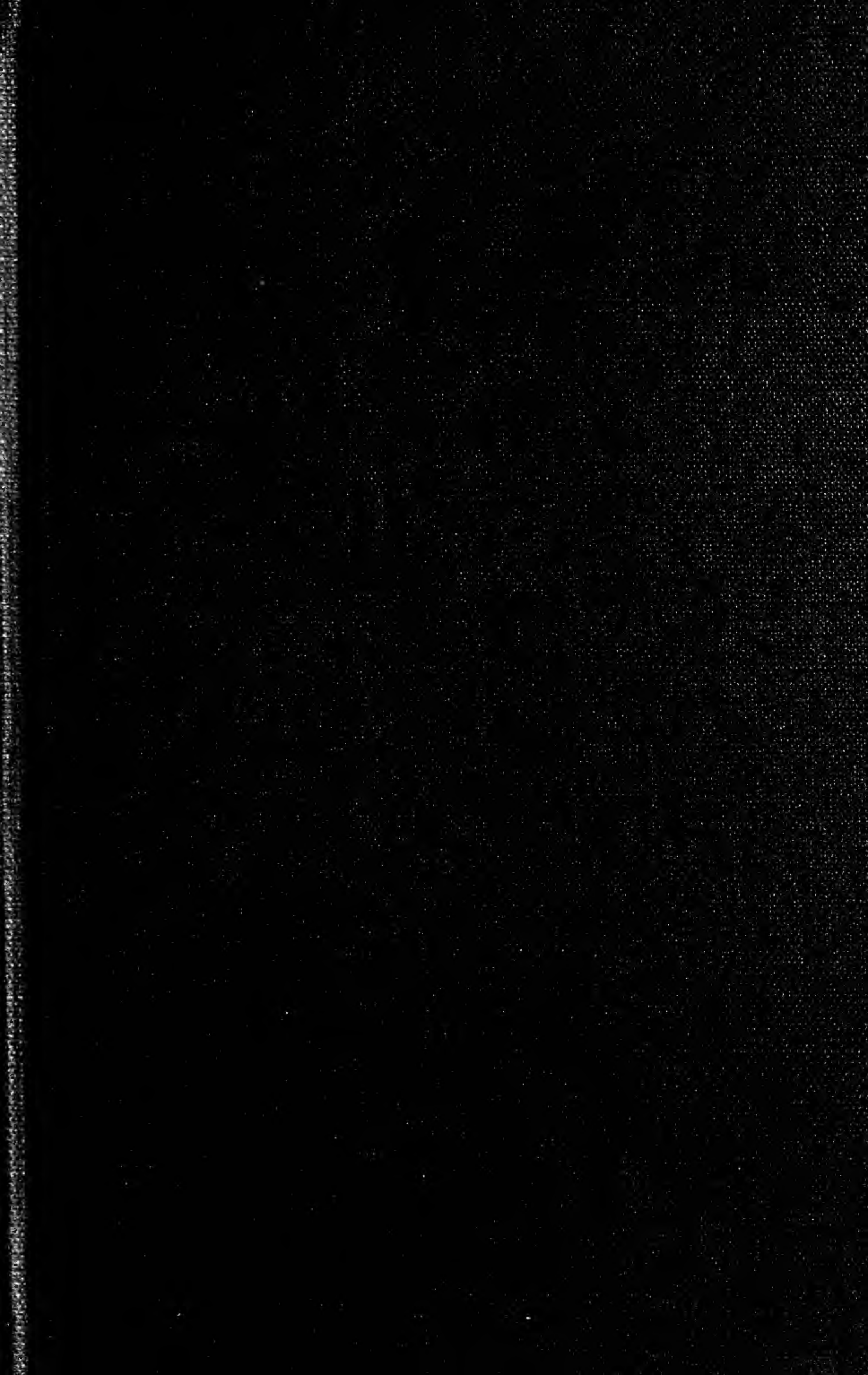

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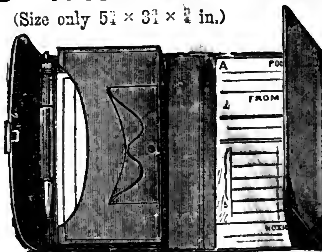

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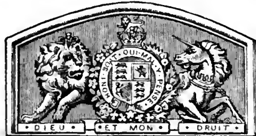

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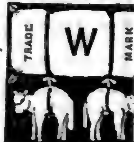

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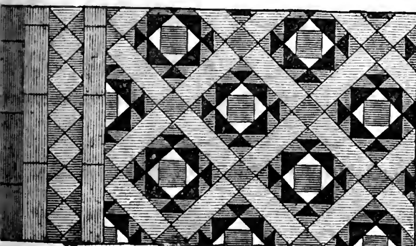

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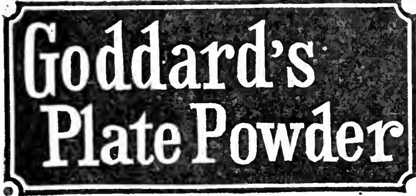

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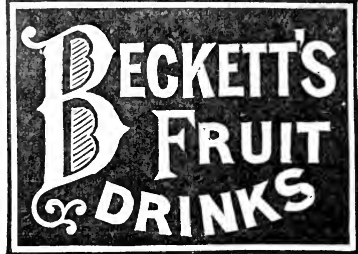

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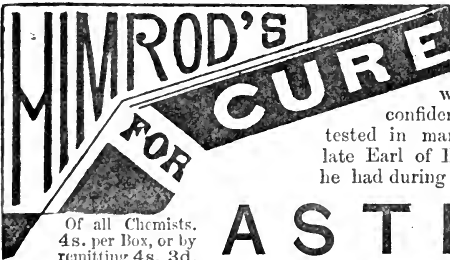

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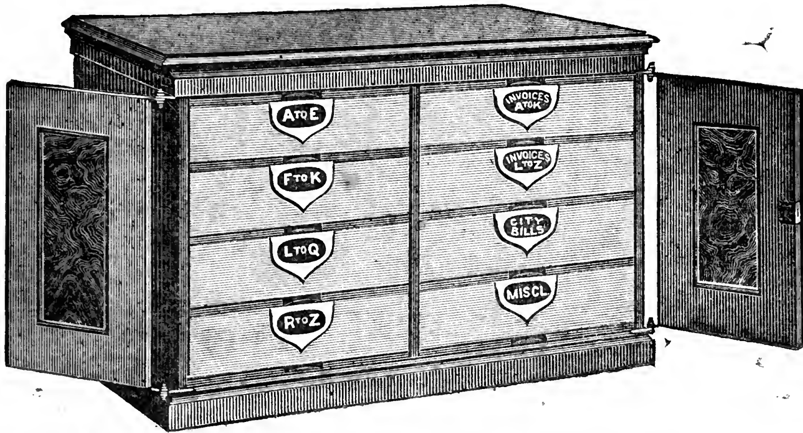

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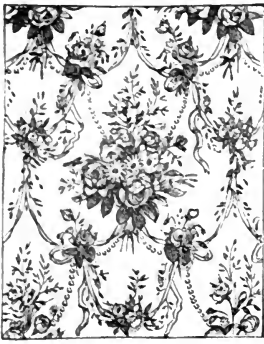

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LUTHER.

