solemn mysteries in part to the model of the Jewish Temple, and in part to the pomp and ceremonial of the sacrifices and processions and mysteries of classic heathenism. But the diffused knowledge of the Scriptures and the cultivated intelligence of the best classes in the great cities of the empire had still given to the work of the catechist, to the addresses of the public preacher, and even to the arguments and discussions of the theologian, who attacked or who defended the received faith, a place and a value which redeemed the Christianity of the end of the fourth century from falling into the condition of a mere system of ceremonial and superstition. When the fifth century had passed, the night of middle-age ignorance and torpor had already begun to settle heavily on the west of Europe, while the east was rapidly sinking towards that condition of stagnant superstition and corruption in which the Greek Church has for ages remained. The exposition of the Scriptures ceased to be the great work of the Christian ministry; it ceased indeed to be any part of the work. The light of the Bible was quenched. How could it be otherwise, when many even of the priests could not read, and, beyond the ranks of the clergy, reading was an accomplishment almost

utterly unknown; when of the priests who could achieve the mere reading of the sacred offices, there were many who did not understand the language in which the Romish services were composed, which also was the language of the only authorised and generally available version of the Scriptures, while scarcely any understood the Greek of the Eastern offices and of the Apostolic Scriptures; and Hebrew may be said to have been altogether unknown? Under these circumstances, preaching, in the true and primitive sense, of necessity died out. The apostolic order was revolutionised. Paul was sent, "not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel." The mediæval monks and clergy were sent only to baptize or to perform (in an unknown tongue) the ecclesiastical offices—not at all to preach. The apostolic spirit was travestied and transformed into that of the ignorant and fanatical itinerant friar; the office of the "pastor and teacher" was at an end; there could no longer be any "elders" that "laboured in the Word and doctrine." In fact, the only office needed for the baptized was that of a priest; the preacher could have no vocation except to excite the multitudes to some gainful or serviceable fanaticism, or to awe and terrify barbarous heathens into the acceptance of baptism as their rite of initiation into the Church; for Christianity had now ceased to be an intelligent faith; it rested on no intelligent conviction; it demanded no true spiritual consecration; it was expressed and nourished by no reasonable service. Even dogma was lost: all was reduced to mere ritual. To be baptized was to be made a Christian; the reception of the Lord's Supper was the seal of an all-potent absolution, and the magical and mystical meal of the soul; confession to the priest and submission to penance were the only active and practical duties of Christianity; all else was done for the passive soul under the priest's hand, done for time and for eternity. Christianity had been degraded into that to which our Romanising Anglicans are endeavouring again to reduce it—a doctrine of occult operations, neither physical nor yet spiritual, dissociated altogether from intellectual conviction or apprehension; or, to quote the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Blenkinsop, in *The Church and the World*, "independent and irrespective of any exercise of the intellect," harmonising with no law either of matter or of mind, with no order or dispensation of means or agencies, with no sympathies or sensibilities of body, soul, or spirit.

In connection with such a system as this, preaching could only have one function, only one meaning and end—the same to which, by their own distinct avowal, such Anglicans

as the writers in *The Church and the World* would again reduce it. Neither theological science, nor biblical exegesis, nor aught that savours of philosophy, could have any place in the preaching connected with such a system as that of mediæval ritualism. Passive obedience to "the Church" was the sum and substance of Christianity, as inculcated upon the people, and was enforced by the legal terrorism which has been so elaborately worked up by the Western Church. The one object of preaching must be, with the aid of all ghostly terrors, and in connection with the assumption of all supernatural powers, to make such an impression upon careless multitudes as to drive them cowering and headlong into the arms of the priesthood. Christ comes in nowhere here. The Gospel and Gospel-faith stand in no relation to such preaching as this. The priesthood are all in all. A slavish and heathenish superstition takes the place of holy and heavenly faith and doctrine. The intellect is crushed and confounded; the soul is spell-bound.

Doubtless, through all the dreary middle-ages there was some truth and some true Christianity, however beclouded, left struggling and surviving here and there. It must not be forgotten that the existence of one such man as Bernard, a true and eminent Christian, notwithstanding all his errors, implies that there were in his age at least a few others, less distinguished but hardly less excellent than himself, and more who approached to his standard; and, wherever this was the case, there something was yet to be found of the true substance and power of preaching. Such cases, however, were "few and far between." After Bernard, for a full century, one knows not where to find any such; it seems impossible to discover any traces of them. And, when we meet with something like the true spirit of preaching again, it is no longer in the south or west of Europe, it is in the north, where a new civilisation and a new life were taking root in the fresh soil of the Teutonic family of tribes. Rising intelligence; the upgrowth of the artisan and burgher classes; the stirring, within the simple, honest folk of the Teutonic fatherland, of that vague consciousness of world-unity, of the common relation of all men to God and to Christ, of the reality of the unseen, of the imminence of the eternal, which, amidst all the ignorance, the errors, the idolatries of the Church and the priesthood, had come down as a traditional sentiment from the days of primitive faith; these things combined to awaken here and there a deep longing after truth and godly power, especially among the best of the hard-working laity. The very conflicts

and horrors of the times—the feuds of pope and emperor, the plague and the black death, the terrors of interdict, excommunication, and anathema—wrought in many men of thought and feeling, a depth, an earnestness of character which could not be content with monks' postils for sermons and miracle-plays for Gospel. Hence arose a search after spiritual truth which, in the absence of Bible illumination, could take no other form but that of mysticism. This middle-age mysticism, which was very widely spread, especially in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, throughout all northern Europe, was the natural reaction, in the days when the grand and simple teachings of a vernacular Bible were unknown, from a formal and ceremonial religion of show, mumming, and task-work. It sought to find a ground of truth and a law of life. It grasped eagerly at such remains of the old mystic philosophy as anywhere came to hand, and associated therewith such fragments of the Scriptures as were accessible and such Scriptural traditions as were current, out of the whole compounding systems which, with all the errors included in them, were wonderful products of thought for such an age of darkness. This mysticism produced its preachers, as must all real doctrine earnestly held, especially when held as moral and spiritual truth of saving power. The preachers were sometimes laymen, and the doctrines were commonly denounced as heretical by the clergy. Nevertheless, some of the monks, men of truth, culture, and purpose, put themselves at the head of this movement. Of these, Eckart and his school were rank Pantheists; but such men as Tauler and Ruysbroëk, though often sliding almost within the vortex of Pantheism, were yet men of fundamentally Christian faith and character, mystics of the best class. These men were all preachers; the best of them were powerful preachers. Tauler's sermons deserved the commendation so heartily bestowed upon them by Luther. Some of the leaders in this earnest and profound movement, this German middle-age mysticism, some of its most authoritative teachers, were laymen, like Nicholas of Basle—like the unknown knight, who wrote the *Theologia Germanica*, and Gerhard Groot. Under such names as the *Brethren of the Common Lot* and the *Friends of God*, associations of such "mystics" as these, including knight and armourer, merchant and artisan, clerk and layman, spread throughout Germany in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, being centred and massed together especially in the free cities, the homes and nurseries of liberty, commerce, and intelligence. These "brethren" loved above all things a deep and

noble discourse, full of enthusiasm and shadowed through with mystery. They were enemies to priestly luxury and tyranny, and, while addicted to contemplative asceticism, looked with suspicion alike on the extreme severities of fanatical discipline and on the gross and lewd traffic in indulgences. Such men could not but in turn be regarded with suspicion by the authorities of the Church. The eye of the Inquisition was keenly turned on the mystics. Theirs was a movement directly antagonistic to the base materialistic superstitions which vested in the hierarchy all ghostly authority and all spiritual potency. Truth, rather than the spells of the priesthood, was the object of their allegiance. And it was thus that they represented the power and mission of preaching in opposition to the sacramental theory of the Church. In them we mark the first forthputtings of that movement which, under the hands of the Reformers, was to shake the Papacy, and prepare the way for the revival and spread throughout the ages of real Christianity. Tauler was a precursor of Luther; and as such, he and his line of thinkers and preachers, from John of Wesel, through Tauler himself, Ruysbroëk, Suso, and John Wessel to the times of Luther, are set forth by Ullmann as "Reformers before the Reformation."

In England, during the parallel ages, there was a corresponding movement, with much more, however, of the biblical element in it, and much less of the mystical. Grossetete, Wickliffe, and the Lollards are names which will serve to represent the movement to which we refer. Preaching was kept up in this line. Else there was nothing fitly to be called preaching in the land.

The Renaissance brought back to Italy the classics of the pre-Christian world and the Pagan culture. But as it found no faith at Rome, or throughout the greatest part of Italy, it could revive none. It did not restore preaching, therefore, though it revived learning and quickened intelligence. It did but gild and refine with a tincture of Platonizing philosophy the utter unbelief which had taken possession of the Papacy at its centre. Finding faith and morality corrupted and dead to the core, it was not possible that the resuscitation of classic Paganism should be life from the dead to a putrefied carcase of ecclesiastical forms dignified with Christian names. Nevertheless, where contact with a proscribed Waldensian, a fugitive Hussite, or some "brother of the common lot" or "friend of God" from over the Alps, had wakened up here and there, as in Florence, and in the person of Savonarola, a

flame of the genuine Christian fire, there preaching revived again. Savonarola was a preacher indeed.

The sum is, that genuine preaching, the preaching of Divine truth as God's great gift from man to man, for the salvation of all men, through the help of the Divine Spirit, is incompatible with complete ritualism, with ritualism pure, simple, and self-sufficing, as the ritualism of Popery and high Anglicans purports to be, and, in self-defence and common consistency, is bound to be. Whoever heartily and fully embraces the one, cannot put his trust in the other.

The Reformers were preachers, preachers indeed, one and all of them. Preaching was the great characteristic force by which alone the Reformation could obtain any hearing, could cast down superstition, could make any way. Preaching was to the Reformation at once sword and shield. Luther and Zwingle were great preachers, Calvin was the high master of exposition, Latimer and his fellows were genuine evangelists, with not a little about them also (as was the case, too, with Luther) of the prophetic character and afflatus. After the age of the Reformation came the theological period, during which the successors of Melancthon and Bullinger were engaged in building up systems of dogmatic theology. The propagandist mission and energy of the Continental Reformation had quite passed away; the only traces of spiritual fervour and enthusiasm now remaining were to be found among those pietists who had taken the place of the pre-Reformation mystics, and who were regarded by the orthodox Lutheran doctor much as the mystics had been regarded by mediæval inquisitors and bishops. These alone accordingly retained the spirit and power of preaching. The discourses delivered by the State-paid and State-regulated clergy of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches were, speaking generally, and excepting only those who laboured under the reproach of pietism, no other than the elaborate prelections—inconceivably dry and hard—of learned theologians, or else cold pieces of mere morality. In England the Puritan leaven and the great civil war kept theology from being dried and hardened into mere argument or frigid precept. There were great preachers —massive and mighty preachers—in England for a century and a half after the Reformation. Learning, however, was a snare to learned divines in a learned age, and culture became a snare to men of elegant scholarship, who were called upon, in an age when religion as well as learning was in high repute, to address audiences consisting largely of men and women of the better classes, many of whom had been thoroughly

instructed both in theology and in classical learning. As a consequence, the sermons of the times of the Stuarts and the Commonwealth came not only to be repulsively interlarded with learning, but to be composed with a painful elaboration contrasting altogether with the style proper to a popular address. Such sermons could not but be written, and could hardly be committed to memory. Hence this age introduced the custom of read sermons. It is plain that such productions could not do the work of instructing the ignorant commonalty; they could not be the means of evangelising the multitudes, of whom most were still sunk in no better than Popish darkness. It must not, however, be forgotten that there were still plain country divines of the Church of England who delivered the faithful and telling homily; and also that, for the most part, the common people, especially the Puritans and sectaries, entertained such a hearty repugnance to read sermons, that comparatively few among the Presbyterian or Independent ministers took to reading. Even Baxter had to give account of himself, because he used, in connection with his elaborate discourses, extensive notes. And, in truth, we can well imagine that the contents of Baxter's extensive notes were just those portions of his sermons which, as embodied in his published writings, are often so full of tedious curiousness and fine-drawn subtleties, and which must have been terribly trying to listen to, while those parts delivered without book may well have been in the vein and spirit of his glowingly experimental or pungently practical writing, than which nothing more searching, more rousing, more elevating, is to be found in English theological writing.

After the Restoration, the pulpit sank as the nation sank. Burnet, indeed, long survived amid the spreading flood of dissoluteness and unbelief, to show how great a thing preaching, the true oratory of the pulpit, the premeditated but mainly unwritten effusions of the full and fervid divine, had been and might be, whilst such men as the Henrys yet sustained the honour of the Nonconformist pulpit; still, such men as these were but the exceptions, which, because so manifestly exceptions, and in contrast to nearly all around, did but with the sadder impressiveness point and prove the rule of indifference and incompetency which prevailed all through the land, and in all denominations. It was about this time that, persecution being now at an end, the infection of Erastian moderatism took hold of the Scottish clergy, until the savour of doctrinal preaching was quite gone, all unction and life seemed to have departed, and the dead reading of dead essays became characteristic of the Scottish pulpits.

Whilst the power of the pulpit was declining in England, it rose to its height in France. The French pulpit of that age must be identified with the special characteristics, and, in particular, with the intellectual vigour and the comparative ecclesiastical freedom, or at least latitude, of the epoch of the "Gallican liberties," the period of Pascal and Arnauld, of Bossuet and Fénelon, of the French classic age, the age of the Hôtel Rambouillet and the *Précieuses*, of Boileau and Racine. The pulpit eloquence of such an age, especially in presence of such a Court as that of France in that age, could hardly have been other in kind than that of Massillon and Bourdaloue. Theirs were discourses for the ears of the *Précieuses* and their friends; they could not but be elaborately finished, brilliant in phrase, scenic, declamatory,—full of sentiment and histrionic passion. Such oratory as this, however, is hardly to be regarded as Gospel-preaching. For the multitudes there was in Catholic France, either no preaching at all, or nothing better than the monk's postil.

The great revival of modern preaching must be identified with Methodism. Preaching and Fellowship made Methodism; Methodism disseminated preaching. In the Church of England the sermon had degenerated to the fifteen minutes' performance which Cowper satirises, and with which, unhappily, we are still familiar.

> "The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
> And then skip down again; pronounce a text,
> Cry, hem! and reading what they never wrote,—
> Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
> And with a well-bred whisper close the scene."

And then, as unhappily now, also, but now in perniciously augmented numbers, there were advertisements which revealed how there were men whose trade it was

> "To grind divinity of other days
> Down into modern use; transform old print
> To zig-zag manuscript, and cheat the eyes
> Of gallery critics by a thousand arts."

A state of things which surely has been and is the especial disgrace, if not the singular and exclusive reproach, of the clerical profession in England. Among the Dissenters, although Watts and Doddridge still lived, sermons had not only fallen low in volume but in power. They were, indeed, for the most part respectably composed; Calvinistically sound in doctrine, and wholesome in their moral teaching; but they

had become mere perfunctory performances, spiritless and sapless, done to order and to measure. The Wesleys and Whitfield, however, with their coadjutors, made preaching what it had not been for more than a thousand years, the greatest power in the foremost nation of the earth, the most potent instrument of national civilisation and advancement which this country has known.

We cannot attempt, in this slight sketch, to give any estimate of the peculiarities of Methodist preaching or of the effects which it produced on the nation and the age. Dr. Stevens and Dr. Smith, in their *Histories of Methodism*, have in part done this. Nor can we attempt to discriminate between the higher and lower styles of early Methodist preaching, or to show the common element of power which belonged, in a good measure, to many of the most inferior specimens, as well as to the preaching of the highest class. Only we must observe, even in passing, that unless it be borne in mind that there were two widely contrasted sorts and styles of Methodist preaching, we shall be sure to misconceive, to have a one-sided conception of, the character of early Methodism and its operations, and shall find ourselves unable to understand and to harmonise striking and essential facts in its history, facts which, to a superficial view, might easily appear to be incompatibilities. Early Methodism had its contemplative and philosophic side and school, its Clementine Gnosticism, its discipline of the perfect; but it had also its active and vehement enthusiasm, intense, violent, almost Montanistic. Wesley himself, a many-sided man, embraced within his sympathies, and sometimes almost within his experience, both these states of what we may call *ecstasy* (the state in which a man is carried beyond himself), although his general tendencies were rather towards the former than the latter. Gnostic he was, in a high sense of the word; he clave to such an ideal of Christianity as that contained in Clement's *True Gnostic;* yet it is very noticeable how he puts forward the best side of Montanus and his doctrine, apologises for him, and gives it as his opinion that grievous injustice has been done to him through the violent and narrow judgment of such men as Jerome. In Wesley's sermons it may be clearly seen how he held both to the contemplative ideal and to such mighty vehemency of conviction and utterance as bordered on fanaticism. The manner in which he held both tendencies in poise, it is curious to study in his dealings with the fanatical excesses of such men among his followers as Thomas Maxwell and Robert Bell. But not many men could resemble John Wesley in this re-

spect. Perhaps Fletcher was as eclectic, conciliatory, and comprehensive in his sympathies as his teacher, Wesley. And doubtless it has been a great advantage to Methodism that its theology has been moulded by the teaching of Wesley and Fletcher, with their broad and tolerant views, uniting and conciliating the best mysticism both of the contemplative and the active schools, with explicit and evangelical views of objective truth, and thus preserving the whole from extremes and from essential errors, reconciling the doctrines of grace and freewill in an evangelical Arminianism. That the same man who rejoiced in Cornish revivals, and prized beyond his other preachers such a man as Thomas Walsh, and delighted in the strongly pronounced experience and doctrines of Captain Webb, could yet be the intimate and the cherished and admired friend of Alexander Knox, is a very significant fact.

Few of his preachers, however, could embrace his round of sympathy. Some of them were well educated, were hard students, had fine taste, and were natural orators. These men developed into preachers of the highest class, and few of them were violent in their preaching, many were strikingly the reverse. Some excelled in argument, some in pathos, some in close and pungent appeal. But all of them so spoke at all times as not to offend the really earnest, not to violate the laws of real propriety. Others, however, of the most useful preachers were merely exhorters; men of little knowledge, of less culture, and often liable to violate the mere canons of taste, but true Boanerges, terrible denouncers of sin, terrible painters of punishment, although always, also, the loving, melting, prophets of mercy. The early Methodist preachers were made up of these two classes, with those of an intermediate type—these last being, on the whole, perhaps the most useful. Thomas Walsh seems to have belonged to this intermediate class, being at once a most learned biblical scholar, a fiery, flaming, denouncer of wrath, and a most loving winner of souls.

These were the men who did the work of Methodism. We have not spoken of Whitfield, merely because his influence was less concentrated in England, was limited by the shorter term of his life, and was more evanescent. He did not type his theology and his character in a host of "sons in the Gospel." Homely, colloquial, scenic, dramatic, declamatory, now scathing with his denunciations, and now melting by the pathos of his entreaties, Whitfield was a king among preachers.

Of all these men it may be said that they were real preachers. None of them read, none of them recited a verbal com-

position, although doubtless the basis and substance of their sermons was often "memorised." All of them were free to adapt, to enlarge, to invent, to develope, as they were addressing their congregations.

Some fifty or sixty years ago Methodist preaching, without having lost much of the old fire, had become or was fast becoming very correct in composition. The Sunday evening congregations at that time commonly included a large proportion of earnest Church-people. As yet the Episcopalian clergy, as a class, were scarcely improved beyond the standard of fifty years before. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* has given it as his opinion that they were even sunk to a lower level. The Methodist preachers were unquestionably the popular preachers of the day. There was, however, a tendency observable, here and there, which, if not checked, would soon have brought down the power and character of Methodist preaching. Not only did many of the preachers study somewhat too closely Saurin's serviceable book on the "Composition of a Sermon," so as to lose the free march and native power of the unembarrassed preacher, but a taste for such models as Superville's Sermons was beginning to undermine the robust energy of the Methodist pulpit. A fondness for merely verbal elegancies, or what were esteemed such, and for pretty conceits, was growing up. The style and language affected by some of those who most carefully studied sermonising, and most elaborately prepared for the pulpit, was Latinised and resonant rather than nervous and idiomatic. The proprieties of pulpit-phrase were sometimes more studied than the secret of real pulpit-power. Many of the younger preachers dealt largely in interjections and in epithets, and quotations from Young and Blair abounded. This tendency, however, was checked in time by the influence of some great preachers, of extraordinary power, and of true taste. Before the glory of Bradburn was eclipsed, the name of Bunting stood high in the ascendant. A chaster dignity, a truer evenness of power in the general body of the sermon, more nervous vigour of language, more electric pungency of phrase, keener and swifter lightning in application, more overwhelming vehemence in the final appeal, have hardly been known to combine in any preacher than in Dr. Bunting. His published sermons are able, but can give no adequate idea of his power. For in the closing and grappling agonies of his preaching, he often broke quite away from the written basis on which he had conducted his approaches, and argued, remonstrated, declaimed, with unmatched power. Dr. Newton, also, was a

noble preacher. His sermons were closely premeditated, hardly written at all. Yet, as mere compositions, their style was admirable; while in the power of varying and adapting his discourses, from the same text and with the same substance of thought, according to the character of his auditory, he has never had a rival. In him colloquial freedom and true dignity were very happily adjusted and combined according to the aptest propositions for each several congregation. Theophilus Lessey, again, was a real Christian orator, who held his congregations enchained, and who, in pathos, excelled any preacher we ever heard. Adam Clarke (Dr. Clarke) was a very unequal preacher, not because his sermons were the extemporaneous utterance of what he had premeditated, but because of the peculiarities of his mind. Often, however, his power in the pulpit was extraordinary, and his enlargements on the grand themes of a Gospel ministry were rich, free, and impressive in the highest degree. Benson was an eminently powerful preacher; a great divine, careful in the written preparation of the substance of what he had to say, but extemporaneous in his delivery, and tremendous in the pungency and force of his applications. Benson was the oldest of those we have named, having begun his course when Wesley was hardly past the meridian of his strength, when, although already aged, he had still many vigorous years to live. Yet Benson lived till 1821; Bunting and himself having shone together with nearly equal lustre, in the galaxy of Methodist eloquence, for nearly twenty years. Clarke was some years younger than Benson, and continued to preach until his death in 1832. A few months later than Clarke died another great preacher, whom we have not yet named, one who was indeed in several respects the greatest preacher Methodism has known. Richard Watson—for depth and majesty, and the chastened beauty of a splendid but most refined imagination, has remained without an equal in the ranks of the Methodist ministry, although he can hardly at any time have been considered a very popular preacher, and certainly never approached the popularity of the others whom we have named. His best sermons, however, are not inferior to Robert Hall's, either in elegance or impressiveness. Indeed, there are passages in several of them which, in evangelical beauty and richness, in the highest characteristics of pulpit eloquence, are perhaps superior to anything in the sermons of the great Baptist preacher. His ordinary preaching, however, was by no means equal in finish and force to that of Hall, who is, perhaps, on the whole, the most wonderful modern instance of power and perfection in

pulpit oratory, properly so called, of whom we have any knowledge. For Hall was a wholly extemporaneous speaker.

Perhaps we should mention in connection with such names of Methodist preachers who flourished during the first half of this century, as we have now mentioned, that distinguished preacher David Stoner, whose memoir Dr. Hannah has written. Mr. Stoner was a pre-eminently "awakening" and useful preacher. He deserves to be signalised as the only powerful preacher among the Methodists of the period we have been referring to, whose preaching was strictly and wholly memoriter.

It is proper to note, in these days of continual demands for shorter and shorter preaching, that all these preachers, like the Wesleys themselves when in their prime, and like Whitfield, were often long preachers; that on Sunday evenings they were commonly long, often very long. Among the historical names of Methodism, we have as yet no record of a preacher who knew how to produce mighty effects within the space of half an hour.

The zeal of Methodism "provoked very many." The preaching of Whitfield produced great effects among the Calvinistic churches. During the present century there have been many great preachers among the ranks of professed Dissent, including in this reckoning the churches of the "Countess'" Connexion. Besides the great name of Robert Hall, those of Rowland Hill, Cornelius Winter, William Jay, Angell James, and many more stand conspicuous. Admirable models in many respects, although not in all respects, were these distinguished preachers; and all of them were genuine preachers, and not mere pulpit-essayists.

In the Church of England, also, during the same period, among that old evangelical section whose views may be said to be represented by *Scott's Commentary*, but of which, unhappily, few living exponents seem to remain, there arose a succession of admirable preachers. Scott, the commentator, was himself an excellent preacher, preaching with no notes, out of the fulness of his mind and heart. The Venns, Cecil, Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and Pratt, are among the foremost names. Nor must that useful man, Simeon, be forgotten, although perhaps he hardly belonged to just the same school, and although his skeletons and sketches, more resorted to, we fear, by some preachers than the Greek Testament, or even *Scott's Commentary*, have contributed not a little to attenuate the preaching of shallow evangelicals to its present condition of powerlessness.

High Churchmanship cannot be expected to produce great

preachers. It tends directly, in fact, to reduce and repress preaching, from causes which have been already indicated. As ritualism is magnified, as "histrionic" services and sacramental superstitions become prominent, preaching must become insignificant. The exceptions to this rule are only apparent. Wilberforce, Newman, and Manning imbibed the spirit of preaching while under evangelical influences, and Dr. Pusey's sermons are not specimens of popular eloquence: often they are but scholastic defences of Anglo-Catholic doctrine. A scholastic divine is one thing, a Gospel-preacher to the people quite another. Popery and High Anglicanism have been fruitful of the one; they cannot, as such, produce the other. Their eloquent preachers have been the product of the age, either meeting the demands of an intellectual generation, or the necessities of rivalry or self-defence.

The revival of evangelical life in Scotland during the last sixty years has, of course, been associated with a revival of preaching. The names of Chalmers, Candlish, Guthrie, Arnot, and Hanna are typical. There are few more distinguished names in the annals of the pulpit. Chalmers' Sermons, however, are rather grand prelections than specimens of Gospel-preaching to the people. Dr. Hanna's Expositions, also, are in reality lectures, admirable lectures, read to a Sabbath audience of Christian students. Arnot's noble, luminous, and massive discourses, also, can only be appreciated by close thinkers. In connection with these preachers, it must always be remembered what classes of hearers are represented by the *élite* of the churchgoers of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Dr. Guthrie, however, is always the popular preacher, and Dr. Candlish often preaches with great popular effect. The comparative recency of the great Scottish evangelical movement has made it impossible to speak of it at all without taking in the names of living men.

Nothing can be drearier than the German pulpit during most of the last century and the first quarter of the present. Now, however, the country which can boast of such preachers as Krummacher, and Tholuck, has many others scarcely less distinguished. Rationalism still riots in Germany; but her best preachers, discarding all manuscript aids, and equally avoiding, as a rule, the method of memoriter recitation, deliver discourses as full of evangelical unction and tenderness, as of rich thought, suggested rather than elaborately set forth.

Within the last forty years there has, partly through the influence of some eminent Methodist missionaries, and in

particular of the late Dr. Charles Cooke, on Vinet and Monod, and others of the French pastors, been a remarkable revival of evangelical feeling in France, both within and beyond the state-paid reformed church. This has produced a necessary reaction within the Catholic Church. Notwithstanding the scepticism of such men as Renan and Scherer, an age of preaching seems once again to have set in for Paris and the chief cities of France. On the Protestant side there have been Vinet, the Monods, De Pressensé, Naville, Bersier, Athanase Coquerel—unhappily a rationalist—and others. Among the Romanists, Lacordaire, and Father Felix are distinguished names. The business of the Catholic preachers, however, is not now, any more than in former times, to preach Christ to every man; but, denouncing certain sins, and holding forth the terrors of judgment, to point to the confessional, the absolving priest, and the Church, as affording refuge and salvation. Or if, in a few instances, some of the most gifted and earnest of the clergy have betaken themselves to a public exposition and defence of Christianity as founded on the Bible, it has been merely in self-defence, because the age and their audiences have become too critical to be piloted blindly in leading-strings any longer; so that Rationalism, in its invasion, has extorted what would never have been conceded to the mere hunger and thirst of the weary spirit and craving conscience.

And now, as to preachers and preaching at the present day for England, what must we say? The question of the preaching proper to do the work of the present age is one which presses upon us with painful force. In opposition to Gospel truth, to the power and spread of free and living Christianity, there are two malign powers of growing strength, infidelity and ritualism, which, whilst in one sense antagonist to each other, yet often react the one in favour of the other. Both are alike contrary to a free and spiritual Christian faith, and against them both pure and true Christianity has but one arm to use, the arm of preaching. It is true, indeed, and it never was so important as it now is to remember this truth, that the actual contact of Christianity with the convictions and hearts of men is much more generally around the circumference of free and miscellaneous fellowship and intercourse in society, or through the humble labours of those who bear their testimony from house to house, or in the class-room of the Sunday-school, than by direct propagation from the preaching centre. But it is not the less true that the pulpit is the centre from which the circumference of influence is defined and sustained,

and from which all the forces which diffuse themselves by many Christian agencies through society, derive their energy and direction. By the teaching and vital power of the pulpit, by the addresses of the pastors and teachers in church-meetings, which must answer in character to the style and quality of the preaching power, by the influence of mutual fellowship which radiates from each to all, and from all to those without, but which itself must correspond in character with the doctrine continually taught from the pulpit, by these things must be inspired and determined the outgoings of the church life upon and amid the society in the midst of which it works. We do not now speak of pulpit or pastor, as if we meant that each church was to be guided by one man, or as if only an ordained and separated order were to teach and preach. We speak of preaching and the pulpit as representing all the recognised and ordinary expository or hortatory activities of the Church. And, in this sense, it cannot well be questioned that, as we have said, the one central force and energy of the Church, the motive power by which alone its operations can be sustained, is the power of the pulpit. The power of the pulpit, accordingly, we must repeat, is the one arm which pure and true Christianity has to wield against the two opposite yet correlative powers, infidelity and ritualism, which combine to encumber the advance and becloud the prospect of true religion in the present age.

It is but a small minority in any age or of any people who can be hard and callous enough, or reckless enough, to accept as their all-sufficing conclusion a blank and empty unbelief. Most men must have some faith and some religion. Nothing so provokes men of any free intelligence to infidelity as an unreasoning, unreasonable, and at the same time tyrannical and merciless, established religion. And yet even Popery, which might have been expected to drive all but the weak and superstitious into a dreary scepticism, has only prevailed to make infidels of a minority—it is to be feared often a large minority—of the people, even in ages and nations of active intelligence. Practically, therefore, as regards much the larger proportion of the English nation, the question lies between their being held in allegiance by preaching or captivated by ritualism. As regards people of strong intelligence, the question is between luminous and powerful preaching, on the one hand, and scepticism on the other.

Men go honestly and earnestly to public worship, either as superstitious devotees or as intelligent believers in Divine truth. Either they count on a blessing through the mere

"performance" of rite, ceremony, or service, whether by the priest or by themselves, or conjointly by both; or else they expect, by the apprehension of Divine truth, and through the spiritual worship which is thereby sustained, to be made better and wiser men. Those who are influenced by neither of these motives go to public worship merely from custom, or for appearance' sake.

It is plain, accordingly, that the two powers in connection with public worship which alone can exercise any honest and genuine sway over the convictions and feelings of those that attend, are, on the one hand, ritualism as such, and on the other, earnest and devotional exposition of Divine truth. Ritualism, pure and simple, is a mighty power, and in the "ages of faith," so called, held all men spell-bound. There could then be no complaint of indifference to public worship, whether on the part of lord or serf, of knight-at-arms or the simple freeholder. The power of preaching, when combined with devotional exercises and animated by a spirit of soaring desire or fervent faith, has ever been a great power; great in combination with ritualism, as in the case of such preachers as Massillon and Bourdaloue; greater far in its real power upon the whole manhood of the hearers when separated from it, as in the case of Luther, of Baxter, of Wesley and Whitfield, of Chalmers and Spurgeon. But where the worship is neither potent with the spells and superstition which belong to ritualism, nor full of the genuine majesty and the vivid, all-renewing life, which belong to the doctrines of the Gospel, spiritually preached and received, what can it be but a dead formalism, the very drudgery of worship?

Ritualism may again become a mighty power in this country. It has in it capacities for enthralling the ignorant masses, as well as for fascinating the indolent, the luxurious, and the superficial, who desire a religion which shall gratify the "lust of the eye," and pamper the "pride of life," without taxing the intellect or really grappling with the conscience. A form of worship which combines the sensuous splendour and the imposing claims and pretensions of Popery, with as little as possible of its confessional inquisition and penitential impositions, has many advantages in a country and an age like our own. But churches or chapels which neither, on the one hand, affect to claim ritualistic efficacy and necessary sacramental virtues and outgoings, nor yet, on the other, possess any commanding pulpit power in the exposition and application of Divine truth, are no better than "wells without water."

To the pulpit, then, we must look if the present controversy is, in our time, to be determined on behalf of Christian truth. If preachers fail in their power, the people must speedily be divided into two camps. There will be the infidels, the "advanced critics," who go nowhere to worship. There will be the droves of servile devotees who flock to ritualist or Romanist churches. The world will be divided once again between the philosophers and the heathenishly superstitious. The preaching, moreover, which is to deliver the age must, in flexibility, simplicity, depth, variety, thorough culture, flame-like inward fervour, contagious earnestness, be such as the world has hardly yet known, at least since the days of Paul.

When, some weeks ago, the religious journals were occupied with the inquiry why the working classes are, to so large an extent, non-attendants at public worship, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in one of those daring articles which have conspired with its honest and conspicuous merits to give it vogue and influence, suggested that the matter for wonder was not so much why working men did not go to church as why people of other classes did. It then went on to analyse, with caustic and contemptuous severity, the prevalent style and character of the preaching and the religious services on which the "respectable" classes attend, and the various motives which operate to ensure such an amount and regularity of attendance on the part of those classes as actually obtains. The inference more than hinted at was that, but for certain interested motives, most of the better-to-do classes would follow the example of those below them, on whom the same motives have little or no force, and would stay away from services which offer scarcely anything to instruct or stimulate those who attend them.

The article might have been that of an unbeliever. Its tone was painfully flippant and irreverent. Nevertheless there was much searching truth in it, and lessons eminently needful for the day may be learned from it. The responsibility attached to the work of preaching at the present day is great and perilous. The grand controversy of the times, between Christ and Antichrist, between God and atheism, rests, to a great extent, with the preachers. Nay, whether the press, that enormous power, shall be allied or hostile in this controversy, depends very much on the preachers and preaching of the coming age.

There can be no more serious question, accordingly, than what the preaching ought to be, and how ministers are to be prepared, how to prepare themselves, for the work of preaching.

What ought to be the aim or scope of sermons? Ought they to be read from the manuscript or to be spoken? If the sermon ought to be spoken, what is the best method of preparing for its delivery? Should the sermon be written and learnt, or should it be premeditated and afterwards delivered as the thoughts rise and the words are freshly suggested; or may a sermon be delivered in part from memory, in part only from premeditation? or may different persons use either of these plans, or the same person use either, according to circumstances? These are the questions which, with the utmost brevity, we will now try to answer.

A sermon may be apologetic, dealing with the evidences of religion; or it may be expository, aiming to bring out the full sense and harmony of the Scripture text and teaching; or it may be hortatory. It may be either of these mainly, or even only; or it may combine the three varieties in various proportions. A discourse, moreover, may be intended for an audience consisting exclusively of thoughtful and educated, of student-like persons, or it may be designed for a congregation including many persons who have never been trained closely and consecutively to follow a strain of argument or criticism. An apologetic or a closely and elaborately expository discourse might be intended for an audience of the former class; but would be quite unsuitable for the latter. A merely hortatory sermon would be proper for the latter class, but hardly for the former.

With these discriminations in our mind, we shall be prepared easily to define the only cases in which a read discourse, a sermon which assumes the character of a prelection or a lecture, may be fairly allowed. An apologetic argument in favour of the Christian religion, or an elaborate and minute exposition of Scripture, addressed to a select audience—an audience trained closely to follow a sustained argument or discussion—may not improperly be read, especially if such discourses are understood to be prepared with a view to publication. But, if the congregation includes persons of common-place intelligence and character, and especially if it includes those who need to be instructed in the first principles of theology and the general outline of scriptural knowledge, it is certain that read discourses are altogether unfit for these. They need the glance, the pause, the challenge, the gush—the hesitation that piques interest, the sudden impulse and outpouring that takes captive the hearer's sympathy—all that belongs to the vivid play of living speech, in order to secure the conveyance to them of the speaker's full meaning,

and to hold their attention to the sequence and relations of his thoughts. Reading is incompatible with the full play of passion and appeal; the impassioned reader is but an orator in chains. Reading is incompatible with action, with all that belongs to the dramatic play of eye, hand, and voice, without which there can be no true oratory. Where the composition rises to real eloquence, such eloquence as belongs to the speech of man to men, reading is unnatural, obstructive, contradictory. Where the intellect alone is directly and in the first instance appealed to, where the one thing sought is to convey certain truths to the attentive understanding through the listening ear, reading is proper. That is to say, it befits elaborate argument and minute exposition addressed to the exact thinker, the cultured and disciplined hearer. Such persons, however, as a rule, we venture to think, would do better to buy books and read privately, than to listen in public to what might best be printed for the study of those interested in the subject. One exception, indeed, we would be forward to allow —in the case of lectures read to the leaders of thought, intended to command attention from the first at the very centre, with a view to their necessary publication afterwards.

Viewed abstractly, we apprehend few could be found to deny the conclusions we have stated. Great names, however, in lieu of argument, are quoted against us. Dr. Harris and Dr. Chalmers read their sermons. They did, we reply, and their examples confirm our conclusions. Never was there a better reader, more graceful, more effective, than Dr. Harris; and yet no one could have listened even to his reading without feeling that the down-turned eye—although often for many lines together Dr. Harris did not turn down his eye, but, in fact, spoke his sermon—yet that, on the whole, the down-turned eye, the evident manuscript, the tether within which he was obliged to limit his movements, the want of the due, full action, often suggested by the graceful gestures of the reader, but never carried out because of the tether, the want of the full, prolonged gaze of the flashing eye, of the sudden arrest, of the commanding challenge, of the two-handed, concentrated appeal—in a word, of the grand abandonment of the true orator at the climax of his wrestlings with the souls of his congregation—left a certain sense of incompleteness, of inconsistency, of disappointment, with those who had listened to his otherwise all but matchless discourses. The hearers wished that Dr. Harris had been altogether such a one as he stood there before them, "except that chain." And as to Dr. Chalmers, his reading was throughout a

hindrance and a contradiction. Most vehemently did his soul, in his rage and passion of uncontrollable earnestness, rebel against the trammels and bondage of the reading. Hence his uncouth gestures, his savage eccentricity, his violence of emphasis, his one-sided action in the delivery of his splendid sermons. Moreover, we have it on record in his life that his extempore outpourings in cottages far surpassed in splendour and in overwhelming effect even his great sermons in Edinburgh.

In a word, reading is not preaching, and cannot but be inconsistent with it. There is no power of propagandism in reading. No great point is likely to be won; no great work of conviction or moral impression to be done; no sweep of conquest ever to be gained for Christ; if ministers are to read their sermons. We can understand that it might be contended that the read lecture might be combined with the sermon, as in one of the best known churches of Edinburgh the morning congregation was accustomed to listen to an exposition read by one pastor, while in the afternoon a much larger congregation listened to a real sermon preached by his colleague; and as we have heard a very gifted minister read one discourse almost throughout,—a close doctrinal discussion,—preach another with the assistance of notes, and preach a third—a most masterly sermon—quite extemporaneously, in the open air, and under a very evident present inspiration from the subject, the scene, and the audience,—all in one day. But that any one should defend reading as in itself and for ordinary occasions the best mode of addressing a congregation, that any one should regard it for ordinary congregations and occasions as even a tolerable mode, is to us, we confess, altogether surprising.

The Rev. Daniel Moore, so well known as one of the ablest preachers among the London clergy, in his valuable work, entitled *Thoughts on Preaching*, contends for the combination, for certain congregations, of the read with the spoken sermon. He is careful, however, to limit his approval of reading to one discourse in the day, and that only in the case of "our more educated and intellectual congregations." As to the general question of reading *versus* speaking without book, his summing up seems to be very decisive in favour of the latter method, very strong and conclusive against the former. We quote from a passage given at length in the appendix to "Kidder's Homiletics."

"The question, 'In what sections of the professing Church does the practice of reading sermons prevail?' may be answered easily.

Bishop Burnet gave the answer to it up to his own time; and his dictum will not be far wrong if allowed to be extended to our own. 'Reading,' he says, 'is peculiar to this nation, and is endured in no other.' And we see the proof of this in all countries and in all churches. In France, we never hear of such a practice. Even among Irish Protestants it is almost entirely laid aside. In Scotland, it is abjured with an almost superstitious dread. The Wesleyans would relegate to the shop-board or the plough, a candidate for the ministry who could not do without his notes; while, by other Dissenters, the reading of a sermon is only tolerated as an infirmity which they hope the preacher will be able to overcome, and which, until he does, he must use all lawful artifice to conceal.