Luther's Leben. Von JULIUS KÖSTLIN. Leipzig, 1883.

PART I.

AT last we have a Life of Luther which deserves the name. Lives there have been many in various languages, and Collections of Letters, and the Table Talk, and details more or less accurate in Histories of the Reformation; but a biography which would show us Luther in all aspects—as a child, as a man, as the antagonist of Popes and Princes, and as a father and householder in his own home, as he appeared to the world, and as he appeared to his wife and children and his personal friends—for such a biography Europe has waited till the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. The greatest men, strange to say, are those of whom the world has been contented to know the least. The "lives" of the greatest saints of the Church are little more than legends. A few pages will contain all that can be authentically learnt of Raphael or Shakspeare.

Of Luther at all events this can no longer be said. The Herr Köstlin in a single well-composed volume has produced a picture which leaves little to be desired. A student who has read these 600 pages attentively will have no questions left to ask. He will have heard Luther speak in his own racy provincial German. He will have seen him in the pulpit. He will have seen him in Kings' Courts and Imperial Diets. He will have seen him at his own table, or working in his garden, or by his children's bedside. He will have seen, moreover—and it is a further merit of this most excellent book—a series of carefully engraved portraits from the best pictures, of Luther himself, of his wife and family, and of all the most eminent men with whom his work forced him into friendship or collision.

Such a volume is singularly valuable to us, now especially, when

the forces of the great spiritual deep are again broken up; when the intellect, dissatisfied with the answers which Luther furnished to the great problems of life, is claiming on one side to revise those answers, and his great Italian enemy, whom he and the Protestant world after him called Antichrist, is pretending on the other that he was right after all, and that we must believe in him or in nothing. The Evangelicals are faint-hearted. The men of science are indifferent. The Romanists see their opportunity of revenging themselves on the memory of one who in life wrought them so much woe and shame; and had no such effort been made, Luther's history would have been overgrown, like a neglected grave, with the briars and nettles of scandal. The philosophy of history undervalues the work of individual persons. It attributes political and spiritual changes to invisible forces operating in the heart of society, regarding the human actors as no more than ciphers. It is true that some great spiritual convulsion would certainly have shaken Europe in the sixteenth century, for the Papal domination was intellectually and morally undermined; but the movement, inevitable as it was, might have lasted a hundred years, and the results might have been utterly different. If it had been left to Erasmus and the humanists, the shell of Romanism might have survived for centuries, while a cultivated Epicureanism took the place of real belief and dissolved the morality of mankind. If the revolt had been led by fanatics like Carlstadt, or Zwingle, or Münzer, the princes of the Empire would have combined to drown an insurrection in blood which threatened the very existence of society. That the Reformation was able to establish itself in the shape which it assumed was due to the one fact that there existed at the crisis a single person of commanding mind as the incarnation of the purest wisdom which then existed in Germany, in whose words the bravest, truest, and most honest men saw their own thoughts represented; and because they recognized this man as the wisest among them, he was allowed to impress on the Reformation his own individuality. The traces of that one mind are to be seen to-day in the mind of the modern world. Had there been no Luther, the English, American, and German peoples would be thinking differently, would be acting differently, would be altogether different men and women from what they are at this moment.

The Luders, Luthers—the name is the same as Lothair—were a family of peasants at Möhra or Möre, a village on the skirts of the Thuringian forest, in the Electorate of Saxony. "I am a peasant's son," Luther wrote; "father, grandfather, great-grandfather, were all peasants." The father, Hans or John, was a miner. He learnt his trade in a copper mine at Möhra, but removed in early manhood to Eisleben, where business was more active; and there, being a tough, thrifty, industrious man, he did well for him-

self. The Möhra people were a hard race—what the Scotch call "dour"—and Hans Luther was one of them. He married a peasant woman like himself, and from this marriage, now just 400 years ago, on the 10th of November, 1483, came into the world at Eisleben his first-born son Martin.

Six months later, still following his mining work, Hans moved his family to Mansfeld, a few miles distant, in a valley on the slopes of the Hartz mountains. He continued to prosper. He worked himself with his pick in the mine shafts. The wife cut and carried the wood for the cottage. Hans, steadily rising, became the proprietor of a couple of smelting furnaces; in 1491 he became one of the four Church elders—what we should call churchwardens. He drew the attention of Count Mansfeld himself, whose castle overhung the village, and was held in high esteem by him. Melancthon, who knew both Hans and his wife, admired and honoured both of them. Their portraits were taken afterwards by Cranach—the features of both expressing honesty, piety, and clear intelligence. Martin was the eldest of seven children; he was brought up kindly, of course, but without special tenderness. He honoured and loved his parents, as he was bound to do, but he thought in his own later life that they had been overharsh with him. He remembered that he had been beaten more than once for trifles, worse than his fault deserved.

Of the village school to which he was early sent his recollections were only painful. He was taught to read and write, and there was what pretended to be an elementary Latin class. But the schoolmasters of his childhood, he said, were jailors and tyrants; and the schools were little hells. A sense of continued wretchedness and injustice weighed on him as long as he remained there, and made his childhood miserable. But he must have shown talents which encouraged his father to spare no cost on his son's education that his own scanty means would allow. When he was fourteen he was sent to a more expensive school at Magdeburg, and thence, after a year, to a still better school at Eisenach, where he was taught thoroughly well, and his mind began to open. Religion, as with all superior lads, became the first thought with him. He asked himself what God was, what he was, and what God required him to do; and here the impressions of his home experiences began to weave themselves into what he learnt from books.

The old Hans was a God-fearing man, who prayed habitually at his children's bedside; but he was one of those straightforward people who hated arguments about such things, who believed what he had been told by his priest, but considered that, essentially, religion meant the leading a good life. The Hartz mountains were the home of gnomes and demons, or at least of the popular belief in such things. Such stories Father Luther regarded as lies or tricks of the devil;

but the devil himself was a grave reality to him; while the mother believed in witches, and was terribly afraid of them. Hans himself could see straight into a good many things. He was very ill once. The parish priest came to prepare him for death, and suggested that he should leave a legacy to the Church. Hans answered, "I have many children, I will give what I have to them, they need it more." He had something of his son's imagination. Looking one day over a harvest field, Martin heard him say, "How strange to think of the millions of men and women eating and drinking all over the earth—and all to be gathered into bundles like those cornstalks." Many such speeches young Martin must have remembered and meditated on. He had a happy life on the whole at this school at Eisenach. He is described as having been a merry quick young fellow, fond of German proverbs and popular songs and stories. He had a passion for music, and helped out the cost of his education by singing carols at night from door to door with three or four companions. A Frau von Cotta, the wife of a rich Eisenach burgher, took notice of him on these occasions, made acquaintance with him, and invited him to her house.