"Still less of countenance to this habit of reading from a manuscript can be found in other forms of popular address, of which the aim, like that of the preacher, is to gain the practical assent of the hearer. What pleader at the bar would think of addressing a jury from a written speech? How impatient is the House of Commons of eloquence, of which even a few notes only are fastened in the lining of the member's hat? And how soon would our great religious meetings dwindle down to a scattered remnant, if every speaker, as he was called upon, began to spread out a paper written within and without, like the prophet's roll? instances these, all tending to bear out that observation of Sir Walter Scott, 'It is conclusive against the frigid custom of reading sermons, that in any other mode of public speaking it would be held childish and absurd.'

"Thus, Gospel authority, primitive usage, the custom of the Catholic Church everywhere, and the conclusion from what is found to be effective in public speaking of every other kind, are all *against* the written sermon."

Yes, as Mr. Moore says, "reading is peculiar to this nation, and is endured in no other." It has for generations been the rule in the English Establishment. Any other mode of address has, till lately, been discouraged by many of the bishops. It has even been discountenanced in Episcopal charges. To preach extempore has been counted a sign of clerical unsoundness, as to pray extempore is still esteemed a very suspicious and indeed reprehensible besetment. And to what a level of tame emptiness read sermons have helped to bring down the staple and average preaching of the Establishment, cannot be better described than in the words of that eloquent French preacher, Athanase Coquerel.

"This system has for a long time been that of the Anglican Church; it reigns there still, although it has begun to pass away, and we know into what a decay it has brought it. The Anglican bishop or minister, comfortably leaning upon a cushion of velvet large enough to receive his manuscript, read with the most trusting

placidity, without hazarding any other gesture than the movement of turning the pages, and scarcely did he permit himself at wide intervals what was called 'the waving of the hand,' that is to say, the effort of raising the hand in order to let it speedily fall upon the side of the pulpit. This was a systematic and permanent denial given to the old principle that action is the essence of oratoric art, this principle so recommended by Demosthenes, of whom Cicero, supporting it in turn in the strongest terms, recalls the famous saying that the three first qualities of the orator are—1st action, 2nd action, 3rd action. The peaceful delivery of the Anglican Church interdicted recitation and much more extemporisation; they were bound to read. During this time, the orators of the Dissenting churches took care to become truly orators; they have thus made an approach to the Episcopal Church from which it is far from having removed itself. The members of its clergy who have acquired a real ascendency over the masses, have more or less renounced this inertness of elocution, and have walked in the steps of Irving and of Spurgeon."

From the reports of the proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference during the last year or two, it appears that, oddly enough, a few Methodist ministers have lately taken, more or less, to reading their sermons. Just when the Church of England is waking up to a sense of what she has lost through the practice of sermon-reading, when her most renowned bishops set the example of extempore preaching, and are some of them masters of the art, it is curious indeed to find Methodist preachers, of all people, take to reading. Methodist congregations must be marvellously changed, if they learn to tolerate it. And yet the same practice, some years earlier, was threatening to find a lodgment in the American Methodist churches. The words which Dr. Stevens, in his effective volume on the "Preaching Required by the Times," employs in regard to this subject, must, under similar circumstances, possess interest and force for the Wesleyans of England.

"Our fathers expected to see men awakened and converted under their sermons, and the expectation led to an adaptation of their discourses to this end. A sermon that had not some visible effect was never satisfactory, whatever might be the hope of its future results. It was usual with them to end the discourse with a home-directed and overwhelming application, and often to follow it immediately with exercises of prayer, that they might gather up the shaken fruit on the spot. Hence revivals flamed along their extensive circuits. They were *workmen*, and workmen that needed not to be ashamed.

"Extemporaneous preaching was, until lately, the universal usage of our ministry. It was more than this: it was, as we have intimated, a *necessary* characteristic of the kind of preaching we have attributed to them. We cannot, indeed, *conceive* of the preach-

ing we have described as other than extemporaneous. Reading could never be preaching, in this sense, any more than the letters of the one word spell the other. How these heroic men could have gone thundering through the land, prostrating multitudes to the earth, or melting them to tears, by the reading of manuscripts, is a problem which certainly no experiment ever solved and no logic can show. They would have been an entirely different class of men, and Methodism a quite different affair, if they had been readers instead of what they pre-eminently were—preachers."

But, it is argued, if sermons are not to be read, then they ought not to be recited, for recitation is but reading from the page of memory. We do not ourselves think recitation the best method of delivery, at least as a general rule; but yet we are not prepared to admit this. The reciter looks his congregation in the face, at least ordinarily. Moreover, difficult as it may be to recite thoroughly well, with a present sense of the full force of the words uttered, and in living relation and true sympathy with the people addressed, it is yet a more difficult thing to read at once naturally and effectively. Tame, mumbling, obscure and hurried reading, reading utterly unimpressive, if not absolutely unintelligible to many, is much more common than recitation of an equally ineffective quality. We have often enough heard a preacher in the same service read badly and yet recite tolerably well. Moreover, unless the reciter be an absolute slave to his manuscript and his memorising, he has at least some liberty and power to take advantage of opportunity and circumstance, and more or less to supplement what he has prepared by sentences, by passages, thrown in or appended. And again, what is perhaps a consideration of more importance than any or all of those we have now adduced, the habit of always reading in the pulpit what has been written in the study prevents the preacher from getting to feel, as by an instinct, how he ought to express his thoughts so as to gain the ear and the soul of his audience. The style which is to arrest the attention of a promiscuous congregation and to hold it fast until the points of the sermon are fully apprehended by the hearers, and sent thoroughly home to their hearts, is quite a different one from that which it is proper to use in conveying the self-same lessons and impressions to the still and secluded reader. And unless the sermon-writer has a certain power of dramatic realisation, by which, as he writes, his congregation is present to him, and he feels as if he were speaking to them, he is sure to fall into a bookish style, lacking the half-colloquial freedom, the short sentences, the

piecemeal forthputtings of a law, of a deep, far-reaching thought, of a principle, until its full meaning is taken in, the necessary repetitions, as well as, from time to time, when the way is cleared, the rapid, copious rush, which belong to the pulpit oratory of the truly popular preacher. In the process of "getting up" his sermon for delivery, however, especially in the rehearsals which must precede an effective recitation, the sermon-reciter is brought into what we may describe as a dramatic state of feeling, a dramatic attitude of mind, and in trying his sermon, in speaking it to himself and to his ideal congregation, he becomes aware of the incongruities and the ineffectiveness of his bookish style, his essay-like composition, and is enabled, more or less perfectly, to transform his essay into an address, and by degrees to acquire the style which befits delivery and is most likely to interest and impress his audience. Nor is this all. The sermon-reciter presently finds out that the style which best arrests and holds the attention of his audience is precisely the style which it is easiest for him to remember and to elocutionise; that the bookish style, with its closely interwoven texture and unbroken consecutiveness, is, beyond all prose styles, that which it is hardest to retain with accuracy and to reproduce with ease and self-possession. So that, on the whole, we must conclude, not only that recitation is in itself much more effective than reading, but that the reciter is very much more likely to compose effective discourses than the reader.

Nevertheless, as we have said, we do not regard recitation as ordinarily the best method of delivery. There are only some men who, in our judgment, can use it to real advantage, and these, we venture to think, should never rely exclusively upon it, should only, indeed, employ it for certain subjects, and should always be able to adapt or supplement what they have prepared for recitation by their command of the power of extemporaneous speech.

The *mere* reciter, although he may be a brilliant rhetorician, can never be a true orator. He cannot sway a multitude as from a throne, by a potent and present inspiration, and with the true electric sympathy which should perfectly identify the speaker and his audience—he can never move and animate at will those who are hanging on his lips, whose temper he sees and measures, whose individuality he vanquishes, and binds in one passion and purpose, whose prejudices he conciliates and overpowers, whose enthusiasm he first kindles, and then, mounting upon it as a chariot of fire, is rapt by it into regions higher than, by his own individual passion and

enthusiasm, he could ever have reached, guiding his flight the while under the highest energy of his blended and impassioned faculties, as carried far out of self-consciousness and yet completely self-possessed. This is true oratory, this is genuine power of speaking. The highest results of this kind should be gained under the influence of the highest themes and the Divine Spirit. Such results did mark the preaching of Whitfield and John Wesley, when Wesley was in his prime; under the ministry of Bradburn, Clarke, and Bunting, men knew something of what these things mean. Robert Hall's sermons not seldom realised that which we have attempted to describe. If we have comparatively little of it now, may not the undue prevalence of the habit of recitation be one reason of this?

A Christian preacher who is compelled to reproduce the very words which he has prepared for recitation, even although he finds himself, when he stands up to speak, in altogether unexpected and incongruous circumstances, or who finds himself quite helpless and incapable of taking advantage of some unexpected incident or relation, is certainly in a most humiliating position. Yet such must often be the position of the mere reciter. And when work is to be done for Christ, for souls, for eternity—not the work of mere intellectual stimulation, not the mere delivery of an exercitation, or an oration—but the work of honest and earnest remonstrance, of warning, of persuasion, of the exhibition of Christ to a congregation of living men and women, and not some ideal congregation, as their Saviour from the bondage and guilt of sin, how sad and unevangelical a thing it is for a minister to stand before them, lame and helpless, dumb and powerless, in presence of the very facts which discriminate and individualise his audience, of the very circumstances which indicate who they are, what their condition, and what their need.

Further still, the mere reciter of speeches and sermons finds, after a while, as his time comes to be divided among many responsibilities, and as the wear of thought and the pressure of cares impair the freshness and tension of his memory, that the burden and bondage of memoriter preparation, superadded to that of writing *in extenso*, become more than he can bear. Some take to repeating evermore, in due rotation, without the least variation, the same sermons, than which practice a more wretched travesty of what is due from the Christian preacher cannot be conceived; some take to reading their sermons, from sheer inability to drag any farther their ever-lengthening chain; while some break down prematurely beneath their load. Noble and useful preachers

might be named who have in this way been prematurely disabled and brought to a too early grave.

The sermon-reciter, if he is a good and fresh preacher, is almost invariably a poor pastor. He cannot well be otherwise from real want of time. Very often also he finds very little time left him for large and comprehensive mental culture. His staple reading is to pick up for his sermons. Scott, the commentator, was an excellent preacher and an assiduous pastor, notwithstanding his voluminous reading and writing. But then his plan was to rise early on the Sabbath, and, selecting out of his abundant stores of biblical knowledge texts suitable for the day and for the present circumstances of his congregation, to meditate upon them, mould his thoughts and illustrations into order, fix them distinctly and fully before his mind, and then go and discourse freely and fervently on the matters which lived within his heart and stood clear within his view. How different this sort of work is from that done and contemplated as proper to be done by the intellectual and rationalistic reciter Coquerel! He lays it down, that to prepare one sermon for the Sunday is a good week's work. And his translator, Mr. Bertram, agrees with him! Such an ideal of preaching would make it a luxury for the intellectual few.

We do not say that memoriter preachers cannot be really earnest or very useful preachers. Such an assertion would be contrary to notorious fact. The preacher may have his people before him while he writes; and every page may have been conceived under the influence of the most devotional feeling, the most evangelical earnestness. The whole may have been steeped in the spirit of prayer before delivery, and may be delivered, with full, clear consciousness of the present utterance, under the most urgent spirit of prayerful and holy passion. The name of David Stoner is of itself enough to indicate all we would say on this point. Still, the reasons which we have assigned appear to us conclusive against relying only or even customarily on recitation.

Coquerel, indeed, as we have noted, recommends recitation; and this has always been the method which has prevailed in France. But this does not tend to reconcile us to it. Such a custom we should have expected to prevail in France. Preaching in France has been an intellectual entertainment. Now if, beyond all things, it be necessary to avoid a flaw in composition, to secure refinement, antithesis, and finish, preachers, if they do not read, must needs recite. But, if the object of the sermon is profoundly to convince, and morally to impress, to gain the allegiance of the whole man, but espe-

cially of the heart, of the conscience; then form of phrase, finish of sentences, balance of antithesis, splendour of periods, are not essential to the sermon—may even be hindrances to its effect, if they draw away attention from the substance to the style, from the matter to the mode of the preacher's utterance. What is wanted is a firm intellectual grasp of the whole subject, clear, consecutive ideas, substantially apt and really serviceable illustrations, all present to the mind's eye of the speaker; and, above all, a heart and soul deeply concerned for those addressed, and determined to secure their attention to the speaker's theme.

There are doubtless some subjects, in regard to which exactitude of phrase is important, and which are best exhibited by a simple, modest, masterly style, to secure which may demand the finish of the study. The same subjects in regard to which it might be allowable to read discourses, on certain occasions, and before select audiences, might justify, and sometimes even seem to require, that, if the sermon be not read, it be, for the most part, at least, verbally committed to memory. But such sermons as these, although they may be among the greatest and noblest of sermons, can never form, and ought not to form, the staple of any man's ministry.

For the common staple of the evangelical preacher's ministrations, recitation, we cannot but conclude, is altogether unsuitable. Nor will the want of finish—the occasional *anacoluthon*—of the earnest, thoughtful preacher, who, as all see, is bent on one thing only, on getting his idea and his conviction, for its own sake, not because of its verbal investiture, into the mind of his hearers, and grappling with their conscience and heart—in the least degree impair the effect of his preaching. His hearers have not come for phrases, but for truth and heart; and therefore the want of the phrases does not disappoint them.

On such a point as this there will be readers who will care much more for the authority of a man like Ruskin than for all that we can say. The following extract from that great master of diction and of word-painting may perhaps surprise some that read it:—

"There are two ways of regarding a sermon, either as a human composition, or a Divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our clergymen to finish it with their utmost care and learning, for our better delight whether of ear or intellect, we shall necessarily be led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery, and to think that all is not well if the pulpit have

not a golden fringe round it, and a goodly cushion in front of it, and if the sermon be not fairly written in a black book, to be smoothed upon the cushion in a majestic manner before beginning; all this we shall duly come to expect: but we shall at the same time consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen, without restlessness, for half an hour or three-quarters, but which, when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary. But if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of life or death whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavour to conceive how precious these hours ought to be to him; a small vantage on the side of God after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world's temptation, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and the thistle springing in their hearts, and to see what wheat had been scattered there, snatched from the wayside by this wild bird and the other, and at last, when breathless and weary with the week's labour they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men, to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master Himself has stood and knocked and yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom hath stretched forth her hands and no one regarded,—thirty minutes to raise the dead in,—let us but once understand and feel this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that frippery of gay furniture about the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon dry bones that they may live, or, if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them. We shall not so easily bear with the silk and gold upon the seat of judgment, nor with ornament of oratory in the mouth of the messenger; we should wish that his words may be simple, even when they are sweetest, and the place from which he speaks like a marble rock in the desert, about which the people have gathered in their thirst."—"*Stones of Venice*," vol. ii. pp. 23, 24.

We do not admit, however, that because he does not write and learn his sermon, the extemporaneous preacher must be expected to use a slip-shod style. On the contrary, provided that he properly improves and disciplines his mind, we cannot doubt that, on the whole, the style of the extemporaneous sermon will be better than that of the recited.

There may be some unfinished sentences,—a matter in itself of small consequence; but there need not be many. Often the highest finish as well as power of language is suggested in the moment of delivery. The inspired felicity of the occasion will go far beyond the *curiosa felicitas* of the study. We assume that the speaker is also a writer; that in the study he is habitually careful and exact, if not fastidious, in the style of all that he writes; that he is also inured to habits of reflection, to the logical arrangement of his subject in his mind before speaking; to the provision and use of illustrations, to all that belongs to complete premeditation. Such a speaker will often far excel in his extemporaneous utterances anything he could have prepared on the subject at his desk. In fact, the habit of speaking contributes to the production of the noblest and completest style even for what is intended only to be read, as every man must know who has habitually practised at the same time writing for the press and speaking to the multitude.

The noblest pulpit oratory has been the result of such premeditation as we have described, coupled with hard reading and continuous self-culture, with a complete mastery of style in writing, and with all that belongs to mental discipline. Let the young minister read the accounts given by their respective biographers of the manner in which Robert Hall, Richard Watson, when stationed at Hull and in his best days, and William Jay, prepared for their preaching, and he may learn a good lesson for himself. All these men premeditated. Whether they wrote more or less, and Hall often wrote not at all, Watson scarcely at all, there was no servile adherence to the letter of their written preparation. By premeditation they made their theme and all its bearings completely their own, and then they went to preach about it. Jay dug in his garden; Watson paced his study, his eloquent countenance changing with the changes of his thought; Hall lay in pain on the sofa or on the floor, but all were wrapped up in their subject, and were making it a part of themselves by pure and true mental assimilation, not by mere verbal memory. It is remarkable, too, that in *Felix Holt*, the gifted writer, having to portray a genuine and potent preacher, with that true perception of what such a preacher should be, which is characteristic of the genius of "George Eliot," makes the nonconformist preacher, Mr. Lyon, premeditate his sermons, and admirably describes the manner in which a preacher of so noble a type might have been expected to prepare for his work. On such a point the author of *Scenes*

of Clerical Life, of *Adam Bede*, and of *Felix Holt*, is no mean authority.

There are men, indeed, with memories of so rare an order, that, provided the outline and method of the sermon be clear and right, and the words used true and fit, the best and fewest possible for the meaning to be conveyed, for the work to be done, they need but to read the sermon over a very few times, and the whole becomes mirrored before their mind, and reflected without effort or sense of merely verbal recollection in their faithful memory. Such men certainly ought not to be prevented from using in their ministry so royal a gift of memory as this. In their delivery there will be no bondage, no effort. With perfect freedom and mastery they will repeat that which has become so absolutely a fixed part of themselves. There will be, in such a case, no hurrying from sentence to sentence, no mental vision of the written page, no trace of schoolboy recitation, neither fear, nor haste, nor sing-song. And such men cannot but be able, if they desire, standing in perfect confidence on the background of preparation, to strike fresh chords under the present inspiration, to supplement or to modify what they have prepared.

But what, in all cases, we should insist upon, as the basis of all pulpit power, is the power of extempore speech. There are many good and wise passages in Coquerel's *Preacher's Counsellor*; but, as might be expected from such a preacher, belonging to such a school, there are many serious errors. Perhaps the most serious of all is his assertion that if the preacher "begins with extemporisation, all is lost." It would be very much nearer the truth to say, that if the preacher does *not* begin with extemporisation, all is lost. M. Coquerel himself began with recitation, and practised this method alone for many years, until an extreme emergency seemed to compel him on a certain occasion to throw away his memorised preparations and extemporise. To his surprise and relief, he found himself perfectly well able to extemporise. Hence he infers that the safe way, the only safe way, is first to memorise, and afterwards to acquire the power to extemporise.

But suppose M. Coquerel's emergency had happened many years earlier, at the beginning of his course. What then? We may assume, indeed, that many occasions must have occurred when it would have been eminently convenient and effective if he could have done earlier what he did so late, laid aside his memorised manuscript, and adapted his discoursing to some unexpected and important event, some change which had come suddenly on all. If M. Coquerel had earlier taken to extem-

poraneous speaking, no doubt it would have been a very great advantage to him and his congregation.

But if M. Coquerel succeeded, at a late stage in his course, in turning at once from memorisation to extemporisation, it by no means follows that other men, under similar circumstances, would find the like success. M. Coquerel had for many years been very much in the best and most intellectual French society, in which the art of conversation has for ages been cultivated with the utmost success. There, doubtless, he often improvised paragraphs and passages, and was continually cultivating the power of brilliant extempore composition. Hence his success when he took unexpectedly to public extemporising.

With most people, the case is far otherwise. Trusting more and more habitually and absolutely to the memorised manuscript, they have absolutely no experience of extempore speech. They have not the conversational culture of the French salons, in which what may almost be called dissertations, full of point and brilliance, are continually improvised. Hence any attempt at extempore preaching often bewilders and unmans them. The habit of memorising calls into operation a perfectly different set of powers from that of extemporaneous speaking. The laws of suggestion in the one case are altogether different from those in the other. It is easy for a man who has first learnt to speak extempore with complete ease and self-possession to join to this the power of recitation from memory, which is but the continuation of his old scholastic discipline. But it is quite another thing for the memoriser, who has never practised extempore speaking, to begin, at a late period of his life—when his faculties are already drilled, when his intellectual gymnastics has long been determined and finished, and at the same time when, being in the maturity of his course, and having a character and position to forfeit, he is not at liberty to go to school again—to falter and fail, and try again, and go through the discipline of youth.

Among the Greek *facetiæ*, with which we contracted some familiarity at school, there is one which represents a man who, in bathing, had narrowly escaped drowning, as saying that his danger had taught him a lesson; and that he should take good care never again to go into the water until he had learnt to swim. Now, to tell a preacher that he must never attempt to extemporise until he has attained maturity as a preacher, so that, when he does begin, he may extemporise with ease, appears to us to be very much on a par for wisdom with the sapient resolution of the half-drowned Greek. The

only way for a man to be master of the art of extempore speech is to practise it from the beginning—first short flights, and then longer—until he can sustain himself so long as his strength holds out; by conversational practice; by frequent brief exhortations, especially to plain, uncritical audiences; by assiduous practice in discussion societies, and by all other means adapted to give self-possession and easy command of words. Lord Brougham's advice to his friend Macaulay, in regard to the training of his son (Lord Macaulay) to speak, is, we are persuaded, the best possible: "Let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently, as well and as sensibly as he can, no doubt; but, at any rate, let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence or good public speaking what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation, and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young: then let it, by all means and at any sacrifice, be gotten hold of forthwith."

A public speaker who can only recite from memory is like the man who has only learnt to swim with bladders or floats. Take away these artificial supports, and he sinks. The speaker who possesses as the basis of his power the faculty of speaking extempore, is like the man who is master of the real art of swimming. He can use the floats as helps or rests, if he choose; but, whether with them or without, he feels himself, when in the water, to be in his element and at perfect ease; he is master of the situation; he is in no danger of sinking.

A writer quoted by Dr. Kidder says: "Why should not a young man be trained to think at his tongue's end as well as at his finger's end?" Why not, indeed? Men go into the study. Having duly laid out their subject in their mind, they sit down, and easily, almost without break, write out the sermon which they have before thought out. Do not the words flow readily? Is not the style of the practised writer often correct as it flows out under the pen? Why, then, with all the faculties under the higher stimulus, the more perfect concentration, the more steadfast and absolute mastery, which belongs to speaking in the presence of a congregation, when a man has been trained to speak, should not the speaker's ideas flow more freely, find expression for themselves in words more apt and powerful, and be not materially less correct, than as they are indited in the study?

How admirably men may be self-trained to speak, whose only training has been in extempore speech, who have had little or no practice in written composition; who, whilst

masterly speakers, would probably find correct written composition a serious difficulty, and would find it impossible to indite on paper any expression of their thoughts and feelings comparable to that which they speak off without any difficulty whatever;—may be known any year at the annual gatherings of the laymen of Methodism at the Conference-Committees of Review. Nothing can be more wonderful than the speeches delivered by the lay-gentlemen of Methodism, at a quarter of an hour's notice, on all sorts of subjects connected with the economy and prosperity of their denomination. But then Methodism is one vast training-school for extempore speakers. The class-meeting, the prayer-meeting, the love feast and fellowship-meeting, the tea-meeting, the circuit quarterly meeting, the whole institution of lay-preaching, by which tens of thousands of extempore speakers are kept continually in practice; the District Meetings, the Conference Committees, the missionary platform, furnish altogether an unequalled discipline, the effect of which has been to develop an amount and quality of speaking power, the like of which, within similar limits, has never been known.

The less excuse is there for the young Methodist preacher who addicts himself to servile recitation. No candidate, we venture to think, should be sent to a theological college who has not, before his going, acquired the power of extempore preaching. And after he has gone to college, if he is suffered to lose this power, all else that he gains there can hardly counterbalance this loss. For this reason cottage exhortation should be most diligently kept up by the students as a part of their discipline at college. Moreover, the large practice of earnest conversation on the noblest themes, and discussion societies managed under due regulation, are almost essential to the complete efficiency of the college instruction.

We can hardly finish this paper without saying a few words as to that intermediate practice, the use of notes in the pulpit. If notes are very brief, mere heads, why cannot they be dispensed with? Surely the preacher can master his own outline, if its order and its articulation be logical and natural. If, on the other hand, the notes are extensive, they bring the eye down too much to the desk, and they are apt to trammel and embarrass. "I once used notes," observed a distinguished preacher, "but found *my memory, upon trial*, serve me best. The subject is laid nearer my heart; I think I feel more dependence on the Spirit; my own heart enjoys more; I am more unconfined; and any part of the subject more readily recurs *at another time*, when I need it. It requires

a little more pains to fix it in the memory; but amply, very amply, does it repay for diligence."

It will, of course, be understood that in all thoroughly worked out sermons, however freely extemporaneous, the outlines, the sentences of nice definition, and the quotations from Scripture, will need to be committed strictly to memory; and that the logical memory, and that memory which depends on substantial analogies and reproduces true and substantial illustrations, will be continually in requisition. But memory so far used as this prepares the way for extempore power, and leaves the mind perfectly open to the operation of the natural laws of suggestion in free speech, by which first the subject and then its parts and proportions, with the thoughts and the illustrations, in due order, which belong to it, are suggested to the mind, and then, just as in conversation and impromptu address, the words and sentences, without any effort at recollection, without any disturbance of the mind's unity and concentration, without any distraction of the mind's energies and serenity through a two-fold operation, a divided attention and effort, rise up spontaneously to the lip and are uttered in speech. Such a use of memory as we suppose must have gone even with apostolic inspiration and preaching; such as we would discountenance would have been fatal to the apostolic character.

A more fruitful and suggestive subject than that with which we have been dealing is hardly to be found. All that we have done has been to indicate principles. Those who wish to master the details connected with the subject, to learn the best rules for sermon preparation, and to gain an insight into the literature of the subject, can hardly do better than procure Dr. Kidder's book, of which the title is placed at the head of this article. The other works, also, are highly useful. Much may be learnt from Coquerel's little volume, and much from Dr. Stevens' book.*

* We subjoin here a good sentence from Coquerel on the introduction of quotations into a sermon. "The hearer easily accepts a reminiscence of reading which, intercalated fittingly, forms no interstice, and does not interrupt the series of the ideas, the march of the discourse. It is quite another thing to introduce into it a tirade of prose or of verse which contrasts with the rest. A preacher is always judged to have sufficient authority of himself, and to quote at length is to subordinate himself to the author whom he quotes."—P. 67.

ART. V.—*The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula.* By CARL RITTER. Translated and Adapted to the Use of Biblical Students by WILLIAM L. GAGE. Four Volumes. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1866.

A BRIEF notice of Mr. Gage's Ritter contained in the last number of this Review gave expression to the hope that space might shortly be found for more extended remark upon its contents, so far at least as they related to the physical features of the Sinaitic Peninsula. In making this advertisement, there was no thought of subjecting either the original work or the translator's very admirable reproduction of it to an elaborate process of criticism. It was not even intended to discuss with anything like formal and exhaustive treatment the controverted questions of geography or history, which have their points of attachment among the rocks and sands of the Old Testament "Wilderness." In the spring of 1864, however, the writer had travelled from Suez by way of the Wadis Mukatteb and Feiran to Sinai, and again from Sinai through Hadhera, Akaba, Nakhl, and Beersheba to Jerusalem; and believing that, if his observations and judgments would not greatly heighten the platform of view on which the new Ritter plants its readers, they might corroborate, illustrate, and exhibit under new phases certain facts and phenomena to which it calls attention,—he judged that he should not do a work of supererogation in endeavouring, with these important volumes before him, to make his note-book and memory speak a little to a topic of so enduring an interest as the scene of the Mosaic miracles. In some cases, as, for example, in the account which he was able to give of Beersheba, he had reason to think that he might contribute a trifle to the knowledge of the sacred lands and localities at present accessible to students of the Scriptures. Accordingly the following paper will be found to consist chiefly of descriptions of scenery and other natural objects which fell under the eye of the writer during the Sinaitic journey named above, regard being had throughout to the contents and specific objects of Mr. Gage's book. One word more only is necessary by way of preface. The writer must be understood as meaning the present translation whenever he mentions Ritter; and he

must bespeak the indulgence of the reader for the unconventional freedom which he takes in so often abandoning the self-curtained style of the reviewer for the more obtrusive phraseology of personal narrative and opinion.

The last three volumes of the English Ritter are wholly occupied with Palestine. A general comparative survey of the physical and historical characteristics of Syria, followed by an extended critical review of the geographical literature of the Holy Land, sacred and profane, Oriental and Western, forms a fitting introduction to this part of the work. The author afterwards proceeds to treat at large of the pre-Israelitish state and relations of Canaan, presenting a full, connected, and masterly *conspectus*, such as can hardly be found elsewhere, of the Canaanitish tribes both within and around the area subsequently held by Israel. Here the consecrated region comes fairly upon the horizon of history; and some five hundred pages of vols. ii. and iii. are devoted to a profoundly interesting historico-scientific treatise—for treatise it is—upon the great natural boundary which shuts Palestine off from the further Asia, namely, the deep depression of the Jordan Valley, with the river itself and its basin. It is impossible to furnish even a sketch of the contents of this great section of Ritter. The reader, however, will not fail to mark the passages relating to the geology of Lake Tiberias and its neighbourhood, to the physical constitution and aspects of the country east of the Jordan—still all but a *terra incognita*—and to the explorations of the waters and shores of the Dead Sea, particularly the southern portion of them, recently made by several accomplished travellers, as among the most striking parts of a whole, every part of which has its charm and value. The Israelitish period of the history of Palestine carries the author into the interior of the region, which he undertakes to portray. Thus the ancient political limits of the Promised Land and the partition of it among the Twelve Tribes come to be described, together with the later divisions of the country into Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee, and the physical basis on which these divisions rest. This second main branch of the work follows in form and development the type of its predecessor. It is a laborious, minute, and very ably drawn picture of the natural and historical geography of the entire district lying between the Jordan and the Mediterranean, east and west, and the Desert Et Tih and the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, south and north; more than one-half of Mr. Gage's fourth volume being taken up with Jerusalem alone, the sacred city falling, of course, within the purpose of

this part of Ritter's general scheme. As elsewhere, so here, the geography, strictly so called, is made to keep the foreground of the picture; but a multitude of secondary objects surround and back it, if not always to the heightening of the artistic effect, at least to the softening and broadening of what might otherwise produce a painful impression by its exclusiveness and uniformity. The numerous "discursions" and "appendices" scattered through the translation, though some of them do not belong to the original Ritter, add materially to the value of what Mr. Gage has given us under the sanction of the great German's name.

The geography of the Sinaitic Peninsula is the single subject of the translator's first volume. The historical introduction with which the volume opens is the fruit of much well-digested learning and research, and deserves careful study on the part of all who desire to make intelligent acquaintance with the past of the peninsula. The history disposed of, the author addresses himself to the task of describing with greater or less fulness of detail the physical contour of the Peninsula, its geology, its flora and fauna, its population, its topography, and whatever else comes within the range of the geography of the country, understanding the term in its largest sense. The reader is first carried round the eastern, southern, and western coast-line of the triangle formed by the Peninsula, beginning at Akaba and ending at Suez. Interwoven with the general description of the sea-board are "discursions" on the locality of the ancient Ophir; on the three routes which lead from the Gulf of Akaba to the Sinai convent; and on Tur, the well-known south-western harbour of the Peninsula, with the roads which connect it with Sinai. The author next places himself at the apex of the triangle southward, and proceeding towards the north describes in succession the great mountain group of the south with its natural culmination in Om Shomer, and its historical and religious culmination in Gebels Musa and Katrin. Then the scarcely less interesting district of the majestic Gebel Serbal and its tributary mountains and valleys passes under review. After this the hill-ranges sloping down to the vast and dreary northern plateau, with the physical phenomena of the plateau itself, become matter of investigation. Last of all the writer discusses the ethnology and geographical distribution of the Bedwin tribes of the peninsula, and conducts his readers into Palestine by the routes which run from the Gulf of Akaba through Idumea into Judæa. On all these topics Ritter labours to exhibit the

results of the latest observations and inquiries; and where criticism is necessary, he furnishes it with the caution and good sense which so happily linked themselves with his genius.

Most students of Scripture geography are aware that a huge desert of sand, flint, and chalk—the so-called desert Tih, or wilderness of the wandering of Israel—occupies the whole northern extent of the Sinaitic Peninsula from Egypt on the west to the great valley reaching from the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Akaba eastward, and from the shores of the Mediterranean and Palestine on the north, as far south as lat. 29° N., or nearly half-way between the head of the gulf of Suez and Râs Mohammad, the extreme southern point of the peninsula. The southern boundary of this great plateau is formed by a line of hills, the Gebel Tih, which curves downward from the neighbourhood of Suez towards the centre of the Peninsula, and then re-curves upward in the direction of the top of the Gulf of Akaba. South of Gebel Tih, right across the peninsula, there runs a belt of sandstone, some ten or fifteen miles wide about the middle, some forty or fifty at the extremities E. and W., which forms a stepping stone from the chalk plateau to the lofty mountain region still farther south. The sandstone passed, the traveller finds himself lifted to a labyrinth of mountains, and wadis, and ravines, —the wilds of Serbal and Sinai,—where granite, greenstone, felspar, porphyry, and their whole genus, in varieties past all describing, hold grand and gorgeous sway, till they sink into the waters of the Red Sea at the Mohammad Point. The consequence of this physical configuration of the country is, that the traveller who makes his way from Suez to Sinai and thence by Akaba into Palestine repeats in the latter half of the journey his geological experiences of the former half. In going towards Sinai from Suez he mounts by a gradual slope the chalky, gritty wilderness, where the far-divided waters of Ain Musa and of Wadi Gharandel—for Mara is still a mockery—serve only to make the general thirstiness of the ground appear more thirsty. Then, whether he takes the more western route of the Written and Feiran Valleys, or the more eastern by Wadi Nasb and the ancient cemetery of Sarbat-el-Khadem, his course lies through a region of mottled and variegated sandstone, often carved into strangely fantastic forms by the genius of flood and weather. At the farther end of Feiran and its sister Wadi some few miles eastward, the great granite staircase begins to rise before the pilgrim, and he

mounts, and still mounts, without once leaving it, till he reaches his resting place at Horeb. All this is reversed in proceeding from Sinai to Akaba downward by the desert routes into Palestine. Now the staircase of granite is descended till you come to the sandstone at Hadhera, or some part of the country to the west of it; and so by a long line of march over mingled sandstone and crystalline rocks, you pass beyond the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, and plunge once more into the melancholy wastes of chalk and grit, by which the green fields and pleasant terrace gardens of Judæa are sundered from the mountain grandeur and picturesqueness of the distant south.

A frequent halting-place of travellers on the way from the Wells of Moses to Wadi Gharandel is the Wadi Wardan. The writer was there on the 20th of March, 1864. The general appearance of this Wadi is that of many parts of the Western Tih plateau, at least of such as are near the sea and exhibit any signs of moisture. It is a broad, shallow depression, crossing the desert from the distant mountains eastward, and widening out as it advances to the sea. Except that it is lined and furrowed by watercourses, and that mounds and ridges of sand score or dot it in certain directions, it shows nothing but a grey, stony level, where the mirage delights to juggle the sense by beautifying stunted tamarisks, broom, and other sand-loving shrubs—as it did before our eyes—into well-grown, shadowy, timber trees, rising from islands off the sea-shore. The whole surface of the Wadi is thickly strewn with pebbles and fragments of calcareous, siliceous, and cherty rocks, often apparently coralline in structure. For the most part, they are extremely hard, and their colours—brown, white, blue (sometimes richly dyed), pink, fawn, chocolate, black—give a singularly chequered aspect to the ground when viewed under favourable lights. Many of the smoother pebbles exhibit a surface made up of curious corrugations and brain-like ridges and channels; while not unfrequently they bristle with sharp points, cusps, plates, and blossoms of flint, the hardness of which would scarcely be believed without actual observation. Phenomena of the same class present themselves over the tertiary area of Egypt and Arabia—we remarked them in the central and north-eastern parts of the Tih desert—and they form a geological puzzle, which no one, so far as we know, has hitherto been skilful enough to resolve. As elsewhere through the Peninsula, the entomologist may find ample sport in the Wadi Wardan. Many species of insects have their home in it, particularly beetles and grasshoppers. We

stumbled upon one very remarkable creature, furnished with antennæ and the orthodox number of legs, which, when at rest, looked exactly like a common broad bean trimmed a little into the shape of a trilobite.

Neither the geologist nor the scholar has done his work in the famous Wadis Maghara and Mukatteb, where we found ourselves on the 25th and 26th of March. The sandstone of the two Wadis resembles very closely that of the quarries of Hagar Silsilis, in Upper Egypt, the prevailing colour of the rocks being brown and red, though they are often wonderfully striped and ribbed with grey, purple, yellow, &c., exceeding in this respect any English "trias" we ever met with. It is surprising how little is still known either of the ancient copper mines of this part of the Sinaitic Peninsula, or of the conditions under which Major Macdonald's Arabs of Maghara and its neighbourhood, in our own days, meet with their turquoises, whether the good ones which make their way into the European market, or the bad ones which the miners steep in oil to improve their complexion, and so palm upon the unsophisticated curiosity of casual travellers. Yet, after our personal experiences in visiting the Egyptian sculptures of the Wadi, we were prepared to be patient, though wisdom did spring slowly from the soil of the desert. What with the jolting of the camels as they wavered and slipped among the rock-boulders of the Ghineh ravine, which leads into Maghara; what with the fatigue occasioned by clambering up an indescribable chaos of *débris* to the breast of the mountain walls of the Wadi on which the sculptures are carved; last of all, what with the merciless blaze which the sun poured forth upon us as we stood and copied some of the cartouches and other figures cut upon the scarped sandstone; it was not difficult to comprehend, how traveller might follow traveller in long succession without adding much on ground like this to the common stock of human knowledge. The Maghara sculptures belong undoubtedly to the best period of Egyptian art, and so to a very high antiquity. For vigour and grace, the animal forms will compare with anything to be seen at Thebes or Abydos. We believe that the Egyptian treasures of the Wadi and Gebel Maghara are far from being exhausted; and a thorough exploration of the district by competent scholars, armed with the appliances of the draughtsman and photographer, is much to be desired.

The account in Ritter of the world-famed inscriptions of the Wadi Mukatteb and other parts of the Sinaitic Peninsula scarcely rises to the level of our present acquaintance with

them. We shall have occasion to speak of these inscriptions elsewhere. It will be sufficient here to make a general remark or two. That the Sinaitic character proper is Shemitish, and that the writings in this character are the work of an ancient Shemite people, no one will doubt who is competent to form an opinion on the subject. That it should be seriously maintained that the Israelites wrote the inscriptions of this class, is hard to understand in presence of the undeniable fact, that whatever the language in which they are written may be, it certainly is not Hebrew. The more we revolve the problem of their authorship, the less we incline to connect them directly with the era of Moses and the wilderness life of Israel. That they are linked in some way with the religious feeling which for untold ages has gathered about Sinai and Serbal, seems past question. But at present the uncertainty attaching to the reading and interpretation of the inscriptions themselves, and the haze which rests upon the early history and ethnology of the Peninsula, so combine as effectually to nonplus the keenest spirit of investigation. We are satisfied the mystery will be cleared up at last, and we cannot but believe that, whenever this occurs, it will turn out that the inscriptions in Sinaitic letters were the handiwork of an Arabian population living in the country, whether in pre-Christian or very early post-Christian times we scarcely venture to surmise. To one point, perhaps not hitherto remarked upon, we call attention for its bearing upon the general question of the age and sources of the inscriptions. It is well known that there are a few Latin inscriptions in the Wadi Mukatteb and elsewhere. Not unfrequently inscriptions occur both N.W. and N.E. of Sinai, written in Arabic, sometimes in the Cufic, sometimes in the ordinary character. We observed several very beautiful pieces of Cufic writing in the Mukatteb Valley. Greek inscriptions, too, are by no means uncommon on both the Suez and Akaba lines of route leading to the sacred mountains. But what we think has not been sufficiently observed is the great number of Coptic inscriptions —such they appear to be—which show on the written rocks, either alone or in company with writings in other languages. With peace to everybody, we feel sure that scores of inscriptions in the Sinaitic Peninsula have been set down as Greek which are really Coptic. The peculiar letters of the Coptic alphabet, for example the *fei* and the *shei*, are perpetually to be traced, where a hasty glance might see nothing but the familiar characters of the Greek. And the very close connection in which these Egyptian or half-Egyptian inscriptions

sometimes seem to stand to the distinctively Sinaitic writings, is not without its significance for determining the value and origin of these writings themselves. History testifies to the prevalence of the Egyptian language through the S.W. of the Peninsula in the early Christian centuries; and it is surely worth ascertaining whether the numerous Coptic inscriptions of the Wadi Mukatteb, Hadhera, &c. may not be made to render up their meaning, and whether light may not be gained from this quarter on the more perplexing phenomena with which they are associated. Possibly an unknown dialect of the Coptic may be in reserve for Egyptologers. Possibly these same Coptic inscriptions may help to throw open a new world of early Arabian Christianity, of which the rock writings in the venerable Sinaitic character are the only extant literature.