His promise was still great. His father who had no leanings for priestcraft, designed him rather for the law than the Church, and when he was eighteen sent him to Erfurt, which was then the best university in Germany. It was the period of the revival of learning; scholastic pedantry was deposed from the throne where it reigned so long, and young men were beginning to breathe freely, in the fresh atmosphere of Ovid and Virgil and Cicero. Luther rose rapidly by the ordinary steps, became Baccalaureus, and Magister, and covered himself on the way with distinction. He attended law lectures and waded into the *Corpus Juris;* but desires were growing in him which these studies failed to satisfy. In the University library he found, by accident, a Latin Bible which opened other views of what God required of him. He desired to be good, and he knew that he was not good. He was conscious of ambition, pride, vanity, and other young men's passions, of which the Bible told him to cure himself. He was not a man in whom impressions could be lightly formed, and lightly lost; what he felt he felt intensely. His life had been innocent of any grave faults, but he was conscious every moment of many little ones. "Alas," he said one day when he was washing his hands, "the more I wash them, the fouler they grow." The loss of an intimate friend brought vividly before him the meaning of death and judgment. The popular story of the young Alexius, said to have been killed at his side by lightning, is, in itself, a legend; but the essence of it is true. Returning to Erfurt, in the summer of 1505, from a visit to his family at Mansfeld, he was overtaken by a storm. The lightning struck the ground before his feet; he fell from his

horse. "Holy Anne," he cried to the mother of the Virgin, "help me; I will become a monk." Next day at Erfurt he repented of his vow, for he knew how it would grieve his father; but his life had been spared; he believed that the vow had been heard and registered in heaven; and without waiting for his resolution to be shaken, he sought and found admittance in the Augustinian Monastery in the town. His career hitherto had been so brilliant that the old Hans had formed the brightest hopes for him. He was bitterly disappointed, knowing, perhaps, more of monks and monkdom than his son. He consented with a sore heart perhaps hoping that a year's experience, and the discipline of the novitiate would cure a momentary folly. The Augustinians owned no property; they lived on alms, and the young Martin, to break his pride, was set to the lowest drudgery in the house, and was sent about the town to beg. Luther, however, flung himself with enthusiasm into the severest penances. He fasted, he prayed, he lay on the stones, he distracted his spiritual adviser with the refinements of his confessions. The common austerities failing, he took to hair shirts and whips, and the brethren supposed that they had a growing saint among them. To himself, these resources availed nothing. The temper which he hoped to drive out of himself clung to him in spite of all prescribed remedies. But still he persevered; the novitiate ended, and he took the vows and became full monk and priest. His father attended the ceremony, though in no pleasant humour. "You learned men," he said at the convent dinner, "have you never read that a man should obey his father and mother?" They told him his son had received a call from Heaven. "Pray God," the old man answered, "it be not a trick of the devil. I must eat and drink with you, but I would gladly be gone."

Two years passed away. Luther occupied himself with eagerly studying the Bible, but his reading would not pacify his restless conscientiousness. The Vicar General of the Order, Father Staupitz, a wise open-minded man, saw him, heard his confessions, and understood them. He perceived that his mind was preying upon itself, and that he required to be taken out of himself by active employment.

The Elector Frederick, Frederick the Wise, as distinguished from his brother and his nephew, had lately founded a university at Wittenberg, a considerable town on the Elbe. The Augustinians had an affiliated house in Wittenberg, and Staupitz transferred Luther thither, to teach theology and philosophy.

Luther was now twenty-five, and there is a gap of two years in his history. He must have observed and thought much in these years, or the tinder would scarcely have been kindled by the sparks which fell upon it at the end of them. The air of Germany was growing thick with symptoms of storm. After long sleep men were beginning to think for themselves, and electric flashes were playing about—sheet

lightning, still but strange and menacing. Religion as it professed to be, and religion as it was embodied in the lives of church dignitaries and priests and friars, were in startling contrast, and the silence with which the difference had been long observed was being broken by malicious mockeries in the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Vivorum."

In 1511, business of the Augustinian Order requiring that two of the brethren from the Electorate should be sent to Rome, Luther was chosen, with another monk, for the commission. There were no carriages in those days, or at least none for humble monks. He walked, and was six weeks upon the journey, being fed and lodged at religious houses upon the way. He went full of hope that in Rome at least, in the heart of Christendom, and under the eye of the vicegerent of Christ, he would find the living faith, which far off had grown cold and mildewed. When he came in sight of the sacred city, consecrated as it had been by the blood of saints and martyrs, he flung himself on his knees in a burst of emotion. His emotion made him exaggerate his disappointment. He found a splendid city, a splendid court, good outward order, and careful political administration. He found art on its highest pinnacle of glory. But it was Pagan Rome, not Christian. The talk of society was of Alexander the Sixth and the Borgian infamies. Julius, the reigning Pontiff, was just returning from the Venetian wars, where he had led a storming party in person into the breach of a besieged city. The morals of the Cardinals were a public jest. Luther himself heard an officiating priest at the altar say scornfully, "Bread thou art, and bread thou remainest." The very name "Christian" was a synonym of a fool. He was perhaps an imperfect judge of what he observed, and he remained in the city only a month. But the impression left upon him was indelible. "I would not," he said afterwards, "for a hundred thousand gulden have missed the sight of Rome. I might have thought else, that I did the Pope injustice."

He returned to Wittenberg convinced probably that Popes and Cardinals were no indispensable parts of the Church of Christ, but still with nothing of the spirit of a rebel in him, and he flung himself into his work with enthusiasm. His sermons became famous. He preached with an energy of conviction upon sin and atonement; on human worthlessness, and the mercy and grace of the Almighty; his impassioned words drawn fresh, through his own heart, from the Epistles of St. Paul. His look, his manner, his "demonic eyes," brilliant black with a yellow rim round the iris like a lion's, were startling and impressive. People said "this monk had strange ideas." The Elector heard him once and took notice. The Elector's chaplain and secretary, Spalatin, became his intimate friend.

The incidents of his life are all related with clear brevity by Herr Köstlin. In this article I must confine myself to the critical

epochs. From 1512 to 1517 he remained busy at Wittenberg, little dreaming that he was to be the leader of a spiritual revolution. It was enough for him if he could walk uprightly along the line of his own private duty. The impulse with him, as with all great men, came from without.