The passage from the farther end of the Wadi Mukatteb to the nearer end of the Wadi Feiran is as utter a desolation as can be imagined. It is the very ideal of stoniness, burning, and wild and terrible grandeur. We entered Feiran between 3 and 4 p.m. on the 25th of March, over a vast outspread of scrub and drift, our camels pausing continually to feed on the bushes and tufts of green which showed among the boulders. In all directions might be seen flowers resembling hawkweed, asphodel, camomile, and petunia (sakkara, the Bedwins called the petunia), with a fine broad-leaved sorrel, the delight alike of Arab and camel. We found our tents pitched among the flowers on the left side of the Wadi, just where an enormously deep moraine*—such it appeared to be—tongued out upon the general level, with grave-looking granite hills, green, red, and brown, behind it. On the opposite side of the Wadi ran a noble rampart of towering rock; while before us Serbal soared majestically above a breastwork of mountains, and the part of Feiran through which we had travelled disappeared behind among sharply cut, steep ridges of granite, gneiss, and greenstone. It was a scene of strangely mingled beauty and grandeur, as we sat that evening among the wild flowers at the foot of the ruinous precipice of drift, with birds singing all around us in the trees or on the hill sides, and the amber light of an Arabian sunset

* The boulders of this moraine were chiefly granite, varying from the size of a pea to masses of many cubical feet in bulk. We remarked instances here, as in so many other parts of the Peninsula, of boulders in which there was a clear junction of granite and greenstone. This phenomenon occurs very frequently likewise in the case of rocks in situ, and some examples of it are singularly striking and impressive.

drenching the rock-panorama with many-coloured splendour, or burying its mountain masses in shadows of awful darkness.

In the course of the following morning (the 26th), we travelled most of the length of the Wadi Feiran; and it may not be unsuitable to reproduce the substance of the notes which we made on camel-back during the four or five hours' march which brought us to our tents in the palm groves at the foot of Serbal. We mounted a little before 9 o'clock, under great heat of the sun. To the right, the greenish-hued rampart, with its patches and ribbon-like stripes of red, apparently all granite, greenstone, and gneiss, was backed by towering mountains of dim white shaded with lavender. On our left, rose the broken wall of drift, with large white and black hawks sailing lazily in the brilliant light-blue sky above it. In front, a row of ridges, peaks, and pyramids crowded into view, with the mountain shell of Serbal in misty purple cleaving the heavens behind them, its base buttressed by two huge humps of crystalline rock, half light, half shade, all green and brown—these same humps being the sides of the Wadi in the distance. So we set off among the aromatic plants and flowers which tufted the sandy, boulder-strewed, water-trenched floor of the valley, the camels each following his fancy and making a prolonged breakfast as he went, but all moving towards the ravine into which the Wadi narrowed a little in advance. Within the first fifteen minutes of our ride, we were compelled to make a considerable *détour* to avoid going over a wall of drift which ran across the Wadi. This brought us near to the mountain sides to our right, which looked as if the general bulk of them was clothed in serpent-skin; while beautiful yellow-green patches of a species of saxifrage rested here and there upon their parched and sombre steeps. At 9.15 we entered the narrower part of the Wadi, a hot, strong wind, charged with the smell of innumerable desert plants, meeting us as we moved forward. Half-an-hour after broad parallel dykes of what seemed to be granite or felspathic rock were seen running through the mountain masses on either hand—even to ungeological eyes a most striking and imposing spectacle. At 10 we found ourselves in an elliptical basin of mountains, with great rock protuberances jutting forth from the sides of the Wadi, or standing isolated on the level of it, while a vast mass of very green greenstone presented itself in situ side by side with granite. Meantime the sand-wind began to blow in blinding, roaring gusts, as it had done the day before in the Wadi Mukatteb. As we advanced slowly and painfully, all

was moistureless, vitrified, wild, stupendous. Every now and then we were seemingly landlocked. The quiet, naked magnificence of the Wadi, as we went winding through it, sometimes at sharp angles, was not to be described. At 10.45 a grand mountain prospect revealed itself in front round a bend of the Wadi. The ridge of Serbal, which had been for some time hidden, came suddenly full into view through the sand-mist, with piles of mountains packed beneath it, stretching upward toward its breast. The heat by this time was overpowering, and the clouds of sand driving directly down the valley increased the discomfort which it caused us not a little. A bird, with a note not much unlike the English garden-warbler, found no difficulty, notwithstanding, in making music for us here. Still less did the beetles—of which we here caught a magnificent sample, with a back like a locust's—seem to be hindered at all from going through their usual exercises of running and hunting on the torrid sands.* At 11 not only were the peaks of Serbal distinctly seen, but also the various configurations of the surface of the mountain. Soon after, we passed one of the numerous small branch Wadis or *Sils*, which we had struck from time to time along the course of Feiran, having numerous blocks and boulders of what we took to be white granite scattered about at the entrance of it. Half-an-hour later, where a mountain of gneiss met us at a bend of the valley, we might have been going where Tennyson carries his gallant "Six Hundred;" so deep and cavernous was the gloom into which we were plunged on a sudden. About this point the floor of the Wadi was painted into a most picturesque motley by drifted blocks of granite and felspathose rock, straw-coloured, buff, lavender, yellow, brick-red, blood-red, grey, &c. The variety of shade was wonderful. Just before 12 a Sinaitic inscription appeared on a red rock to the left quite low down. Soon after, where another Wadi went off to the left, an enormous pile of drift, some thirty or forty feet thick at least, stood against the mountain side. Beyond, a great red vein was seen ribboning the breast of the left-hand mountain, while the mountain rocks to the right were covered with plants up to the top, and ghurkuds and acacias adorned the base. Now a cross cut upon a rock. Then came another prodigious accumu-

* Beetle fanciers should visit the Sinaitic Peninsula. They will find there the objects of their interest in every conceivable sort and size. The beetles may be obtained in abundance both by day and night, and within the tent at all hours almost as freely as in the open air. Portmanteaus and bedclothes also will often serve the purpose of self-acting nets for catching, not only beetles, but all kinds of insects, great and small.

lation of drift on the right. At this time the heat in the Wadi was dreadful, the thermometer reading 93° in a basket carried by one of the company in front of him as he rode his camel. At 12.15 several Sinaitic inscriptions appeared on detached rocks at the bottom of the mountain on our left. A little farther on the camels seemed to suffer a good deal from having to make their way over a thick drift deposit filled with enormous boulders. At 12.25 a sharp bend in the Wadi brought us in sight of another Sinaitic inscription, and just beyond there was a magnificent opening with Serbal as its culminating glory. There we found a considerable sprinkling of acacias, but they looked winterly, their leaves being only just on the point of forming. A tolerable carpet of green, too, began to show now upon the Wadi; only it was a very thin and tattered "Kidderminster," not the rich, dense "Brussels" which our expectation looked for. So far the Wadi Feiran had turned out very unlike what we supposed; it had abundantly less vegetation, and the scenery was unspeakably more wild, and weird, and sublime. At 12.40 a few stunted palms, with acacias, broom, &c., gave notice of our approach to Heswa, a well-known resting place of pilgrims, and the doorway to the lovely palm region in which the Wadi Feiran terminates. Here we found Bedouin houses built of rough stones and untrimmed palm trunks; wells, too, protected by logs of palm put round them; and, what was best of all after the water, groups of palms, fine *nebeks* bearing their fast ripening fruit, half cherry, half crab apple, and other trees and shrubs, amidst the shade and green of which our camels wandered with no less satisfaction to themselves than to their scorched and blinded riders. In half-an-hour more the graceful twin peaks of El Benat rose to view behind green-brown mountains in front of them: to the right was the Wadi Aleyat, leading up to Serbal, with the low ruin-capped hill at its mouth, where tradition makes Moses to have sat while Amalek was defeated: immediately beyond, to the left, creeping up the mountain side, were to be seen the broken, tumbled remains of the ancient town and bishopric of Pharan; and close before us, running on as far as the eye could carry, a long ravine, bounded on either side by steep and most picturesque mountain walls, filled with groves of palm, tamarisk, nebek, &c.—the Arabian paradise, and worthy of its name. A few moments longer, and we were dismounting at our tents among the palms, and almost as soon were prostrate on the sand, drinking eagerly of the living water which runs down the Wadi and makes glad this Eden of the desert.

Ritter says, it is much to be wished that we had more minute accounts of the Pharan ruins. We examined the ruins soon after reaching our tenting-place beyond them; but we fear we can add little, except in one or two particulars, to what is already known on the subject. The first set of ruins to which we directed attention were those described above as lying on the mountain-side to the left of our course along the Wadi, and nearly facing the entrance of the Wadi Aleyat. Here we found a large number of houses running up the steep, not unlike the modern Arab huts in their style of architecture, and huddled together without any discernible order or arrangement. They were mostly built of boulders and fragments of stone taken from the mountain or the neighbouring drift. Not unfrequently hewn stones were to be seen; sometimes short lengths of wall built of such stones. Cement was used in many cases. All the houses were open at top. Some of them originally had more than one storey. There were what we judged to be places for windows in the higher parts of some of the walls. The doorways were low; often with a single short stone as lintel, placed upon two other short stones as side posts. The doorways, in not a few instances, were closed with palm-planks, either loose or fitted to the size of the opening, and secured with clay, stones, or iron chain: all this, of course, being the work of the Bedwins of the Wadi, who appear to use the ancient buildings as temporary dwellings and storehouses. Little niches, or recesses, were observed in the inner walls of a multitude of the buildings, and in some of the houses were caves, leading, we knew not how far, into the depths of the mountain; pits, likewise, in the floors, apparently burial places, not unlike those in the grottoes of Egypt, as at Beni Hassan and elsewhere. While the majority of the houses were mean in their construction, some were more solid, lofty, and spacious, and altogether followed a more respectable model than the rest. All, however, appeared to have been constructed quite as much for defence as comfort. They were castles and places of refuge as well as homes. In one of the walls we found a block of red sandstone over an entrance, with a weathered bead ornament upon it. In another place a millstone had been built into a wall. Close to the millstone we lighted upon a very interesting monument. It was the lintel of the doorway of what appeared to be the most important building in the place—the episcopal palace, not impossibly. It was a large single block of stone, having at either end a large cross, contained within a circular band, carved upon it, the middle part of the stone being occupied by

a row of three arches, with a double line of inscription above them. The crosses at the two ends nearly fill the breadth of the stone. The one to the left is much defaced, that to the right is perfect. The arches were originally filled with figures, probably of Christ and His apostles. A standing figure with uplifted hands is still quite visible in the arch to the left. Several small crosses, apparently of later date than the main carvings, are cut on different parts of the stone. The inscription, which contains about fifty letters, is, to all appearance, Coptic. It has suffered from age. We copied it carefully, but have not, as yet, been able to interpret it. It is a writing well worthy of critical attention from Egyptologers and ecclesiastical scholars. Tischendorf and, possibly, others have spoken of this inscription. We believe it has not been hitherto noted that the language of it is Coptic; nor has any minute description been given before of the stone on which it is carved.*

A rough clamber down among the granite blocks and wild-flowers brought us again to the flat of the Wadi, on the opposite side of which is "Rephidim." It is a small hill, standing like an island-rock at the junction of the Wadis Aleyat and Feiran, surrounded by magnificent mountains, with scanty room about it for any such battle as that described by Moses in connection with the attack upon Israel by Amalek. In ancient times, the hill seems to have been ramparted. Many parts of it are covered with remains of buildings. The substructures of the buildings were stone; for the upper parts, mud taken from the drift of the neighbourhood was often used. On the north side were indubitable remains of a church, with fragments of columns, a portion of the apse, &c. The top of the rock showed lines of wall running in various directions. Evidently the whole hill, as well as the rising ground to the south of it, had once been thickly occupied by buildings. Ruins crowned the crests and ridges of several mountains adjacent, and the mountain on the south side of the entrance to the Wadi Aleyat was much grottoed both at its base and through its middle slope. Plainly Pharan was once a populous and flourishing Christian settlement. If it was built and originally held in face of an enemy, there was every sign of a Christian possession of the region, which was eventually quiet, and, in its quietness, of no very brief continuance.

Farther on in this paper we shall say a word or two on the

* Mrs. Lieder, of Cairo, informs us, that she has in her possession a "rubbing" of this inscription.

much-vexed question of the respective claims of Gebel Serbal and Gebel Musa to be the Sinai of Moses. Here, it may not be without its service if, even after the eloquent and masterly account by Stanley, we describe an ascent of Serbal, which the writer and a friend made on the 26th of March, the day following that of our arrival in the Wadi Feiran.

We set out from our tents in Feiran at 4.40 in the morning, accompanied by two Bedwin guides carrying a skin of water, a bundle of eatables, and sundry very modest pieces of cooking apparatus. The night had been stormy, the wind blowing in vehement gusts with ominous lulls between; and not only were our Bedwins indisposed to go, but we ourselves were half inclined to question the wisdom of venturing so high above the palm tops. We decided, however, to make the attempt. The sky was a good deal overclouded, when we set out, though the moon still had power, and day was already dawning. We had no choice of routes. Our path lay up the broad Wadi Aleyat, the mouth of which opened on Wadi Feiran not many hundred yards below the spot where we were tented. We were scarcely out of Feiran, before we found ourselves threading a difficult track amongst the boulders and fragments of a huge moraine which chokes the valley from end to end, whilst vast mountain ramparts of granite, braided and ribboned with dykes of felspar, greenstone, and basalt, looked darkly down upon us from either side in the dull twilight.

The moraine up which we moved baffles all description. It was an enormous ocean-river, often of prodigious depth, made up of sand, gravel, and boulders of different rocks—especially granites. The boulders were the chief marvel of it. In point of size they ran the whole length of the scale from a mere pebble to rock-masses as large as a mammoth or a good-sized two-storey house. What was no less striking—at the same time that their surfaces were always water-worn and weathered to a general roundness of outline, the larger boulders were scooped and caverned into the wildest and most fantastic forms imaginable. Sometimes they took the shape of a colossal skull, or vertebra, or ball-and-socket joint. Sometimes you might fancy yourself surrounded by shells such as must have lain on the shores of Gulliver's Brobdignag, only he was not conchologist enough to speak of them; sometimes a coarser imagination would have conjured up to itself a countless multitude of gigantic Dutch ovens, mushrooms, hour-glasses, gargoils, and frac-

tured bombs, all jumbled together in grotesque and portentous chaos. Had good old Dr. Borlase been with us, he would have gone into an antiquarian frenzy over the altars, the sacrificial basins, the troughs and reservoirs for water or the blood of victims, which the Druidical forefathers of those twin-races, the Cornish and the Amalekites, had carved out of the rocks in this "unked" seat of their blood-loving superstition. The boulders lay at every conceivable angle, and were piled upon each other to heights which almost made one tremble to think of the forces which have wrought to produce phenomena of such stupendous magnitude and awfulness.

For some distance up the Wadi the difficulty of the journey was much increased by the circumstance that innumerable sherds of red felspathic rock lay scattered about in every direction, adding greatly to the labour of climbing among the larger blocks and masses of stone already described. If the travelling was toilsome, however, there was much to set over against it. From the very outset, the air was filled with the perfume of *ser*—supposed, without reason, by some to be the first element in the name of the mountain—and other desert plants. A multitude of wild flowers, too, shot out of the sand, or filled the crannies of the rocks. Moreover, the rugged mountain-slopes on either hand grew more and more picturesque as the advancing light brought out their divers hues of purple, green, and brown; while behind us, far overtopping Feiran and its majestic walls of rock, the gentle peaks of El Benat gleamed with a russet glory under the rays of sunrise. To crown all, Serbal itself in front revealed its magnificent peaks and clefts with a constantly increasing clearness and impressiveness, the spectacle being all the grander because of the clouds, which now and again swept impatiently over its summit.

Some three-quarters of a mile or so up the valley we found ancient stone buildings, belonging apparently to the period of the Christian hermits. Here and there likewise, both below and above this point, there were small groups of palm or acacia. Perhaps a mile and a half from the entrance of the Wadi we met with Sinaitic inscriptions and figures on the rocks—these same writings continuing to present themselves at intervals up to the top of the mountain. Besides the now familiar characters, we observed representations of a man on horseback, a man with lifted arms holding a sword in one hand and a shield in the other, ibexes with prodigiously long horns, forms of animals which seemed to be intended for goats, and various non-

descript creatures, which the ingenious author of *Israel in the Wilderness** might view with reverence indeed, but which, we assure him, even he could not look upon without a feeling of amusement.

In about an hour and a quarter's brisk walking we reached what might be considered the roots of the mountain, the Wadi sweeping round to the right, and hiding from view the coloured peaks of El Benat and their magnificent accompaniments. By this time the sun had mounted above the valley wall behind, and threatened by his heat to add indefinitely to the toil of our further progress. His face, however, was soon clouded over; and the wind, which continued to blow heavily from the N.W., rendered the atmosphere cool and fresh; the precipices to our left meanwhile protecting us from its unchecked violence. The appearance of Serbal was now one of indescribable majesty. The whole assemblage of its stupendous heights, and of the no less stupendous depths which part them, stood forth to view. How to scale any one, much less one of the loftiest, of those bare mountain-bosses of granite, that reared themselves thousands of feet perpendicular above our heads, seemed a problem past solving; nor was much light shed upon it by the aspect of the Wadi Abu Hamad, or Wild Fig-tree Valley, up which our guides led the way for us from the Wadi Aleyat towards the summit of the mountain. The Wadi Abu Hamad is, in fact, a long, steep gorge, running up between two frightful walls of mountains to a platform of rock, some three-quarters of an hour's distance from the culminating peak of Serbal northward, and filled through its whole extent with rocks and boulders, like those which choke the Wadi below it, only still more prodigious, and still more wildly tumbled and heaped in their ruinous confusion. Near the bottom of this almost inaccessible staircase, a spring flows from the base of the precipice to the right into a small natural basin, whence it falls gently to the rock a little way beneath, and almost immediately disappears among the neighbouring boulders. This is the spring which Dr. Stanley makes to issue from the mountain "amidst moss and fern."† We were not fortunate enough to discover

* It is not fair of Mr. Forster to speak as he does (*Israel, &c., p.* 61) of Dean Stanley's "laboured attempt to throw ridicule upon the rude delineations of animals, especially . . . the ibex," as seen in the Wadi Aleyat; and to insinuate that none but "a neological eye" could discern in them "disproportion and deformity." There is no trace of any unworthy design in the language employed by Stanley; and we entirely agree with him in doubting whether the ibexes and other animal figures have "any serious signification."

† If the fern at the Serbal spring was the creation of fancy, it was to be seen elsewhere. We afterwards found the "maiden-hair" growing at a fountain on Gebel Musa.

these pleasant additions to the charms of the spot; and we were captious enough to surmise that the confervæ which painted the water and the rocks about it, might have led the gifted professor unconsciously to transfer to Arabia the romance of Devonshire and the English lake district. We had been advertised that the water of this Serbal spring was bad. We drank it critically, notwithstanding the thirst which we brought to it, and were agreed that nothing could surpass its sweetness. It was about 6 o'clock A.M. when we reached the spring; and, after resting awhile—for we were already much heated and wearied—we replenished our water-bottle, and then set out on our dizzy climb to the top of Abu Hamad. With great difficulty, we accomplished this in about three hours. The ascent was not particularly dangerous, except where huge boulders, lying together, with hideous gulfs yawning between them, threatened us at every step with fracture of leg or skull. The strain and labour, however, were enormous; and, had it not been for the frequent and timely help of our Bedwins, and for the strength which we gained from our resolution, our water-skin, and a long series of rests, we should never have gained the summit. As it was, our tongues literally "clave to the roof of our mouths," so that at times we could scarcely articulate; and more than once we were thrown into alarm by a faintness, which promised to place us in most embarrassing circumstances. It was up, and up, and still up. Often we were obliged to take to our hands and knees, in order to make our way over the monster boulders and rock-masses: and the ridge above us seemed only to recede higher and higher into the air, as if in mockery of our attempts to reach it, the more eagerly we climbed and scaled. Apart from their native agility, our guides performed the climbing with greater ease than we did, through their going barefoot. Where the hard ascent began they hung their sandals on a wild fig, and so gained a hold on the granite, which was vainly essayed by our inelastic boot-soles.

Meantime, as we slowly mounted upward, we found ourselves surrounded by scenes of unlooked-for magnificence. El Banat had not long retired behind the mountain to our right before a noble panorama opened to us over the peninsula E. and S.E. of Serbal; and we gazed with admiration and awe on the distant Gebel Musa and the towering mountain group of which it is the glory. In a little while, however, the sun became hidden by clouds; the face of the sky was covered with dense masses of moving mist; the landscape beneath us disappeared; the wind rushed tempestuously with

loud roar through the chasms and gorges of the mountain; rain fell at intervals either in heavy drops or smart showers; and not unfrequently the summits above us were invisible for a time in the wrack and whirl of the elements which beat about them. It was an awful spectacle—Serbal in storm. The last ten minutes before reaching the crest of the Wadi were a mounting not to be forgotten. Nothing was to be seen above us but a sheer edge, over which the wind came pouring from the Gulf of Suez like a furious torrent; and what was to become of us on reaching it, when we were already compelled to cling hard to the rocks, lest the sudden gusts should carry us away, was a question which we could not help revolving with some anxiety. Happily the wind granted us truce while turning the ridge; and what before was nothing—the part of the mountain beyond the sharp line that bounded our view below—revealed itself now as a broad, uneven platform of weathered granite, held up in the arms of prodigious domes and peaks that rose majestically above, and presenting us over its farther border with a brief but charming prospect of the Red Sea and the coast line running up it as far as eye could reach. Even here there still remained for us some forty minutes' climb up the giant pile of rock which formed the northern peak of Serbal. This was not easy; for though artificial staircases of stone assisted us here and there, the rain and wetting mist had made the face of the granite slippery, and it was often hard to avoid rolling miserably down into fathomless abysses beneath. It was while we were accomplishing this last stage of our ascent, that we witnessed a phenomenon, which might well have shaken stronger nerves than ours. An enormous volume of dense white vapour came suddenly roaring through the gorge which had discovered the sea to us, and sweptacross the platform on which we had stood a moment before, precisely as if a mountainous steam engine was discharging its boiler between the gigantic precipices right and left. With the good help of our Bedwins, however, we made our way safely; and amidst the rich smell of the *ser* and other fragrant plants, which we found growing at our journey's end even more luxuriantly than through the course of it, we passed through a narrow defile of red granite which led to the summit, and sought shelter from the wind and cold under a huge caverned boss of rock that formed part of the mountain-top. Here we cowered, all shivering like aspen leaves, while the Bedwins lighted a fire and boiled us coffee. Then the ready sword of one of the Arabs—an admirable substitute for our forgotten knives—

carved our chicken for us, and cut up our bread and other provisions; and we ate and drank together in that strange place, and were soon able, notwithstanding our fatigue and the cruel cold, to explore our position ,and appreciate more precisely the sublimity and terror of it. It was a scene of unutterable grandeur. Such mountainous bosses and humps of smooth granite towering into the clouds, and running down headlong into gulfs below, which it made one shiver to look into, we never saw before, and never expect to see again. We do not know what the Cordillera or the Himalaya may be; but we can scarcely suppose them to offer anything more wild and overawing in their scenery than the marvellous head of Serbal, with its rounded granite pyramids, its arched plates of crystalline cliff, its all but bottomless gorges and crevasses, and the Titanic magnitude of the boulder masses, which hillock its peaks and stream down its fissured sides. To us the terribleness of all this was enhanced by the tempest, which, with occasional remission, continued to lash the mountain through the whole period of our stay upon it. How the mists hurried over the mountain sped by the vehemence of the wind that rushed roaring through the gorges, as if it would carry a hundred Serbals away with it; how now and again our horizon was reduced in a moment to an area of a few square yards, peak and boss and precipice and everything being lost in the thick clouds that swept over us; how at intervals the giant heights of the mountain stood out like islands above the ocean of white vapour that washed their breasts, and hid their steep slopes from our view; how once and twice and thrice the air grew clearer for a while, and gave us glimpses of the vast panorama of mountain range and wadi, stretching away and away in endless labyrinth and with unspeakable distinctness of definition and wealth of colouring to the Gulf of Akaba; all this it would be idle to attempt to picture in language. One such revelation of the landscape beneath will be for ever memorable. The light of the sun so fell upon the mountains east and south, as to bring out the lines of their rocks with all their dykes and veins in the freshest and most fairy-like manner conceivable, while the wadis, which ran among the ridges, showed like rivers of silver winding and coursing far and near over the illuminated rock-map.

After we had well inspected the neighbourhood of our dining place, we went up to the "tortoise back," which forms the highest point of this part of Serbal, and there on our hands and knees, benumbed with cold, and clutching the great stones

of the cairn to prevent ourselves from being blown over the mountain top, we let our eye range, as the elements allowed, over the great expanse of the Peninsula, and waited in hope that fuller revelation might come with kindlier conditions of the atmosphere. As time wore on, however, and there was still no prospect of amendment, we resolved to descend, having first made a hasty survey of the rocks within our reach in search of Sinaitic inscriptions. On this point Stanley is undoubtedly wrong, and Burckhardt right. "On Serbal," says Stanley,* speaking of the inscriptions, "I think we could hardly have overlooked any; but we saw no more than three, though it is difficult to reconcile this with the statement of Burckhardt, that he had there seen many inscriptions." Our own observations agree with those of Burckhardt. It is by no means unlikely that there are inscriptions on the top of the mountain which we did not see. We certainly saw them, however, in four or five different places, and one very large granite boss on its upper sloping surface was completely covered with them.

Our ascent of Serbal occupied four hours and three-quarters. We were about two hours on the top of the mountain. Five hours were consumed in the descent. The process of descending was dangerous at first, through the slipperiness of the wet granite; afterwards it was simply most fatiguing. One grand display of landscape from the head of Abu Hamad atoned for much of the toil and pain we underwent. The clouds lifted as by magic from the prospect below, and hung over it like an umbrella, while all the glorious detail showed itself mapped out and richly coloured before our eyes. What else could we think of but "the face of the covering" taken away from off the land of Ishmael? Some while later a partial clearing of the sky gave us another sight of Sinai, and strangely enough discovered to our view the almost-awful spectacle of a "pillar of cloud" passing in the far distance along the front of the holy mount. So we went on exhausted and footsore, the weariness running hard upon collapse at certain points of the journey. We followed the lead of our Bedwins mechanically. The way seemed to lengthen with every hundred yards of our progress. Rest after rest was taken; but we were not rested. Even the delightful spring relieved us but for a moment. The Wadi Aleyat appeared endless. It did end. By about 5 p.m. we were thankfully resting in our tents among the blessed palms of Feiran.

* *Sinai and Palestine*, p. 61.

The day following we had the opportunity of walking at leisure some distance up the Wadi, in the direction of Sinai. For a while we followed the delicious running stream which is the praise of all visitors to Feiran. It ran almost close to the mountain wall of the valley to our left, a prolonged grove of palms and other trees lying to the right. In and about the water we found brooklime, with its blue flowers, exactly as in England; a kind of ice plant; what appeared to be willow herb, only without smell; mallows likewise; also rushes, grass, and abundance of the less romantic conferva. The floor of the Wadi was everywhere made up of sand and drifted pebbles and boulders. Many fallen palms were strewn about. The standing ones were ill-pruned, old withered branches being allowed to remain and draggle on the ground. Soon we came to stone enclosures and booths or tabernacles formed of palm branches, with camomile growing on the Wadi around them. In several cases untrimmed palms were made to form umbrella-like shelters and flat or sloping house-roofs. At a point where the mountain sides were wondrously banded with dykes of red, we lighted upon a Bedwin cemetery. A multitude of stones was set up, chiefly pointed. Often two stood together at the head of a grave and two at the feet, while a bit of palm-leaf was stuck between each pair of stones—this last a remnant, doubtless, of the decorations of the recent festival of the dead held on the first day of Beiram. Sometimes, we observed, the graves were wholly or partially enclosed with low walls of loose stones. Farther on, the mountain to the right showed a highly quartzose whitish granite, scored with parallel lines and veinings of a subordinate granite of a beautiful pink colour. Near this the same side of the Wadi presented curious alternations of granite and gneiss. Sorrel and scentless mignonette were found hereabouts growing on the sandy level of the valley. The geological phenomenon, which most struck us during our walk, was one which we next encountered. On the mountainous precipices to the right, patches, some larger, some smaller, of yellowish stratified mud enclosing boulders, were seen at various heights, in several instances heights of not less than 100 or 150 feet up, adhering to the sides of the mountain. On our way back to our tents we remarked this phenomenon again on the opposite or north side of the Wadi; but it was on a smaller scale than that of the south side. When was that drift deposited? what was the elevation of Feiran above the sea-level, when the deposition took place? and how was the Wadi then related to Serbal and the more southern

mountain-groups of the Peninsula? To what causes, moreover, are we to attribute the excavation of the drift, which must once have filled the Wadi, to its present depth?* The geologist who shall thoroughly explore the Sinaitic Peninsula, and write worthily upon it, will achieve for himself a well-earned scientific immortality. We can scarcely imagine scientific labour at once more desirable and more sure to command its just recompense, than the two brilliant monographs, which we trust are by-and-by to be written, on the geology of Egypt, and on that of the Peninsula of Sinai.

At the remotest point from our tents reached at this time we found a Bedwin booth with a family in it. Near the entrance coffee was pounding; within sat two women wearing horns, one of them nursing—what we had hardly seen before in the East—a tolerably clean baby. The lady of our company could not resist the temptation of taking this little rarity into her arms; and, though the mother appeared somewhat fearful, she was so far in advance of the Egyptian women as to permit the licence. Looking back from this spot, there was Serbal in the distance, lifting its head above the walls of mountain which crossed in front of him; nearer, the Wadi formed one great garden of palm, tamarisk, nebek, apricot,† and other trees of beauty or use; while castle-like ruins frowned upon us from a shoulder of the mountain to the right. As we set out to return, one of the Bedwins from the booth joined us, and walked before us down the Wadi. He wore a white dress with a felt skull-cap, "and had a leather girdle about his loins." His face was kindly, but he was remarkably erect and independent in his carriage. He had, in more than ordinary degree, that jerking motion of the hips in walking, which is so observable among the Bedwins. Moving on, with dragon-flies every now and then darting around us, and nightingales singing on the mountain sides, we came to the source of the stream which runs down the Wadi. It oozes out of the sand near the middle of Wadi, and flows in all perhaps a mile as far as Aleyat. The view down the channel of the water was very pretty; the blue-green, rambling tamarisks on either hand; palms in advance; the stream crossing and recrossing the vista; and, as far as the eye could see, embroidering the grass which attended the water all down its course, groups of purple petunias and other flowers in full bloom.

* Lepsius and others have speculated on some of these questions.—*Ritter*, vol. i., pp. 301.

† Ritter (vol. i. p. 308) endorses Burckhardt's statement, that the apricot does not grow in the Wadi Feiran. It is there now.

Then we plunged into a grove of trees, and, after rough travelling over prostrate trunks and branches of palm, made our way past a garden of nebek, their fruit showing green, yellow, and red, all at once, back to the point from which we started. The early night saw us watching Orion and Pleiades among the soft, dark tops of the palms, while our Bedwins sat round their fire and made *chiaroscuros*, such as Rembrandt only dreamt of when his dreams were brightest.

Soon after seven the following morning we had mounted our camels, and with a glorious sun shining down the Wadi, and bringing out the intense green of the palms, we were moving single file, lay and cleric, Englishman, Nubian, Arab, Egyptian, camel, and camel gear, towards the burning desert which divided us from Sinai. Here, of course, we retraced, for a while, our steps of the day preceding, with nebeks, tamarisks, and date-palms all around, and the magnificent russet mountains rearing themselves close to us on either side of the ravine. Soon a great mass of mud-drift presented itself, with rounded surfaces and hollows in them looking towards the Wadi. Presently a dyke of salmon-coloured felspar came down the mountain-side in giant steps, like the steps of a pyramid. Soon after, more drift showed itself on the mountain-side to the left. Then again, we had it standing totteringly, like a decayed pyramid, upon the right. Often the drift, whether higher up the mountains or lower, was streaked and honeycombed, plainly by the action of water. Large boulders also appeared in it, chiefly in the masses near the base of the mountains. The highest drift deposit would not be less than 150 feet above the existing floor of the Wadi. As we rode on, the Wadi began to wind; a cool wind met us; and pink-brown mountains came into view with deep violet shadows. Still the horizontally-stratified mud drift continued to appear at short intervals on both sides of the valley; now as a wall of some eight or ten feet high, running under the foot of the mountain; now stacked in protected places, as at the mouth of ravines, particularly on their upper sides; now as broken yellow cliffs, backed by soaring masses of granite, felspar, porphyry, and other crystalline rocks of the district. It was a curious picture — the mild-looking light-coloured drift strata in front, and close behind them the stern, dark, rugged mountains, that seemed to look down upon them with mingled anger and contempt. In the course of an hour from starting, we had distanced the last palm-tree of the Wadi, the tamarisks only remaining to cheer us with their green, and our foreground in all directions was an indescribable

motley of masses of drift taking the most various and fantastic forms; cones, pyramids, towers, ramparts, batteries, house-walls, gable-roofs, hay-stacks, ovens, bee-hives —the most accomplished word-painter could not say what forms they did or did not take. Verily, earth and water played strange gambols on the way to Feiran before our grandfathers, or Pharaoh's either, ever thought of peering into the nature of things! So we bade farewell to the Sinaitic paradise, and took our thirsty course over sand and rock by the famous ladder of Nakb-el-Hawi and the noble outspread of Wadi Raha, to the valley of the Sinai Convent and the mountain glories of Musa and Katrin.

With respect to the convent of St. Catherine, we have nothing to say, either as to its history, its architecture, the manner of life followed by the monks who live in it, or the relations in which it stands to the Bedwin tribes of the southern peninsula; on all these points very full and satisfactory accounts will be found in our author. We are sorry that we cannot endorse the representation which Ritter gives of the intelligence of the monks. Though they are almost to a man Greeks, the mass of them cannot even read the text of the precious Greek MSS. of Scripture contained in their library; and in all our communications with them as guides, we found them utterly empty and wooden. High and low alike among the brethren, however, showed us the utmost civility and kindness; nor were we disposed to attribute this wholly to the liberal bakshish which they received from our company, though certainly they made no attempt to veil the keenness of their love for dollars and sovereigns. The only instance of anything like impropriety occurred in the melancholy charnel-house. Here, to the right of the entrance, the upper skeleton of the last superior had been mounted on a box or barrel, with a red tarbosh stuck jauntily upon the skull; and the monk who showed us round, as we went out, gave the ghostly object a push, at the same time looking to us for the smiles which his performance did not draw.

One passage in Ritter, referring to the Sinai Convent, we may be permitted to remark upon. In vol. i., p. 237, Mr. Gage writes: "In the apartment which was formerly occupied by the Archbishop, there is said to have been seen by many travellers a beautiful Greek MS. written in letters of gold and illuminated; but Tischendorf was unable in his first visit to obtain any trace of it, notwithstanding the favour shown him by the librarian of the convent, who permitted him to take many other MSS. to his own room and copy them there." It

should have been added, that, when at Sinai on his last Mediterranean journey, Tischendorf not only saw the golden MS., but was able so far to examine it as to determine it to be an evangelarium, and not what European scholars generally had, up to that time, believed it to be—a codex of the Greek Gospels or even of the entire Testament. In his *Aus dem heiligen Lande*, published in 1862, Tischendorf describes the manuscript in brief, and expresses his opinion as to the time at which it was written. The writer of this paper, in company with the friend who mounted Serbal with him, had the golden MS. in his possession for several hours during the visit which they paid together to the convent in 1864; and without knowing that Tischendorf had anticipated them in the discovery of the true character of the MS., they not only verified his observations, but were able to make out a list of the Gospel passages contained in the volume, and to prepare a pretty full account of the form, material, writing, and other characteristics of this best-prized, though not most precious, treasure of the Sinai library. The substance of the notes which were taken on that occasion will be found in the numbers of the *Athenæum* for the 12th and 19th of November, 1864. It may be proper to state further, that on one of the days on which we inspected the golden MS., the superior of the convent showed us hastily two or three very ancient uncial MSS. of the Greek Scriptures. One of them struck us as hardly inferior in age to some of the most valued Codices at present in the hands of biblical scholars; and we are persuaded that there are still MS. treasures in the keeping of the Sinai monks, which, if not rivals of Tischendorf's famous *Codex Sinaiticus*, may hereafter—unless, indeed, they are used for fire-paper—add much to the existing resources and appliances of biblical criticism. Among other literary curiosities, the monk who was with us while we examined the golden MS., produced a tattered papyrus volume, which seemed to be a MS. copy of the *Psalter* in Ancient Armenian. He told us, that no stranger had ever seen that MS. before. We took this for as much as it was worth; but, coupled with what the superior showed us, it raised the question strongly, what literary wealth there might not yet be in the convent, which the world knew nothing of, but would value above all gold if it could only lay hands on it. We may add, that in the estimation of the monks, the golden MS. is the palladium of their foundation. This the steward of the convent told us, speaking most seriously in his own name and that of his brethren. He stated further, what we suppose is a corollary of

their doctrine, that no money, as they said, would ever induce them to part with it. The migration of the great Sinai Codex to Europe was evidently a very sore place with the convent; and we heard Tischendorf spoken of in connection with this affair in terms which were anything but complimentary to his principles.

Ritter only does justice to the importance of the traditional Sinai, in the copious descriptions which he gives of the mountain group and its surroundings, and in the careful criticism which he expends upon the historic questions, which link themselves in particular to Gebel Musa and its rival Serbal. On the chief of these questions—namely, whether Serbal on the one hand, or Gebel Musa—whether the peak so named, or the mountain headland which fronts and joins on to it, Safsafeh, or both of them—on the other, is to be considered the scene of the giving of the law, we will simply express a judgment in a word or two. We had climbed Serbal, and so far as opportunity allowed, had scrutinised the neighbourhood of mountain. A few days after we were at what is commonly known as Sinai. Here we stayed for four or five days, and of course did our best to put ourselves in possession of all such knowledge as might warrant our forming an intelligent opinion on the great historico-geographical question of the Peninsula. We mounted Gebel Musa and Gebel Katrin. We made our way northward from the top of Gebel Musa along that wonderful spine of mountain, which unites the sacred peak with the rugged crest of Safsafeh. We examined the Wadi Raha, which stretches away north from the foot of the grand escarpment of Safsafeh on to Nakb-el-Hawi. We walked through the length of the Wadis west and south of the holy mountain. A gentleman of our company, well practised in the critical use of his senses, and remarkable for strength of judgment, rode his camel down the Wadi Sebaiyeh, east and south-east of Gebel Musa, for several hours in succession, with the simple view of ascertaining its dimensions and the relations in which it stood to Musa. We left nothing undone, indeed, which would enable us to base an opinion upon adequate observation and inquiry. And, so far as we know, the conclusion come to by our whole number was unanimous. All felt, that æsthetically Serbal ought to have been the theatre of the Divine legislation. It had a grandeur of elevation and form, such as Gebel Musa could not pretend to; and if the question were to go upon considerations of this class there could no longer be any doubt on the subject: Serbal was Sinai. But if Sinai,

wherever it was, must furnish room in its neighbourhood for the multitudes to whom God spoke, when He appeared on the mountain—room, where, though they might touch the mountain if they pleased, they could yet go afar off, and still be witnesses of all that transpired on the top of it, it was equally and most strongly felt, that Serbal could never by any possibility answer these conditions. We think there are two facts, which ought at once to put Serbal out of court. In the first place, Serbal could not be touched by the Israelites, and therefore could not be the mount about which bounds were to be set, lest the people should come nigh. In the second place there is not room—we do not hesitate to say, it is absurd to affirm that there is anything like room—for such a host as that of the Exodus to stand in the Wadis about Serbal, so as to see what the sacred narrative declares was to be seen by the spectators of the terrible glory of Horeb. With Gebel Musa, however—and we now include in this term, what is really part of the same mountain, the Ras Safsafeh—the conditions demanded by the sacred text ought surely to be recognised at length as fully satisfied. Gebel Musa is quite as truly in the "backside of the desert" as Serbal—to notice an objection of Mr. Foster's—whether your local reckoning takes Egypt as its base or Palestine. It may be closely approached on several sides, particularly on the north, where Safsafeh plunges down with a wall-like front upon the Wadi Raha. No one, we are satisfied, can stand at the bottom of Safsafeh, and lay his hand, as we have done, upon the flat of that stupendous precipice, without feeling, that here at least there is reason why bounds should be drawn, if the mountain must not be touched, and that so far Gebel Musa meets the requirements of the Scripture narrative as no other mountain height of the Peninsula could do. Then, as to the capabilities of the adjoining Wadis to hold the people, so that they might be at some distance from the mount and yet witness the displays of the Divine majesty upon it; though it is true that the very peak of Gebel Musa is not visible from the nearer end either of Raha or Sebaiyeh, the general summit of the mountain is distinctly seen from far and near; further, it is now determined beyond all doubt, that some little space down Sebaiyeh the peak of Musa likewise comes distinctly into view, and is not afterwards lost sight of through a great stretch of Wadi; and, with these conditions of sight provided for, it will surely not be disputed whether Raha, with its long-acknowledged amplitude of dimensions, and Sebaiyeh, with its recently discovered but unquestionably large reach of avail-

able area—to say nothing of subordinate Wadis—were together capable of containing the entire number of the Israelitish congregation. For our own part we should not fear the most rigorous application of Dr. Colenso's arithmetic and land-surveying in relation to this question; nor should we object, that the "mixed multitude" even should be taken in at a reasonable computation, and made an integral part of the host for which room must be found within sight of the mountain.