Pope Julius was gone. Leo the Tenth succeeded him; and the cultivated Pontiff desired to signalize his reign by building the grandest church in the world. Money was needed, and he opened his spiritual treasury. He had no belief himself in the specific value of his treasures; but others had, and were willing to pay for them. "Christianity," he observed, "was a profitable fable." His subjects throughout the world were daily committing sins which involved penance before they could be pardoned. Penances in this life were rarely adequate, and had to be compensated by indefinite ages of purgatory. Purgatory was an unpleasant prospect. The Pope had at his disposal the superfluous merits of extraordinary saints, which could be applied to the payment of the average sinners' debts, if the average sinners chose to purchase them; and commissioners were appointed for a general sale of Indulgences (as they were called) throughout Catholic Europe. The commissioner for Germany was Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, Cardinal and Prince of the Empire, a youth of twenty-seven, a patron of the fine arts like his Holiness—loose, luxurious, and sensual—a rather worse specimen than usual of the average great churchmen of the age. Köstlin gives a picture of him, a thick-lipped heavy face, with dull eyes, a long drooping nose, and the corners of the mouth turned contemptuously up. The Pope had made him pay lavishly for the Pallium when he was admitted to the archbishopric. He had borrowed 30,000 gulden from the Fuggers at Augsburg, the Rothschilds of the sixteenth century. Leo in return had granted him the contract for the Indulgences on favourable terms. The Cardinal was to collect the money; half of it was to be remitted to Rome; half was to go to the repayment of the loan. It was a business transaction, conducted with the most innocent frankness. Cardinal Albert could not wholly be relied upon. An agent of the Fuggers accompanied each of the sub-commissioners, who carried round the wares, to receive their share of the profit.

A Dominican monk named Tetzel was appointed to collect in Saxony, and he was as accomplished as a modern auctioneer. He entered the towns in procession, companies of priests bearing candles and banners, choristers chanting and ringing bells. At the churches a red cross was set upon the altars, a silk banner floating from it with the Papal arms, and a great iron dish at the foot to receive the equivalents for the myriads of years of the penal fire of Tartarus. Eloquent preachers invited all offenders, the worst especially, robbers, murderers, and adulterers, to avail themselves of the opportunity;

insisted on the efficacy of the remedy; and threatened with excommunication any wretch who dared to question it.

In a world where printed books were beginning to circulate, in a generation which had been reading Erasmus and the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," this proceeding was a high flight of insolence. Superstition had ceased to be a delusion, and had passed into conscious hypocrisy. The Elector Frederick remonstrated. Among the laity there was a general murmur of scorn or anger; Luther wrote privately to several bishops to entreat their interference; but none would move, and Tetzel was coming near to Wittenberg. Luther determined to force the question before public opinion. It was common in universities, when there were points unsettled in morals or theology, for any member who pleased to set up propositions for open disputation, to propound an opinion, and offer to maintain it against all comers. The challenger did not commit himself to the adoption of the opinion in his own person. He undertook to defend it in argument, that the opposite side might be heard. Availing himself of the ordinary practice, on October 31, 1517, the most memorable day in modern European history, Luther, being then thirty-four years old, fixed ninety-five theses on the door of Wittenberg church, calling in question the Papal theory of indulgences, and the Pope's right to sell them. In itself there was nothing unusual in such a step. No council of the Church had defined or ratified the doctrine of Indulgences. The subject was matter of general conversation, and if the sale of Indulgences could be defended, an opportunity was made for setting uneasy minds at rest. The question, however, was one which could not be set at rest. In a fortnight the theses were flying everywhere, translated into vernacular German. Tetzel condescended only to answer that the Pope was infallible. John Eck, a professor at Ingolstadt, to whom Luther had sent a copy in expectation of sympathy, thundered against him as a Hussite and a heretic. Louder and louder the controversy raged. The witches' caldron had boiled, and the foul lees of popular superstition and priestly abuses came rushing to the surface. Luther himself was frightened at the storm which he had raised. He wrote humbly to Pope Leo, trusting his cause in his hands. Leo was at first amused: "Brother Martin," he said, "has a fair wit; it is only a quarrel of envious monks." When the theses were in his hands, and he saw that the matter was serious, he said more impatiently: "a drunken German has written them—when he is sober he will be of another mind." But the agitation only grew the wilder. Almost a year passed, and Leo found that he must despatch a Legate (Cardinal Caietanus) into Germany to quiet matters. Along with him he wrote an anxious letter to the Emperor Maximilian, with another to the Elector requiring him to deliver "the child of iniquity" into the Legate's

hands, and threatening an interdict if he was disobeyed. A Diet of the Empire was summoned to meet at Augsburg, in August, 1518. Caietanus was present, and Luther was required to attend.

The Elector Frederick was a prudent experienced prince, who had no desire to quarrel with the See of Rome; but he had seen into the infamy of the Indulgences, and did not mean to hand over one of his subjects to the summary process with which the Pope would have closed the controversy. The old Emperor Maximilian was a wise man too. He was German to the heart, and the Germans had no love for Italian supremacy. Pregnant sayings are reported by Luther of Maximilian: "There are three kings in Europe," he once observed, "the Emperor, the King of France, and the King of England. I am a king of kings. If I give an order to the princes of the empire, they obey if they please; if they do not please, they disobey. The King of France is a king of asses. He orders what he pleases, and they obey like asses. The King of England is king of a loyal nation. They obey him with heart and mind as faithful subjects."

A secretary had embezzled 3,000 gulden. Maximilian sent for him, and asked what should be done to a confidential servant who had robbed his master. The secretary recommended the gallows. "Nay, nay," the Emperor said, and tapped him on the shoulder, "I cannot spare you yet."

Luther was told that he must appear. He looked for nothing but death, and he thought of the shame which he would bring upon his parents. He had to walk from Wittenberg, and he had no money. At Nuremberg he borrowed a coat of a friend that he might present himself in such high company with decency. He arrived at Augsburg on the 7th of October. The Legate would have seized him at once; but Maximilian had sent a safe-conduct for him, and Germany was not prepared to allow a second treachery like that which had sent Huss to the stake. The princes of the Diet were out of humour too, for Caietanus had been demanding money from them, and they had replied with a list of grievances—complaints of Annates, first fruits, and Provisions, familiar to the students of English Reformation history. The Legate saw that he must temporize with the troublesome monk. Luther was told that if he would retract he would be recommended to the Pope, and might look for high promotion. Caietanus himself then sent for him. Had the Cardinal been moderate, Luther said afterwards that he was prepared to yield in much. He was still young, and diffident, and modest: and it was a great thing for a peasant's son to stand alone against the ruling powers. But the Legate was scornful. He could not realize that this insignificant object before him was a spark of living fire, which might set the world blazing. He told Luther briefly that he must

retract his theses. Luther said he could not without some answer to them. Caietan would not hear of argument. "Think you," he said, "that the Pope cares for the opinions of Germany? Think you, that the princes will take up arms for you? No indeed. And where will you be then?" "Under Heaven," Luther answered. He wrote to the Legate afterwards that perhaps he had been too violent. If the sale of Indulgences was stopped he promised to be silent. Caietan replied only with a scheme for laying hold on him in spite of his safe-conduct. Being warned of his danger, he escaped at night through a postern, and rode off with a guide, "in a monk's gown and unbreeched," home to Wittenberg.

The Legate wrote fiercely to the Elector. Luther offered to leave Saxony and seek an asylum in Paris. But Frederick replied that the monk had done right in refusing to retract till the theses had been argued. He was uneasy; he was no theologian; but he had a sound instinct that the Indulgences were no better than scandalous robbery. Luther for the present should remain where he was.