There is one outstanding difficulty in the way of the claims of Gebel Musa, as against Serbal, which, we candidly confess ourselves unable fully to dispose of. It lies in the fact, that the early Christian centuries appear to have generally identified Sinai with Serbal. Some of the evidence adduced by Mr. Foster on this point is valueless. The testimonies of Dionysius of Alexandria, and of Eusebius, for example, prove nothing. But it cannot be denied, that the Sinai of the fourth and one or two following centuries, was the mountain close to Pharan—which must of necessity be Serbal; while, on the other hand, obscurity rests upon the claims of Gebel Musa, so far as they depend upon the most ancient ecclesiastical sanction. At the same time we do not see how it is possible to plead with any reason for Serbal so long as the two great Scripture arguments against it, brought forward above, remain unanswered. In what has now been said, we have limited ourselves to a material point or two of this very curious controversy. It does not comport with our present design to enter into an elaborate discussion of the whole question. At present, however, we give our verdict in favour of Gebel Musa, and say that this is Sinai.

It was stated in the outset, that the writer passed from Sinai by the so-called southern route to Akaba, and thence by Nakhl, in the middle of the great Tin plateau, to Beersheba. Ritter has little to say upon the natural features either of this or of any other of the courses open to the traveller between Horeb and the Holy Land. And he explains by the fact, that so little is known in detail respecting the country, particularly the stony waste which forms its northern portion. Our own journey was accomplished between the 5th and the 18th of April, 1864. During the whole of this time we made minute notes in writing, chiefly, of course, on camel-back, as to everything belonging to the scenery, geology, botany, &c. of our line of march, which seemed at all worthy of observation. These notes would enable us to furnish a pretty accurate account of every part of the region through which we moved. It is impossible here, however, to give anything like an adequate

impression of objects so multitudinous and various as those which fell under our eye; and all that we can attempt is to furnish now a sketch and now a piece of more detailed description of the district and its characteristics.

We left Sinai at 8 a.m. on the 5th April, by the Wadi Sheikh, for Sahal and Hadhera. In less than two hours we found ourselves facing dusky iron-brown mountains, capped by horizontal strata of dull red sandstone. We were not prepared to meet with the sandstone so soon. Shortly after we had mountains of what appeared to be coarse grey granite, thickly dyked with felspar, to the left—their height not less than 500 or 600 feet—surmounted by the same red sandstone. This phenomenon continued to present itself till we were fairly upon the sandstone territory north of the crystalline mountain mass of the Peninsula. Before eleven o'clock, while our camels lunched on sorrel and cranesbill, and our Arabs were all on the *qui vive* a lizard hunting, the escarpment of Et Tin was visible, coloured most picturesquely fawn, light sulphur yellow, blue, pink, purple, and white. At noon, this same escarpment showed between intervening sandstone hills, distinctly yellow at top, light brown and pink in the middle, and buff and white below, while red sandstone capped the grey granite rocks between which we rode, on either hand. In the early afternoon we passed through a basin of limestone drift with sandstone hills surrounding us; then over a sandy level thickly covered with branching daisies like those seen in Malta; then again across a pavement of smooth sandstone striped with flesh-pink, purple, yellow, and other striking colours. From the painted pavement we looked back and saw Gebels Katrin and Musa, beautified past all drawing or describing, upon the remote horizon. About 2 p.m. the whole surface of the sandy Wadi, along which we moved, was strewed with fragments of variegated sandstone, much of it honeycombed; black clinkers likewise of sandstone were found in abundance; and we met with examples of the same rock, both detached and *in situ*, set densely with hard, black papillæ, or button-like protuberances, which rose from its surface. Before 3 o'clock our coloured pavement recurred, while on both sides of the Wadi the sandstone rocks exhibited a cuboidal structure—the appearance being due to a multitude of fissures, which ran at right angles to the plane of the much disturbed strata. Here the ground was covered with geodes, or "potato-stones," such as the monks of Sinai had given us on parting; no doubt this was the spot from which our presents were gathered. There were thousands on thousands of them. Some were as small

as a marble or nutmeg, others as large as a good-sized turnip. Some again were single, others clung in clusters of two or three together. A little before 3 p.m. we found ourselves upon a wide sandy plain, with the escarpment of Et Tin to the left. On the right there was a strange panorama of greenstone hills with red felspar dykes interlacing them, backed by pyramidal sandstone hills resembling piles of masonry. In front of us disjointed masses of sandstone, like ruined Cyclopean walls, ran across the Wadi. Beyond these were white sandstone hills—they appeared to be sandstone—topped by a fawn-coloured roofing. Daisies without number sprang at this point out of the sand of the Wadi, their faces all turned towards the westering sun. White siliceous drift now began to show itself, like that of the Arabian and Libyan deserts in Egypt, the sandstone rocks to the right reminding one, meanwhile, of colossal haystacks, or a number of whip-tops turned upside down and ranged in rows. At half-past three we had a magnificent view behind—Gebel Katrin, Gebel Musa, Om Shomer, &c. standing up in bewitching blue on the horizon. A quarter of an hour later, a white sandstone hill flanked our left; on the opposite side of the valley were greenstone and felspar hills capped with sandstone, and supported by sandstone rocks at either end; the huge mountain nucleus of the Peninsula, with Serbal and El Benat showing their peaks above the horizon, tower grandly behind in blue and purple, while in advance we saw a white and whitish-brown plain with hills like masonry around it, and far beyond—faint clouds they seemed upon the sky—the Arabian mountains, east of the Gulf of Akaba. Soon after we came upon broken ground, with richly coloured sandstone rocks crossing and paving it—white, yellow, pink under foot—such as Agamemnon might well have trembled to walk over. At the same time, much of the level was blackened with "clinkers," similar to those already described. Soon after 4 o'clock we were tracking a white-floored Wadi, edged to the left with yellow-green drift. Behind the drift rose a broken wall of rock masonry, towered over at back by the mountain precipices of Et Tin. To our right ran a terraced sandstone wall of prevailing brown colour, but tinged in its recesses with yellow, purple, and pink. Farther forward, each side of the Wadi was bordered by low sandstone walls, curiously striped and painted with lilac, buff, brown, purple, pink, and other colours, and not unfrequently capped with drift full of boulders. To the right, piles of sandstone took the quaintest and most grotesque forms, scarcely a touch of fancy being needed to see now a portentous mother

tortoise carrying its young one on her back, now a gigantic mollusk staring at you with saucer eyes like a Whitby ichthyosaur come to life again, now some other monstrosity, such as would have admirably served as a study for the ideas of the goblin-builders of the old world to work upon. About half-past 4, crossing some high ground to the left, we entered another Wadi, as it seemed, resembling the one we had left, the white ground being sprinkled with broom in flower, and here and there an acacia, while lofty sandstone rocks overspread the landscape, like islands left dry by a departed sea. By 5 o'clock we had reached our white tents at the foot of the Herimat Haggag, so famous for Sinaitic inscriptions. Just before sunset a spectacle of surpassing beauty opened before us from our tent-doors,—the cliffs and rock-stacks of the sandstone sea all aglow with the rich amber light of the west, and vast bergs of light blue mountain showing among them on the distant horizon. Then came Saturn and Jupiter and the oriental stars; and so our first day from Sinai ended.

The day following we passed through the Hadhera (Hazeroth) district. This is anything rather than the "featureless" region described in Murray's Handbook. It is a marvellous archipelago of steep and lofty sandstone islands, planted thickly on the floor of the desert, and presenting an endless variety of contour and aspect. Sometimes the islands are mere rocks; sometimes pillar-like stacks, alone or clustered; sometimes domed or sub-pyramidal hillocks; sometimes mountain masses supported by precipitous walls and overhung by beetling cliff-heads. Every moment the landscape shifted its form as we threaded our winding way among these dry-land "Laccadives." How the cunning of the waves and weather had fissured, and hollowed, and rounded, and fretted, and carved the exposed surface of the sandstone, no language can ever describe. The natural chiselling of the rock was most wonderful. The miniature colonnades worked out of the slopes and precipices, with rows of pillars in front; the long lines of birds'-nest hollows, which ought to be the handicraft of sand-martins, but were not; the beading, and bevelling, and filigree, and Gothic screen tracery, which showed in this rocky fairy-land, produced in us feelings of intense excitement, as we rode noiselessly along among its lights and shadows. To crown all, we seldom moved many score yards together without being startled by carvings and writings on the sandstone; rude figures of camels, generally with riders, goats, ibexes, nondescript quadrupeds; Christian crosses; and

many inscriptions in Sinaitic letters, in Greek and Coptic, and in both the Cufic and common character of the Arabic. The photographers, both the artistic and the literary, should lose no time in going to Hadhera.

The latter part of the day found us in very different scenery. As we approached our tenting ground at night we rode through a magnificent gorge of dark copper-coloured mountains some 1,000 feet high, which plunged from either hand with steep slope into the Wadi; grim black dykes cutting and banding them at various angles, while wild gourds, the size of a lemon, grew at their feet, and the bright green caper plant hung in festoons upon their awful sides. Still nearer our journey's end we were elbowing mountains even higher than those just named, these last being capped with horizontal layers of sandstone. When we reached our tents, we found ourselves in an indescribable crater-like basin of mountains, with the mouths of the Wadis Et Tih and El Wetir opening out of it, the one to the left the other to the right, amongst palms acting sentinel at the entrance. We saw nothing in the peninsula, except Feiran and its mountain, to compare with the mingled beauty and stupendousness of the scenery here; indeed the two elements were more intimately knit at Wetir than at Serbal. The floor of the desert on which we pitched was a thick drift containing boulders of granite, porphyry, and other crystalline rocks, mixed up with many-coloured flint and limestone. The red granite behind our tents had some 80 or 100 feet thickness of drift resting upon it. The mountains themselves appeared to be generally granite and greenstone. Close to the entrance of the narrow gorge of Wadi Wetir, towards which a stream of water was running, we found tamarisks in flower, their stems showing most curious excrescences caused by insects; also gigantic specimens of the poisonous *ushar* of Arabia and Egypt—here not a shrub, but a tree with woody stem and branches, its foliage looking like leaves of the broad bean enlarged in length, breadth, and thickness, and stuck upon a sprawling willow. The view of the mountain basin of Wetir, as we saw it some while after sunset, with the stars in full blaze above the mountain tops, and Pleiades caught in the nebulous veil of the zodiacal light, was a spectacle which a wise man, if he were able, would make a very long journey to witness.

Less than half a day's march from Wetir, through scenery, which, for grandeur and gloom, can have but few rivals throughout the world, brought us to the blue-bouldered, acacia-sprinkled shore of the Gulf of Akaba. What the blue of the sea itself was when it came into view, and what the

subtlety of that mysterious blending of pink-lilac and lilac-pink, which drenched the mountains on the opposite side of the gulf, we must leave to be described by greater word-masters than ourselves.

The next two days were spent in accomplishing the journey to Akaba. With the exception of one or two instances in which the build of the coast compelled us to move inland, our course lay along the sea-shore, an almost unbroken line of picturesque hills and mountains attending us upon the left. We regret that want of space obliges us to leave the detail of this section of our route—profoundly interesting as it was—for the greater part unnoticed. At one time, we were walking along the beach, irresistibly dragged from our camels by the masses of red coral, and the swarming pearl trochusses and other shells, which met our unaccustomed gaze. At another time, we were scrambling over a *talus* of loose grey and red-striped granite boulders, which ran down from the mountains to the water's edge; or we were moving easily over a natural pavement formed of similar boulders cemented together by coral, sand, and other material, and washed to smoothness by the waves. Now, we were doubling a rugged promontory of gneiss, the camels walking through the water—sometimes drinking it—and picking their way with difficulty among the loose and sharp-edged blocks which choked the passage. Again, we had turned from the sea, and were riding, with dusty red and green mountains right and left, up a Wadi littered with boulders of red sandstone, or more frequently with blocks of our ancient friends the granites, greenstones, and gneisses. On one occasion, after traversing a steep and broken mountain-pass, where our camels had much ado to keep their feet, we came down upon the south side of a beautiful bay, all but landlocked—evidently the summer bathing-place of some Edomite sea-goddess—with a charming view of the mountains beyond the gulf showing between lofty steeps at the entrance. This was near the close of our first day's march. Here our camels took to wading among blocks of gneiss, red granite, and greenstone, their track being varied by passages over gneiss-pavements such as those described above, or over stretches of beach richly variegated with shells, red and white coral, madrepore, sponges, and seaweeds. In rounding the bay, we were compelled to make a succession of sea-passages past a number of headlands which jutted into the water. At the north end itself a motley precipice of greenstone, granite, &c., ran so far into the water, that our

Bedwins insisted on our dismounting; and we clambered, men and camels apart, as best we could, across the obstruction to the smoother shore beyond. That same night, after nearly losing ourselves in the wilderness—an adventure pleasanter in the recollection than in the experience—we tented towards the head of a short, dull mountain-ramparted Wadi, the slope of which, covered with rough drift and trenched by water-courses, bore down to the not distant sea.

Between 7 and 8 in the morning, April the 9th, we descended our Wadi to the shore. At the entrance we had a clear view southward of the Gulf of Akaba. Across the gulf—here not wide—the eastern mountain held up a serrated ridge, in some directions two or three such ridges behind one another, all wrapped in misty blue. At the head of the gulf we saw Akaba itself, four or five hours' distance, its palms showing like a dark line on the landscape. As we moved along the shore we met with acacias and a few palms. The acacias presented a very odd appearance. They were exactly like a mass of vegetable star-fish, loosely matted together and sending forth a tangle of straggling arms, the whole being supported on the points of a stiff, branching tree-coral planted in the sand. Here the well-known island near the head of the gulf, crowned with the ruins, which our dragoman explained as *Roman antik*, formed a pleasing addition to the view. As we went on doubling a series of rocky promontories, the island, dark and picturesque, surmounted by its lines of turrets, its gaping walls, and its general downfall and decay, contrasted finely with the delicately-coloured sea and the soft-tinted, quiet, immutable mountains beyond. At 9 o'clock Akaba was hidden by a broad tongue of coarse, unsightly drift, over which we were to pass. Before reaching this, the water-washed pebbles of granite, gneiss, &c., which formed the beach, were seen mixed up with hundreds of beautiful madrepores and corals. At half-past 9 we had granite mountains on the shore, and beyond them in advance light sandstone cliffs, yellow at top, lilac, &c., in the middle, red at the base. At 10 we passed a group of date and dom palms, the latter untrimmed and bearing clusters of their black, ungracious fruit. The Bedwins threw stones at the fruit in passing, but did not care to repeat the operation. Now the shore became more open, and soon after we crossed a neck of land, having a hill between ourselves and the sea. At half-past 10 our camels waded round two or three headlands in quick succession. Here we observed much silky seaweed, often wrapped round the stones of the beach. The sea at this time was of a

rich dark lilac colour, with light blue stripes and patches. As we moved along the unsheltered, salt-crusted shore, the heat of the sun was intense, and the atmosphere oppressively sultry; mirage, too, danced in front of us, though not in this case mocking us with a show of water; and the weary way seemed endless. Before 11, low, dusky greenstone and granite hills lay on our left, with towers of broken drift beyond them, while fine plated mountains were visible across the gulf. At ten minutes past 11 we had sandstone rocks once more topped by dull, grey drift. Riding a little farther, among corals, water-washed palm trunks, and bleached bones of camels, we came to rough Wadi mouths, and to moraine cliffs, broken and tumbled like those at North Shields, only lighter in colour. These last continued for a considerable distance. At noon a large patch of sand crusted with salt introduced us to the head of the gulf. Here, looking to the north, to the right was the noble chain of the eastern mountains of the Arabah; to the left, purple and fawn-red heights rising above a great tongue of drab-coloured sand which filled the midspace; along the head of the gulf, which we were about an hour in passing, we saw before us a gently sloping and usually smooth beach. We had a fine exhibition of mirage at this point of our journey. In advance of us, as plainly as we ever saw anything, there was water, and a steep bank with large shrubs, almost trees, growing upon it. It was an illusion. In reality there was nothing but salt-whitened sand, a slight depression caused by a perfectly dry water-course, and a number of stunted desert bushes. These, exaggerated and mystified to our senses by the jugglery of the quivering atmosphere, were the elements out of which the imposture was created. We had a hard time of it in doubling the gulf. What with the terrific heat and the slipping of our camels in the slough which we encountered, it was no small comfort to lie down at last by the sea-side, under the shadowy palm grove of Eziongeber.

We must remit our readers to Ritter for Akaba and all that belongs to it. How we fully calculated before reaching it on going into Palestine by way of Petra; how we found on our arrival that the Arabs were at war, and the whole country in the direction of Petra unsafe; how we struggled with the Bedwin chiefs assembled at the time at Akaba to receive the great pilgrim-caravan, the Haj, from Cairo on its way to Mecca, with the view of obtaining permission to venture to Petra; how we drank coffee with Abu Rashid, the chief of all the chiefs of the country, just fresh from the slaughter of 300 men, in solemn conclave with the other chiefs and the Turkish

governor in the gate of the castle, and marked the grin of the truculent old sheikh, as he told us that, if we went, we should have our throats cut for our pains; how, after the meeting, we saw the fierce, swarthy Umrani Arabs whom we had hoped to press into our service, ride sullenly away on their camels; how we were fain at length to give up hope and turn our faces towards Nakhl, far away N.W. in the heart of the Tih plateau; how, five days after arriving at Akaba, we left behind us its palms, and figs, and pomegranates, and shells, and sea, and mountains, and traces of ancient buildings—sometimes of marble and alabaster—and started for the wilderness; how on the first day of this unwelcome journey we met the Haj *en route*, and so had the opportunity of seeing Mohammedanism under one of its saddest and most striking aspects: all this must be postponed in favour of a few hurried notes on the Tih, by way of bridging over the distance to Beersheba, where we end.

Ritter laments with reason that so little is as yet known of the Tih desert, whether of its scenery, its geology, its natural history, or its nomadic population. In travelling to the middle of the plateau and thence in a north-easterly direction to Judæa, we were able, of course, to make a multitude of observations on these or other points; and a few extracts from our notes written on the spot during the ten days of our journey may give some idea of the appearance and condition of the country at different parts of it.

Before 11 o'clock on the day of our leaving Akaba, namely April 13th, the granite and sandstone mountains had vanished from our foreground, and we were passing through a region of lofty cliffs of white and fawn-coloured limestone, with numerous parallel layers of flint in the rock, the flint layers being even more continuous than in the upper chalk of England. After a while, a long, noble gorge of wavy, ribboned limestone strata, where a grand shell of red granite showed itself behind from time to time between the precipices of the chalk, carried us up to a broad, red, and yellow Wadi, followed by a rounded hill range of divers coloured rocks, both Wadi and hill being covered for the most part with a grey coating of loose stones, all apparently sandstone.

The next day we suffered much from the vehemence of the wind and from intense cold, both these continuing from morning till night. Sometimes we were scarcely able to sit our camels through the fierce buffeting of the elements. Most of this day we traversed wide levels covered with limestone drift, our horizon either way being formed by hills of lime-

stone, now near, now distant. We lunched in a deep-water channel in a flint drift. The drift was welded together into a wonderful solidity; and the flints were often curiously banded. At night we tented a little north of a line of chalk hill, at the base of which ran a blue carpeting, caused apparently by fragments of flint. The ground about our tents, as far as we could see, was strewed with black flints and fragments of chalk. The shining of the moon upon the chalk drift of the Wadi produced the effect of a snow landscape.

The heat of April 15th was as intolerable as the cold of the day before had been. At noon we met the Tunis and Algiers section of the Haj, which, through some delay, was in rear of the main body. They were an ill-favoured company, and some of them looked at us as if considerably less than sixpence would suffice them to rid the earth of the noisome Nazarenes. The scenery varied but little through the day. Vast outspreads of drift-scattered plains bordered by chalk hills were the prevailing feature. The distant hills often showed a singular light-brown and slate-white banding upon them; and the colouring of both hills and plain was often fascinatingly soft and delicate. When we got to our tents at night amidst a forest of broom, we were utterly exhausted by the flaming heat of our not very lengthened march.

The next day we reached Nakhl. When we started at 8 A.M., there lay before us a sheer desert of hard sand thickly paved with small black fragments of flint, beyond which a cluster of gable-roofs of chalk broke the horizon westward, while to the north our view was bounded by low hills, also of chalk. Till about noon we rode over a wilderness, which varied conscientiously in colour between grey drab and drab grey, the surface being a gravel such as that of the tertiary and chalk commons of Surrey and Kent; rather it was the military parade-ground of Maidstone or Rochester indefinitely extended. Now and then the small black flints were exchanged for limestone boulders, or a strip of white chalk soil broke the monotony of the gravel, or a shallow Wadi sprinkled with broom and other desert plants crossed our track. Among the most noticeable of the plants was one which had accompanied us across the Tih, but which we did not observe before entering it—a kind of bushy marjoram bearing white star-like flowers. Usually, however, there was nothing but a great and grievous wilderness—truly grievous to-day, for the sun blazed cruelly upon us, and a hot S.W. wind, which brought refreshment, swept over the waste. Every few yards we stumbled upon bleached and crumbling camels' bones, while

not seldom, as on previous days, we passed a cairn marking the resting-place of some fallen pilgrim of the Haj. About mid-day the grey and drab gave room to a strictly chalk district, and we rode over this for an hour or two with greater discomfort than can be described. What with the uniformity of the scenery, the furnace-like heat of the day, the suffocating sand wind, and the intolerable glare of the chalk, we were some of us ready to perish before reaching our tents near the fort of Nakhl.

Geologists may find ample scope both for observation and speculation in the flint region between Akaba and Nakhl. The bedding of the flint *in situ* in many cases was very remarkable; so were the banding and figuring of innumerable specimens; and, what never ceased to provoke our admiration — and puzzle it — we were constantly meeting with examples of sling-stone or wedge-shaped forms, often smoothed and chipped as if by hand, and reminding one somewhat in their general appearance of the implements from the French gravel; these Arabian flints, however, being all manifestly natural. Yet how their constitution and history can have brought them to their present shape, we could never imagine into intelligible language.

We have spoken of the mirage at Akaba. The whole of the distance from Akaba to Nakhl we witnessed it frequently—sometimes on a most extraordinary scale. Now a little surface water on the desert was expanded into a beautiful lake with shadows of the neighbouring mountains distinctly visible in it; now the currents of air cut off the tops of distant mountains from their base, and showed us a charming prospect of a sea thickly studded with islands and precipitous cliff-rocks; now noble rows of forest trees stood upon the horizon, with fine sheets of water spread abroad at their feet. In some cases we remarked that even the Bedwins would hesitate before saying whether any water about which we inquired was reality or mirage.

We spent a day at Nakhl, and on the 18th of April, after infinite noise and commotion, our mild, good-natured Towarah Arabs, who had escorted us from Suez, delivered us up to the more energetic and wild Tiyahans, whose business it was to conduct us to Hebron. In less than half an hour after leaving, we came upon a troubled sea of indurated limestone mud—dry rapids, they might be called—with dusty tamarisks scattered over it. Here swallows and dragon-flies were on the wing, and lizards and beetles ran about with great vivacity. About 1 P.M. we entered a branch of the Wady El Arish,

which runs down to the Mediterranean at the ancient Rhinocolura. Where we struck it, it was broad and sandy with tamarisk, *hirsh*, and many other shrubs of the wilderness growing upon it. Wild flowers also—to the great delight of our camels—were abundant, particularly branching-daisy, hawkweed, yellow broomrape, cranesbill, and mignonette, which the Arabs call el-lésa, if we rightly caught the word. Farther on, larks were soaring and singing over head; swallows flitted and screamed before us as we rode; and the Wadi was at one time a jungle of dry grass and luxuriant desert plants, at another an outspread of chalk mud with a poor unfenced crop of wheat, *gummah*, growing upon it. Farther on, some hundred or two isolated chalk mounds, like enormous pies arranged in rows, stood upon our left, evidently the result of water action, while multitudes of shells of land-snails began to appear on all sides. We pitched that night on a pavement of indurated mud amongst land-shells, flints, wild-flowers, and the now familiar desert shrubs; a perfect snow scene exhibiting itself after sunset when the light of the moon fell upon the chalk Wadi. We remarked here what we had first observed at Nakhl, that our clothes within the tents at night were damp almost to wetness with the insensible moisture of the night atmosphere. This state of things recurred with increase rather than abatement, as we got nearer and nearer to Palestine.

Early on the 19th, after playing hide and seek with Wadi El Arish, we left the main course of it, having Gebel Ikhrim before us to the left, and made our way over chalk rock, intersected with vertical plate-like veins of crystalline texture, the edges of the plates rising awkwardly above the general level. We had remarked this appearance before on both sides of Nakhl. The prevailing character of to-day's scenery was that of a flat, monotonous wilderness, varied by an occasional Wadi tufted with broom and other vegetation. The wilderness was almost always paved with small dark flint fragments, or roughened with pieces of very hard limestone, which gave out a metallic ring when struck. Much of this limestone was draped with a minute lichen, which produced the effect of a colouring of light blue. About the middle of the morning a fierce storm of rain came on, which pelted us mercilessly at intervals, particularly as we made our way down the limestone escarpment leading into the plain which sweeps away eastward from the base of Gebel Ikhrim. Our circumstances did not improve in the plain. Ikhrim, dark with clouds, launched a tempest of wet upon us, which soaked

us to the skin, and compelled us in sorry plight to pitch our tents,and shiver into equanimity as best we could.

A fine picture for Linnell offered itself when we set out again at half-past seven the next morning. Our course lay across a grey flinty wilderness, near the edge of a broad Wadi. The buff sand of the Wadi was covered with desert plants; some (broom, &c.) bright grass green, others dark green, others distinctly whitish blue. Beyond the Wadi was the hill range of Ikhrim, its sooty-dark aspect varied by light yellows and reds, with here and there a mass of dull purple, and strong lines of stratification, dipping as it seemed north or north-east, showing near its straight-lined, slanting top. About ten o'clock, after passing through a jungle of what looked like English box and blackthorn, with daisy, hawk-weed, trefoil, and yellow thistles growing among the shrubs, we were nearly opposite the north end of Ikhrim, while to the right, afar off on the horizon, a high sub-conical mountain came into view, and in front of this a range of peaked hills, with others of smaller outline below them. We might speak of the mosaic of mud over which we passed this day, and of the acres of mignonette amidst which our camels revelled, and of the larks which sang, and of the coloured mirages which played off their phantasies for our entertainment. But we hasten forward.

We passed the night of April 20th—21st in a Wadi, which we understood our Bedwins to call Butuha. In the neighbourhood of our tents we found a few siliceous fossils, broken and waterworn. The ground, too, was covered with cherty pebbles and boulders, like those already described as found in the Wadi Wardan, on the other side of the Tih plateau, with their surfaces so strangely annealed, cracked, and corrugated. Yellow thistle, and what the Arabs called *abu urwah*—to appearance a club-moss developed into a bush—grew on the desert around us. The most striking object of the landscape was the slim, needle-pointed, triangular chalk hill on the eastern horizon, which had attracted our attention so much the afternoon before by its snow-white form, as it stood above the delicately red-tinted, purple-shaded range which kept it company. Our noon resting-place this day was Dr. Robinson's Wady El Ain,* the water of which is bad enough.

* The writer wishes to call attention to the circumstance, that, some while before reaching the El Ain water, we had hills on the horizon to the right, which our Tiyahan Arabs called Gebel Kudeis. One of our Nubian dragomans gave the name as Godés, following the Egyptian pronunciation of the Arabic Kaf. The fact is one of some interest as bearing upon the question of the site of Kadesh,

We took refuge from the overpowering heat among the ghurkhuds, which skirted the stream. They were large spider-legged trees, the original trunks of which had sent forth branches which again struck into the ground, and rooted like the banyan. The dragon-flies did not seem to suffer from the heat. They darted about among the rushes in their rich slate-blue and crimson dresses, and evidently enjoyed it mightily. About mid-afternoon a remarkable scene presented itself. It was the *canones* of South America over again on a small scale. As far as the eye could travel, a Wadi was filled with a level drift, the drift being deeply trenched and ravined in all directions by the action of water, so that the whole presented the appearance of an Oriental city, with its narrow serpentine streets, its low windowless houses, and its vast outspread of flat roofs, built in a wide river trough. What greatly increased the beauty of the spectacle—trees and shrubs in abundance were growing, now upon the weathered surface of the drift, now on the floor of the Wadi below, now in all sorts of picturesque corners and crannies among the drift-blocks, as if they were amusing themselves with making poetry in the wilderness.

The following morning found us riding through a very rough, stony desert, strewed with chocolate-brown and bluish-grey limestone boulders. Nothing was to be seen, absolutely nothing, but dreary wilderness, with lines of elevated ground to the left, all equally dreary. Meanwhile the wind whistled around us, and sand-fog shut in the prospect on every side. It was desolation grown desolate. Early in the afternoon, we began, in the face of a vehement, blustering wind, to mount a series of bouldered chalk slopes and sandy platforms, whose number seemed to be legion. One ridge was no sooner reached than another appeared in advance of it, and so on and on. Between three and four o'clock we reached the culminating ridge, and there for the first time caught sight of "the land flowing with milk and honey." "The Hebron Hills!" cried our Bedwins, "the Hebron Hills!" Not long after we tented in a hollow to the left of our line of march, where we heard the music of larks and the caw of crows, and where crimson poppies, mallows, pink and yellow thistles, and other wild flowers flourished among the quaintly lichened desert shrubs.

We had heavy rain during the night. Between seven and

Not the slightest hint had been given either to Bedwin or dragoman, that a Kadesh hereabouts would be acceptable. Russegger's map notes an Ain el Kudeimah in the same neighbourhood.

eight the next morning, April 23rd, we started for Beersheba. Our march began with a wild moorland, thick with desert plants and flowers. The naked *ser* and other shrubs were often coated densely with lichens. Pink and primrose-yellow thistles—their heads just out of the buff sand—cranesbill, daisies—very many of them—red poppies that might have passed for anemones, small orange-coloured poppies—so they appeared—with mallows, hawkweed, and marigold, were most conspicuous among the wild-flowers. Between eight and nine, after riding over numerous substructures of walls, houses, &c., we reached the rising ground on which stand the ruins of what is supposed to be the ancient Rehoboth. At the foot of the hill is an isolated domed building of strong construction, and near it, on the hill-side, what was described by a gentleman of our party, who examined it, as a very large tank,* in part cut out of the live rock, and on the side towards the Wadi formed of well-fitted hewn stones. We dismounted from our camel, and made a hasty survey of the ruins. We found lines of street traceable here and there, and considerable remains of the lower parts of houses and other buildings. The houses were chiefly built of sandstone—not limestone, as might be expected from the nature of the rock below. The sandstone had often suffered greatly from the weather. Much of it was profusely lichened. We observed wells, probably house wells, lined with masonry, in the midst of the wreck. One of the ruined edifices had the appearance of having been a church. We observed no ornamental work among the *débris*, and no inscriptions. We should have been glad to linger here, but the caravan was in motion, and we were obliged to follow.

It is hard not to go into detail in describing the rest of the journey of this day. We pass it all over till late in the afternoon, when, after a wearisome mounting of ridge beyond ridge, as on the day before, we found ourselves descending a long, gentle slope, covered with thinly grown yellow grass, and scattered over with beautiful flints and wild flowers—toad-flax among them—our white tents at Bir-es-Seba showing on the wide plain at our feet. Somewhile before sunset we were safely at Beersheba, where we stayed two whole days, making all that we could of the time for the purposes of observation and exploring.

It is generally known that the ancient Beersheba stood in the extreme south of Palestine, upon the borders of a

* This may be Dr. Stewart's *well*, about which question is made in a note to the article "Rehoboth" in Smith's *Biblical Dictionary*.

Wadi, known in modern times as the Wadi-es-Seba, and that wells are still in existence there, the original digging of which is believed to have been the work of the great Israelitish patriarchs. This Wadi runs, speaking loosely, from east to west with a growing inclination northward as it approaches the sea; and at Bir-es-Seba it is some three hundred and fifty paces or more in breadth. Our tents were pitched a short distance from the southern edge of the Wadi, the famous wells being immediately opposite to us on its northern brink. There are three principal wells; and we examined them all carefully. The most westerly of them, 5½ feet in diameter, is lined with very substantial masonry to a depth of 20 or 22 feet. The stonework is weathered and moisture-worn. The limestone blocks forming the uppermost tiers of lining are deeply fluted through the working of the ropes in drawing by hand. When we were there, there were 14 feet of water in the well, and the distance from the top to the surface of the water was 31 feet. We saw two women drawing water in skins by means of ropes. Several young girls were with them. The women were firmly built, black haired, strong featured, active, and independent looking, with a good deal of wild energy in their gait and bearing. Their faces were uncovered, but the chin was muffled. There was not an atom of shyness about them, and they evinced no curiosity. They went on with their water-drawing as if no one was present. We did not see a smile on the face of either of them all the time we were there. One of the girls seemed willing to look pleasant; otherwise the whole group was grave to severity. Both the women were dressed in dark purple, with hoods drawn over the back of their heads, and dull coloured handkerchiefs wound round them which hung down behind. Both wore girdles. One had a scarlet jacket over her sleeved purple dress. The arms, legs, and feet of both were thickly tattooed with stars, lozenges, spots, toothed lines, and other figures; and both wore brass armlets. On the hand of one was a plain ring. About the well-mouth were five drinking and (as it would seem, on occasion,) washing-troughs—one three-quarters of a yard long by a quarter of a yard wide. These troughs were large boulders of hard white limestone, such as might be found in the Wadi close by. Probably they were hollow to begin with on one of their sides; art may have assisted nature and scooped them further; time and water and friction of various kinds have brought them to the state in which we found them. In one of these troughs the women were washing clothes, while a flat limestone block

at the side furnished them with a beating stone, such as Egypt uses when it stirs itself up occasionally to cleanse its garments. Many filled water-skins were lying by the well. A troop of dark-coloured asses had been quenching their thirst, and stood listlessly by. Two or three of them had on a curious harness. A fork-like wooden yoke was fastened between two pieces of wood which were nearly the length of the animal's back, and which gradually tapered to points at the end remote from the yoke. Leather and goats' hair string were used to fasten the thin ends together, and to bind the thick ends on either side to the top of the yoke. This piece of mechanism was laid horizontally on the creatures, the yoke of course fitting their shoulders, while all was made tight by a rope or thong tied round the belly. Some one of the strangers venturing to take a little liberty with one of the asses, the women interfered in so authoritative a way as effectually to bring the offender to his senses.

From the west well, some 200 paces along the raised northern edge of the Wadi,—raised by the water of the Wadi excavating the plain through which it flows—brought us to a ravine in the drift, which here joins the Wadi, and may be 6 paces wide. More than 100 paces beyond this—we counted 111—you come to the central or great well. This is 12½ feet in diameter north to south, and 12 feet east to west. It is lined with solid masonry to the depth of 28 feet. Below this, 8 or 9 feet of live rock were visible; the total depth to the surface of the water being 36 or 37 feet. The water itself was only 4 feet deep. Nine water-troughs were about the well, mostly limestone boulders like those already spoken of. The edge of the well was broken; half of the stones above ground were gone. The parallel flutings on the upper side of the well, caused by the ropes, were deep and picturesque. The masonry down the well was much hollowed and fretted by time, yet the substance of it was good and whole. Plants grew on the well-side a little way down, evidently for the purpose of looking romantic. A man was drawing water in skins, two or three women assisting him to fill other skins with what was drawn. Two large dogs were with them, one white and black, the other white and reddish-buff. The women were like those of the other well; intelligent-featured, fearless, muscular, tattooed on arms and legs, wearing blue or purple dresses, and decked with armlets and other trickeries. A woman and a little girl were picking wool at the well-side. Not the least embarrassment was shown because of our presence. There was nothing like immodest boldness—not

an approach to it; but they were singularly self-possessed and nonchalant. Surely there must be a touch of the old Philistine nature in these Beersheba women.

The third well, which is now dry, lies also on the Wadi edge, about 260 or 270 paces east of the Great Well. It is 9 feet in diameter, and 27 feet deep, and is lined with masonry to the bottom. The stonework of this east well is less weathered than that of the other two.

Besides the three chief wells, we found at some distance to the north and north-east of them a number of what appeared to be filled or closed wells of considerable size.

Not far from the Great Well, and due N. of it by compass, we found a circular hollow surrounded by loose stones, about twelve paces across from rim to rim, with every appearance of there having been a well in the centre. On the south edge of the hollow were the remains of a small square area laid with concrete and boulders, and roughly tesselated at top with pebbles, the area being two yards wide from east to west. Close by was a rising ground, on which were substructures of walls and buildings covering a great area. Bits of green glass were scattered about the spot. Star of Bethlehem grew in the ruins, and red and brown lichen crawled about the boulders and hewn stones.

About ninety-two paces N.E. by N. of the Great Well, the remains of what is thought to be another closed well was pointed out to us. This shows as a large, broken, flat square of stones and pebbles cemented together, a quarter of a yard thick, and having a flooring of cement, as though intended for a tank or bath. The cement at top was laid so as to slope towards the outside; and the whole was shut in by walling. At one corner of the tank—if tank it was—was part of a red tile channel. The space within the walling was five yards long. The north end was tolerably perfect; the rest was gone or shattered. The well was said to be underneath. Extensive remains of substructures were observable close by; and, as in the other Beersheba ruins, small pieces of glass were scattered about, and still more fragments of red, yellow, and brown pottery, some plain, some ornamental. There were circles of stones, too, in the neighbourhood, which might represent filled-up cisterns.

Some 150 or 200 paces N.E. of the point last named we discovered, also on a rising ground, what was seemingly a well, covered like the one due N. of the Great Well, having a piece of wall on one side three-quarters of a yard high, and surrounded by boulders. The covering of the well was about

three yards square, and a piece of millstone of dark-grey trachite lay upon it. Here also substructures of walls were seen in all directions. From this well to the Dry Well on the Wadi side we measured 253 paces down the slope.

So far as the present aspect of the ground can warrant a judgment, we should be disposed to think that there were at one time many more than either three or seven wells at Beersheba. We believe that we observed other wells on the low ground near the north side of the Wadi, after crossing the Wadi, when we left Beersheba, some little distance east of our tenting-place. What are shown as wells, now filled and covered, on the hill side, some of them a considerable height above the Wadi, may have been nothing more than deep cisterns, like those at Jerusalem and elsewhere.

After surveying the wells, we walked north and north-east over the site of the ancient city. We were astonished to find how great an area it occupied, and how densely it appears to have been covered with buildings. Far and wide in all directions were traces of lines of walls and substructures of various buildings, circular, semi-circular, square, &c. We sought in vain for a small domed subterranean building,* which one of our company had previously seen and entered. Near the Dry Well were perplexing remains of what seemed to have been a church with a double apse. The walls of this and of many other of the buildings were surprisingly thick, and usually of mongrel architecture—hewn sandstone, limestone boulders, red tile (apparently Roman), cement, &c. These were often associated in a very curious manner. In passing along we picked up two fragments of polished marble, one pure white with an ornamental bevelling, the other white and grey, and quite plain. Many tesseræ of hard, white limestone, such as the Wadi would yield, were scattered about, mixed with pottery and green glass. About fifty-seven paces from the Dry Well, between it and the Great Well on the farther side of the ravine already mentioned, we found a rude tesselated pavement of white limestone, laid on a foundation of cement and boulders, and connected with walling and other ancient remains. The broken edge of the pavement coincided with the present edge of the ravine; and its dislodged tesseræ, mingled with pottery and glass, were sprinkled and littered down the ravine slope.

The city of Beersheba was not confined to the northern side

* Query, whether the so-called closed wells with their sub-cupola cappings may not be subterranean vaults similar to this.

of the Wadi. In all directions about our tents on the south side were to be seen substructures of walls and other buildings, particularly on the eminences, which seemed to have been fortified. On this side of the Wadi also is the ancient wall described by Dr. Robinson as edging the Wadi. We found it some distance east of our tents. It is a long line of wall, built of yellowish sandstone, fossil limestone—tertiary, like the sandstone—flint, and other boulders, &c., with cement. The west side of it is most regular and best preserved, though time and water have made great havoc with much of the stone. It appeared to have been built by laying two or three tiers of hewn stone on a pebble bed of drift, with layers of boulders, &c., at top. The wall was not very uniform in structure or thickness. Boulders and pebbles were often inserted in the cement between the courses of hewn stone. Two of us reckoned respectively 248 and 250 paces as the length of the wall, going as far as to a long break which occurs in it. In this break near the west end is a fragment of a narrower wall on the land side of the principal one. From the beginning of the break, 110 paces carry you to a narrow gulley in the drift deposit through which the Wadi-es-Selba cuts. Twelve paces beyond this are remains of building—a wall ten yards long and a yard thick striking the Wadi at right angles, with a cross on the end stone. Five yards in from the Wadi another wall, facing the Wadi, starts from the first, but does not run far. More of the main Wadi wall—if we were not mistaken—showed a little beyond where the abortive walling now named terminates.

We cannot better close our account of Beersheba than by describing its present appearance, as we saw it from the great well in the heat of the day, while the larks carolled above us, and the sun filled the landscape with floods of brightness. Looking north, a dull, bare, rising ground is before you, the ridge of which forms the horizon at some quarter of a mile distant, its surface flushed, through most of its extent, with a colouring caused by dead grass—whether yellow, brown, or grey, were the ruling element, it would be hard to say—and dotted and roughened in all directions, either by limestone and flint boulders, or by fragments and substructures of walls and other buildings. Right and left stretched the stony Wadi with its winding drift walls, disappearing westward among grey chalk hills, which made faint attempts at becoming peaked at one or two points, but generally resembled a roll of quiet sea moving gently towards an unknown shore. Eastward the Wadi soon lost itself in a broken plain of cheerless

brown, terminating either in the sky line, or in distant hill-slopes—probably the mountains south and south-west of the Dead Sea—rising to appearance about a foot or two above the horizon, and forming at this time one of the most pleasing features of the landscape, through the buff lights and purple shadows which variegated their surface. To the south, the shallow Wadi lay immediately below, its floor covered thickly with pebbles and water-washed portions of compact white limestone and parti-coloured silex, long hollow trenches, scooped out in the drift, or patches of sand, diversifying the surface of it, and a lilliputian forest of desert shrubs, *abu urwah*, *gesum*, *ghurkud*, castor-oil, &c. showing within it on its farther margin. Beyond, an unromantic band of greenish-brown, plant-tufted level, leading up to low, smooth, wavy hills, altogether wanting in beauty, bounded the prospect in this direction.

A nearer inspection of the now almost waterless Wadi brought to view features of much interest. The flint boulders and pebbles—they strewed all the region around, as well as the Wadi—were the most remarkable we ever saw for variety, delicacy, and beautiful contrasts of colour. Here a strong black ground was lined and ribbed with a rich maroon, a light buff, or a semi-transparent or dead white. There a delicate brown surface was crowded with well-defined patches, rounded or angular, of white or bluish white, giving the impression of a finely marked porphyry, or suggesting the less scientific though truly Arabian idea of a section of date-cake packed with almonds. In other cases a conglomerate of white, blue, pink, purple, lilac, and many other colours, met the eye in one and the same mass of stone, not unfrequently exhibiting a vividness of painting and a harmonious union and blending of hues, such as none but the geological genii of the neighbourhood could be imagined to produce. At the same time a charming flora offered itself to the admiration of the lover of flowers:—deep primrose-coloured hollyhocks—thapsus* rather than hollyhock—not vying, indeed, in point of height with those of our English gardens, yet sustaining the dignity of their order by the boldness of their growth and the showiness of their blossoms; rich crimson poppies, often very small, and rising only an inch or two out of the ground; delightful little marigolds, with all the wealth of orange which they carry in western lands, and with none of the stare and coarse-

* The writer is greatly indebted for the identification of the flowers of the Peninsula to an accomplished medical gentleman with whom he travelled, and to whom he lies under obligations the smallest of which is the one here mentioned.

ness by which they sometimes disparage themselves; bright-faced choreopsis, so familiar to our garden-plots at home; lycopsis, too, with its rough coat and red blossoms; pink cranesbill; blue chicory; rich light blue asperifolia; yellow thistle—half thistle, half hawkweed; flowering rush, or a kind of asphodel; and the ever sweet and comely star of Bethlehem; with many other plants of the country known and unknown. The view of the Wadi-es-Seba by day was full of attraction; and we did not think otherwise of it at night, when the moon shone gloriously upon it and turned it into a broken river of silver, and when the grate of the goatsucker, the scream of the curlew, and the trill of the nightingale—these were the birds to which our ear referred the moonlight music of the Wadi—added awe and melancholy to the pleasure caused by the objects that struck the eye.

Beersheba became memorable to some of us; for a prolonged and terrible thunderstorm broke upon us during our stay there; the latter rain of the first month deluged our tents, and threatened to sweep them away with its violence; the camels being unable to move, through the state of the country, we were pinned to the spot a whole day amidst wet and damp; and the shadow of death came in consequence, and death itself would have come but for Jerusalem, and for the blessing of God upon the wisdom and goodness of friends who watched and suffered there.

We have not, in the strict sense of the term, reviewed Ritter. Ritter, as Ritter, in his English dress—admirable as the dress is—is scarcely a subject for review. It is not possible, without the German before us, to say where Ritter proper ends and his translator begins. Even with the original in view, it would not always be easy to do this. We have sufficiently explained, however, either in our previous Brief or the present Article, the principles upon which Mr. Gage has proceeded in the preparation of his work. We have indicated the general contents of the translator's volumes. We have expressed our admiration of the discretion, taste, and learning which have presided over the carrying out of his plan. We trust we may have made some small additions to what was previously known respecting the Sinaitic Peninsula. It now only remains for us to commend the English Ritter and its imperishable topics to the thankful and enthusiastic study of all who prize the Scriptures, and who are not ashamed to count the soil which prophets and greater than prophets have trodden to be holy ground.

ART. VI.—*A Book about Lawyers.* By JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON, Barrister-at-Law. Author of "A Book about Doctors," &c. Two Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett.

"A BOOK about Lawyers!" What possible interest can there be in such a book? Is not law the dullest and most dreary of human studies? Is not a lawyer, just in proportion to his learning and success, one of the toughest, hardest, least flexible of human beings, a genuine dryasdust, with hardly any human sympathies, yellow and musty as his own sheepskins, and learned only in the mysteries of "whereas," "nevertheless," "notwithstanding," "as aforesaid," "provided always," and other phrases equally delectable and instructive? Well, no doubt there is much in law to repel, rather than attract, ordinary readers; and much in the disposition and habits which it fosters to excuse, if not to justify, popular dislike. But it is quite possible for a great lawyer to be a very good fellow; and these books afford abundant proofs that, however shady the law may be, it has aspects as bright and sunny as those of any other profession. Mr. Jeaffreson has collected an immense amount of curious and deeply interesting information about lawyers and their ways, and has presented it to us in not only a readable, but a thoroughly captivating form.

We are not about to moralise concerning the profession or the heroes of the law. We propose to amuse quite as much as to instruct. The book is avowedly "light reading,"—a book of legal gossip. It is, however, instructive as well as entertaining. It is not only harmless, but is pervaded by a sound and healthy moral tone. We see no reason, therefore, why, amid the graver lucubrations, and more stately and solemn themes, to which our pages are for the most part devoted, we should not give some place to a work so eminently fitted to interest and please our readers.

Mr. Jeaffreson presents the brethren of his learned craft to us in almost every possible phase of their existence, and we are much mistaken if the readers of his volumes do not rise from the perusal of them with a greatly increased respect for these gentlemen, and a heightened interest in their ways. The work is divided into fourteen parts, the titles of which suggest very fairly the varied and extreme interest of the subject as

a whole. They are as follows:—Part I. The Great Seal. Part II. On Military Affairs. Part III. Lawyers on Horseback. Part IV. Houses and Householders. Part V. Loves of the Lawyers. Part VI. Money. Part VII. Costume and Toilet. Part VIII. Music. Part IX. Amateur Theatricals. Part X. Political Lawyers. Part XI. Legal Education. Part XII. Mirth. Part XIII. At Home; in Court; and in Society. Part XIV. Tempora Mutantur. Under each of these heads our author gives us a fund of general information, and amusing personal anecdotes. The work of compilation must have involved much labour and research; and the result is the preparation of a work which is sure to be extensively popular, both within the profession itself, and among general readers. We propose to follow our author's course, and to set before our readers, as far as our limits will allow, some of the "good things" presented under each of the fourteen heads just specified.

Precedence is fairly due to the Great Seal—that splendid bauble which haunts the day dreams of so many young and ardent minds in the gay morning of life, and before the stupendous toils, anxieties, and disappointments of the most laborious of all professions have been encountered. What budding barrister does not intend to become Lord Chancellor of England? And how few, on the other hand, of all these aspirants, know anything of its story—a story which, as Mr. Jeaffreson remarks, if well planned and well written, would be a rare one indeed! Listen to his eloquent description of its powers:—

"The Great Seal! Of how many widely different associations is that word the centre! It calls up the dead of eight silent centuries, placing before the mind much of that which is most beautiful and noble, and not a little of that which is most to be deplored, in the growth of England's greatness. The poet's song and the soldier's fame give music and brightness to the atmosphere that covers and surrounds the mystic emblem of sovereign will. For seven and twenty generations, fair women and brave men have submitted meekly to its influence, and bowed before it reverentially. More than a mere symbol of the will is its power; it has been honoured as the power itself by the flatteries of pliant courtiers, the prayers of wretched supplicants, the hopes of ambition, and the fears of cowardice. What great deeds and petty acts has it accomplished! No less delicate than strong, it can touch with airy lightness, or smite with overwhelming force, like Nasmyth's hammer, alternately cracking a nut upon a lady's hand, and beating a bar of iron to the thinness of pasteboard. And by how simple a process does it effect its most important as well as its most trivial objects! By the gentle pressure of a

magical clasp it gives a sheet of paper or parchment skin powers which men are slow to concede to the wisest and most virtuous. A gentle pressure, a noiseless closing together of its mysterious parts, and it has reduced multitudes to poverty, destroyed cities, brought down the mighty, raised the weak. An unobtrusive action, in appearance of no greater import than the movements of him who indolently folds his hands together, and it has girt the wicked man with a sword, and consigned the true prophet to infamy; has given confidence to the timid, and hope to the desperate; has washed out the stains of guilt, and fixed the destiny of future days; has afforded enduring protection to the guileless followers of science, and, catching the transient breath of a hero's fame, has given it historic permanency. A touch on this side and on that to a strip of sheep's skin, and it has done all that tyrants dare—more than astrologer or wizard ever pretended to accomplish."—Vol. i. pp. 9, 10.

Touching lightly on the antiquarian lore of his subject, our author dates the establishment of the Great Seal in England "on a bright sunny morning in the year of our Lord one thousand and forty-two, or thereabouts, when Edward the Confessor sat in solemn state for his portrait." The lessons of his hard experience had taught this admirable monarch the necessity of deliberation in all his public acts, and the due and solemn ratification of all his public engagements. He therefore resolved that all "his more important grants, contracts, and adjudications should be committed to writing, and that each record should bear the impress of his royal seal." From his time forward, the custom of the Great Seal has been maintained. Our author very amusingly laments the low state of art in the time of Edward the Confessor, and well he may. Who does not know the all-compelling tyranny of fashion in any given generation? But Edward set the fashion for the royal effigy on the Great Seal to many successive generations of British sovereigns; and a sorry and ungainly fashion it was. This is how it happened:—

"The Confessor was notable for length of limb, and he was induced to place himself on a low seat, which, had he occupied a throne of suitable height, might have served him as a footstool. Moreover, he sate with his face full towards the artist. Consequently his knees, sticking up in close proximity to his chin, were the most prominent points of his figure; and the too faithful portrait makes him resemble a trussed fowl, rather than a creature fashioned after the likeness of divinity."—Vol. i. p. 16.

For centuries the absurdity was perpetuated in successive great seals. William the Conqueror, indeed, is represented on horseback; but what with the resemblance of his charger

to a greyhound, and the spindle-like length and thinness of his own legs, "the effect is not altogether satisfactory." "Bloody" Mary looks at least as ugly as she really was, and poor Queen Anne more like a "guy" than a monarch. It was not until the days of George III. that any substantial artistic improvement was made. He

"Offered a not ungainly side-view to his limner, and George IV. had too much good taste not to follow his father's example. The sailor-king, as he is presented upon his broad seat, enthroned, robed, is most artistically placed, and is a perfect picture of a royal gentleman; and, by the gentle beauty and exquisite grace depicted on the present Great Seal—a triumph of art—future ages will be reminded of that fair Christian lady, for whose long life and safety all good Englishmen of these passing days offer fervent prayers."—Vol. i. p. 17.

Edward presently committed the keeping of his seal to his second Chancellor, Wulwius; but the offices of Chancellor and Keeper of the Seal were not identical, and occasions frequently arose when they were filled by different persons. In Edward's own reign indeed, there was a Lord Keeper distinct from the Chancellor, but he was simply the deputy of the latter functionary. Subsequently in many cases the offices were separated, especially when the monarch was on his travels. In these instances, one of the two officers remained at home, while the other accompanied his sovereign. The veritable seal generally attended the king's progress, but a duplicate was provided to be used in the realm during his absence. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the two offices were consolidated, the Crown thereby losing the privilege of having a chancellor and a keeper at the same time.

The practice of sealing was no doubt for many centuries the most effectual protection against forgery. Seals of any kind were difficult to procure, and well-known seals could hardly be obtained for dishonest purposes. "Seal engraving was an art in which there were few adepts; and the artists were for the most part men to whom no rogue would dare propose the hazardous task of counterfeiting an official device." Nay, it was anything but easy to obtain a supply of suitable wax. The bright vermilion compound with which we are familiar, was not invented till the middle of the sixteenth century.

"Every keeper of an official seal had his own recipe for wax. Sometimes the wax was white; sometimes it was yellow; occasionally it was tinged with vegetable dyes; most frequently it was a mess

bearing much resemblance to the dirt pies of little children. But its combination was a mystery to the vulgar, and no man could safely counterfeit a seal-impression who had not at command a stock of a particular sealing-earth, or paste, or wax. Eyes powerless to detect the falsity of a forger's handwriting could see at a glance whether the wax was of the right colour."—Vol. i. p. 23.

Difficult as it was to commit forgeries by means of spurious seals, it was sometimes accomplished even in the case of the Great Seal itself. Here is an instance of adroit rascality on the part of a clerk in chancery who lived in Sir Edward Coke's time:—

"First the dexterous knave placed two pieces of parchment one above the other and glued them together with such nicety and exactness, that even on close observation the two skins seemed but one skin. That done, he drew out a patent on the upper piece, and in the usual manner produced the impression of the Great Seal, the label of the seal passing through both skins. Having thus obtained the seal, he dissolved the glue which held the skins in union, removed the parchment on which the genuine patent was written, and then inscribed upon the blank skin a patent in all respects accordant with his wishes."—Vol. i. p. 25.

Upon the resignation of a lord-keeper, the seal has been generally held by the sovereign till the appointment of a successor. In these cases, and indeed sometimes from choice and preference, the monarch has been his own lord-keeper. At other times, when there was neither lord-keeper nor chancellor, the Great Seal has been entrusted to a committee of several persons, or, in other words, put in commission. One of the first instances of this kind occurred in the reign of Edward III. The last was in 1850, when Lord Langdale, Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, and Sir Robert Monsey Rolfe (now Lord Cranworth), held the seals from the retirement of Lord Cottenham in June, to the appointment of Lord Truro in July.

The Great Seal is made in two parts, the obverse and the reverse of the seal being, indeed, separate and distinct seals. Sometimes a king would have more Great Seals than one at the same time; but generally the old one was broken to pieces when a new one was made. The work of destruction was ceremoniously done, the pieces being considered the perquisite of the lord-keeper. The Great Seal of Charles I. was produced at the bar of the House of Peers, and

"A stalwart smith made his appearance, and, amidst deafening acclamations, struck into fragments the bauble which had occasioned the nation so much uneasiness, and with a facsimile of which the Parliament had been carrying on—and still meant to carry on—the

country's business. It is noteworthy that the fragments of this seal were divided between the Speakers of the two Houses, not between the six commissioners (two peers and four members of the House of Commons) who were the custodians of the parliamentary fac-simile." —Vol. i. pp. 37, 38.

For many generations the Great Seal has not been literally broken up; but our sovereigns, when dispensing with an old seal, tap it gently with a hammer, ordering it to be regarded as broken. This process is called "damasking;" and the damasked seals are always claimed and accorded as the Chancellor's perquisite. Here is a good story anent the privilege of possessing a damasked seal:—

"Within the memory of men who are still young, there was a keen contest between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, with regard to their respective claims to George IV.'s Great Seal. On William IV.'s accession, when an order in council was made for a new Great Seal, Lord Lyndhurst was chancellor; but before the king's engraver had accomplished the order, and whilst George IV.'s seal was still in use, Henry Brougham became keeper of the king's conscience. When at length the seal of the last reign was damasked, the question rose—to which of the two lawyers, the chancellor or the ex-chancellor, it fell as a perquisite of office. Lord Lyndhurst (who was unquestionably in the wrong) advanced his claim on the ground that, as the order was made during his tenure of office, the seal was actually discarded during his chancellorship, and therefore it fell to him. On the other hand, Lord Brougham argued that the order for a new seal was but a step prudently taken in anticipation of the Act by which George IV.'s seal was destroyed; that, whilst the order was being executed by the engraver, the seal of his late Majesty George IV. was, in fact as well as theory, the seal of King William IV.; that he, Baron Brougham and Vaux, had held this same seal and done business with it, no one venturing to hint that its virtue was impaired or in any way affected by the order in council; that the seal was not destroyed till William IV. damasked it, at which time he, Lord Brougham, was the holder. In short, the chancellor contended that the order in council was no part whatever of the Act which destroyed the old seal; that it was but a provision against the time when the king should see fit to change his old seal, bearing his predecessor's image, for a new seal adorned with his own likeness."—Vol. i. pp. 40, 41.

This reasoning seems to have satisfied the lawyers generally, with almost the sole exception of the distinguished ex-Chancellor. He, and the few friends who supported his claim, hunted up and urged precedents, and pertinaciously kept up the dispute. At last, the goodnatured old king—very much like one of Knickerbocker's Dutchmen—awarded the reverse of the seal to one, and the obverse to the other disputant, making

a decision absurd in itself tolerably satisfactory to both parties by directing "that each part should, at his own royal cost, be set in a rich silver salver."

We cannot follow the Great Seal on its travels, though much curious and amusing information is given under this head. Strange were the "moving accidents by flood and field" which befel the royal symbol on some of its migrations. But it has suffered more than once from both theft and fire. When Lord Thurlow was Chancellor, some dexterous and impudent thief took occasion, from a grand carousal given by his lordship, to leap over the wall in Great Ormond-street, and to carry off the Clavis Regni, together with two silver-hilted swords, and a trifling sum of money. The event was the occasion of endless epigram and joke among the opponents of Thurlow's party, and various motives were assigned for the crime, as well as various persons charged with the theft. But the thief took nothing by his motion. With all haste a new seal was made, differing in some important respects from that which had been abstracted. But the drollest accident which befel the seal occurred while Eldon was Chancellor. That cautious and canny old gentleman was staying once at his country seat when a fire broke out by night and destroyed part of the house. His lordship, as soon as the alarm of fire was given, hastened with the Great Seal into the garden, and buried it slyly in a flower-bed. He then proceeded to admire and assist the maid-servants, who were busy, *en deshabille*, helping to extinguish the fire. When that had been happily accomplished, the prudent old man rushed back to the long terrace where he had buried the seal: but having neglected to mark the place of sepulture, he was utterly unable to find it. Mr. Jeaffreson shall tell the rest:—

"In his perplexity he sought counsel of Lady Eldon, and by her advice the same maidservants who had figured so picturesquely by firelight, together with the entire staff of gardeners, were provided with spades, shovels, trowels, pokers, tongs, curling irons, old umbrellas, and other suitable implements, and were ordered to probe old mother earth in the region of the long terrace until she delivered up the 'pestiferous metal' which had been committed to her in trust. 'You never saw anything so ridiculous,' observed his lordship, 'as seeing the whole family down that walk digging and probing till we found it."—Vol. i. p. 56.

The Great Seal has for ages been kept in a leathern bag enclosed in a red velvet purse adorned with the royal arms, and has often been, for additional security, locked in a costly

cabinet as well. The "purses of State" have in recent times been preserved as heirlooms in legal families. Being renewed yearly, a Chancellor who enjoys a long term of office has the means of securing a good many of them. The lady of Chancellor Hardwicke hung a state bedroom and state bed at Wimpole with crimson velvet, and adorned the drapery with twenty such purses belonging to her husband. It was long a joke in the profession that she stole the purse of State and made it into a counterpane. Much other curious and entertaining matter concerning the Great Seal may be found in Mr. Jeaffreson's book.

The author next presents us with a very lively picture of the military proclivities and appearances which have been from time to time displayed by the brethren of the long robe. Through all the periods of early English history the chief lawyers were ecclesiastics; and the instances are far from few in which the same man has combined the apparently incompatible functions of lawyer, divine, and soldier. From the days of Chief Justice Odo, the anointed and martial lawyer of William the Conqueror, this species of trinity was common at least through the times of the Plantagenets. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, however, the custom fell into disuse, at least so far as the ecclesiastical element was concerned. But during the civil wars lawyers were found ranged in large numbers on opposite sides of the great quarrel. The Puritans entertained a great aversion to lawyers as such, denominating them "the sons of Zeruiah," and were unwilling that they should sit in Parliament unless they had also borne arms. The great struggles of that time exhibited many a lawyer in an odious light, as the venal upholder of arbitrary power; but, on the whole, it is pleasing to remember that the great lights of the legal profession took then, as they have almost always done, the side of freedom and the Constitution, and showed themselves, both in the time of Charles I. and also in that of his mean and narrow-minded son, James II., ready to defend the ancient rights and liberties of England, not only with the pen, but with the sword.

Towards the close of last century the lawyers had a rough time of it with the Lord George Gordon rioters. Naturally enough, mobs hate lawyers, and it is not surprising that at that insane time the London rioters should have laid siege to the Temple for the purpose of "killing the lawyers." John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, was then living in Carey-street, with that beautiful Bessie Surtees, who had done him the honour of contracting a runaway marriage. He sought

refuge from the fury of the multitude in the Temple; but having risen half-an-hour too late, was more than once, with Mrs. Scott, seriously assaulted while walking thither. When they were safe within the Temple, and the beautiful creature stood with dress torn, head bare, and ringlets falling on her shoulders, in the centre of a crowd of excited and admiring barristers, her husband proudly whispered, "The scoundrels have your hat, Bessie; but never mind, they have left you your hair."

The lawyers took a conspicuous part in those volunteer organisations of which our grandfathers used to be so proud, and to tell such marvellous stories, but which have been far outshone by the great outburst of military and patriotic zeal which distinguishes Young England at present. Then Lincoln's Inn and the Temple each raised a volunteer corps; and when Sheridan nicknamed the Temple corps, "The Devil's Own," the mob christened the Lincoln's Inn men, "The Devil's Invincibles." Erskine was colonel of the former. It survived "The Devil's Invincibles" some years, and certain barristers from the rival corps joined it. It has been revived in our day, the Templars having prepared enthusiastically for bloody contest in April, 1848, and having since then maintained the character and efficiency of their volunteer rifle corps, and renewed in many a bloodless field the *éclat* of "The Devil's Own."

We are next introduced to "Lawyers on Horseback." It appears that these gentlemen have generally been good riders. Those old, most reverend, and valiant judges of whom we have spoken rode in armour, and acquitted themselves well. And in after years the judges and barristers went on circuit on horseback. Indeed, the "progress" of the judges was often almost regal.

"For safety, as well as for theatrical effect, they rode *en masse*, attended by the sheriff's armed escort, and themselves ready to defend the majesty of law against the lawless bands who might attack them on their way through unreclaimed forests or over desolate heaths. The light pageantry and all the pompous circumstances of feudal life surrounded their march. When they moved, crimson and gold, burnished steel and floating ancient, gladdened the eye; at the same time the ear was addressed by the blare of trumpets, the rattle of armour, the tramp of iron feet, the neighing of horses, the joyous hum of riders."—Vol. i. p. 121.

These glories died away with the last of the Plantagenets; but, until carriages came into common use, legal equestrians

were plentiful, and legal processions and circuits were generally performed on horseback. Here is a pleasant picture of the time of Charles II. Roger North is the narrator, speaking of his brother, the renowned Lord Guildford :—

"From Newcastle his route lay to Carlisle. The Northumberland sheriff gave us all arms—that is, a dagger, knife, penknife, and fork, all together. And, because the *hideous* road along the Tyne, for the many and sharp turnings, and perpetual precipices, was for a coach, not sustained by main force, impassable, his lordship was forced to take horse, and to ride most part of the way to Hexham. We were showed where coal mines burnt underground, but could discern nothing of it besides the deadness of all plants there. We were showed the Picts' Wall; but it appears only as a range or bank of stones, all overgrown with grass, not unlike the brink of the Devil's Ditch at Newmarket, only without any hollow, and nothing near so big. Here his lordship saw the true image of a Border country. The tenants of the several manors are bound to guard the judges through their precinct; and out of it they would not go—no, not an inch—to save the souls of them. They were a comical sort of people, riding upon *nags*, as they call their small horses, with basket-hilts hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touched the ground; and every one in his turn, with his short cloak and other equipages, came up cheek by jowl, and talked with my lord judge. His lordship was very well pleased with their discourse, for they were great antiquarians in their bounds."—Vol. i. pp. 132, 133.

We pass over many most entertaining pages, in order to introduce one or two personal anecdotes relative to legal horsemen and horsemanship. When Thurlow began his legal career, he was at his wits' end to procure a horse, without which he could not have gone on circuit. He had obtained his wig and other paraphernalia on "tick," but how was he to get credit from that peculiarly sharp specimen of British merchants, the horse-dealer? By dint of impudence and cleverness he succeeded. Entering the yard of one of the species, he called in authoritative tones for "a very superior roadster." The price was no consideration. "Show me a horse that you can recommend, and if I like him *after trial*, I'll have him at your own price." The bold imperious manner of the young scamp imposed on the tradesman; a strong and serviceable hackney was saddled; the young barrister was mounted, *and forthwith rode off on circuit to Winchester.* Before the owner saw the steed again, it had carried the impudent and unscrupulous young lawyer to every town on the western circuit. It can excite no surprise, though it reflects lasting infamy on the hero of the story, to learn that

the delivery of the horse was accompanied with a note from Thurlow to the effect that "the animal, notwithstanding some good points, did not altogether suit him."

Lord Eldon was an exception, in the matter of horsemanship, to most of his brethren. He could neither ride nor drive well.

"Even William Henry Scott, that pattern of an admiring and dutiful son, used to laugh at the great Chancellor's maladroitness in all matters pertaining to horse-flesh. With much glee and agreeable egotism, Lord Campbell tells the following story of Eldon and his favourite child:—'They were walking together in Piccadilly, when a gentleman, driving past them in a smart cabriolet (with a tiger behind), took off his hat and made a low bow. "Who is that," said Lord Eldon, "who treats me with respect now I am nobody?" "Why, sir," said William Henry, "that is Sir John Campbell, the Whig Solicitor-General." "I wonder what they would have said of me," cried the ex-Chancellor, "if I had driven about in a cabriolet when I was Solicitor-General." "'I will tell you what they would have said, dear father," replied William Henry, "they would have said, there goes the greatest lawyer and the worst whip in England."'" —Vol. i. pp. 153, 154.

We have next many pleasant pictures of the domestic life of the lawyers in the days when the Inns of Court were residences as well as places of business. It is difficult for one of the present generation to people those dark and narrow passages, those sleepy courts, with the forms of women, and to hear the musical echo of childhood's laughter in those desolate abodes. But they were bright and happy homes for three centuries, and it is pleasant to think of the hard-worked barrister bringing his bride home to his "chambers," and receiving and returning the visits of friends living in the same "Inn." There was the chamber of business, the parlour, perhaps a drawing-room, and "a trim compact little kitchen." There the elder children were born, and the dry studies of the pleader were relieved now and then by a good romp with master Tommy. The "hall" was at hand for his dinner; the library supplied him with store of both professional and general reading; the church or chapel of his Inn furnished sittings for both himself and family; in the garden, calm secluded in ordinary days, he could stroll and meditate; and on "open days" could associate with courtiers and grand ladies from the west, or, if he pleased, with humbler folk, for at such times no decently dressed person was excluded. The weekly meeting of his club was held at an hotel hard by; and

at night his drawing-room was the scene of many a happy réunion, where tea and chat, coffee and cards, and to crown all a substantial supper flanked with ale and porter, and followed by steaming punch, closed the day. Now we have changed all that. The barrister has his villa in the suburbs, greatly to the advantage, no doubt, in many ways, of his wife and family. But the removal of the ladies from the Inns of Court has not tended to increase their cheerfulness; and many hints in Mr. Jeaffreson's book indicate that these places are sadly altered for the worse.

"The loves of the lawyers!" Could any juxta-position of words sound more incongruous? Who has not laughed at the sorry figure which Cupid cuts under cross-examination in a court of law? But depend upon it he has his revenge on the lawyers. You call that hard-featured man, bristling with horsehair, and cruelly worrying the mischievous little god, a living mummy, do you? It may be so; but surely

> "A heart has beat beneath that leathern breast,
> And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled."

In truth Cupid has played as strange tricks with lawyers as with any of us. We have nothing to say for Jane Shore, and yet she had the sympathy and pity of her own time and of posterity, and what is more to the present purpose, she so won the heart of the then Solicitor-General, that in spite of her imprisonment as a convicted adulteress he made her an offer of marriage, and was hardly prevented from making her his wife. Sir Thomas More was an eccentric lover. After vain endeavours to quench the tender passion he married fair Jane Colt. But he had previously loved her younger sister, and selected Jane because "it would be a grief and some blemish to the eldest to have the younger sister preferred before her," and so, "out of a kind compassion," he "settled his fancy upon the eldest, and soon after married her." Having thus deliberately walked into love, rather than fallen into it, we are prepared to hear that his bearing towards his wife was extremely condescending and patronising at all times. He exhorted her graciously and sympathised with her, directed her studies, gave "her doses of moral backboard when she was naughty, and gladdened her heart with delicious praise when she was unusually good." And Jane seems to have been a very submissive and exemplary pupil. But, losing her early, the great chancellor was less fortunate in his second choice. "Mistress Alice" was, in fact, somewhat of a vixen, and her "patient and scholarly husband" did by no

means escape from her bitter and virulent tongue. When he fell under Henry's displeasure and was sent to the Tower, the poor woman went to see him, and the following characteristic dialogue took place:—

"'What the goodyear, Mr. More! I maryel that you, who have been hitherto always taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, and be content to be shut up thus with mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favour and goodwill both of the king and his council, if you would but do as the bishops and best learned of this realm have done; and seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your books, your gallery, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might, in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I muse what, in God's name, you mean, here thus fondly to tarry!' Having heard her out—preserving his good humour—he said to her with a cheerful countenance, 'I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing.' 'What is it?' saith she. 'Is not this house as near heaven as my own?'"—Vol. i. p. 227.

Our author devotes a chapter to the loves of the two great Elizabethan lawyers, Bacon and Coke. Both of them paid suit to Lord Burleigh's granddaughter, the widow of Sir William Hatton. Bacon was "blessed with failure," and Coke "cursed with success." She was an awful termagant. She was continually quarrelling with her husband in private, and indeed the public were soon made spectators of their virulent and indecent bickerings. But probably we should not have had "Coke upon Littleton" if the great lawyer had been on better terms with his wife. More time with her would have involved less time at his desk, and posterity no doubt reaps the benefit of studies in which he found refuge from conjugal clamour. His rival married in two or three years Alice Barnham, "an alderman's daughter," and was every way more fortunate in his selection.

But we must hasten over this tempting subject. We cannot pass away from it, however, without referring, as evidence of the sound moral tone pervading the work, to the chapter on "Early Marriages." The moral is clearly drawn and forcibly stated in favour of such marriages, and is pointed by very apt and touching allusions to the married life of good old Lord Eldon and his inimitable "Bessie." How happy a contrast did their beautiful home-life present to the system which now prevails in the same circles of society, and which, to use our author's wise and warning words, "keeps apart young men and young gentlewomen, consigning the latter to cheerless celibacy, and condemning the former to one form of monastic

asceticism, or something worse; whereas, by more sagacious arrangements, they might be husbands and wives, fathers and mothers—contented, prosperous, and hopeful." There is surely "something rotten in the state of Denmark," when a young couple are afraid to face the world as man and wife on the miserable pittance of five or six hundred a-year. Under the head of "Money" we have a good deal of curious and agreeable gossip about fees to counsel, general and special retainers, judicial corruption, gifts and sales, and judicial salaries. The incorruptibility of British judges in our days happily does not need to be proved, and the profession, as a whole, in spite of certain popular prejudices, enjoys an unimpeachable reputation. Some of our modern novelists have delighted to caricature bench, bar, and the lower grades of the law with an unsparing satire. But such sketches are grossly exaggerated. Time was, however, when justice, in the hands of its administrators, was abominably venal. But suitors have often reckoned without their host when attempting, even in the most delicate way, to "influence" those on whose decision their hopes depended. Here is a pleasant story illustrative of legal wit and impartiality:—

"Less than twenty years since, in one of England's southern counties, two neighbouring landed proprietors differed concerning their respective rights over some unenclosed land, and also about certain rights of fishing in an adjacent stream. The one proprietor was the richest baronet, the other the poorest squire of the county, and they agreed to settle their dispute by arbitration. A Master in Chancery, slightly known to both gentlemen, was invited to act as arbitrator, after inspecting the localities in dispute. The invitation was accepted, and the Master visited the scene of disagreement on the understanding that he should give up two days to the matter. It was arranged that on the first day he should walk over the squire's estate and hear the squire's uncontradicted version of the case, dining at the close of the day with both contendants at the squire's table; and that on the second day, having walked over the baronet's estate and heard without interruption the other side of the story, he should give his award, sitting over wine after dinner at the rich man's table. At the close of the first day the squire entertained his wealthy neighbour and the arbitrator at dinner. In accordance with the host's means, the dinner was modest but sufficient. It consisted of three fried soles, a roast leg of mutton, and vegetables, three pancakes, three pieces of cheese, three small loaves of bread, ale, and a bottle of sherry. On the removal of the viands, three magnificent apples, together with a magnum of port, were placed on the table by way of dessert. At the close of the second day the trio dined at the baronet's table, when it appeared that, struck by the simplicity of the previous

day's dinner, and rightly attributing the absence of luxuries to the narrowness of the host's purse, the wealthy disputant had resolved not to attempt to influence the umpire by giving him a superior repast. Sitting at another table, the trio dined on exactly the same fare—three fried soles, a roast leg of mutton, and vegetables, three pancakes, three pieces of cheese, three small loaves of bread, ale, and a bottle of sherry; and for dessert, three magnificent apples, together with a magnum of port. The dinner being over, the apples devoured, and the last glass of port drunk, the arbitrator, his eyes twinkling brightly as he spoke, introduced his award with the following exordium: 'Gentlemen, I have with all proper attention considered your *sole* reasons, I have taken due notice of your *joint* reasons, and I have come to the conclusion that your *des(s)erts* are about equal.'"—Vol. i. pp. 334, 335.

We have no space to speak of lawyers' millinery, but people curious in such matters will be instructed and entertained by our author's disclosures respecting wigs, bands and collars, bags, gowns, and hats. The same may be said of musical and theatrical lawyers. The legal gentlemen of Charles I.'s time carried amateur theatricals to a pretty pitch, especially after the publication of Prynne's famous *Histriomastix*. Indignant at his attack on the licentiousness of the stage, and on the "wanton levity" of play-goers, the members of the Inns of Court got up the most famous and costly masque ever heard of. The revels took place on Candlemas Day, 1633-4, and at short intervals similar follies were enacted in the presence of majesty, queen Henrietta herself sometimes dancing with the masquers, and judging "them as good dancers as she ever saw." Poor Prynne was occupied in "salving the stumps of his ears, which had been cropped by the executioner's knife." Long enough, however, has English sympathy gone with the glorious "crop-ear," and the masquers and their race are forgotten. By all accounts, the gentlemen of the robe often cut most ridiculous figures on these merrymaking days. But surely there never was anything so absurd as the scene in the Inner Temple Hall, on occasion of Lord Chancellor Talbot's elevation to the woolsack in 1733-4. After dinner at two o'clock, the company witnessed the performance of *Love for Love* and *The Devil to Pay*, and on the withdrawal of the players, the judges, serjeants, benchers, and other dignitaries danced "round about the coal fire"—literally round an empty grate, without a bit of coal or a spark of fire in it. "And all the time of the dance the ancient song, accompanied by music, was sung by one, Toby Aston, dressed in a bar-gown, whose father had formerly been Master of the Plea Office in the

King's Bench." Verily these legal sages knew how to play the fool.

Mr. Jeaffreson thinks that there is on the whole a rooted though unreasonable distrust of political lawyers in both Houses of Parliament, but especially in the House of Commons. There seems to be an impression when a lawyer rises to address the Speaker "that he is pleading—for place." Many an honourable and able man has been coughed and hemmed down under this unfair and absurd suspicion. Lord Campbell will have it that the Upper House cherish no hostility to lawyers; but that depends on circumstances. They liked Eldon and Lyndhurst; but Brougham, Erskine, and Westbury had scant courtesy from the hereditary legislators; and Thurlow was both feared and detested. He was fully capable, however, of asserting himself. When on one occasion the Duke of Grafton insolently taunted him with his plebeian origin, Thurlow fixed upon him his "terrible black eyes," surveyed him deliberately from head to foot, and, in a grand voice, said, "I am amazed." A fearful pause ensued, during which the unhappy duke shuddered at his own meanness and his antagonist's revenge; and then, in a louder tone, Thurlow went on:—

"Yes, my lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay more, I can and will say that, as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, as a man—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon."—Vol. ii. pp. 122, 123.

No wonder that from the date of that speech, dukes, marquises, earls, and barons all agreed in keeping their hands off the terrible Chancellor.

We pass over the section on Legal Education, though, like all in this book, singularly entertaining and instructive, and address ourselves to that on "Mirth," in which are many fine

specimens of forensic wit. From the days of Sir Thomas More downwards, "the profession" has contributed its full share of witticisms to the public entertainment. More himself was full of quiet humour, and endless good things uttered by him are in vogue. He conveyed this humour with him to the block.

"Finding in the craziness of the scaffold a good pretext for leaning in friendly fashion on his gaoler's arm, he extended his hand to Sir William Kingston, saying, 'Master Lieutenant, I pray you see me safe up; for my coming down, let me shift for myself!' Even to the headsman he gave a gentle pleasantry and a smile from the block itself, as he put aside his beard so that the keen blade should not touch it. "Wait, my good friend, till I have removed my beard,' he said, turning his eyes upward to the official, 'for it has never offended his highness!'"—Vol. ii. p. 199.

Hatton once uttered a capital pun:—

"In a case concerning the limits of certain land, the counsel on one side having remarked with explanatory emphasis, 'We lie on this side, my lord;' and the counsel on the other side having interposed with equal vehemence, 'We lie on this side, my lord,' the Lord Chancellor leaned backwards, and drily observed, 'If you lie on both sides, whom am I to believe?'"—Vol. ii. p. 204.

When Charles II. on one occasion said to Shaftesbury, "Shaftesbury, you are the most profligate man in my dominions," the Chancellor replied: "Of a subject, sir, I believe I am." By the way, Mr. Jeaffreson complains that many legal witticisms are "brutally personal and malignant;" and he gives us a choice specimen or two of the kind. Charles Yorke, calling on members of senate at Cambridge to thank them for supporting his election, thus addressed a don who was reputed to be the ugliest man in the University, "Sir, I have reason to be thankful to my friends in general; but I confess myself under particular obligation to you for the *very remarkable countenance* you have shown me on this occasion."

Thurlow was notorious for his overbearing insolence and rudeness, not only on the bench and in the House of Lords, but in general society. But he did not always come off victorious in his verbal contests. Mr. Jeaffreson relates the following story, of which, by the way, many years ago we heard Abernethy quoted as the hero:—

"On crossing the threshold of his Ormond-street house one morning, the Chancellor was incensed at seeing a load of paving-stones placed before his door. Singling out the tallest of a score of Irish

workmen who were repairing the thoroughfare, he poured upon him one of those torrents of curses with which his most insolent speeches were usually preluded, and then told the man to move away the stones instantly. 'Where shall I take them to, your honour?' the paviour inquired. From the Chancellor another volley of abuse, ending with, 'You lousy scoundrel, take them to hell—do you hear me?' 'Have a care, your honour,' answered the workman, with quiet drollery; 'don't you think, now, that if I took 'em to the other place your honour would be less likely to fall over them?' "—Vol. ii. p. 211.

Under this head of "Mirth," we have some ghastly tales concerning "hanging judges." The English bench has occasionally been disgraced by men who seemed to take a savage delight in dooming their fellow-creatures to death. One of these, Sir Francis Page, flourished at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was remarkable for his virulence and cruelty. He lived to be eighty years old, and for a long period enjoyed an infamous notoriety. In his last year of life and office, he is said to have replied to an inquiry concerning his health, "My dear sir, you see how it fares with me; I just manage to keep *hanging on—hanging on*." Pleasantly contrasting with this heartless cynicism is the story of Lord Kenyon, who was by no means remarkable for tenderness of heart in general. Upon one occasion, when he saw a woman drop senseless in the dock on hearing him sentence her to death for stealing property to the value of forty shillings from a dwelling, he sprang to his feet, and screamed, in a shrill tone, "I don't mean to hang you—do you hear? Don't you hear? Good ——! will nobody tell her that I don't mean to hang her?" Let us be thankful, not only for the milder spirit of modern criminal jurisprudence, but for the gentle character of our judges, few of whom can now pass sentence of death even for murder without being disturbed by uncontrollable emotion.