Luther did remain, and was not idle. He published an account of his interview with the Legate. He wrote a tract on the Papal supremacy and appealed to a general council. The Pope found that he must still negotiate. He had for a chamberlain a Saxon noble, Karl Von Miltitz, a born subject of the Elector. He sent Miltitz to Frederick with "the Golden Rose," the highest compliment which the Court of Rome could pay, with the politest of letters. He had heard with surprise, he said, that a child of perdition was preaching heresy in his dominions. He had the utmost confidence that his beloved son and the magistrates of the electorate would put this offspring of Satan to silence. Miltitz arrived in the middle of the winter 1518-19. He discovered, to his astonishment, that three-fourths of Germany was on Luther's side. So fast the flame had spread, that an army of 25,000 men would not be able to carry him off by force. He sought an interview with Luther, at which Spalatin, the Elector's chaplain, was present. He sobbed and implored; kisses, tears—crocodile's tears—were tried in profusion. Luther was ready to submit his case to a synod of German bishops, and wrote again respectfully to the Pope declining to retract, but hoping that the Holy See would no longer persist in a course which was creating scandal through Germany.

Perhaps if Maximilian had lived the Pope would have seen his way to some concession, for Maximilian, it was certain, would never sanction violent courses; but, in January, 1519, Maximilian died, and Charles the Fifth succeeded him. Charles was then but twenty years old; the Elector Frederick's influence had turned the scale in favour of Maximilian's grandson. There were hopes then that a young prince, coming fresh to the throne in the bitter throes of

a new era, might set himself at the head of a national German reformation, and regrets since have been wasted on the disappointment. Regrets for "what might have been" are proverbially idle. Great movements which are unresisted flow violently on, and waste themselves in extravagance and destruction; and revolutions which are to mark a step in the advance of mankind, need always the discipline of opposition, till the baser parts are beaten out of them. Like the two horses which in Plato's fable draw the chariot of the soul through the vaults of heaven, two principles work side by side in evolving the progress of humanity—the principle of liberty and the principle of authority. Liberty unchecked rushes into anarchy and license; authority, if it has no antagonism to fear, stagnates into torpor, or degenerates into tyranny. Luther represented the new life which was beginning; Charles the Fifth represented the institutions of 1500 years, which, if corrupt in some parts of Europe, in others had not lost their old vitality, and were bearing fruit still in brave and noble forms of human nature. Charles was Emperor of the Germany of Luther, but he was also the King of the Spain of Saint Ignatius. The Spaniards were as earnestly and piously Catholic, as the Germans were about to become Evangelicals. Charles was in his religion Spanish. Simple, brave, devout, unaffected, and wise beyond his years, he believed in the faith which he had inherited. Some minds are so constructed as to fly eagerly after new ideas, and the latest born appears the truest; other minds look on speculative novelties as the ephemeral productions of vanity or restlessness, and hold to the creeds which have been tested by experience, and to the profession in which their fathers have lived and died. Both of these modes of thought are good and honourable in themselves, both are essential to the development of truth; yet they rarely coexist in any single person. By nature and instinct Charles the Fifth belonged to the side of authority; and interest, and indeed necessity, combined to hold him to it. In Germany he was king of kings, but of kings over whom, unless he was supported by the Diet, his authority was a shadow. In Spain he was absolute sovereign; and if he had gone with the Reformers against the Pope, he would have lost the hearts of his hereditary subjects. Luther was not to find a friend in Charles; but he was to find a noble enemy, whose lofty qualities he always honoured and admired.

After the failure of Miltitz, the Princes of the empire had to decide upon their course. In the summer of 1519, there was an intellectual tournament at Leipzig, before Duke George of Saxony. Luther was the champion on one side, John Eck, of Ingolstadt, on the other. We have a description of Luther by a friend who saw him on this occasion: he was of middle height, so lean from study and anxiety that his bones could be counted. He had vast knowledge, command

of Scripture, fair acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew; his manner was good; his speech pregnant with matter; in society he was lively, pleasant, and amusing. On his feet, he stood remarkably firm, body bent rather back than forward, the face thrown up, and the eyes flashing like a lion's.

Eck was less favourably drawn: with a face like a butcher's, and a voice like a town crier's; a hesitation in speech which provoked a play upon his name, as being like the eck, eck, eck of a jackdaw. Eck called Luther a disciple of John Huss; and Luther defended Huss. Luther had appealed to a general council. Eck reminded him that the Council of Constance had condemned Huss, and so forced him to say that councils might make mistakes. Papal supremacy was next fought over. Did Christ found it? Could it be proved from the New Testament? Duke George thought Eck had the best of the encounter. Leipzig Catholic gossip had a story that Luther's mother had confessed that Martin's father had been the devil. But Luther remained the favourite of Germany. His tracts circulated in hundreds of thousands. Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen offered him an asylum if he had to leave the electorate. He published an address to the German nation, denouncing the Papacy as a usurpation, which rang like the blast of a trumpet. He sent a copy to the Elector, who replied with a basket of game.

Eck, meanwhile, who thought the victory had been his, was despatched by Duke George to Rome, to urge the Pope to action. Charles had signified his own intended attitude by ordering Luther's writings to be burnt in the Low Countries. Pope Leo thus encouraged, on the 16th of June, 1520, issued his famous Bull, against "the wild boar who had broken into the Lord's vineyard." Forty-one of Luther's propositions were selected and specially condemned; and Eck was sent back with it to Germany, with orders if the wild boar was still impenitent, to call in the secular arm. Erasmus, who had been watching the storm from a distance, ill contented, but not without clear knowledge where the right lay, sent word that no good was to be looked for from the young Emperor. Luther, who had made up his mind to death as the immediate outlook for him, was perfectly fearless. The Pope could but kill his body, and he cared only for his soul and for the truth. The Pope had now condemned formally what Luther conceived to be written in the plainest words in Scripture. The Papal chair, therefore, was "Satan's seat," and the occupant of it was plainly Antichrist. At the Elector's request he wrote to Leo once more, but he told him, in not conciliatory language, that the See of Rome was worse than Sodom and Gomorrah. When Eck arrived in December, on his commission, Luther ventured the last step, from which there could be no retreat. The Pope had condemned Luther's writings to the

fire. On the 10th of December, Luther solemnly burnt at Wittenberg a copy of the Papal Decretals. "Because," he said, "thou hast troubled the Lord's saints, let eternal fire consume thee." The students of the university sang the Te Deum round the pile, and completed the sacrifice with flinging into the flames the Bull which had been brought by Eck. Luther trembled, he said, before the daring deed was accomplished, but when it was done he was better pleased than with any act of his life. A storm had now burst, he said, which would not end till the day of judgment.

The prophecy was true in a sense deeper than Luther intended. The intellectual conflict which is still raging is the yet uncompleted outcome of that defiance of established authority. Far and wide the news flew. Pamphlets, poems, satires, showered from the printing presses. As in the dawn of Christianity, house was set against house, and fathers against their sons and daughters. At Rome the frightened courtiers told each other that the monk of Wittenberg was coming with 70,000 barbarians to sack the Holy City, like another Attila.