Our author gives us a few good stories illustrative of wit-encounters between counsel and witnesses; but he might have enlarged this chapter with very great advantage, especially if he had drawn upon the Irish courts of justice. It is said of the celebrated joker, Lord Norbury, that he would at any time rather lose a friend than a joke. On one occasion he began the utterance of the sentence of death in this wise:—"Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your own countrymen of the crime laid to your charge; and I must say I entirely agree with the verdict; for I see 'scoundrel' written in your face." Here the prisoner inter-

rupted with, "That's a strong reflection—from your lordship!" Whereupon the judge, keenly appreciating the joke, commuted the sentence into transportation for seven years. A story is told of a victory achieved over Daniel O'Connell by a witness whom he was cross-examining. It was after he had won his celebrated *sobriquet* of "the big beggar-man." The witness was for the Crown, in a case of riot committed by a mob of beggars, and he represented the affair as very serious. "Pooh, pooh! Now, just tell the court how many there were," said O'Connell. "Indeed, I never stopped to count them, your honour; but there was a whole tribe of them!" "A whole tribe of them! Will ye tell us to what tribe they belonged?" "Indeed, your honour, that's more than I can do at all, for sure I never heard; but I think it must have been the tribe of DAN!" "You may go down, sir," cried O'Connell, in a rage, amid the irrepressible laughter of the court. A few years ago, we heard in Ireland a story concerning two eminent living Irish judges, one of whom was then a leading Queen's counsellor. The latter gentleman was cross-examining a witness, who baffled all his attempts to elicit his evidence. At last the barrister threw down his pen, and the judge proposed to pursue the examination, to which a ready assent was given. But his lordship was not more successful, and soon abandoned the attempt. The witness, bursting with triumph, turned with a leer to the judge, and said, "Will I go down now, my lord?" To which his lordship answered, "Yes, sir, go down, and go to ——" smothering the naughty word with a cough, and causing a general titter. The next witness was equally troublesome, but the judge did not offer to assist counsel in examining. When the rascal had foiled every attempt made to get the truth out of him, and had brought the court to a standstill, he turned to the baffled and angry counsel, and, with a wicked sneer, repeated his predecessor's question, "Will I go down now, Mr. ——?" "Yes, sir," was the instant reply—"go down, and go to—(a little cough) —to the place to which his lordship sent the last witness."

As a rule, the forensic brotherhood is composed of genial, hospitable, jovial men. There have been some notable exceptions. Lord Eldon is often accused of stinginess, and the accusation was too true; yet he gave good dinners, and was very liberal with his choicest port. Lord Kenyon was always penurious, and became excessively so as he grew older. It was said that his domestic servants justly complained "that they were required to consume the same fare as their master deemed sufficient for himself." One wit said, "In

Lord Kenyon's house, all the year through, it is Lent in the kitchen, and Passion Week in the parlour." The wine-drinking habits of the eighteenth century, and the first half of the nineteenth, largely infected the legal profession. The brothers Scott (Eldon and Stowell) were occasionally very heavy drinkers of port wine; and it is said of the former that even in his extreme old age he never drank less than three pints of port daily, with or after his dinner. This, too, is among the vices once prevalent in "society," which the greater refinement and self-restraint of modern times have happily all but eradicated. It would be hard now to find a judge who could confess that on the first day of every term he had drunk more than four bottles of wine. This acknowledgment Lord Stowell made to his son-in-law, dismissing the subject with, "more; I mean to say we had more. Now don't ask any more questions."

Under the head of "Tempora Mutantur," our author dwells on the greatly improved social relations between the higher and lower branches of the profession. "Attorney," in the eighteenth century, and the beginning of the nineteenth, was considered a synonym for "pettifogger," and the rank and privileges of a gentleman were denied to those who bore the designation. As an instance of the change that has now taken place, it may be mentioned that only a little more than thirty years ago, attorneys were excluded from a newly-formed club, by no means intended to be aristocratic, whereas now, with a brighter reputation than it has ever before enjoyed, the same club has a very large number of attorneys on its books. Indeed there is practically no social difference between the higher and the lower functionaries of the law.

We have next an affecting chapter on the death of certain great lawyers, who had attained the highest honours of their profession. The contrast between "grandeur and death" is very impressively put, and in a way fitted to make the most ambitious and successful hunter of earth's prizes pause and reflect upon the worthlessness of the baubles that allure him; and upon the time, when, like Talfourd, or Watson, or Wightman, within these just-passed years, his own death in the fulness of his hard-won honours, may serve to "point the moral, and adorn the tale" of the vanity of all earthly greatness. But we must bring our notices of this interesting and instructive book of legal gossip to a close. A chapter or two on the changes which have taken place in "Legal Haunts," especially in Westminster Hall, and on the relations of lawyers to literature and general culture, complete what

Mr. Jeaffreson has to tell us. We can assure our readers that the book abounds with curious and out-of-the-way information, which nothing but great research and industry could have collected; that it sparkles through all its pages with racy anecdote, and polished wit; and we cannot doubt that whoever may read it will be thankful to the author for the clear insight he gives us into the ways of a profession, which, however some may dislike it, is one of the greatest necessities and blessings of civilization, and discharges invaluable offices in all the chief relations and principal crises of our earthly story.

ART. VII.—1. *Emanuel Swedenborg; His Life and Writings.* By WILLIAM WHITE. In Two Vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1867.

2. *Emmanuel de Swedenborg: Sa Vie, ses Ecrits, et sa Doctrine.* Par M. MATTER. Paris: Didier & Co. 1863.

3. *Herzog Real Encyplopädie.* Band XV. Art. Swedenborg. 1867.

4. *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle.* Tom. XLIV. Art. Swedenborg. 1867.

IT may be doubted whether the entire compass of biographical literature presents a more singular phenomenon than the subject of these two volumes. A career more unique was perhaps never run upon earth, nor one that blended in itself more contradictory elements. Emanuel Swedenborg's history is that of a man sent into the world with rich endowments, both of body and mind, which were trained in early life to the utmost; who worked hard through a long series of years in the study at once of physics and metaphysics, conducting both pursuits with rare perseverance, with remarkable independence of other thinkers, and with prodigious results in the quantity, if not the quality, of his literary labours; who suddenly, when far past middle life, announces himself to be possessed of a key to the Scriptures and to the unseen state which had never before been entrusted to any mortal, and for a quarter of a century astonished the world with an unbroken series of pretended revelations of that other state, revelations which place him in a higher rank than apostles and prophets; and who, after a mystical career that had none of the true grace and spirituality of mysticism in it, leaves behind him a church and a creed that have found scores of thousands of members and believers, many of them refined and intelligent, in both hemispheres. Such a phenomenon, occurring in the eighteenth century, is not to be lightly dismissed. Mr. White has given us the materials to assist our judgment with a fulness and artistic skill that leaves all his German and French predecessors far behind. His bulky volumes are ably written; but with a combination of scepticism and credulity that leads us sometimes to wonder how a man who can write what he writes of his hero could be a believer in his claims, or, if a believer, how he could write such things.

Emanuel Swedenborg came of a rather vigorous stock. His grandfather, Daniel Isaksson, was a Swedish copper-smelter, who took his name Sweden from his humble homestead, according to the custom of the country. This goodly man leaves us his character in one quaint saying, "Thank you, my children, for dinner! I have dined with you, and not you with me. God has given me food for your sake." He became rich, and sent one of his sons, Jasper, to Upsala College, and lived to see him Bishop of Skara. Jasper Svedberg's was also an original character; conversing much with angels, he was nevertheless a keen man of the world, and never rested till he got for his son Emmanuel and himself a patent of nobility. He travelled much, wrote cartloads of books, sedulously attended to the affairs of his bishopric, was an enthusiast in the improvement of the Swedish vernacular, and promoted under much odium the correction of the authorised version of the Bible. He also has left one saying which marks both the strength and the weakness of the man. When the Diet discussed and condemned Pietism—the Methodism that was creeping into the dead Swedish Church—Svedberg rose and said,—

"More has been a good deal spoken here in derision and aversion concerning these assemblies of Pietists. I am now the only clergyman present, and therefore must speak. I have been to-day to a meeting of Pietists, and I only wish that every minister in Sweden held such meetings under his roof. Their opinion that an unconverted priest is unfit to minister in sacred things, is a very dangerous doctrine. An anxious man sends for a clergyman, and is by him absolved from his sins, but afterwards he falls into doubt as to whether his absolution is worth anything, since he fancies the minister is unconverted: but, as a ducat loses nothing of its value though tendered by an unclean hand, so absolution is not affected by the character of the administrator. I have never taken to reading Pietist books, for which I have no taste, nor have I anything to do with Pietists; but a very great deal too much with numerous Impietists. Would God we were all true Pietists after the matter of St. Paul and St. John!"

Such was the stagnant church in which the future latitudinarian visionary was educated. He was born on the 29th of January, 1668, and received the name Emanuel, "which," his father thought, "should continually remind him of the nearness of God, and of that interior, holy, and mysterious union in which, through faith, we stand to our good and gracious God." He spent his childhood and was afterwards educated at Upsala, a pleasant city of some 5,000 inhabitants,

where stood the finest Gothic building in Scandinavia. Of his early career he thus wrote in old age:

"From my fourth to my tenth year my thoughts were constantly engrossed in reflecting on God, on salvation, and on the spiritual affections of man. I often revealed things in my discourses which filled my parents with astonishment, and made them declare at times that certainly the angels spoke through my mouth. From my ninth to my twelfth year it was my greatest delight to converse with the clergy concerning faith, to whom I often observed that charity or love is the life of faith. I knew nothing, at that time, of the systematic or dogmatic mind of faith which teaches that God the Father imputes the righteousness or merits of the Son to whomsoever, and at whatsoever time, He wills, even to the impenitent; and had I heard of such a faith, it would have been then, as now, quite unintelligible to me. From my earliest years I could never admit into my mind the idea of three persons, or three Gods, in the Godhead; and I have always received, and do still retain, the idea of one God alone."

Although we can easily believe that such a perversion as this of the Lutheran doctrine was not taught him in his youth, yet it seems clear enough that the doctrine of the Bishop's home education was of the laxest kind. It does not appear that Emanuel went to the university with any care for religion; his early devout influences were not sustained by the truth, and languished almost to extinction. In 1709, at the age of twenty-one, he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and soon afterwards had the royal permission to travel. He spent some time in England, and contracted a love to this country which amounted at last almost to a naturalisation. Thence he travelled through France, and occupied himself mainly with mathematics, physics, and poetry, the last not always of the purest kind. Returning to Sweden he sought for employment, and, by the temporary publication of a scientific periodical, *Dædalus Hyperboreus*, attracted some notice, especially from Christopher Polhem, the "Scandinavian Archimedes." Polhem introduced Svedberg to Charles II. at Lund, who made him "Assessor of Mines," the only title he ever received or was known by in his own country. Stimulated by Polhem, the Assessor's rare mechanical and engineering abilities were of great service to the king in his war with Norway. At the siege of Frederickshall, Emanuel contrived to wheel, on carriages of his own invention, two galleys, five large boats, and a sloop a distance of fourteen miles overland; and, under cover of these vessels, the king was able to transport his heavy artillery. When

Charles was killed in the trenches—"the last of the Swedish kings, and the most thorough warrior, perhaps, earth has ever known"—his sister, Ulrika Eleonora, ennobled the Assessor, when his surname was altered to Swedenborg. During seven years, till 1722, he wrote, in Swedish and Latin, a great number of mathematical and metallurgic tracts, which gained no great attention, though full of original suggestions. He then relapsed into silence for twelve years. His biographer at this point makes the following remarks:—

"Looking on the packet of pamphlets and letters he has produced, we discern in them a man eager to know and quick to apprehend, a ready learner; but not one who absorbs knowledge implicitly and sits down satisfied; but who tests and questions it, and who would fain carry out every truth to new issues, and be an enlarger and discoverer of knowledge. Though speculative, his speculations have all an end towards practice; with many adventurous notions he is yet so prosaic and shrewd, that you would never call him romantic. His tastes and pursuits are various, but they all open into the mechanical plane. Religion is no more in his thoughts. He has left the angels of his childhood, not in contempt, but forgetfulness, having other business on hand. Of reverence he has plainly little; of self-satisfaction much; fully assured of his own worth, we feel that he felt himself peer to any man."—P. 70.

Twelve years he occupied with the drudgery of his office, relieved by the composition of three great folios, on the original of matter, and on the formation of iron and copper. These works he printed in Germany, whither he went to superintend the proofs. The first of the folios, the *Principia Rerum Naturalium*, was a bold attempt to find the first principles of things—in fact, a theory of the universe. He sets out with the means to a true philosophy—experience, reason, geometry: experience furnishing the material; reason reducing facts to laws; this, however, according to science, and chiefly geometry. But, as his biographer shows, he at once forsakes his own principles by placing himself in the centre of things, and tracing the soul of nature to a point, the commencement and potency of all motion and production, ever flowing from a centre to a circumference, and around the circumference back to the centre, an everlasting spiral. Thus translating chemistry into geometry, he works on through a series of extraordinary and bewildering developments—in which some of the profoundest and recent discoveries in magnetism are curiously blended with modifications of those various hypotheses for explaining the motions of the universe that preceded Newton—till the whole system of nature becomes one vast

magnet and its sphere. These creations of his fertile brain we must pass by, as they were silently renounced, or actually retracted, by their creator in after times.

It is only justice, however, to admit that Swedenborg insisted upon an Infinite Being presiding over this vast mechanism—a Providence infinite in the finite, and quite inappreciable by geometry; and as we shall have to expose hereafter his reckless independence of Scripture in the account he gives of man's creation, and his approach to materialism in his notion of the soul, it is well to give him the benefit of such true words as these :—

"Without the utmost devotion to the Supreme Being no one can be a complete and truly learned philosopher,—true philosophy, and contempt of the Deity, are two opposites. The philosopher sees indeed that God governs the creation by rules and mechanical laws, and that the soul governs the body in a similar manner; he may now know what those rules and mechanical laws are; but to know the nature of that infinite Being from whom, as from their fountain, all things in the world derive their existence and subsistence,—to know, I say, the nature of that Supreme Intelligence with its infinite arcana—this is an attainment beyond the sphere of his limited capacity. When, therefore, the philosopher has arrived at the end of his studies, even supposing him to have acquired so complete a knowledge of all mundane things, that nothing more remains for him to learn, he must there stop; for he can never know the nature of the infinite Being, of His supreme intelligence, supreme providence, supreme love, supreme justice, and other infinite attributes. He will, therefore, acknowledge that, in respect to this supremely intelligent and wise Being, his knowledge is nothing. He will hence most profoundly venerate Him with the utmost devotion of soul; so that at the mere thought of Him, his whole frame, or membranous and sensitive system, will awfully, yet sweetly, tremble, from the inmost to the outermost principles of his being."

When Swedenborg took his next step in ontology—the description of the Infinite, the "difficulty of philosophy"—he bewilders himself and his readers by the endeavour to find a *nexus* between the Infinite and the first finites, and flies to "the work of revelation." Forgetting, in the "straits" of his reason, his abhorrence of tri-personality in the Godhead, he finds in the eternal and only-begotten Son the *nexus* which he sought.

"The Father and the Son are so distinct that the one is first person, the other the second, and the connection between the infinite finite is through the Son and nothing else. Thus then, for the present, let us rest content in the certainty that through the only

begotten Son of God, the first finites are connected with the last, and both with God."

He then proceeds to pursue the human soul to its mysterious recesses; and, in his desperate anxiety to prove his doctrine, makes it material:

"It admits of being enclosed within the finite, that is, within the body. The soul is a constituent of the body, limited to it, and one of the body's natural parts. The soul is natural or physical. It is the last and subtlest part of the body. The soul's dwelling is where the membranes pass into their highest attenuations and reach their finest subtlety."

As to the intercourse between soul and body, he finds no difficulty.

"Man comprises all the elements which lie between the sun and earth; by his soul he is heir to the sun, by his body to the earth. By vibrations all influences from without ascend through the senses, by the graduated elements, to the soul; such vibratory or tremulous motion is the cause of all sensation."

Seven years he seems to have devoted to the further pursuit of this subject, making anatomy his diligent study, and the issue was two treatises on *Rational Psychology* and *The Human Soul*. In these there is some improvement on the bold materialism of the former work. After endless discussions on the animal spirits, which he made the body of the soul, so to speak, he gives up the matter in despair:

"No sooner did I feel the soul within my grasp than I found it eluding me, though it never wholly disappeared from my view. The soul it is by cause of which, and out of which, the visible corporeal kingdom chiefly exists, and to the soul we are to ascribe whatever excites our wonder in the body; for the body is constructed after the image of the soul. Thus did I seem to see, and yet not to see, the very object, *with the desire of knowing which I was never at rest.* At length I woke as from a deep sleep, and discovered that nothing is further removed from the understanding than what is present to it."

The *Economy of the Animal Kingdom*, published at this time, carries his investigations on this subject into another and, perhaps, nobler sphere of thought. For instance, he says,—

"The soul is indestructible and immortal, though not immortal *per se*. It cannot be of itself called immortal; because it is created by the one Immortal Being, who is eternal life. For Him to create anything in itself immortal would be to create that which He is. Whereas, what God does, is to preserve the soul immortal through

His indwelling. When by death the soul is emancipated from the bonds and trammels of the earth, it appears in the exact form of the human body, and enters on a life pure beyond imagination."

But here he gives up the resurrection:

"Divested of the red blood, and the flesh and bone produced from that blood, the soul clothed with the spirit has no more any need or desire for the service of the carnal body."

In the work produced at this time we find the germs of those wonderful theories of degrees and correspondences between the physical and the spiritual worlds which afterwards were the basis of his theosophical system. The work on *The Animal Kingdom* followed, in three parts; and this marvellous mass of physiological facts and fancies closed Swedenborg's wanderings in pursuit of the soul. These works have had a few admirers; they have "suffered resurrection" in English, as Mr. White says. But they have no value in literature, and prove nothing but the writer's immense research and mental resources.

In 1745, and on the threshold of his second life, Swedenborg published a treatise on *The Worship and Love of God*. The very title shows that his mind was trembling on the verge of a direful eccentricity, for it simply begins where the *Principia* ended, in Paradise, and tells how plants, and animals, and man were made. A glance at the book itself will confirm this impression. We must quote a few sentences containing speculations, which, in their frenzy, are not without a certain interest.

"'There was a time like no time, when the sun was pregnant and carried in his womb the bodies of his own universe; and, when his time was come, he emitted them into space.' Overspread with effluvia, flowing from the hoary parent in every direction, these effluvia condensed into a nebulus expanse; burning to be delivered from the hard construction of the crust formed thus, his fiery energies burst the shell which broke into the masses of the planets. Thus moved slowly into ever-widening orbits, seven planets, some of them carrying with them from the palace of their parent other little orbs as servants."

Then follows a dream, as extravagant as anything in his own Scandinavian mythology, of the equipment of the surface of the earth. Having provided for the creation of all things inanimate, he introduces a spiritual sun, to be to the spiritual side of creation what the outer sun is to the material side.

"'This sun of life flows immediately from the infinite, or from God Himself, who alone is; and by this sun He animates the souls of living things for the uses of their life.' This inner sun entered on his strange labours, breeding insects from herbs, birds from shrubs, and quadrupeds

from trees according to a notion of correspondences between the vegetable and animal creation. Finally, all things longed for man their master; for him who was first in the infinite intention of the Deity, but the last in His creation; being at once its epitome and its crown."

This fine sentence is soon marred. The history of the birth of Adam, the education of his body by his soul, the creation of Eve, and the marriage of the first pair, is an odious travesty of the holy record, with which, however, it has only a few points of connection. The Tree of Life bore an egg in which lay the powers and essences of the human body. Into this egg the supreme mind infused a soul, through the concentrated rays of the sun of life. Angels or pure spiritual essences protected the sacred grove from wild beasts—for Swedenborg's Paradisiacal animals were what animals are now—and in due time humanity burst its shell, breathed the air, and was received into a cradle prepared by nature. The angels present the child to the grace and favour of the Supreme. "The inhabitants of heaven, upon pure minds, free from earthly loves, are able to represent anything. By these sportive blandishments and delightful fascinations, an infant in the space of a few days was set upon his feet, and walked erect with his face upturned to the starry heaven; nor was he willing to let it down again, except when he wished to eat for the nourishment of his body." But we must forbear; we have no patience to pursue the unintelligible story of Adam's probation, and decorum will hardly allow us to introduce Eve. The man who could publish all this, and read it forth to the world under the title *De Cultu et Amore Dei*, was ripe for his grand hallucination.

"Not without many signs and presages did the spiritual world open to Swedenborg." This is the introduction, in our biography, to a most painful account of the crisis which translated the man of science into the strangest dreamer of dreams that ever lived. Those "signs and presages" more or less pervaded his whole life, but they came thick and fast between the years 1743 and 1744, when he was in his fifty-fifth year. He himself gives many hints of a remarkable suspension of the action of his lungs when he was at prayer, of wonderful lights that glimmered over the pages he was writing, of mysterious words syllabled in his ears, of a golden key that was represented to him by which the spiritual world was to be opened, and a multitude of other indications which we may interpret as psychological or physiological phenomena culminating in a real, though very peculiar, insanity. A diary has been recovered which ranges over the six months above referred

to, and discloses a sad confusion of intellect and a moral nature alternating between evil and good, struggling with base passions and high aspirations in a most pitiable manner. We will take the record of two or three consecutive days, and leave the reader to judge what kind of crisis this was:—

"I rose up now wholly God's; God be thanked and praised, *I will not be my own.* I am certain and confident that Thou, O God, lettest me be Thine on all the days of my life, and that Thou dost not take Thy Holy Spirit from me, which strengthens and upholds me. I had troublesome dreams about dogs, that were said to be my countrymen, and sucked my neck without biting me. In the morning I had horrid thoughts, that the Evil One had got hold of me, yet with the confidence that he was outside of me and would let me go. Then I fell into the most damnable thoughts—the worst that could be. Then Jesus Christ was presented vividly to my interior sight, and the influence of the Holy Spirit came over me, and I knew from this that the devil had gone away. I had a pleasant sleep for eleven hours with various representations. A married woman persecuted me, but I escaped. It signifies that the Lord saves me from persecution and temptation. A married woman desired to possess me, but I preferred an unmarried. She was angry and chased me, but I got hold of the one I liked: I was with her and loved her. Perhaps it signifies my thoughts. It was also shown me that I ought not to pollute myself with the books of others concerning theology and kindred matters, because all this I have in God's Word and from the Holy Spirit."

The diary is continued in London—the above extracts referred to the Hague—and represents still the oscillation between high religious feeling and low sensual temptations. He became connected with the Moravian Brethren in Fetter Lane, and lodged with one of the community. Here he was afflicted with a visitation of undoubted insanity, into the details of which it is not our intention to enter. But a word must be said about Mr. Wesley's statements in the *Arminian Magazine*. In the number for January, 1781, there is a straightforward story, which Mr. Wesley thought fit to publish, containing the main facts as drawn up by the Rev. Aron Mathesius. Three years afterwards another account appeared in the magazine, containing the following passage:—

"Many years ago, the baron came over to England, and lodged at one Mr. Brockmer's, who informed me (and the same information was given me by Mr. Mathesius, a very serious Swedish clergyman; both of whom were alive when I left London, and, I suppose, are so still) that while he was in his house he had a violent fever, in the height of which, being totally delirious, he broke from Mr. Brockmer, ran into the street stark naked, proclaimed himself the Messiah, and rolled

himself in the mire. I suppose from this time he dates his admission into the society of angels. From this time we are undoubtedly to date that peculiar species of insanity which attended him, with scarce any intermission, to the day of his death."

This account Swedenborg's biographer sets down to Mr. Wesley's "loose and unscrupulous habit of writing and speaking," and asks, "Can anything be more discreditable to Wesley's veracity than this second story?" We have collated the two accounts—the reader can easily do the same—and are utterly unable to find any discrepancy between them. It may be granted that the tone of the latter is more severe than that of the former, and indicates that Mr. Wesley was losing any measure of respect which he had formerly entertained for the "many excellent things" of Swedenborg's writings, and approaching that final estimate which he has honestly left on record of one whom he calls a "filthy dreamer." Whatever exaggeration there was in the report was due to Mathesius; and the discussion of his prejudices and veracity it is useless to enter into.

Swedenborg was removed to Dr. Smith's in Coldbath Fields, and seems to have forsaken the Moravians from this time, carrying with him very strong impressions of their Antinomianism, to which we shall find him referring in after times. The "momentous event of 1745"—that is, "the commencement of his seership"—took place immediately after his partial recovery. How far "partial" we may judge from the following account given by M. Robsahm:—

"I inquired of Swedenborg where and in what manner his revelations began. He said:—

"'I was in London, and dined late at my usual quarters, where I had engaged a room in which to prosecute my studies in natural philosophy. I was hungry and ate with great appetite. Towards the end of the meal I remarked that a kind of mist spread before my eyes, and I saw the floor of my room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads, and the like. I was astonished; having all my wits about me, being perfectly conscious. The darkness attained its height, and then passed away. I now saw a man sitting in the corner of the chamber. As I had thought myself alone, I was greatly frightened; when he said to me, "*Eat not so much*," my sight again became dim; but, when I recovered it, I found myself alone in the room. The unexpected alarm hastened my return home. I did not suffer my landlord to perceive that anything had happened, but thought over the matter attentively, and was not able to attribute it to chance or any physical cause. The following night the same man appeared to me again. I was this time not at all alarmed. The man

said, "I am God, the Lord, the Creator and Redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold to men the spiritual sense of the Holy Scriptures. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write." The same night the world of spirits, hell and heaven, were convincingly opened to me, when I found many persons of my acquaintance of all conditions. From that day forth I gave up all worldly learning, and laboured only in spiritual things, according to what the Lord commanded me to write. Thereupon the Lord daily opened the eyes of my spirit, to see in perfect wakefulness what was going on in the other world, and to converse, broad awake, with angels and spirits.'"

Soon after this Swedenborg returned to Sweden, retired on full income from his assessorship, and gave himself up to his new function. This new function—"to teach the things relating to the New Church, which is meant by the New Jerusalem in the Revelation, for which purpose He has opened the interior of my mind and spirit; by virtue of which privilege it has been granted unto me to be in the spiritual world with angels, and at the same time in the natural world with men"—he avowed, without faltering, to the day of his death, a space of twenty-seven years. At this point the present biographer, like his predecessors, about whose labours he maintains a marked silence, breaks off to elaborate his apology for the seer. That apology may be distributed under three heads: first, the nature of Swedenborg's relations to the other world are explained and vindicated by reference to his doctrine of correspondence between the natural and the spiritual worlds; secondly, his Divine mission is compared with the commissions given by God to man in Scripture, and boldly protected by this analogy; and, thirdly, the quality of what he taught is left to assert and evidence the truth of his claims.

There are two worlds; or, rather, all things in nature are produced from correspondent things in spirit; there is a spiritual sun which lights the spiritual world, and is the origin and life of our natural universe. Man's body of flesh and blood is transfused in every particle and tissue by a spiritual body, whose externals are woven from the finer substances of nature. He is at once an inhabitant of two worlds. Outwardly he is a subject of the man of nature; inwardly he is a subject of the man of spirit. "Outwardly, he may be a Swede, a Dutchman, or an Englishman; inwardly, he is an angel or devil, associated with kindred spirits in heaven or hell." This fact, which death makes manifest by stripping off the external garment, was simply anticipated in the case of Swedenborg,

His organisation adapted him for it. Sometimes when conversing with spirits he scarcely for an hour breathed at all. "An experience like mine no one from creation has had. The men of the golden age conversed indeed with angels, but only in natural light; but to me it has been granted in spiritual and natural light at the same time." Mr. White protests against the Sadduceeism which refuses to believe this, and appeals, "for an excellent illustration of the presence of the spiritual world behind the veil of nature," to the account of the young man whose *eyes were opened* to see the army that surrounded and defended Elisha. Hence, finally, the seer was the one man in all history to whom the Creator gave "a high and peculiar development of powers latent in us all." In this a precious and profound truth is simply perverted and abused. The Scriptures teach, indeed, that a spiritual world is around us, but not as the spiritualised counterpart of the present. And its instances of rapture into that world exhibit a state of things infinitely different from the gross, carnal, and utterly incomprehensible pictures with which Swedenborg's travels into the other world make us familiar.

As to the mission of the seer, the apologist urges an idle argument. No one sneers at the idea of a man being called and sent of God, even in modern times, for a special object. But when we are referred to the evidence of his doctrines themselves, we are quite content to abide the issue, always provided the claim is not made to rest upon detached sayings, which may have more or less of truth in them, but upon that immense mass of teaching which he introduced as a huge amendment upon the beliefs of eighteen hundred years. We shall exhibit a few of those teachings and revelations—for such, despite the protest of some of his apologists, they are—and let those, who hold the Scriptures in their hands, ask themselves whether, in the absence of any pretension to miracles, the body of divinity out of which they are taken can instance this fanatic's claim to be one in whom "Jesus Christ made His second advent for the institution of the New Church signified by the New Jerusalem in the Revelation."

Let us begin with a few extracts from a diary, commenced in 1747 and continued for seventeen years, in which the visionary recorded his experiences in the other world; or, in plain words, set down the musings of his own mind, abstracted from outward things, and constructing its feeling, illusions, and prejudices into a web of fantasy. It is called a *Spiritual Diary;* hence religion, or quasi-religious ideas, are predominant

in it. These are among the first entries, and, as such, are very significant:

"Sept. 1747.—From experience I have learnt that evil spirits cannot desist from tormenting. By their presence they have inflicted pains upon different parts of my body, as upon my feet, so that I could hardly walk; upon the dorsal nerves, so that I could hardly stand; and upon parts of my head with such pertinacity that the pains lasted for some hours.

"Nov. 3rd.—It seemed to me in a sleep that a witch had used her craft to take away true love, and thus to render a man weak. When I woke she appeared and was recognised as a witch, and was handed over to a punishment frightful beyond conception. I was told that her punishment was the result of an inquest of angels into her atrocities."

It will be found that evil spirits enter very largely into the dream-scenery of Swedenborg. Wondering at him, as some of Dante's ghosts wondered at the poet, they played all kind of tricks upon his person. They contrived to keep him sometimes in a state of intense irritation, tempted him to steal in shops, tried to suffocate him, embittered him against the studies that he hated, such as metaphysics; claimed his writings as their own, wished to get possession of his body, and strove to suppress his revelations. In one of his incursions he found out the mystery of his own inclination to suicide on a former occasion.

"There was a certain woman (Sara Hesselia) who inwardly cherished such an aversion to her parents, that she meditated poisoning them. She took it into her head that I was willing to marry her, and, when she found out that she was mistaken, she was seized with such hatred that she thought of killing me, if it had been possible. She died not long afterwards. Some time before the faculty of conversing with spirits was opened within me, I was impelled to commit suicide with a knife. The impulse grew so strong that I was forced to hide the knife out of sight in my desk. I have now discovered that Sara Hesselia was the spirit who excited the suicidal impulse as often as I saw the knife. From this it may appear that men may be unconsciously infected with spirits who hated them during their life on earth."

Although Swedenborg had ceased to hold intercourse with the Moravians on earth, he found them out in the other world. He saw them admitted to the outer heaven, but fleeing thence from the presence of the angels; carried to the inmost heaven, the sphere of love to the Lord inflicted upon them the tortures of death, and they cast themselves headlong out. They were then adjudged to be Antichrist for rejecting the divinity of the

Lord and the grace of charity. Still worse is his vision of the unhappy Quakers. He enters their assembly in the other state, and is taught that the spirit they are actuated by is not divine. Whatever good opinion he had of them on earth is corrected there. Although he found a multitude of snakes in his hair one night—no other than Quakers plotting while he slept—he is not restrained from revealing the truth. He ruthlessly reveals their abominable and obscene mysteries, and in terms of the utmost loathsomeness, which his biographer ought to be ashamed to speak of as written "in the child-like directness of the Bible (or rather say, with the unimpassioned simplicity of science)—a directness as pure as our premeditated daintiness is the reverse."

Bad as this is, it is worse to find the irreverent visionary aspersing the character of "holy men of old." "The apostles and prophets," he says, "were no better than other people." David is described as an associate of devils, and as possessed with the lust of being chief in heaven. "It was given me to tell him that he had no knowledge of the Lord, that he was ignorant of the interiors of the word, and knew it only in its letter; that he did not understand what the Spirit spoke through him, and thus he and I were different—to which he had no reply." Different, indeed! Paul has won harsher treatment. He is represented as conspiring with David to hold the visionary in an adulterous train of thought, as still governed by self, as rejected by the other apostles, as delighting in the companionship of hypocrites, as envious of St. Peter, with very much more that reverence prevents our alluding to.

Coming down to lower personages, Swedenborg indulges freely his rancorous propensities. Charles XII., his own former patron, who gave him the post on the profit of which he was then living, is drawn as "a most horrid devil;" after much impure invention about him, he is thus dismissed: "After he had been frequently punished, he was sent to the most squalid hell, where there were swine; but nevertheless he persisted. In the end he became an idiot, and entirely ossified, as if he had been a skeleton." Queen Ulrika, who ennobled his family, Charles XI., Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Queen Christina, are all described by an imagination as grotesque as it is coarse and licentious.

This kind of commentary on history and historical characters is carried on year after year through folio after folio. We shall return to it briefly in the sequel; meanwhile let us glance at some of the ponderous works that Swedenborg, who

thought through his pen, and worked as hard in this world as if the other did not draw so much on his attention, issued during the years of his seership. The first is the *Arcana Cœlestia*, which contains the essence of his doctrine, and might be chosen as his representative work. Begun in his sixtieth year, it was continued to eight quartos in seven years, and published anonymously as his first challenge to the world. It is a commentary on the first books of Holy Scripture, interpreted by common sense, or "common perception which comes by influx from heaven." These volumes we do not hesitate to pre-judge, by giving a few sentences of William Law's opinion of them: "Now can any man of erudition and in his right senses adopt such meaningless stuff for Divine revelation, or judge of it as other than the profusions of a distempered brain? A philosopher and novice in the revealed word, when turned enthusiast, is, of all men, the most liable to heresy; but the enormities of this Baron's deliriums argue both the most abject illiterature with most prodigious blindness and infatuation."

"Illiteracy" is a harsh sentence to pronounce upon any work of Swedenborg, but it is hard to deny the correctness of the remaining impeachment. Never in ancient or modern times has the inner meaning of Scripture been more fantastically evolved out of an interpreter's own brain. Let us take a hasty glance at his exposition of Genesis.

Swedenborg thinks the first eleven chapters are a composition written before Moses, containing in the form of history a symbolical exhibition of things spiritual. First comes the history of the most ancient church, culminating in Adam and Eve, and destroyed at the Deluge. This church called man was gradually evolved out of a primitive stock of creatures akin to beasts; and the days of creation symbolised its gradual development with the image of God. With no internal respiration, no speech, no Bible, they reflected the glory of the supreme God-man, and the worlds physical and spiritual were one to them. In fact, it was a church of Swedenborg's. They had nationality and liberty from the Lord, and enjoyed *the appearance* of thinking and acting *as* from themselves. This feeling they on the Fall confounded with reality, and thought themselves gods. In time their internal respiration ceased, and so they mostly perished. The seer visited both their hells and their heavens, and in his description gives us the same fanciful and monstrous misreadings of Scripture.

"Under safeguard and conduct, so that they could not do me the

least harm, I saw them covered with a misty rock, and by it separated from the rest of the hills, and kept out of the world of spirits. They are continually trying to escape, but are withheld, for they are of such a character that their influence affects those they encounter with a stupor which leaves them uncertain whether they are dead or alive. Unless the Lord by his coming in the flesh had freed the antediluvian, even mankind must have perished; for no spirit could have remained with man, and yet man cannot live a single moment unless spirits and angels be associated with him."

Their heaven is proportionately magnificent.

The ancient church was Noah; the small remnant saved to propagate religion among the Gentiles. With them began doctrine and ceremonial worship; they had those primitive Scriptures, the book of Jashar and others, which the seer was told by some angels might be still found in Tartary. Much inferior to the most ancient people of God, they nevertheless were very glorious. The doctrine of correspondences was revealed to them in their comparatively fallen state. "The book of Job, which was a book of the ancient church, is full of correspondences. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians and the oldest fables of the Greeks are nothing but correspondences set in series." This moulded all their thoughts, and impressed upon them a beautiful unity: "the whole earth was of one language and one spirit." Then entered self and ruined all. Idolatry followed, and the several great calamities of early Scripture were the result. But the seer finds it very hard to make his visions harmonise with Scripture, and makes sad havoc of chronology.

With the Jewish Church allegory ends and history begins. Swedenborg accepts the record as in every jot and tittle true: as the allegory had been full of divine meaning, so is our history; but when a miracle contradicts his science he takes refuge in his favourite doctrine of seeming: "the speech of the ass seemed to come from her." He exhibits the wildest contempt for the Jews; their history is an endless repetition of Jacob and his selfishness; their formalism, their ignorance of a spiritual world and futurity, their avarice, their cruelty, he has no words bitter enough to describe. They were never chosen, save as a *representative* church; bad themselves, they represented goodness. Their Bible contained a sacred meaning "in every twirl of a letter;" the arcana of the Christian Church were in them; and no man before Swedenborg ever understood them. His science of correspondence gave him the key to innumerable mysteries, the first points of which he gives in these eight quartos. It is exceedingly difficult

to account for the existence of the Jews, except on the hypothesis, first, that heaven must have a basis upon earth; and secondly, that the vilest human nature must be consummated for the Divine incarnation. To save humanity from destruction, Jehovah appeared in Christ. He took from Mary a body in which was concentrated all the vice of mankind. In that body he subdued the powers of evil and darkness. In accomplishing this "He utterly put off what was maternal and material, so that He was no longer the Son of Mary, but God Himself, manifest as man." In Him ended by being glorified the Jewish Church.

The Christian Church is but a miserable ideal and a miserable reality in Swedenborg's system. As the most ancient church was morning, the spring and the east; the ancient the noon, the summer and the south; the Jewish the evening, the autumn and the west; so the Christian was as the night, the winter and the north. The process of corruption traced through the earlier annals of churches he traces through each; and to him the history of Christianity was nothing but the history of darkness ever growing more dense till he himself arose as its light. In fact, the Christian Church had come to its end. Meanwhile Gentilism appeared very attractive in his eyes; and, as the apostle of a new church, he turned to them from a people that would not read his *Arcana Cœlestia*.

In 1758 Swedenborg published in London his *Heaven and Hell*, in which the fertility of his diseased fancy seems to be inexhaustible. Into his heaven are at once received all who love God supremely; into his hell all who supremely love themselves; and, inasmuch as most people die with an undetermined character, he invented a world of spirits for them, in which, during a period of a few years, they are subjected to a purgatorial discipline for heaven, or are made fully meet for hell. This heaven is the perfect counterpart of earth, in its scenery and occupations; the men who enter it undergo no other change than the translation into angels; when admitted they take their rank, in one of the three spheres, for eternity. This hell he makes a grotesque equilibrium to heaven; men become devils when they enter thither; nor are there any other evil spirits in the universe than degenerate men. The misery of hell is the delight of those who inhabit it; and yet, in the marvellous paradox of this perverter of Scripture, they are eternally punished, and with material processes of discipline that leave Dante's *Inferno* far behind, for crimes upon earth that they have utterly forgotten.

We have no desire to pursue the subject further; suffice that "the world to come" of which the Scripture speaks has absolutely nothing in common with that fantastic unreality which the dreamer has taught so many thousands to believe in.

So also we must pass by the idle and obscure book on "The Planets," in which Swedenborg describes the manners and customs of other worlds than ours. But we must quote one passage from his biographer, which shows to what degradation the reason of many who call themselves philosophers may descend.

"It is to be carefully borne in mind that, in Swedenborg's eye, the peoples of the whole universe of earths are one people—one grand man; that he held that the relations of the people of any one earth to the peoples of all other earths are as intimate as is an party of a man's body to the other parts. The solidarity of universal humanity is constantly assumed by Swedenborg, and his reader need never expect to understand him until he considers that premise. In this view of universal humanity our function is defined as that of the skin. In us, the forces of spiritual life reach their circumference and find finity and fulcrum. The Divine wisdom, which in more interior regions is in constant flux and renewal, is with us set fast in the story of Israel and Jesus Christ; and moreover, what is thus done for us and with us is done for the universe, since all worlds are included in us, as is the whole body in the skin. We are mean, but in our very meanness is our importance."

The idea having become rooted in Swedenborg's brain that he was destined by God to found a new and final church upon the ruins of all existing institutions, he prepared the way for his mission by pronouncing judgment upon the entire Christian world as it then was. This judgment he blasphemously assigned to God Himself, and published a thin quarto, in which he described himself as having witnessed the event in the other world during the year 1757. He denied the Scripture representation of a final doom involving the destruction of the earth; for, in his theory, the earth will never perish, and the generation of the children of men, the seminary of heaven and hell, will never cease. Two great secular judgments had already taken place: one at the Deluge, the other at the advent of our Lord. The third and final judgment heralded Swedenborg and the New Jerusalem. He, with his own eyes, beheld the doom of Protestantism, Romanism, Mahometanism, and Heathenism in the intermediate world, and makes the astounding announcement that the Book of Revelation has this for its sole theme. Hence he toiled for several years on this mysterious book. "I heard a voice from heaven, saying,

'Enter into your chamber, and shut the door, and apply to the work begun on the Apocalypse, and publish it within two years.'" The "first heaven that passed away" was no other than the dispersion of the multitudes past number that had filled to overflowing the spiritual world between heaven and hell.