The Pope replied with excommunicating Luther and all his adherents, and laying the country which harboured him under the threatened interdict. The Elector gave no sign; all eyes were looking to the young Emperor. An Imperial Diet was called, to meet at Worms in 1521, at which Charles was to be present in person, and there Luther was to come and answer for himself. The Elector remembered the fate of John Huss at Constance. Charles undertook for Luther's safety; but a safe-conduct had not saved Huss, and Popes could dispense with promises. Luther himself had little hope, but also no fear. "I will go," he said, "if I am to be carried sick in my bed. I am called of the Lord when the Kaiser calls me. I trust only that the Emperor of Germany will not begin his reign with shedding innocent blood. I would rather be murdered by the Romans."

The Diet met on the 21st of January. The Princes assembled. The young Emperor came for the first time face to face with them, with a fixed purpose to support the insulted majesty of the spiritual sovereign of Christendom. His first demand was that Luther should be arrested at Wittenberg, and that his patrons should be declared traitors. Seven days followed of sharp debate. The Elector Frederick dared to say that "he found nothing in the Creed about the Roman Church, but only the Catholic Christian Church." "This monk makes work," said another; "some of us would crucify him, and I think he will hardly escape; but what if he rises again the third day?" The princes of the empire naturally enough did not like rebels against lawful authority; but the Elector was resolute, and it was decided that Luther should not be condemned without a hearing. The Pope as such had few friends among them—even Duke George himself insisted that many things needed mending.

Kaspar Sturm, the Imperial herald, was sent to Wittenberg to command Luther's attendance, under pain of being declared a heretic. The Emperor granted a safe-conduct, and twenty-one days were allowed. On the 2nd of April, the Tuesday after Easter, Luther set out on his momentous journey. He travelled in a cart with three of his friends, the herald riding in front in his coat of arms. If he had been anxious about his fate he would have avoided displays upon the road, which would be construed into defiance. But Luther let things take their chance, as if it had been a mere ordinary occasion. The Emperor had not waited for his appearance to order his books to be burnt. When he reached Erfurt on the way, the sentence had just been proclaimed. The herald asked him if he still meant to go on. "I will go," he said, "if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house-tops. Though they burnt Huss, they could not burn the truth." The Erfurt students, in retaliation, had thrown the Bull into the water. The Rector and the heads of the University gave Luther a formal reception as an old and honoured member; he preached at his old convent, and he preached again at Gotha and at Eisenach. Caietan had protested against the appearance in the Diet of an excommunicated heretic. The Pope himself had desired that the safe-conduct should not be respected, and the bishops had said that it was unnecessary. Manœuvres were used to delay him on the road till the time allowed had expired. But there was a fierce sense of fairness in the lay members of the Diet, which it was dangerous to outrage. Franz von Sickingen hinted that if there was foul play it might go hard with Cardinal Caietan—and Von Sickingen was a man of his word in such matters. On the 16th of April, at ten in the morning, the cart entered Worms, bringing Luther in his monk's dress, followed and attended by a crowd of cavaliers. The town's people were all out to see the person with whose name Germany was ringing. As the cart passed through the gates the warder on the walls blew a blast upon his trumpet. The Elector had provided a residence. As he alighted, one who bore him no good will, noted the "demonic eyes" with which he glanced about him. That evening a few nobles called to see him who had been loud in their complaints of churchmen's exactions at the Diet. Of the princes, one only came, an ardent noble-minded youth, of small influence as yet, but of high-spirited purpose, Philip, Landgrave of Hesse. Instinct, more than knowledge, drew him to Luther's side. "Dear Doctor," he said, "if you are right, the Lord God stand by you."

Luther needed God to stand by him, for in all that great gathering he could count on few assured friends. The princes of the empire were resolved that he should have fair play, but they were little inclined so far to favour a disturber of the public peace. The Diet

sate in the Bishop's palace, and the next evening Luther appeared. The presence in which he found himself would have tried the nerves of the bravest of men; the Emperor, sternly hostile, with his retinue of Spanish priests and nobles; the archbishops and bishops, all of opinion that the stake was the only fitting place for so insolent a heretic; the dukes, and barons, whose stern eyes were little likely to reveal their sympathy, if sympathy any of them felt. One of them only, George of Frendsberg, had touched Luther on the shoulder as he passed through the ante-room. "Little monk, little monk," he said, "thou hast work before thee, that I, and many a man whose trade is war, never faced the like of. If thy heart is right, and thy cause good, go on in God's name. He will not forsake thee."

A pile of books stood on a table when he was brought forward. An officer of the court read the titles, asked if he acknowledged them, and whether he was ready to retract them.

Luther was nervous, not without cause. He answered in a low voice that the books were his. To the other question he could not reply at once. He demanded time. His first appearance had not left a favourable impression; he was allowed a night to consider.

The next morning, April 18, he had recovered himself; he came in fresh, courageous, and collected. His old enemy, Eck, was this time the spokesman against him, and asked what he was prepared to do.

He said firmly that his writings were of three kinds; some on simple Gospel truth, which all admitted, and which of course he could not retract; some against Papal laws and customs, which had tried the consciences of Christians, and had been used as excuses to oppress and spoil the German people. If he retracted these he would cover himself with shame. In a third sort he had attacked particular persons, and perhaps had been too violent. Even here he declined to retract simply, but would admit his fault if fault could be proved.

He gave his answers in a clear strong voice, in Latin first, and then in German. There was a pause, and then Eck said that he had spoken disrespectfully; his heresies had been already condemned at the Council of Constance; let him retract on these special points, and he should have consideration for the rest. He required a plain Yes or No from him, "without horns." The taunt roused his blood. His full brave self was in his reply. "I will give you an answer," he said, "which has neither horns nor teeth. Popes have erred, and councils have erred. Prove to me out of Scripture that I am wrong, and I submit. Till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand. I can do no more. God help me. Amen."

All day long the storm raged. Night had fallen, and torches

were lighted in the hall before the sitting closed. Luther was dismissed at last; it was supposed, and perhaps intended, that he was to be taken to a dungeon. But the hearts of the lay members of the Diet had been touched by the courage which he had shown. They would not permit a hand to be laid on him. Duke Eric of Brunswick handed to him a tankard of beer which he had himself half drained. When he had reached his lodging again, he flung up his hands. "I am through!" he cried, "I am through! If I had a thousand heads, they should be struck off one by one before I would retract." The same evening the Elector Frederick sent for him, and told him he had done well and bravely.

But though he had escaped so far, he was not acquitted. Charles conceived that he could be now dealt with as an obstinate heretic. At the next session (the day following), he informed the Diet that he would send Luther home to Wittenberg, there to be punished as the Church required. The utmost that his friends could obtain was that further efforts should be made. The Archbishop of Treves was allowed to tell him that if he would acknowledge the infallibility of councils, he might be permitted to doubt the infallibility of the Pope. But Luther stood simply upon Scripture. There, and there only, was infallibility. The Elector ordered him home at once, till the Diet should decide upon his fate; and he was directed to be silent on the way, with significant reference to his Erfurt sermon. A majority in the Diet, it was now clear, would pronounce for his death. If he was sentenced by the Great Council of the Empire, the Elector would be no longer able openly to protect him. It was decided that he should disappear, and disappear so completely that no trace of him should be discernible. On his way back through the Thuringian Forest, three or four miles from Altenstein, a party of armed men started out of the wood, set upon his carriage, seized and carried him off to Wartburg Castle. There he remained, passing by the name of the Ritter George, and supposed to be some captive knight. The secret was so well kept, that even the Elector's brother was ignorant of his hiding place. Luther was as completely lost as if the earth had swallowed him. Some said that he was with Von Sickingen; others that he had been murdered. Authentic tidings of him there were none. On the 8th of May the Edict of Worms was issued, placing him under the ban of the empire; but he had become "as the air invulnerable," and the face of the world had changed before he came back to it.

The appearance of Luther before the Diet on this occasion, is one of the finest, perhaps it is the very finest, scene in human history. Many a man has encountered death bravely for a cause which he knows to be just, when he is sustained by the sympathy of thousands, of whom he is at the moment the champion and the

representative. But it is one thing to suffer and another to encounter face to face and single handed, the array of spiritual and temporal authorities which are ruling supreme. Luther's very cause was yet unshaped and undetermined, and the minds of those who had admired and followed him, were hanging in suspense for the issue of his trial. High-placed men of noble birth are sustained by pride of blood and ancestry, and the sense that they are the equals of those whom they defy. At Worms there was on one side a solitary low-born peasant monk, and on the other the Legate of the dreaded power which had broken the spirit of Kings and Emperors—sustained and personally supported by the Imperial Majesty itself and the assembled princes of Germany, before whom the poor peasantry had been taught to tremble as beings of another nature from themselves. Well might George of Frendsburg say that no knight among them all had ever faced a peril which could equal this.

The victory was won. The wavering hearts took courage. The Evangelical revolt spread like an epidemic. The Papacy was like an idol, powerful only as long as it was feared. Luther had thrown his spear at it, and the enchantment was broken. The idol was but painted wood, which men and boys might now mock and jibe at. Never again had Charles another chance of crushing the Reformation. France fell out with him on one side, and for the rest of his life gave him but brief intervals of breathing time. The Turks hung over Austria like a thunder cloud, terrified Ferdinand in Vienna, and swarmed over the Mediterranean in their pirate galleys. Charles was an earnest Catholic; but he was a statesman also, too wise to add to his difficulties by making war on heresy. What some call Providence and others accident had so ordered Europe, that the tree which Luther had planted was allowed to grow till it was too strongly rooted to be overthrown.

Luther's abduction and residence at Wartburg is the most picturesque incident in his life. He dropped his monk's gown, and was dressed like a gentleman; he let his beard grow and wore a sword. In the castle he was treated as a distinguished guest. Within the walls he was free to go where he liked. He rode in the forest with an attendant, and as the summer came on, walked about and gathered strawberries. In August there was a two days' hunt, at which, as Ritter George, he attended, and made his reflections on it. "We caught a few hares and partridges," he said, "a worthy occupation for idle people." In the "nets and dogs" he saw the devil entangling or pursuing human souls. A hunted hare ran to his feet; he sheltered it for a moment, but the hounds tore it in pieces. "So," he said, "rages the Pope and Satan to destroy those whom I would save." The devil, he believed, haunted his own rooms. That he threw his ink-bottle at the devil, is unauthentic; but there were

noises in his boxes and closets which, he never doubted, came from his great enemy. When he heard the sounds, he made jokes at them, and they ceased. "The devil," he said, "will bear anything better than to be laughed at."

The revolution, deprived of its leader, ran wild meanwhile. An account of the scene at Worms, with Luther's speeches, and woodcut illustrations, was printed on broadsheets and circulated in hundreds of thousands of copies. The people were like schoolboys left without a master. Convents and monasteries dissolved by themselves; monks and nuns began to marry; there was nothing else for the nuns to do, turned, as they were, adrift without provision. The Mass in most of the churches in Saxony was changed into a Communion. But without Luther it was all chaos, and no order could be taken. So great was the need of him, that in December he went to Wittenberg in disguise; but it was not yet safe for him to remain there. He had to retreat to his castle again, and in that compelled retreat he bestowed on Germany the greatest of all the gifts which he was able to offer. He began to translate the Bible into clear vernacular German. The Bible to him was the sole infallible authority, where every Christian for himself could find the truth and the road to salvation, if he faithfully and piously looked for it. He had probably commenced the work at the beginning of his stay at the castle. In the spring of 1522, the New Testament was completed. In the middle of March, the Emperor's hands now being fully occupied, the Elector sent him word that he need not conceal himself any longer; and he returned finally to his home and his friends.

The New Testament was printed in November of that year, and became at once a household book in Germany. The contrast visible to the simplest eyes between the tawdry splendid Papacy and Christ and the Apostles, settled for ever the determination of the German people to have done with the old idolatry. The Old Testament was taken in hand at once, and in two years half of it was roughly finished. Luther himself, confident now that a special Providence was with him, showered out controversial pamphlets, not caring any longer to measure his words. Adrian VI., Clement VII., clamoured for the execution of the Edict of Worms. The Emperor, from a distance, denounced the new Mahomet. But they spoke to deaf ears. The Diet answered only with lists of grievances, and a demand for a free Council, to be held in Germany itself.

J. A. FROUDE.

WITHOUT GOD, NO COMMONWEALTH.

I WILL set down, as briefly as I can, the meaning and reasons for the proposition I here affirm—namely, "that the social and civil commonwealth of mankind had its origin, and still has its perpetuity, in the knowledge of God, and in obedience to Him springing from that knowledge," so that without God no commonwealth is possible. If this can be shown to be true, it follows that the theory now so easily and commonly accepted—namely, that religion and politics ought to be separated; that between Church and State there ought to be no union; that the State in its origin and action is secular, that it has neither religion nor religious duties; that religion must be left to individuals as a matter between each several man and God, or at most ought to be treated by churches, or communions, or voluntary associations of such individuals; that the abolition of oaths, judicial and parliamentary, has no bearing on religion; and that the effacing of the Name of God from the public acts of the State would even tend to the promotion of Christianity, cannot stand. All this rests upon the theory that the State has no relation to God. Such is the teaching of such writers as Comte, Buckle and Macaulay. But this theory is contrary to the belief of the Old World, and, until the last generations, to the faith of the New. It is at variance with the experience of mankind, and in direct opposition to the order which God has constituted both by nature and by revelation.

I say by nature and by revelation, because, though I am conscious that I am dealing with many who deny all revelation, I am dealing also with more who profoundly believe in it; because some who deny the facts of revelation will not, or cannot, deny the facts of nature; and, lastly, because I cannot consent to argue this question as if God were already not only deposed from His Sovereignty but

also outlawed from the world which He, and not our politicians and philosophers, has made.