"With the angels I have had various converse concerning the state of the Church hereafter. They said, that of the future they were ignorant; all knowledge of the future is the Lord's alone; but they do know that the former captivity of the Churchman is at an end, and that now he is set free to recognise interior truths, and to be spiritualised by them, if he will. Nevertheless, they have but slender hope of Christendom, but much of a far-distant nation, which is capable of recovering spiritual light, and of being made a spiritual, celestial man."

Much hope, that is, of the family of Swedenborgians.

We are fast approaching the climax. In his *New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine*, Swedenborg announces the new Christian code. "It is teaching for the New Church, and is called heavenly doctrine because revealed to me, out of heaven." This code of doctrine we shall consider in connection with his later and fuller exposition. Meanwhile, it is significant that he really assumes—whatever M. Matter and his other apologists may say—to be the medium of the revelation of a new Bible. Hence, in his tract on the *White Horse*, he offers his credentials as the first authoritative interpreter of Scripture—that is, of what he regarded as Scripture. Like all Rationalists he sat in judgment upon the Word of God, and pronounced that certain books, not having the internal sense, were falsely held to be inspired. These eliminated books, which baffled his spiritual sense, were Ruth, the two books of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon; the Acts of the Apostles, all the Epistles of St. Paul, St. James, St. Peter, St. John, and St. Jude. The white horse in the Revelation is the symbol of his own discernment of the "internal sense." The rider on the white horse is the Logos, and his vesture dipped in blood symbolises the violence done to the Word by taking it in its literal, terrestrial, material sense. The armies following are the elect, who receive the spiritual intelligence, and their "fine linen, clean and white," signifies their spiritual purity. Having thus decided what was the true Bible, as written in a cipher of correspondences of which he, and only he, had the key, he sent his anonymous works to all the great men of England and Sweden, but only to meet with silent scorn.

The presentation of the *White Horse* to the Academy of Stockholm, and the announcement of the day of a new interpretation of the Bible, was accompanied by the declaration that his theory of an interior sense was as applicable to the Egyptian hieroglyphics as to the Scriptures, and by a demand for assistance in his object of deciphering them. "The science of correspondence," he said, "was with the ancients the science of sciences. It is worthy that one among you should dedicate his toil to it. I am disposed, of myself, to develop the hieroglyphics and publish them, which can be done *by no other*." It is hard to understand why Swedenborg, who alone encountered all the mysteries of the universe, depended on his brother academicians for help in this comparatively small matter. Their deafness to his appeal seems, however, to have suppressed what would doubtless have been a marvellous addition to the Swedenborgian library. Champollion and Young were left to do the work.

Swedenborg's notion of the Word of God was more fully published a year or two afterwards in *The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem concerning Holy Scripture*. He goes to the very extreme of a literal dictation and preservation. Introducing his never-failing spirits, as communicating the Divine Will to the prophets, he says, "they spake with the consciousness of Jehovah. The books of the Old Testament have been preserved entire to an iota, since the time they were written." He makes the Word of God the sole instrument of communicating Divine truth, whether on earth or in heaven, and has many wise sayings which Rationalism may well ponder. But all is neutralised by the pervading lie.

"The Christians of the primitive Church were men of so great simplicity that the spiritual sense of the Word could not be revealed to them; they could neither have used it nor understood it. The Papists were neither able nor willing to receive anything spiritual; and the Protestants, by their separation of faith from charity, and their worship of three gods, would have falsified the sense had it been made known to them. The spiritual sense is at this day manifested by the Lord, because the doctrine of genuine truth is now revealed; and this doctrine, and no other, is in harmony with that sense."

The year 1758, the first year of the New Church, had been fertile in tracts vindicating, though in Latin and anonymously, his new commission. By no effort, however, could he command public attention. Just at this juncture the faculty of clairvoyance, if we may believe the biographers, came to his aid;

and one or two remarkable instances, to all appearance well attested, of a kind of *second sight* in this world seemed opportunely to confirm his seership in relation to the world of spirits. Landing at Gottenburg, in July, 1759, on his way to Sweden, he announced one evening in a public company that a fire was then raging in Stockholm; he also described its progress, and noted the hour of its extinction—all, as afterwards appeared, precisely according to fact. This incident was generally believed in at the time, though there has been much controversy about the only extant evidence for it—a letter of Kant the philosopher. It excited attention everywhere, and brought to Swedenborg a vast amount of applications to turn his faculty to good account. He helped a lady to recover a lost receipt, by summoning from the other world her husband to inform her where it was secreted. "I have related," he says, "a thousand particulars concerning departed spirits, informing certain persons who are now alive of the state of their deceased brethren, married partners, and friends." All this, however, did not secure him from ecclesiastical suspicion and censure. It was observed in Stockholm that he seldom went to church or partook of the Lord's Supper. When remonstrated with, "he answered that religious observances were not so necessary for him as for others, as he was associated with angels." But, for the sake of example, he conformed. His imaginary commission from heaven was not urged by himself upon the attention of any: he had none of the spirit of an apostle, much less that of a martyr. "Read my writings with care and without prejudice; they will answer you in my stead, and give you reason to change your opinion." Meanwhile, he seems for a short time to have taken considerable interest in the political affairs of his own country; and, strange to say, turned aside from the Apocalypse to write a paper for the Academy, *On Inlaid Work in Marble for Tables.*

After this brief interlude, the indefatigable false prophet set to work to complete his doctrinal system. But his writings were henceforward published in Amsterdam; London was no more worthy of them. In the preface of his next work on *The Doctrine of the Lord*, he intimates that the Divine command had been given to him to write nine books, the titles of which he specifies, and which he accordingly wrote, very nearly according to the programme. We shall take a brief glance at these works, for the sake of noting some of the doctrinal points in which he has been instrumental in leading myriads astray.

The orthodox doctrine of the Holy Trinity was the object of

Swedenborg's frenzied hatred. He always asserted that it was the recognition and worship of three Gods.

"A trinity of Persons was unknown in the Apostolic Church. The doctrine was first broached by the Council of Nice, and thence received into the Roman Catholic Church, and thus propagated among the Reformed Churches. The Council of Nice devised, concluded, and determined that three Divine Persons existed from eternity, in order to stop the damnable heresy of Arian. The remedy was little better than the disease. The Apostolic Church may be compared to the garden of God, Arian to the serpent from hell, and the Council of Nice to Eve who offered the fruit to Adam. Not all the ingenuity of metaphysics could out of three Persons, each God, make one God. Whatever the confession of the lips, the inevitable conception of the mind was three."

Here was the rock on which his reason first made shipwreck; a mystery that man should not attempt to fathom, he would fathom to its depths; and falling into error on this point, his error vitiated every page of his theology. Not content with arguing that Christians until his day had been polytheists and idolators, worshipping an unknown God, he summons Athanasius himself to his aid, and other more modern dignitaries.

"I spoke with Athanasius. He says that he knows not his own God; that he is seeking for the Father, seeking for the Son, and seeking for the Holy Spirit—thus for three—and finds them nowhere accordingly; inasmuch as he could not find his own God, he complained of his lot sadly. The reason is that he had confirmed himself in his opinions concerning three Persons. I once observed some persons lately arrived out of the natural world into the spiritual who were conversing together about the existence of three Divine Persons from eternity. I said to them, 'I perceive the true reason why you call the three Divine Persons but one God, and insist upon every member of the Church doing the same: you are ashamed to contradict herein the common sense and reason of all mankind which will not allow of more Gods than one; and yet you are not ashamed, while you profess with your lips only one God, to entertain the idea of three in your hearts.' On hearing these words, the bishop retired with his clerical attendants; and as he went away he turned about, and endeavoured to say, 'There is but one God;' but he was not able, inasmuch as his thoughts drew his tongue back again, and then, with open mouth, he proclaimed *three Gods;* all who stood by smiled at the strange sight, and departed."

What, then, is his substitute for the mystery which he abhorred, and what his refuge from the Socinianism that he hated with equal zeal? Evermore trembling on the verge of Pantheism, he constantly saves himself: "All created things

are in themselves inanimate and dead; but they are vivified by this, that the Divine is in them and they in the Divine." "Although God created the universe and all things therein from Himself, still there is nothing at all in the created universe that is God." Now as creation is the body or image of God, and man is the consummation of creation, God *is man*—an Infinite Man.

"In all the heavens there is no other idea of God than that of a man: it is impossible for the angels to think of Him otherwise. The ancients, from the wise to the simple, thought of God as a man; and when at length they began to worship a plurality of gods, as at Athens and Rome, they worshipped them as men. The Gentiles, particularly the Africans, who acknowledge and worship one God, think of Him as a man, and say that no one can have any other idea of Him. When they hear that many form an idea of God as of a thin cloud in the midst of the universe, they ask where such are; and when it is said there are such among Christians, they deny that it is possible."

Ascribing to God this heavenly corporeity, the Trinity is only such a trinity as exists in man—soul, body, and action. The incarnate Jehovah was all the Godhead; the Holy Spirit not a person, but an influence. And this is wrought into a system that combines in itself the elements of the leading heresies that distracted the Church in early times, but without being the direct representative of any of them.

The Incarnation of our Lord was, in Swedenborg's system, the veritable assumption of a body from the Virgin; but that body was the concentration of all that was evil in human nature, and in it He combated with all hell, or self-love, and infused a new spirit into humanity—the spring of the world's regeneration. This was His vicarious suffering, and this only. During the process of His victory over the sinful nature in Himself, that nature was destroyed. He put off the human from the mother, and put on His own Divine humanity in death; hence He never called Mary His mother—a mystery which the Virgin herself explained to the seer in the inner world. When the Redeemer rose and ascended, the human became the medium of the Divine Omnipotence, and God and man became one in a sense never dreamed of by the ancients, whether in the East or the West. This new influence over humanity is the Holy Spirit: this and nothing more. The first lesson taught by the angels to a man after his death is that the Holy Ghost is not a person separate from the Lord. In announcing this doctrine the teacher of the New Church is careful to claim the Athanasian Creed on his side;

he can accept every word of it, "*provided* only that for a trinity of Persons we read a trinity of person."

As the terms atonement, satisfaction, intercession, are rejected from the Swedenborgian theology of redemption, so also is justification by faith. But the doctrine which Swedenborg pursued with so much virulence throughout his writings was simply a perversion of the Protestant faith—a perversion, indeed, that existed among some Protestant communities as it existed in the apostle's days, but one which, had his learning and charity been equal to his presumption, he never would have anathematised as the faith of the Christian Church. The following passage from the New Jerusalem "Doctrine of Faith" will set this in a clear light:—

"That it may be seen what the nature of faith is when separated from charity, I will show it in its nakedness, as follows:—That God the Father, being angry with mankind, rejected them from Him, and out of justice resolved to avenge Himself by their eternal damnation; and that He said to the Son, 'Descend; fulfil the law, and take upon Thyself the damnation destined for them; and then, peradventure, I shall be moved to compassion.' Whereupon He descended, and fulfilled the law, and suffered Himself to be hanged on the cross; which done, He returned to the Father, and said, 'I have taken upon Myself the damnation of mankind; therefore now be Thou merciful;' thus interceding for them; but He had for answer, 'For their own selves I cannot; however, as I saw Thee on the cross, and beheld Thy blood, I am moved to compassion; still I will not pardon them; I will only impute unto them Thy merit; and that only to them who shall acknowledge it. This shall be the faith by which they may be saved.' Who possessing any enlightened reason does not see that one god could not say to another god who was his equal, 'I do not pardon them, but I impute to them thy merit?' as well as also, 'Now let them live as they please, only let them believe this, and they shall be saved?' Not to mention other absurdities. The darkness at this time throughout Christendom is so intense that the (spiritual) sun gives no light by day, or the moon and the stars by night. The darkness is solely caused by the doctrine of justification by faith alone."

Much as he hated the Roman Catholics, and eloquent as he always is in his denunciations of their abuses, he had more hope of "their being conducted by the angels to the gates of the New Jerusalem" than of the Protestants', because of their denial of the doctrine of justification by faith, their adoration of the Lord's humanity, and their assertion of the necessity of repentance and good works. We might have expected that Luther would encounter the prophet in the other state:

"I have seen him many times. He has often wished to recede

from the doctrine of faith alone; but in vain, wherefore he is still in the world of spirits, and sometimes undergoing great suffering. I have heard him curse Solifidianism, and say that when he established it he was warned by an angel of the Lord not to do it; but he thought within himself that, if he did not reject works, no separation from Roman Catholicism could be effected. He was a most bitter advocate of his own tenets when he entered the spiritual world, and his zeal increased as souls arrived from earth who agreed with him. He had a house allotted to him, such as he had at Eisleben, and in one of the rooms he set up a desk, raised a little from the ground, in which he took his seat, and, opening the doors, he received hearers and seated them around him, according to the degree of their favour for him. He allowed questions to be asked at intervals in his harangues. By-and-bye, he acquired a power of persuasion which none who came near him could resist; but, as its exercise was a species of enchantment in use among the ancients, he was required to desist from it. He obeyed, and taught, as before, from memory and understanding. Thus he continued till the last judgment in 1757. In that year he was removed to another house, and, being informed that I, who am in the natural world, conversed with them who are in the spiritual world, he came with others to me, and, after asking some questions and receiving my answers, he perceived that the Church was at an end, and that a New Church had commenced. At this he grew very indignant; but, as he saw the new heaven increase and his own congregation diminish, his railing ceased, and he began to converse more familiarly with me, and received the doctrine of the New Jerusalem, and ridiculed his former tenets as in direct opposition to the world."

This conversion was a grand achievement. With Melanchthon he was not quite so successful, though of him he had good hope. He also was spending his days in writing on justification alone, "in a rough, hairy skin, for faith without charity is cold." In some measure convinced of the truth, "he began to write about charity, but what he wrote one day was not legible the next, because not written from inmost sincerity." Further convinced by the new word, he wrote again, "and his writing on charity did not vanish as before, but appeared faintly next day. Strange to say, where he walks his steps make a noise like one walking with iron shoes on a stone pavement." About Calvin we have two totally different accounts; and of course we must wait to be told which was the correct one. The seer did not often thus forget himself.

But to return. Swedenborg's doctrine of faith is, that it is an affinity for goodness and truth. Saving faith is a Divine gift of acceptance of the Lord God the Saviour Jesus Christ. Amidst many very admirable things about the spiritual per-

ception of truth, there is a hopeless confusion in the relations of faith to the spiritual life:

"To those who are in the spiritual kingdom of heaven it is given from the Lord to be in the affection of truth for the sake of truth, and this Divine gift is what is called grace; so far as any one is in that affection, so far he is in Divine grace; nor is there any other grace given to man, spirit, or angel, than that of loving truth because it is truth, since in that affection they have heaven with all its blessedness."

If any one thinks or says, Who can have that internal acknowledgment of truth which is faith? I cannot; I will tell him how he may:

"Shun evils as sins and apply to the Lord; then you will have as much faith as you desire. He who shuns evils as sins is in the Lord. He loves truth and sees it, and has faith."

While ascribing all the processes of the religious life to the omnipotence of God, Swedenborg's notion of repentance, renovation, regeneration, exhibit the Divine grace as thoroughly dependent upon the inherent goodness of the subject. He talks much of "remains" of good in the nature of some. "Preserved by the Lord in man, being stored up in His internals without his consciousness, and separated from his evils and his falses." Where these are, grace has material to mould; where they are wanting, there is no hope. The biographer sums up his master's argumentation thus: "Therefore, when the requisite brain and the requisite education are absent, regeneration is impossible, and the life of the creature is and continues infernal without remedy." This seems to be a harsh statement, like many other of Mr. White's flippant and irreverent sentences. But it shows to what conclusions the bewildering speculations of their master lead some minds among his disciples.

The efforts of Swedenborg—whose theology is marvellously consistent in the main—to reconcile the supremacy of grace and the essential agency of man's own will are unique in Christian theology.

"The Lord is continually present, and operative, and urgent to enter, but it is for man to open the door; and the door is opened when he obeys the directions written on his table. Conjunction with the Lord is thereby effected. He who fights against evils must needs combat as from himself, otherwise he does not fight, but stands still like an automaton, seeing nothing and doing nothing; and from the self-love in which he is, he continually thinks in favour of evil and not against it. Nevertheless it is to be well known that the Lord

above fights in man against evils, and that it only *appears* to man as if he fought from himself; and the Lord is willing that it should so appear, inasmuch as without the appearance there could be no combat, and consequently no reformation."

There is no word which occupies so large a place in his practical system as charity. Some of his observations on it are exceedingly important; and a few of his aphorisms are worthy of being remembered. He comes very near the truth ever and anon, as to the supremacy of love in religion.

"That which a man loves supremely forms the end which he has always in view; he regards it in the whole of his conduct, even in the most minute particulars. It lurks in his will, and, like the latent current of a river, draws and bears him away, even when he is employed in other affairs; for it constitutes his animating principle. Worship does not consist in external devotion, but in a life of charity. Prayers are only the externals of worship. The quality of a man's prayers is governed by the quality of his life. It is of no consequence whether he assumes a humble deportment or kneels, or sighs when he prays; there are superficial details which if not informed by love are lifeless sounds and gestures. Love of the neighbour is the true worship; prayer is the effluence of that love. Hence the primary constituent of worship is a life of charity; prayer is altogether secondary; from which it is plain that those who place all Divine worship in oral piety do greatly err. Actual piety consists in transacting all business sincerely and equitably, because commanded by the Lord in the Word."

But as we read page after page of his dissertation on charity, we become painfully conscious that it is not the charity that St. Paul describes; and that the mercy to our universal neighbour which our Lord inculcates is almost entirely wanting. It is "love or affection for goodness and truth as manifested in mankind;" "a man is a neighbour according to the kind and measure of his goodness; whoever does not distinguish mankind by the test of goodness may be deceived in a thousand instances, and his charity confounded and annulled. More than this, in his anxiety to oppose the dead formularies of mere ceremony, we take away all the grace of the love which Christianity inculcates towards a personal God as revealed in Christ. To love the Lord among the angels does not mean to love Him as a person, but to love the goodness which is *from* Him,—that is, as He is in His creatures; goodness and wisdom are from the Lord alone, and *are* the Lord with man and angel." Here is a principle which reduces religion at last to the level of the earth. The Lord's glory has no tribute; the entire tenor of Scripture is

contradicted, and the religion of the inner sanctuary of man's nature is abolished. Hence the hard and dry and unmystical character of Swedenborg's own religion; and the utter absence from it of that devotion to the personal Lord which reigns in the New Testament, and is the secret of all experimental godliness.

The work on *Divine Providence* which madly grapples with the deepest mysteries of life, contains some remarkable things in relation to the writer himself. This is one of the most daring assertions:—"I have conversed with spirits and angels now for several years; nor durst any spirit, neither would any angel, say anything to me, much less instruct me about anything in the Word, or any doctrine from the Word. All I have received has been from the Lord alone. He appears before my eyes as the Son, in which He is, even as He appears to the angels." A strange assertion to make, in the face of all his communings with the angels! Speaking of profanation of truth, there is the following unconscious sentence upon himself and his whole life; its commission may be classed under seven heads:—

"1. By those who jest from the Word, who introduce its names and phrases into light and indecent conversation. 2. By those who acknowledge and understand the Divine law, and yet live contrary thereto. 3. By those who apply the literal sense of the Word to justify evil and falsehood. 4. By those who counterfeit holy affections. 5. By those who attribute to themselves Divine powers as popes and saints, Catholic and Protestant. 6. By Socinians and Arians, who worship the Infinite. 7. By those who recede from and deny Divine truth, after having embraced it,—such profaners after death live in delirium, they are no longer men, and are not spoken of as he or she, but *it*. When seen in heavenly light, they appear as skeletons, some of a bony colour, some fiery, and some dry."

Here is a specimen of his philosophy of correspondence—

"Among the arcana of heaven is this, that the heaven of angels is one man, of which the Lord is the life and soul. Now the Divine man is in all points perfect, internally and externally; consequently he has skin, membranes, bones, and cartilages, but spiritual not material. It is provided, therefore, by the Lord that those whom the Gospel cannot reach, but only some religion, may have a place in that man as skin, membrane, bone, and cartilage. As such they live as well as others in heavenly joy; for it makes no odds what is one's place in heaven; every one who is received there is made happy to the limit of his capacity; more he could not endure."

This leads us to the last reference we shall make to his

bewildering system,—none of the more salient points of which have been omitted. As the other world is the precise counterpart of this, where they eat and drink, marry and are given in marriage, and in express defiance of that Word to which the seer for ever appeals, nothing "passes away" that belongs to the earth,—so the whole system of things is one vast human organism. We will close with Mr. White's words:

"Universal humanity is a man of which each individual is a part, and aside from his fellows could no more live than a piece of flesh cut from the arm could palpitate in isolation. Angels and devils are vested in humanity as in a body, and their thoughts and feelings course through our lungs as blood through our veins. Consistently therewith he denies our thoughts and feelings a private origin; they belong to a common circulation, and their character is the evidence of one company. The sights and sounds which meet our eyes and ears do not originate in our eyes and ears; quite as little do our thoughts and feelings originate in our brains; they are an influx from the spiritual world. Between the body and the mind there is a perfect correspondence, and we may discover many truths and expose many absurdities by reference to the analogies of physiology. Such, in brief, is the core of Swedenborg's philosophy. By its establishment or refutation he stands or falls."

The reader has already decided which of the two. One of the strangest things in this strange life is the fact that, when past eighty years of age, Swedenborg published—and, for the first time, in his own name—a work of more than three hundred quarto pages on *Marriage and Lust*. That he might have license to introduce into the spirit-world all the "passions and functions" of men and women, he deliberately refers our Lord's words, "they neither marry nor are given in marriage," to that spiritual union with Himself, which if not effected on earth is never effected. Mr. White devotes a long and enthusiastic chapter to this prurient work, in which Swedenborg, who, by his own admission, had formed more than one illicit connection during his life, vindicates, under certain circumstances, fornication and concubinage. Enough for us to quote and adopt the biographer's honest account at the close of his loathsome chapter:

"One can only read and protest. The multitude of men have no conscience in the matter of women; some will frankly tell you that charity is no virtue in their sex. If even licentiousness be condemned, it is commonly in a tone which suggests as much sympathy as censure. Such being the case, Swedenborg has at least this merit, that he prescribes restrictions when the world imposes none. As of mistresses, so of concubines, our author assumes their existence, and

does not deign to bestow on them a syllable of consideration. This heartlessness is noteworthy in the apostle of the New Jerusalem."—Vol. ii. p. 419.

Returning to England in 1765, Swedenborg found that his works had not been selling. He revenged himself on the bishops and other dignitaries by a record of the verdict of heaven that they were the unclean things like frogs that came out of the mouth of the dragon. Whereupon followed a series of colloquies in the other world, that show in every sentence how deeply he was wounded by the contempt of the clergy. At the same time, in his extreme old age, he seems to have competed for the reward offered by the English Parliament; or rather came before them with his old tractate to show cause why Harrison with his chronometer should not get it. Amidst all these rebuffs, he had the consolation of making a few disciples, the chief of whom being the celebrated mystic, Oetinger, of Wurtemberg, who, however, forsook him after a short time. He begins to be pushed hard by his friends as to the foundation of the New Church, and, writes Beyer, his convert: "The New Jerusalem will descend. I daily see spirits and angels, from ten to twenty thousand, descending and ascending, who are all in order. By degrees, as that heaven is formed, our New Church likewise begins and increases. The Universities of Christendom are now first instructed, and from thence will become ministers. The new heaven has no influence over the old clergy, who conceive themselves to be too well skilled in the doctrine of justification by faith alone." Whereupon he wrote for circulation in Europe his most bitter attacks on Protestantism; suppressing them, however, in Sweden, on learning that his writings had been denounced in the consistory. He was for several months engaged in bitter conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities "on the most important subject that has been submitted to any council or senate for 1700 years, inasmuch as it concerns the New Church predicted by the Lord in Daniel and the Apocalypse." The uproar ended in nothing but the enforcement of the law against heretical books being imported. A proposition to hear him in public, and consign him to a mad-house, was an indignity that made him leave, and for ever, his native land.

Swedenborg died in London. He was the same to the last: leading a solitary life, of very temperate habits, taking snuff abundantly, kind to little children, cheerful, and with a constant smile, but never laughing, going about the streets with a dignified mien, and indulging, as might be supposed,

in frequent talks with himself and the spirits about him. He ascribed whatever aches and pains afflicted him to evil spirits.

"On one occasion," says Ferelius, a Swedish chaplain, "when I visited him I heard him, as I ascended the stair, speaking with great energy as if addressing a considerable company. I asked the servant, who was sitting in the antechamber, who was with the Assessor; she replied that no one was with him, and that he had been talking in this manner for three days and nights. He greeted me very tranquilly as I entered, and requested me to be seated. He then told me that he had been tempted and plagued for ten days by evil spirits, which the Lord had sent to him, and that he had never been afflicted by such wicked ones before; but that now he was again favoured with the company of good spirits. Salutations being over, he pointed across the table and said, 'Just now the Apostle Peter was here and stood there; it is not long since all the apostles were with me: indeed, they often visit me.'"

Sometimes he went to the Swedish church, but had no peace on account of the spirits contradicting the preacher when he spoke of three Gods. He more and more abstracted himself from the outer world, and seemed to be absorbed in prayer. On Christmas Eve, 1771, he was smitten with apoplexy. He was in a lethargic state for three weeks, and afterwards lost his spiritual sight, which caused him to cry out, "O my God, hast Thou then forsaken Thy servant at last?" Recovering his sight, he avowed for the last time the truth of all he had written.

"I have written nothing but the truth, as you will have more and more confirmed to you all the days of your life, provided you keep close to the Lord, faithfully serve Him alone, by shunning evils of all kinds as sins against Him, and diligently teaching His word, which from beginning to end bears incontestible witness to the truths of the doctrines that I have delivered to the world."

Having lost the use of his arm, he remarked that his body was good for nothing but the grave. His friends were anxious that he should die in communion with the Church, "Thank you," he replied to Ferelius, "you mean well, but I, being a member of the other world, do not need it. However, to show the connection and union between the Church in heaven and the Church on earth, I will gladly take it." He confessed his sins, and with all the signs of devotion he received the sacrament. And on the next Sunday, precisely at the time which he is said to have predicted, he died and awoke from his long dream.

As Swedenborg made but little impression upon the faith of the world while he lived, so his removal from men left no perceptible void. But in process of time, as he predicted, indications appeared that he was not altogether a spent force. There were in almost all the religious denominations of England a few strong believers in his revelations; and, as it was his *doctrine* which he always asserted to be the New Church, they began to translate his voluminous writings. These translations became the text-books of many theosophical societies that gathered around the Rev. John Clowes, a clergyman of Manchester, and others. For a time it seemed probable that Swedenborgianism would go no further than this: that it would continue as an innocent delusion, nourished in odd corners, until it should run through its cycle and give place to some other fantasy. But in 1787 a chapel was opened by one Hindmarsh, a printer in London, who, with incredible violation of truth and reverence, become the founder, "under the Divine auspices of the Lord, of the New Jerusalem Church." Meeting in conferences from time to time, quarrelling over their doctrines, publishing the works of their "author," and for ever disputing about his meaning, they have continued in England to the present time, where they number some 4,000 members, of whom more than one-half are found in Lancashire and Yorkshire. In his own country Swedenborg has but few disciples. The Royal Academy struck a medal in his honour, and Stockholm carefully guards his manuscripts, but Sweden will have none of his doctrines. France and Germany are but little influenced by his spirit, though it is remarkable that some of the ablest memoirs and apologies have been written in these countries. There he is critically studied as a psychological phenomenon; many who shrink from his extreme doctrines cherishing, nevertheless, a cordial sympathy with his philosophy. The three memoirs which we have placed under Mr. White's are evidences of this. M. Matter is a philosophical eclectic, and gives us a beautifully written account, in the spirit of one who has made Swedenborg his hero for the occasion, and will make the best of his case. The article in Herzog is heavy and brief; it is remarkable as showing the tolerance with which German theologians speak of systems which they do not accept, and which the great Protestant Cyclopædia ought to have been more zealous in exposing. In the United States, Swedenborg is a growing power: his followers were nearly 4,000 at the last religious census, and it is the boast of his apologists that in every part of the world where the English race and English intelligence

have spread, there are to be found "little gatherings and individuals who bear testimony to his light."

It is this fact—the knowledge that the system we have been examining is deluding multitudes in our own land, and in almost all lands—that has made us dwell longer than we otherwise should upon these volumes. We leave the subject in the full confidence that the "true Light" which "now shineth" will sooner or later shine forth too brightly to allow such phantasms as Swedenborgianism and other kindred caricatures of religion to misuse the name of Jesus.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Life and Work at the Great Pyramid during the Months of January, February, March, and April, A.D. 1865; with a Description of the Facts Ascertained. By C. Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland. Three Volumes. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1867.

In the number of this Review for January, 1865, will be found a notice of a remarkable work, entitled, *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid*, then recently published by Mr. Smyth—a work in which the author, following but outstripping the late Mr. John Taylor, maintained the hypothesis, that the principal pyramid at Ghizeh was constructed in the early ages of the world under Divine inspiration; that it was intended to be the grand conservator to mankind of a number of facts and doctrines belonging to the sphere of the natural or supernatural, the knowledge of which men would otherwise have lost or never attained to; and that, in particular, the standard measures of length and capacity, originally known—not by human teaching merely—to the forefathers of the Hebrew people, were thus designed to be transmitted, under Providential seal, to remote posterity. Near the close of the notice referred to, it was stated that Mr. Smyth was at that very time, or was shortly expected to be, at Ghizeh, furnished with the necessary instruments of observation and measurement, for the purpose of testing the correctness of the calculations upon which his theories were founded, and of making a thorough scientific examination of all the accessible parts of the Pyramid. We now find that, beginning with January, 1865, Mr. Smyth was actually occupied for nearly four successive months in this personal survey; and in the three thick octavo volumes which form the present book we have an elaborate report of the processes and results of his investigations, coupled with manifold reasonings and speculations to which they gave birth in the author's mind, the whole being interwoven with much pleasant gossip about the country, the people, and the incidents of daily life as they befel the gifted writer and Mrs. Smyth during their long residence among the Pyramid tombs. It is impossible to speak too highly of the laboriousness, the ingenuity, or the scientific caution and precision with which,

under difficulties almost past appreciating by those who have not been on the spot, Mr. Smyth performed the experiments and made the calculations described in these volumes. The natural and acquired faculties demanded by his work, are such as few men possess; and of the few who do possess them, only here and there one would be self-controlled and self-denying enough to do what the Astronomer Royal for Scotland did at Ghizeh.

The corrections of former measurements and observations which Mr. Smyth has been able to supply, and the large additions—some of them most curious and surprising—which he has made to our previous knowledge both of the exterior and interior of the Great Pyramid, constitute him beyond question the Coryphæus of scientific pyramid explorers, and claim for him the admiration and gratitude of the world of letters. The subtlety of his geometrical vision, the delicacy of his experimenting, and the care and patience with which he has wrought out his figures, are only equalled by the discoveries with which they were rewarded, and by the new light which he has shed upon the plan and organisation of the stupendous monument to which he devoted himself.

Readers of Mr. Smyth's former work will be fully prepared to hear that his personal explorations at the Pyramid have not shaken his faith in the theory which he carried with him into Egypt. In substance he still holds—holds, if possible, more strongly than before—the doctrine respecting its origin and purpose, which we have stated above in outline. To use the author's own words, "the original plans [of the Pyramid] must have been based on a knowledge of astronomy, geography, and physics, so vastly beyond the powers of unaided man in the day when the Pyramid was built, or indeed within several thousand years therefrom—that scientifically there is no resource for us but to allow that the planners of the building must have been assisted by Divine inspiration . . . rather perhaps, that Divine commands were given for the work;" while, with regard to its design and use, Mr. Smyth explains, that it embodies and transmits "a divinely originated system of weights and measures"—a system based upon grand earth dimensions, symbolical in many respects likewise of primeval revelation and of the will of God towards mankind, and intended by-and-by to yield up its full secret to the prepared generations of men in the last days. Our readers will suppose we are hoaxing them. It is not so. All this Mr. Smyth most seriously believes and argues.

In view of these opinions, and with the discoveries and calculations before us, new and old alike, on which they are reared, we can only reiterate the judgment expressed in our notice of Mr. Smyth's earlier work on the Pyramid. We readily grant that the scientific and particularly the engineering knowledge displayed by the builders of the Pyramid is a marvel of marvels, and that our author's recent investigations have added much to the impression which we previously had of this knowledge. We grant also that there is much belonging to the conception and structure of the Pyramid which is inexplicable on the

theory that it was simply designed to be a sepulchre, and that some of its features seem to demand certain great cosmical phenomena to which they point, as the key which shall open their mysteries. But that the Great Ghizeh Pyramid is a revelation from heaven of the length of the holy cubit, as founded upon the length of the earth's axis of rotation—to say nothing of the adjuncts and appurtenances of this theory, as presented in these volumes by Mr. Smyth—we hold to be as genuine a reverie as wise man or foolish ever indulged in since the world began. No doubt Mr. Smyth gives us some very startling metrical coincidences, and we do not deny that in a few cases they may have been intentional. But as to the great mass of them we are satisfied that they are purely the creation of the wand of the mathematician and geometer, and that there is no reason whatever why readings of similar—we do not say equal—significance might not be made out from the Irish round towers, or Sir Edwin Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square. We think we might safely undertake to find in either of these monuments, as sure evidences of designed earth-commensurability and astronomical adjustment as Mr. Smyth discovers by dint of tape and angulation in several parts of the Great Pyramid. On the whole we regard Mr. Smyth's two books on the Pyramid as the most amazing compound of mathematical acuteness and religious day-dreaming, which is ever likely to fall under the human eye.

Christ and Christendom. The Boyle Lectures for the Year 1866. Delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's; Professor of Divinity, and Chaplain, King's College, London. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.

Professor Plumptre occupies the post formerly held by Mr. Maurice, and more recently by Dr. Ellicott. We cannot but congratulate King's College on having made two successive exchanges, each to so clear an advantage. Dr. Plumptre's high reputation will be carried still higher by these lectures. In his volume on *Theology and Life* he appeared as a theologian of much insight, of deep and earnest thought, and of high accomplishments, holding views full of evangelical sympathy, if not completely in accordance with definite evangelical orthodoxy, holding a position intermediate in some respects between that of French and that of Robertson. In this volume we note the strict Nicene and Trinitarian orthodoxy of the lecturer, and also his truly evangelical tone on the subject of the sacrificial death of our Lord.

No one can have read Mr. Plumptre's poems and the notes appended to them, or his articles in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, without being struck with his power both of historic combination and of dramatic realisation in dealing with hints and incidents of Holy Scripture. These gifts contribute greatly to the value of the lectures on *Christ and Christendom* contained in the volume before us.

The first lecture has for its subject, "Cravings after Union and

Lives of Jesus." Mr. Plumptre expresses the hope that in the devout study of the life of Jesus, earnest seekers after Christian truth and unity may be brought nearer to each other than in any other way.

"To study the records of that life as on bended knees, and with the heart of prayer; to ask Him for light, guidance, truth; to feel that the Judge is looking on us, and already judging, awarding as we love or hate the light; this will guard us against the risk we dread; and in proportion as we have known Christ after the flesh, we may rise to the higher faith of the apostle, till at last we are able to say that now 'we know Him so no more.' The manifestation of the humanity of Christ was, in the Divine development, the appointed condition of the revelation of His Godhead; and what was the pathway marked out for access to the truth then will not fail us now."

Lecture II. is on the "Sources for the Life of Christ." Then follow in order Lectures on "The Training of the King," "The Names of Christ," "The Miracles of Christ," "The Work and Teaching of Christ," "The Ministerial Work of Christ," and "The Resurrection."

There is a valuable sequel of appendices. The subjects are—*Attempts at Union since the Reformation, On Recent Lives of Jesus, The Apocryphal Gospels in their Relation to Theology and Art, the Relation of the Two Epistles of St. Peter to the Gospel according to St. Mark, the Asiatic Epistles of St. Paul and the Writings of St. John, the History of the Infancy, the Influence of Apollinarianism on Modern Theology*, and *the Personality of Evil.*

In reading these lectures we cannot but be reminded of Bishop Ellicott's Hulsean Lectures on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Plumptre, however, has a great advantage over the bishop in the chasteness and excellent taste of his style. Being a man of real poetical feeling and insight, he, like all poets, writes a pure prose style, never turgid (as the bishop's often is in his lectures, notwithstanding the rigid plainness of his evangelical commentaries) with the inflation of a laboured but ineffective rhetoric. At the same time the solid merits of the more liberal, but hardly less orthodox present professor of divinity, are not less than those of his predecessor, whose High Church partialities have so lamentably developed since his appointment to the episcopal office.

England and Christendom. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Longman, Green and Co. 1867.

Professor Plumptre sees that, in order to Christian union, to true Christian unity, all attempts merely and primarily to establish an outward unity of creed and organisation must be abandoned. High Anglicans appear to see no way to the unity for which they so sorely long, except by the mutual recognition and the inter-communion of the

Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican Churches, as three co-ordinate branches of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church. Nonconformists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, the Reformed, and the Genevan, and French Calvinists being left together in the limbo of woful suspense, without any assurance of grace or any lot in the covenant and inheritance of the true church of Christ, Dr. Manning steps in to rebuke the pride of the Anglican, and to assert the sole legitimacy and authority of the Holy Catholic and Roman Church. He consigns the Anglican communion to the same limbo with Dissenters, Reformers, and all schismatics. He declares and demonstrates that Anglicans stand on precisely the same level with those whom *they* unchurch. He goes on to pronounce, not once only, but repeatedly, his judgment, that, while the member of the Established Church of England has in no respect any material advantage over the Dissenter, the Presbyterian, or the Wesleyan Methodist, the piety and the general spirit of the Nonconformists of England and of Scottish Presbyterians have commonly appeared to great advantage, when compared with the piety and the tone of Christian faith and feeling, even of the most saintly members of the English establishment. He seems to set Baxter above Jeremy Taylor or any worthy of the English Church.

Dr. Manning holds the whip-hand of the High Anglican with complete mastery, while in his letters, whether to a friend, or to Dr. Pusey, or to his clergy, he flogs the Anglican with the calmest perseverance and with the most Christian serenity of condemnation. His logic is victorious at every point. It cannot be otherwise, since the Anglican holds as his own the very principle on which all the claims of Roman exclusiveness may be surely based. The Anglican condemns private judgment, and professes to base his faith on the principle of church authority. He maintains, also, that the blessings of Christian justification, of grace, and of life, come to each mediately through the authority of the Church, as identified by continuity and unity with that true and primitive Church to which as His own representative, and to its ministers, Christ committed the fulness of His own prerogatives and powers, and not immediately from Christ, upon the individual exercise of a true Christian's faith.

It is easy for Dr. Manning to show, in dealing with such an antagonist, that if any existing church is one with that of the Apostles by external and visible continuity and unity, that of Rome must be so: that the Church of England, as such, cannot be true and authoritative if the Roman Church be admitted to be itself in possession of authority, and the lineal and true successor of the Apostolic Church; that the Anglican Church can have no title or authority to confer absolution or grace; that it does historically, and cannot but rest on the basis of private judgment, equally with the other churches of the Reformation, and that High Anglicans themselves are exercising their private judgment on a hitherto unequalled scale, and with an almost unparalleled daring, in the ritualistic eclecticism which they set up, the mosaic of Romanism-cum-Anglicanism which they indulge their ecclesiastical

and æsthetical tastes in arranging. He shows that in trying to hold the balance between Rome and Canterbury, the Council of Trent and the Thirty-nine Articles, Dr. Pusey is committing an enormity of private judgment in comparison of which the exercise of private judgment by the simple Protestant, with the Bible in his hand, is altogether trivial. He insists, also, with an allowable brilliance of sarcasm and satire, that the Romanising Ritualist does but array and parade his own private judgment in gorgeous fancy dresses.

Dr. Manning is severe on "the confusions of the Church of England," and easily exposes the painful and perplexing impotence of that Church in all matters of discipline, especially where doctrine is concerned. He shows, moreover, that all this flows directly from the Erastian principle of royal supremacy and of national ecclesiasticism on which the Church has been left to rest. And of course he insists that private judgment means Rationalism, and therefore that the Church of England, like all Protestant Churches, is essentially rationalistic. He argues that there is no alternative between Rationalism and Romanism. Between the principle of private judgment and Romanism there is assuredly no alternative. But private judgment does not necessarily lead to Rationalism. It may lead to it. But it is certain that, without private judgment, there can be no such thing as real faith. When Dr. Manning embraced Romanism he followed out the conclusions of his private judgment. Let a man say, "I will say and do whatever my priest tells me," and he will get rid of private judgment; but nothing short of this blind and absolute surrender from the beginning to the spiritual guide to whom others have consigned him, can prevent his being thrown on his private judgment.

All Romanists of any intelligence exercise private judgment, even although they profess to renounce it. But Romanism desires to have as little exercise of private judgment as possible, because it abounds with the grossest self-contradictions, which an acute, well-informed, and reflective mind can hardly avoid seeing, except by a resolute exercise of will in looking always in another direction, such as it is plain that the clever and trained disputant who now holds the Romish bishopric of Westminster must be continually exercising.

Besides the four letters to which we have referred, and which are republished in this volume, there is an introduction of considerable length, dealing with the same subjects in general as the letters, according to Dr. Manning's latest lights.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Inferno. Routledge and Son: 1867.

Dante's Divine Comedy. Hell, Purgatory, Paradise. By C. B. Cayley, B.A. Longmans and Co. 1851—1854.

So far as the poet's *meaning* is concerned, Mr. Longfellow's translation is faithful and able; but it is such a translation as any good

English scholar, with a competent knowledge of Italian, might have produced. It is a translation of the triple rhymed metre of the Italian original into English *blank verse*. To give the sense correctly is evidently all that the translator has aimed at. Cary's blank verse translation is extensively known; and Longfellow's, is, on the whole, a great improvement on it. It is less pompous and stiff, and avoids the frequent carrying of part of a line into the next, and the consequent break in the middle. It is almost a line-for-line and literal rendering of the original. So literal, indeed, is it, that in many instances the Italian idioms are copied in such a way as to make the English almost unintelligible. Cayley's version sins in the opposite direction. To avoid expressing what he considers too common or low, he sometimes departs from the literal sense, and substitutes a term which has quite a different meaning. Thus—

"Onde l'arena s'accendea, com esca
Sotto il focile" (*Inferno*, xiv. 38, 39),

Cayley renders—

"By which the sands were kindled at their feet,
As coals by wind;"

instead of

"Like tinder from the steel."

In his hands,

"Livida e nera come gran di pepe" (*Inferno*, xxv. 84),

becomes,

"All blank and livid, *like a mildew'd ear*;"

instead of "like a pepper-corn." And "The son of man which is a worm," undergoes transformation, not into "the angelic butterfly" of Dante ("l'Angelica farfalla"), but into "the angelic moth," which no one ever heard of before!—See *Purgatorio*, x. 124, 125.

But we should hardly have supposed that a poet, like Mr. Longfellow, could be tempted into the opposite fault of a too literal rendering; of which, however, the instances in his version are frequent. Thus in the very first canto, line 2,

"Tant 'era pien di sonno in su quel punto,"

an idiomatic expression for "I was so drowsy," &c., is rendered, "so full of slumber was I at the moment."

The first line of the inscription over hell gates (canto iii. 1),

"Per me si va nella città dolente,

is rendered,

"Through me the way is to the city dolent."

And again (canto ix. 32), we have,

"Encompasses about the city dolent,"

thus retaining, instead of translating, the last word of those lines, as if there were no equivalent in English; and this without the exigency or plea of rhyme!

Other instances occur, and the list might be greatly extended; as,

"That misery of yours attains me not."—ii. 92.
"Misericord and Justice both disdain them."—iii. 50.

The words "maledict" and "benedict" frequently occur.

"The sign of victory incoronate."—iv. 54.
"Sitteth the city wherein I was born upon the sea-shore."—v. 97.
"Your knowledge has no counterstand against her."—vii. 85.

i.e., against fortune.

"Thus is observed in me the counterpoise."—xxviii. 142.

i.e., the law of retribution.

"Said, Why dost thou so mirror thyself in us?"—xxxii. 54.

i.e., look at us so earnestly.

"With floor uneven and unease of light."—xxxiv. 99.

i.e., with insufficient light.

If Dante had composed his poem in English he certainly would not have used such inversions as the following:—

"To say to me, began my gracious Master."—iv. 85.
"Of qualities I saw the good Collector."—139.
"Because so drives me onward the long theme."—146.
"We pass'd across the shadows, which subdues the heavy rain-storm."—vi. 34, 35.
"Goodness is none that decks his memory."—vii. 57.

Dante sometimes mentions his *rhymes*. In a blank verse translation this has an awkward sound, and is not unlike a contradiction. Thus Mr. Longfellow makes him say:—

"If I had rhymes both rough and stridulous,
As were appropriate to the dismal hole,
Down upon which thrust all the other routes,
I would press out the juice of my conception more fully."
Canto xxx. 1, 5.

Dante felt at times that it was difficult to deal with a subject so vast and terrible, "even with untrammelled words,"—"pur con parole sciolte." Yet he chose to sacrifice that advantage by adopting a form of rhymed composition peculiarly difficult of structure. The translator, having availed himself of the advantage of blank verse, which his author shunned, might at least have been expected to be especially careful of his metre, though discarding rhyme. But, in fact, the instances of redundant or defective lines are numerous. Here are a few examples:—

"But thou, why goest thou back to such annoyances?"—Canto i. 8, 9.
"O memory, that did'st write down what I saw,
Here thy nobility shall be manifest."—ii. 8, 9.
"That gathers thunder of infinite ululations."—iv. 9.
"Not anything know we of your humble state."—x. 105.

We had marked a score of other instances, in this first part, without including the lines in which "towards" occurs, which is uniformly given as a two-syllabled word, and accented on the second syllable, contrary to authority and analogy; or such incorrect accentuation as "twofóld," and "dolórous."

In the second canto the name of Lucia is given thus:—

"In her entreaty she besought Lucia."—97.
"Lucia, foe of all that cruel is."—100.

Yet the English, and not the Italian, pronunciation of Beatrice is followed:—

"Beatrice, said she, the true praise of God."

If Cayley has fallen into the extreme of over-fastidiousness, in avoiding what he deemed low expressions, Longfellow has gone in the other direction, by admitting certain vulgarisms which the good taste of other translators had shunned, and of which, as given in stark literality by Mr. Longfellow, we hardly feel at liberty to give any instances here.

It is very possible that there are some readers who, do not require music in a translation of Dante. For these, a prose or blank-verse translation, which gives the "meaning" of the poet, will suffice. But there are others who may wish to "follow the footing of his *feet*," in that "continuous and interchanging harmony which must appear so suitable to Dante's great theme—like a chime on the bells of eternity." These last must not look to Longfellow's version for what they require, —the music as well as the sense. Our marvel is, that so eminent a poet should have chosen to represent the immortal Florentine to such disadvantage. But Homer sometimes nods, and Mr. Longfellow, like Dante himself, when he entered with him into the *selva oscura*, whether *pien di sonno* or not, unquestionably missed his way! To the translator, as to the poet—

"La diritta via era smarrita."

Religious Life in England. By Alphonse Esquiros, author of "The English at Home," "The Dutch at Home," &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1867.

We English people have now a fair opportunity of "seeing ourselves as others see us;" and it is to be hoped that we shall improve our opportunities and our ways accordingly. There is, however, one drawback from the value of M. Esquiros' delineations: they are, on the whole, rather too flattering. A guest and a Frenchman, M. Esquiros' amiability leads him to make the best of the good points of England and the English, and to make the best, also, of our doubtful points. The volume before us agrees, in this respect, with his *English at Home*, and his *Cornwall*, and what else he has written respecting us and our island. If, however, M. Esquiros is, on the whole, somewhat too indulgent a critic, this is certainly not for want of insight and ability. A knowledge of the defects and evils incident to the condition of his own country and of other Continental countries makes him more indulgent to the peculiar evils attaching to England than Englishmen themselves ought to be. He is a clear and impartial observer; he is both a kindly and a penetrating critic. His books—written by a foreigner, and as if for foreigners—are full of instruction for English people. We are familiar with appearances, and intent upon the duties which continually press or the pleasures which come within view, and too commonly are

content to take results as we find them, without caring to inquire into causes—to deal with the surface which is close at hand, without asking what lies beneath. But the intelligent and inquiring stranger must know the why and the wherefore of all that he discovers around him; and, having found it out, he puts it down in a book. Such a book cannot fail to contain much that is both new and valuable to many English people.

In this volume, M. Esquiros describes very intelligently and pleasantly an English parish and the parochial system, with parson and parsonage, curates, schools, patron and patronage, tithes and rates, parish festivals, and all the rest. He describes also Lambeth Palace, Canterbury and its cathedral, the hierarchical system, with the primacies, convocation, and church parties; the various Dissenting denominations, including, of course, the Methodists; the Crystal Palace (as a place of Sunday resort!); and the different Missionary institutions of England, to which he devotes four chapters.

On the whole, M. Esquiros is wonderfully accurate; he must have taken immense pains to gain his information. It would have been strange, indeed, however, if, like everybody else, he had not fallen into some blunder as to Methodism. His views as to Methodist "rounds" are vague and his information is, in part, obsolete. He seems, also, to have his ideas imperfectly defined as to who and what itinerant preachers may be. Still his slight account is not much amiss. His account of Spurgeon and the Tabernable is mostly right enough, so far as it goes. But it is amusing to read that Mr. Spurgeon, when a youth, joined a Baptist congregation at Cambridge, "presided over by the Rev. R. Hall:" Mr. Hall having left Cambridge more than sixty years ago, and having died before Spurgeon was born.

Our Sermons: an Attempt to Consider Familiarly but Reverently the Preacher's Work in the Present Day. By the Rev. R. Gee, M.A. Oxon., Vicar of Abbot's Langley, Herts. London: Longmans.

Mr. Gee has done good service to the cause of the Christian pulpit in this country by the publication of the present work. He deals in an unaffected and forcible manner with the subject of which he writes; and, though the clergy of the Established Church are chiefly in his eye, he says many things, both as to prevailing vices in preaching and as to their remedies, which ministers of all churches may profitably listen to and ponder. Nonconformists will be slow to admit some of the author's positions in his chapter on the "Preaching of the Chapel." This part of Mr. Gee's volume is intended as a defence of the Established clergy against the charge of being less effective preachers than the Nonconformists. We wish we could think his defence satisfactory. We should be very sorry to maintain that the Nonconforming pulpit of the present day is anything like as effective as it ought to be. It is often dull and feeble. It is not unfrequently pretentious and vapouring. Sometimes

it is maudlin, vulgar, grotesque, and miserably human in its tone and methods. In view of its own claims, as well as of the demands of the Christian system, considered *per se*, it is high time that English Nonconformity was bestirring itself to shut its pulpit doors against all secularity and weakness, and to furnish itself, by the Divine blessing, with an unmixed body of preachers, worthy alike in heart, intelligence, and general culture for the work to which God has called them in their generation. But, allowing for everything that can in fairness be set over against the pulpit efficiency of Nonconformists, how can any man, with the facts before him, sustain the position that the clergy of the Establishment are, as a whole, as efficient preachers as their brethren of the Nonconforming churches? A few of the "High Church" clergy, indeed, are admirable preachers, and, their sacerdotal and ecclesiastical dogmas apart, come very near to a living embodiment of the ideal of the simplicity, force, and reverence of the true Christian pulpit. And the clergy of the "Broad Church" party, astray as they are from the truth, yet often deliver themselves from the sacred place of the preacher with masterly insight and intelligence, and with true moral earnestness. Nor will any candid person deny that a considerable number of so-called "Evangelical" clergymen, while they are patterns to ministers of all churches for laboriousness, self-denial, and Christian zeal, are noble examples likewise of the gravity, wisdom, devoutness, and manifold sympathy, which characterised the first preachers of the Christian religion. But how of the huge body of the Established clergy that remains after all these have been told off? How of those, whether professedly "High," "Broad," or "Evangelical," of whom a very different account must be given from that which is proper to the minority in their several schools? To say nothing of a multitude of "High" clergymen, whose only strength is their system; or of "Broad" clergymen, not a few of whom, whatever their powers or virtues, certainly cannot preach; is it not painfully notorious that the preaching of large numbers of clergymen, calling themselves "Evangelical," is of the most vapid, slipshod, and unmeaning description possible? and that while, as a rule, men of the last-named theological school are of all others most arrogant and contemptuous in their treatment of Nonconformists, they are conspicuously wanting in some of the most rudimentary qualifications for the business of the Christian preacher? And then there is that other host of clergymen—young and old, whom no ingenuity can identify with any of the clerical schools for which our language has found names—what is to be said of these? Surely neither Mr. Gee nor anybody else, who is conversant with the facts, will gravely affirm that they can preach. Gentlemen they may be, perhaps also they possess some scholarship; and their cures and parishes may rejoice in their personal and social excellences, and in the wakeful and generous sympathy which they evince for the members of their pastoral charge. But for preaching—it is nowhere with them. In the pulpit, at least, they cannot speak with any ease or propriety. The composition of a sermon, the interpretation and application of a Scripture passage, are a perfect

enigma to them. And, if men's senses and reason are worth anything, they tell the sorry tale that a vast number of the clergy of the Established Church of England in this nineteenth century have neither the spiritual, mental, nor educational furniture and equipment demanded by their great office. We do not believe that this remark will hold of anything like the same proportion of the Nonconformist ministers of our day.

Other things being equal, we may be certain that those churches will have the best preachers whose theory of the Christian ministry and pulpit is the soundest, and whose constitution and administration provide that the greatest care shall be taken to determine, test, develop, train, and perfect the qualifications of their ministers. Now it is here, as we hold, that the pulpit inefficiency of the Established clergy finds its real cause. Whatever the theory of the Church of England may be practically, it does not hold the scriptural doctrine of the Christian ministry. As matter of fact, the ministry in the English Church—every one knows it—is a dignified profession, it is not a Divine vocation. This is a cardinal vice, and as long as it exists the Anglican pulpit must remain feeble and unspiritual. And again—what is closely connected with this: the Church of England applies no adequate touchstone to the religious professions of the candidates for her ministry, and is lamentably wanting in institutions and arrangements fitted to qualify men for the distinctive work of preaching. In all these respects, defective as the Nonconforming churches may be, they are far in advance of the Establishment. As a general rule these churches hold it as a principle that there must be a Divine call to the ministry. They act upon this principle. They require certificates of religious life, of mental capacity, and of qualification to speak in public. They furnish their ministerial candidates with a special literary and theological education. What is more, they try and train them in inferior church offices, as a means of preparing them for their ultimate designation. And before ordination, Nonconformist ministers are commonly subjected to a lengthened probation in the ministry itself, that by actual experiment they may show themselves equal to its functions. We are quite aware that the Established Church has apparatus and machinery answering to a certain extent to these guards and provisions of the Nonconforming churches: but the application of them is by no means so certain and uniform in the one case as in the other, and in very many instances men enter the ministry of the Establishment who ought never to have been able to pass the barriers with which religion and common sense alike are bound to fence the way of approach to the Christian pulpit. Of late years, some of the bishops of the Church of England have taken commendable steps towards bringing about a better state of things. What is wanted is a general resurrection of the mind and moral sense of the Establishment, so as to bring out into form and force the conscientious and immovable resolution, that, so far as human wisdom and strength can help it, no worldly man, or weakling, or novice shall ever stand in her pulpits, or minister at her holy table.

Meanwhile, though we cannot endorse Mr. Gee's decision on the point we have now touched upon, we heartily thank him for his volume, and commend its contents to the serious attention of all whom it concerns.

Public Worship: The Best Methods of Conducting It. By the Rev. J. Spencer Pearsall, Author of "The Constitution of Apostolic Churches," &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

A MODEST, wise, and catholic-minded book on a great and difficult subject. Mr. Pearsall has evidently revolved the manifold questions of his topic with much seriousness and patience; and the result is a volume full of good principles and of practical suggestions suited to the present circumstances of the English churches. The foundation of the volume was a paper read by Mr. Pearsall before the Congregational Union in Sheffield. This paper, expanded and enlarged, he republishes in the form before us. After a series of introductory observations, he discusses in succession the subjects of the general conduct of religious service, of public prayer, of the reading of the Scriptures, of the teaching of the sanctuary, of the service of song, and of the Lord's Supper. In the latter part of the work, certain miscellaneous and controverted points belonging to public worship are dealt with, and a chapter is very appropriately devoted to the necessity of spiritual life in connection with such worship. Mr. Pearsall does not write with the expectation that his readers will fall in with all his opinions and judgments. His book will be valued, however, by those who do not agree with all the positions maintained, because of its eminent suggestiveness.

The Oxford Reformers of 1498: Being a History of the Fellow-work of John Colet, Erasmus, and Thomas More. By Frederick Seebohm. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1867.

IN this volume Mr. Seebohm gives us the results of a careful and discriminating study of one of the most interesting periods of our history. He does not attempt anything like a biography of the illustrious men who were the first to emancipate the religious thought of England and the Continent from the fetters which Scotus and Aquinas had thrown around it, and to pave the way for the yet more enlightened work of Luther and his associates. In the case of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, of whose history we have ample records, such an attempt would have been superfluous; in the case of Colet it would have been impossible, for unhappily the materials available for a continuous biography of the pious and learned Dean are most inadequate. This is to be the more regretted, because Colet was, in fact, the master mind of the Oxford Reformation. It was he who moulded the opinions and directed the movements of Erasmus and

More, neither of whom would have ventured so far as they did but for his inspiration. With a just appreciation of the Dean's character and influence, Mr. Seebohm has made the best use of the materials extant, and has succeeded in the endeavour to throw light upon the spirit and genius of one who ought to be known, not merely as the founder of St. Paul's School, but as the most enlightened and independent of the pioneers of the great Reformation.

The object of the volume is very clearly defined on the title-page. It is a history of the "fellow-work" of these three men. It is questionable, however, whether their work was ostensibly "fellow-work." The wanderings of Erasmus, the secular engagements of More, and the strictly sacred functions of Colet, prevented uniformity of action. Though acting upon one another, they can scarcely be said to have acted together. But undoubtedly they influenced, each in his own way, the religious thought of their age; and all three helped to bring about the revolt from Rome. We are under obligation to Mr. Seebohm for his painstaking volume, which, though necessarily fragmentary, is a valuable addition to the literature of the Reformation. His style is clear, terse, and picturesque. He wastes no words, but keeps strictly to the story. Every reader of his work will regret, on reaching the last page, that there is not more to follow.

Bible Teachings in Nature. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

The author is as happy in the selection of his subjects as he is in his method of treating them. The ground which he traverses is almost new. Avoiding the professedly scientific track, and keeping clear of the path of those whose attention has been directed specifically to the geology, the botany, the astronomy, or the zoology of the Bible, he has chosen as the text of his thought the incidental references of Scripture to the forms and processes of nature. Ice-morsels, grass, corn, mildew, fading leaves, agate windows, foundations of sapphires—such are the subjects on which he has lavished the resources of a cultivated and devout mind. With an exact knowledge of natural science, Mr. Macmillan possesses the power of simplifying its mysteries, and drawing from them invaluable moral lessons. His enthusiastic love of nature leads him occasionally to an exuberance of language and imagery which a critic, less impassioned, might be disposed to condemn, but which the general reader will readily forgive for the sake of the grace and beauty of the whole. Sometimes he endeavours to prove too much; as when, in the use of the Chaldaic word, *Chimah*, which in the authorised version is translated *Pleiades*, and which means literally a hinge or pivot, he sees a hint of the great astronomical discovery that our solar system is revolving round a central sun—that sun being *Alcyone*, the brightest of the "seven sisters." Occasionally, too, his expositions are fanciful,

as, for example, in the case of the "agate windows," which, by a process of treatment that is at least ingenious, he interprets as meaning windows of *faith*, of *feeling*, and of *spiritual character*. But, as a whole, the work is a very valuable contribution to religious literature. It abounds in noble passages; it breathes the spirit of the reverent Christian philosopher; and it does credit alike to the head and the heart of its author.

Memorials of the Clayton Family, with Unpublished Correspondence of the Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Glenorchy, the Revs. John Newton, A. Toplady, &c. By the Rev. Thomas Aveling. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

THE Clayton family, whose memorials are presented to us by Mr. Aveling, comprised a father and three sons, who occupied a very conspicuous place among the Nonconformist ministers of the Metropolis for upwards of seventy years. The father, apparently the strongest and most original character, was trained by the Countess of Huntingdon at Trevecca; but finding some difficulty in obtaining orders in the Established Church, he entered the ministry among the Independents, and ultimately became pastor of the Weigh-house Chapel, where he continued nearly fifty years. His three sons followed in his footsteps, and all attained considerable eminence and popularity. None of them were men of commanding intellect, or, if we may judge from what we hear of the Claytonian style, of highly cultivated taste. They were not leaders of religious thought, or of evangelistic activity. But they were able and useful pastors, and were successful in forming and maintaining for many years some of the largest and most influential Independent churches in the Metropolis.

Such a family deserved a memorial, and Mr. Aveling has acted wisely in condensing the four biographies into one interesting volume. The materials at his disposal, which, considering the lengthened period over which the narrative extends, appear to be scanty, have been employed to the best advantage. The Independent denomination will doubtless gratefully accept this record of holy lives and eminently useful labours.

Idolatries, Old and New: Their Cause and Cure. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A., author of "The Divine Life in Man," "The Home Life," &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

WE have had occasion to note the deepening power, the clearer and stronger insight, which Mr. Brown developes as he continues to grapple with the problems of the day, in their successive emergence. The pre-

sent volume, we should think, is by much the best which the author has sent forth. He still, indeed, clings to the juvenile and absurdly exaggerated admiration of Mr. Maurice with which he set out. He also quotes with inordinate admiration a passage from the late Mr. A. J. Scott, whom he holds up as a master. But his own writing in this volume is clear, deep, and very forcible, and pierces to the roots of the evils which he aims at exposing. This, indeed, is the most fundamental and comprehensive argument on the principles involved in the Ritualistic controversy which we have yet seen.

The subjects of the eight sermons of which the volume consists are, in order, as follows:—"The Essential Principle of Idolatry;" "The Idolatry of the Priest;" "The Idolatry of the Sacrament;" "The Idolatry of the Word;" "The Living Way;" "The Spiritual Freedom of Judaism;" "God's Ordained Ministers;" and "Ritualism, in its Present Aspects and Aims."

Mr. Brown's own tendencies are in everything towards the extreme of Liberalism. Hence we could not ourselves follow him fully, for fear all distinction between the Church and the world should be wiped away. But he seems to us to be by far the ablest, and to be one of the most earnest, of our modern Liberals. He is distinguished, also, by the candour of his spirit and the comprehensiveness of his views. We do not know a book more likely than the present to light the way of an inquirer to the principles which lie at the bottom of the present Ritualistic controversy; nor one which we should so earnestly recommend any young man to read who is in danger of being misled by the plausibilities of Anglican sacramentalism, or fascinated by the æsthetic charms of Ritualism. The volume is dedicated to the Rev. Thomas Binney.

Morality according to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper: Three Discourses on the Names Eucharist, Sacrifice, and Communion. By the Rev. J. Ll. Davies, M.A., Rector of Christ Church, St. Marylebone. London and Cambridge: Macmillan. 1867.

When the Coleridge-Maurice school passes into the region of Dissent, it becomes metamorphosed, and, as we think, bettered and brightened, into Baldwin-Brownism. Within the Church of England, this school, next after Maurice himself, and among the clergy of a considerably younger generation, is represented by Mr. Llewelyn Davies. Without recanting anything or, so far as we know, modifying in any material respect his views, Mr. Kingsley has apparently ceased for the present to hold the front place, almost abreast of Mr. Maurice, as a teacher and prophet of the school, which he held a dozen years ago.

Such teachers as Messrs. Maurice and Davies have been accustomed to use language in regard to the Sacraments so grandiose and so ambiguous that those who did not possess the key to their esoteric system of doctrine, have continually confounded their views with those

of High Churchmen. Nevertheless, their real opinions respecting Baptism are just the same as those which were held by the late Mr. Robertson, and which may be learnt very distinctly from his sermons. Their "baptismal regeneration" (in some sense, be it remembered, every Anglican clergyman is bound to believe in regeneration by baptism) is altogether different in its inner meaning from what Dr. Pusey or Archdeacon Denison means by the same phrase.

So also as to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and its efficacy. A sort of devotional manual, used as a preparation and companion for the Lord's Supper, was many years ago compiled by Mrs. Colenso from Mr. Maurice's writings, which has, no doubt, been used—more, however, formerly, than lately—by simple-minded Churchwomen as a very orthodox publication. And yet all the time Mr. Maurice did not believe one shred of High Church doctrine; did not in reality believe in anything beyond the Zwinglian sacramentarianism, as interpreted and modified in its explicit contents by his own special neo-Platonic mysticism.

Mr. Davies' volume now before us is distinct and conclusive evidence, for those who are able to see through its haze of words what is its real meaning, that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is regarded by his school as nothing more than the symbolic commemoration of the death of the Incarnate Christ, and the symbolic expression of the union of all men with and in Christ, combined with appropriate acknowledgments and vows on the part of the recipient, with the grateful bond and covenant of self-surrender and self-sacrifice, which befits the relation of the redeemed to the Redeemer. Like all the Broad Church publications issued by Macmillan and Co., this book bears a high price, and carries little matter. Too many words, too little substance, too much cost, abate greatly from the value of what otherwise, at this moment, and as a manifesto of doctrine from a certain school, cannot but possess some importance.

Micah, the Priest-Maker. A Handbook on Ritualism. By T. Binney. Second Edition. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

Dr. Vaughan led the van of Nonconformist criticism on the present Ritualistic movement in the Church of England, in his valuable little volume on Ritualism, which was noticed by us three months ago. Since then one Nonconformist divine after another has come forward to bear his part in what is felt to be not a sectarian but a national controversy. Of Mr. Baldwin Brown's book we have already spoken. Besides this volume of Mr. Binney's, there are two books, both from the pen of distinguished Congregationalist ministers, of which we shall have a few words to say.

This is as it should be. Such work as these able ministers are doing is the best work they can do, as well in the interest of Nonconformity itself and of religious liberty, as in behalf of the national well-being.

What between the fanaticism and the folly of Ritualists, on the one hand, who are likely, as we expect, to "go farther," yet, before they "fare worse," and before the public opinion of the upper classes is so far enlightened and aroused as that their position and influence will be affected—and the clear-sighted, masterly, and every way candid and equitable treatment which, on the other hand, the Ritualistic fanaticism and folly is receiving from Nonconformist critics and divines; we apprehend that one result of the present controversy must be that the power of Nonconformist principles and the Nonconformist press over the public mind of this country will be vastly augmented. Immeasurably the best publications on the Ritualistic claims and principles have proceeded from the pens of Nonconformists. It is plain that they understand Church principles and parties, both philosophically and historically, and also in their mutual relations, much better than Churchmen do themselves. At this moment it is impossible for the general reader to obtain any fair, clear, and comprehensive view of the controversy, its points, principles, and issues, except from a Nonconformist writer. All this must tell. Nonconformist books will begin to penetrate within the recesses of that separate and distant region which has been defined and secluded by the prejudices of Anglican distaste and pride.

Something will be done to prepare the way for that time, which must come, when the exclusive pretensions of the Established Church will be given up, and the wall of caste which has been maintained between the Nonconformist world and that which has called itself "society" will be thrown down.

Mr. Binney's volume is in its second edition. As giving a remarkably fair exhibition of the legal controversy between the Ritualist and and the Low Church, it has already attracted much attention from the general public. The High Churchman himself must acknowledge the candour, the knowledge, and the insight, with which his side of the argument is represented. The Low Churchman cannot but be instructed by the demonstration so clearly given by Mr. Binney, that the roots of the main principles of High Anglicanism spring out of the ground of the Prayer-Book itself. While all Protestants will be thankful for Mr. Binney's luminous and vigorous statement and defence of the true and main principles of Protestant truth and evangelical liberty.

Priests and Sacraments: Being the Substance of a Series of Sermons on the Errors of Ritualism, preached in Clapham Congregational Church, by J. G. Rogers, B.A. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet Street. 1867.

Ritualism and Its Related Dogmas. By the Rev. E. Mellor, M.A. London: Snow and Co., Ivy Lane. 1867.

Mr. Rogers, for a number of years resident of Ashton-under-Lyne, removed, a year or two ago, to London. Mr. Mellor, formerly of Halifax, has for some time resided at Liverpool. Both writers are

pastors of Congregational churches, and both men of eminence in their own denomination. Mr. Mellor has been chairman of the Congregational Union. Mr. Rogers is understood to be closely connected with some of the leading organs of the Congregationalist press.

There are few men of any denomination so completely informed as to the principles, the literature, and the history, documentary and personal, of the High Church parties and leaders of the establishment as Mr. Rogers, who has made these matters his close study for many years. Throughout his book, the reader feels that he is listening to the exposition and criticisms of one who is thoroughly familiar with the subject in hand; who is able to point to the origin, the meaning, the traces, the tendency, of Ritualism wherever it is found. The whole system is *shown up* by Mr. Rogers, in its true light and according to the precise type into which it is shaping itself.

Mr. Mellor's book is not so full and vivid an exhibition of Ritualism in its external aspect and in its latest forms and pretensions; it is a more elementary book; but at the same time it is more comprehensive. It is, in fact, a manual of argument on the subject, dealing especially with the principles and pretensions out of which High Anglicanism has developed. It did not fall within Mr. Rogers' scope to begin his discussions from the beginning; it did not fall within his purpose, for example, to argue the question of apostolical succession. Mr. Mellor, however, delivering a course of lectures intended to inform and forearm his congregation at Liverpool with regard to the whole controversy, so that they might be prepared in that busy centre of superficial intelligence and of Church activities, where all denominations meet and jostle, to upset the glib advocate of clerical pretensions and to confirm the abashed or puzzled Protestant, finds it necessary to give a summary of all that belongs to argument against Ritualism. Both volumes are able and well-timed; and they will be found to interfere very little either with each other, or with Mr. Binney's volume. Any one who is determined to master the whole subject will not do amiss to procure the whole sheaf of Nonconformist books. The one which may best be spared, if all the others (including Mr. Brown's) are bought, is Mr. Mellor's. On the other hand, if only one must be bought, Mr. Mellor's will be found to be the most comprehensive and condensed summary.

A General Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament. By Brooke Foss Westcott, B.D. Second Edition. Macmillan. 1866.

An Introduction to the Study of the Gospels. By Brooke Foss Westcott, B.D. Third Edition. Macmillan. 1867.

Mr. Westcott's *History of the Canon* was published twelve years ago, and has been already highly recommended in our pages. It still remains the best book on the subject in the English language; nor indeed is it surpassed, taking all things into account, on the Continent. The third edition has undergone a careful revision; the posthumous

work of Credner has been consulted; and several important additions have been made.

The "Introduction" is not so complete, or so exhaustive, a work; nor does it stand so almost alone in the field. But it is very comprehensive, and leaves scarcely any of the vital questions raised on the Gospels untouched.

Anti-Nicene Christian Library.—Foreign Theological Library, &c., &c. Edinburgh. T. & T. Clark.

Messrs. Clark send us, as usual, a batch of valuable books. The *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*, of which we wrote at length in our last number, is being duly issued. The volume containing the Apostolical Fathers (vol. i.), has been followed by *Justin Martyr* and *Athenagoras* (vol. ii.), by *Tatian, Theophilus*, and *The Clementine Recognitions* (vol. iii.), and by one volume of the precious remains of *Clement of Alexandria* (vol. iv). Every theologian, every student of ecclesiastical history ought to subscribe for this valuable series. The *Foreign Theological Library* continues to unfold its wealth, the first issue for 1867 being *Delitzsch's System of Biblical Psychology*, and Vol. i. of the same author's *Commentary on Isaiah*. Both works are of great interest and value. Messrs. Clark have also published *An Exposition of the Epistle of St. James, in a Series of Discourses*, by the Rev. John Adam, of Aberdeen. We could have wished this work had been more simply and directly exegetical. A careful and competent exposition of St. James, however, cannot but be very welcome, especially as good works on this epistle are in English very rare. Two volumes of a smaller size have also been published by the same house. Dr. Luthardt, Dr. Kahnis, and Dr. Bückner lectured at Leipsic during the winter of 1865, according to a plan of combination and co-operation. Each delivered three lectures in succession, and each lectured in the order indicated by the succession of their names. Dr. Luthardt's subject was *Revelation in its Historical Development*, Dr. Kahnis' was *The Course of Church History*, Dr. Bückner's *The Church of the Present*. Two things are evident from these lectures—that learned Germans can deliver clear and popular lectures, as well as write ponderous books; and that English translators have become adepts in rendering popular German into pleasant and idiomatic English. The entire volume is entitled *The Church: its Origin, its History, its Present Position*. It affords us a view of the manner in which the most orthodox Germans regard the past history and present aspect of Christianity. On the whole, the view is encouraging.

The other volume which we have to notice, as published by Messrs. Clark, is one on *The Fatherhood of God, and its Relation to the Person and Work of Christ, and the Operations of the Holy Spirit*. It is by Charles H. H. Wright, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, and Exeter College, Oxford; British Chaplain at Dresden. Mr. Wright is already well known as a learned Hebraist and an earnest preacher. If he lives, we

expect that he will be heard of again and again. He is a candid, able man, and a sound divine. The present is a very interesting and suggestive volume. Mr. Wright is a Dublin man, and lives abroad. One result of this is that he reads and appreciates the contributions to theological thought, not only of Episcopalians, but of Presbyterians and Wesleyans. If he will add to his library the best volumes of the *Congregational Lectures*, we can assure him that he will be much the richer for the addition. It is refreshing to meet with such a writer as Mr. Wright, although, besides his (Mozleyan) view of *hypothetical* regeneration in baptism, there are some other points in his volume which we should regard as very doubtful.

The Human Will: Its Functions and Freedom. By T. Hughes, author of "Prejudice," &c. &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1867.

We respect Mr. Hughes sincerely. He has courage, truthfulness, perseverance, great acuteness, and superior force of intellect. But nothing to a writer on profound subjects can compensate for want of discipline. Mr. Hughes is not a disciplined scholar, and, not owning English as his mother-tongue, he has never learnt to write it correctly. The consequence is, that his thinking is inexact, his method cumbrous and obscure, his style distinguished by no special characteristic, except its want of clearness and precision; and, altogether, although Mr. Hughes is undoubtedly an able, thoughtful, well-read man, his books—even where they are best—do but afford specimens of weighty thought struggling through obscurity and of eloquence *in posse* rather than *in esse*, if we may be allowed to use phrases which will sound homely to a philosophical student like Mr. Hughes. What makes the matter still more unfortunate for Mr. Hughes is that he is addicted, and seems to be becoming more and more addicted, to metaphysical subjects, which will least of all endure to be treated of in such a style as Mr. Hughes has at command. We had hoped that his recent study of that perfect master of lucid English, Bishop Berkeley, who could make philosophy read like a pleasant letter from one cultivated friend to another, would have helped Mr. Hughes to the mastery of pure English. But the present volume is in evidence that this has not been the happy effect of Mr. Hughes' study of Berkeley's works, and moreover that even Mill's writings, following those of Berkeley in his course of study, have left him an outlaw from the pale of classic English. Almost any page will furnish instances illustrative of what we have now said. We take what we are about to give almost at hazard:—"The distinction and superiority of the human will to that of the brute is as clear as it is universally acknowledged. Who thinks of offering a reward to any of the brute creation as an inducement of obedience and perseverance? or utter a moral threatening as a result of a known law?" Here are violations of grammar, violations of English idiom, and a woeful con-

fusion of thought—all in so few lines" (p. 10). Again, "The will and the corporeal organisation have nothing in common as to nature and functions. They are as far and different as mind and matter, which is the greatest distance between entities in nature, without contradiction, of which we are capable to conceive" (p. 24). "The fact of will has hardly ever been called in question by neither the vulgar nor yet the philosopher, in modern times nor in antiquity" (p. 4). "Often authors are misunderstood and condemned because the terms which they make use of as the medium of their thoughts are not rightly apprehended in the meaning they are used by them" (p. 81). "Causality may be viewed in three different aspects and relations—1. As beginning an event; 2. As continuously passing through time and the whole chain of being unceasingly; 3. And as contemporaneously in space" (p. 130). And, to pass over scores of instances besides which stare us in the face, here is the way in which Mr. Hughes summaries Kant. "The theory of Kant may be epitomized within a small compass, which I shall try to do. First, Kant holds that all empirical, or phenomenal, or the objective side of human thought, is not subject to the law of freedom, but to absolute necessity. Secondly, the source of liberty is to be sought in the subject, or pure reason in man. Thirdly, human liberty is a mediate thing; a certain end is possible by changing the states of the determining agents. Fourthly, human liberty is *an act* (!) of pure reason, out of all time," &c. If we had space and were disposed to criticise in detail the contents of this book, we should begin with the beginning. According to Mr. Hughes, all animated creatures are beings, all inanimate objects are things. That is to say, the worm is a being, the cedar a thing. The virtue and the ground of this distinction we do not ourselves apprehend. Nor should we admit, speaking, as Mr. Hughes professes to speak, the language of exact and metaphysical thought, that the "abstract is a part of the concrete."

If Mr. Hughes had but learnt to think exactly and to write correctly, he would write well. He has many good ideas: power, and even eloquence, often loom through the cloud of his words. We have done him the office of friends in pointing out the defects which mar his power, and which, if not corrected, must continue to mar it; and, above all things, we should warn him off the ground of metaphysical discussion, until he has acquired the preparatory discipline which alone can fit him, however humbly, to discuss points of controversy with Berkely, or Hamilton, or Mill.

Christian Dogmatics: a Compendium of the Doctrines of Christianity. By Dr. H. Martensen, Bishop of Seeland, Denmark. Translated by the Rev. W. Urwick. Clark. 1866.

A VALUABLE compendium of comprehensive and thorough Lutheran divinity.

Sabbath Chimes: Meditations in Verse for the Sundays of a Year. By W. Morley Punshon, M.A. Nisbet. 1867.

The third edition of this beautiful little volume lies before us; it has, therefore, secured its acceptance with the public—especially the public common to Mr. Punshon and ourselves. But we must needs pay our tribute to the true spirit of poetry and fine artistic power that have created and fashioned these poems. Both the poetry and the art are indeed unequally distributed: there are pieces and stanzas which betray haste or languor; and sometimes—as in the hymns touching the Passion and the Trinity—the dignity of the themes is not fully sustained. But it would be ungenerous to criticise too keenly the productions of one year, and that year spent under the pressure of affliction. It is more pleasant to turn to parts of the book that command our full admiration; and nothing but want of space prevents our inserting some extracts which we had marked from No. II., a perfect little piece; No. XVI. and some others.

The "Easter" poem is a noble and graceful one, the following stanzas being but a specimen of its strain:

"That hope is gone: but memory cleaves
In blissful trance to Jesus yet,
And, through her tears, still sits and weaves
The past into one long regret.

"Not always bending o'er the urn
Of missed and mourned ones should we lie;
When sorrow doth to duty turn,
Strong consolation waiteth by.

"Glad news—and not alone for those
Who gathered round that sacred place:
Like some rich river's song it flows,
A gospel for a ruined race.

"Jesus is risen! The fight is o'er;
Death to his own destruction hurled;
Man from the heaven is barred no more;
Easter has dawned upon the world."

It is unsatisfactory, however, to take fragments from poems which owe much of their charm to their condensation. Else we should take some passages from a very finished hymn on the Ascension, which, if one or two close reminiscences of Tennyson were excluded, would leave nothing to be desired.

We have no doubt this finished little volume will answer all the ends of the aspiration in the preface. May the writer long write on, in full reliance on his own powers, and not looking too intently on any model. But we trust his writing will not again be the result of an enforced seclusion.

Kentish Lyrics, Sacred, Rural, and Miscellaneous. By Benjamin Gough, Author of "Lyra Sabbatica." Houlston and Wright. 1867.

Allowing for the freer scope of this volume, our comment on the author's previous production will still hold good. The melody of his verse becomes still more melodious; his sympathy with nature is true and therefore enthusiastic; and the piety of these strains faithful throughout. They breathe not the spirit of rich invention, but they are the productions of a keen and reverent observer.

Our Father's Business. By Thomas Guthrie. D.D. Strahan. 1867.

This is a book which cannot fail to enchain the reader's interest, and, if his heart be as Dr. Guthrie's heart—earnest in the cause of Christ—do his soul good. It will hardly admit of quotation, being one mosaic of rich illustration. It will plead for itself.

The Great Possession; a Contribution towards the Knowledge and Education of the Human Soul. By Richard Bell. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1867.

This is a volume of hard and honest thought, clearly and forcibly expressed, and relating to the most interesting and important questions with which Christian philosophy can deal. On such questions it would have been folly for any man to write who had not first read much and read well. Mr. Bell has studied the masters of science and philosophy on all matters connected with his great theme. The result is a volume which does him great credit, and which we cordially welcome. Hard reading and hard thinking on the profoundest and most important subjects connected with the estate of our humanity, now and hereafter, are sadly too rare in this day of hurried and ostentatious performances. It would be well if Methodism could count many more such students of truth as Mr. Bell.

The Wholesome Words of Jesus Christ: Four Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge in Nov., 1866. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D. Macmillan. 1867.

We have read these sermons with more entire satisfaction than any of the predecessors from Dr. Vaughan's pen. They are models of concise and pithy exposition and preaching: prepared with the care demanded by the dignity of the service for which they were intended, and worthy to be read and pondered by intelligent young men generally.

END OF VOL. XXVIII.

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