1. I will begin, then, by defining the terms of the proposition, that without God no commonwealth is possible. By commonwealth I mean a condition in which men are bound together, and protected by laws, for their common welfare. By civil life I mean the public life of men, as united in cities, or confederations of cities, or in nations. By social life I mean the private life of such cities or nations, in all their voluntary commerce and intercourse external to the civil law, as between families and families, or between the several members of the same family. By political I also mean civil, its Latin equivalent. When a cedar of Lebanon shall rise to its stature and spread its branches without a root, then such a commonwealth may arise and endure without a root. The civil and social relations of men imply duties and obligations to each other, and these spring from and are enforced by law. But law must also spring from a root which is immutable, or there can be no common obligation; and this common obligation must have a sanction to enforce it higher than the halter of the hangman, and more imperative in conviction and persuasion than any Act of Parliament. What, then, is this law, and where is it written?

2. The root of the commonwealth is in the homes of the people. The civil and social life springs from, and is controlled by, the domestic life of mankind. There are three imperishable relations in human life—authority, obedience, and brotherhood. When the first son of man was born into the world, authority and obedience, which were latent, unfolded themselves into vigour; when a second was born, brotherhood, with all its equities, was constituted for ever. And these three relations were not the result of original compact, or of enactments of men, but are inseparable from the order of human life, and intrinsically contained in the essence and structure of the human family. Authority, obedience, and brotherhood are the three ultimate and all-sufficing laws of the human commonwealth. Equality, liberty, and fraternity are the parody and perversion of this divine order. Authority is, therefore, founded not in the human will, but in the nature of man; obedience is an obligation not created by man for himself, but imposed upon him. Brotherhood is a natural law which binds all men to do to others as they would be done by; to render to every man his due; and in mutual benevolence, when needed, to go beyond it. If any man shall say that these relations, obligations, and duties are of human creation, or that they are enactments of the human will, I will not dispute with him, except by saying that I could as soon believe the law of gravitation, or the ebb and flow of the tide, to be by human legislation. It is to be noted that they who deny to these primary laws a foundation in nature, are precisely

those who maintain the parody of equality, liberty, and fraternity, which, as I hope to show, is a denial of all law except the licence of the will of man.

3. There can only be conceived two fountains of law. It springs either from the will of God, or from the will of man; and this inevitable alternative we will examine, so far as we can in so narrow a space. If the primary laws of the human family be from nature, they are from God; and all human society—domestic, social, civil—springs from God, and has its coherence and perpetuity from God. The root of all Commonwealth is then planted in the will of God. Therefore even the heathen world was nearer the truth when it venerated a *Dea Roma,* than they who deny the natural or divine law as the foundation of human society. For if these primary laws be only from man, they have no sanction higher than human coercion to enforce them, and no intrinsic obligation over the conscience or will of man. They would be only penal laws, which men of their free choice might disobey and risk the penalty. Then there could exist no Commonwealth, because no common law of higher authority than the will of man. Such an aggregate of men can be called a State only by courtesy. It is an inorganic and unsocial multitude.

4. Let us first take the hypothesis that the primary laws of the human family are not from man but from nature—that is, from God.

There does not exist, so far as I know, in the history of the world any Commonwealth in which these laws of domestic life are not treated as divine. Take the Hebrew Commonwealth simply as a secular history. Compare with it the domestic, social, civil life of the Greek or Roman world. With all the relaxations of divorce, and all the severities of its penal code, the Commonwealth of Israel was in justice, equity, mercy, moral purity, and rectitude as high above the highest civilization of Athens or Rome, as it was below the Christian Society which has been grafted upon it. What then was the foundation of that Commonwealth but the recognition of the laws of nature as the laws of God, and of God as the Supreme Lawgiver and Judge of men?

But even the Greek and Roman world as distinctly and precisely recognized these primary laws of human society to be divine. Every hearth in Greece was sacred to *Hestia,* and the fire that burned upon it was the emblem of the purity of domestic life. Every hearth therefore was a domestic altar. *Hestia* was partaker in the honours paid at every shrine. In the *Prytaneia* of the cities, where the sacred fire was kept for ever burning, *Hestia* had a share—for a Commonwealth is but an organic aggregate of homes; and as the order and relations of home were sacred, so were the order and relations of the Commonwealth.

So also in the Roman world. The fire on the hearth was sacred,

Hestia, or *Vesta,* the Divine Guardian of the sanctities and purities of home, was the lawgiver of domestic life. The sacred fire burned perpetually in the *Regia,* which was the hearthstone of the Commonwealth. I refrain from saying, what everybody knows, that the recognition of Divine power and law and government in the old world was so profuse that the whole private and public life of man was enveloped in it. The pantheism of the educated, and the polytheism of the people, both alike prove all that I am contending for. The old world believed the primary laws of human society to be divine; and that a supreme God, the Lawgiver and Judge, presided over all the private and public life of man. They recognized their responsibility to Him; they bound themselves to Him by vows and by promises; they also bound themselves to each other by oaths, of which He was the witness, and, if violated, the avenger. *Dea Roma* had a sanctuary, surrounded by 420 temples; and in every city of the empire *Dea Roma* had a shrine. If any man shall say that the Hebrew Commonwealth would have been as just, equitable, merciful, and enduring without the knowledge of God and of His laws, and without a conscious relation to Him as their Lawgiver and Judge, I may be silent. Such words need no answer. If any man shall say that the Greek and Roman world would not have corrupted with greater speed and intensity if the sacredness of the home and of the State had not been recognized; or that Athens or Rome would have been no less pure and moral in its private life, and as upright and just in its public life of commerce and legislation, if it had recognized no divine laws, no divine presence, no divine Judge, no divine sanctions, no obligation in an oath—I can only point to the history of the world, and hold my peace.

5. Now I have confined my notice of the old world to the two centres of its life, the sacredness of the home, and the sacredness of the Commonwealth. The notion of a home without a divine protector, or of a State without a divine lawgiver, is not to be found in the old world. Nor is it to be found in the modern world. The Greek and Roman civilization passed away by the law of its own corruption. It died a natural death, and was buried. The civilization of the Christian world is not the continuity of an older civilization patched up and purified. It is a new creation, springing from a new principle of life and order. The Christian world is the offspring of Christian homes; and Christian homes were created by the law and grace of Christian marriage. The laws and relations of the natural home, the authority of parents, the obedience of children, the brotherhood of sons, were confirmed by a higher sanction and invested with a deeper meaning. If there be anything sacred upon earth, it is a Christian home. The fire upon its hearth is holy. The first foundations of the Christian world were laid in households;

and the social and civil life of Christendom is the expansion of its domestic life, as its domestic life is the collective life of men bound together by laws more perfect than the law of nature. The Christian law says to children, "Obey your parents;"* and to subjects, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers,† for there is no power but from God." I still confine the subject to the same two points, the home and the Commonwealth; and I affirm that both, by the law and order of nature, and by the law and order of the Christian world, are sacred. They have their origin, their order, and their perpetuity from God. It may be said of homes and Commonwealths as of men one by one—in Him "we live, and move, and are."

6. For clearness' sake I have confined our thoughts thus far to these two points; but they contain the whole subject of the civil order of mankind.

Towards those who deny the existence of a Creator, I have no further duty until they have made up their mind to say whether mankind is created, uncreated, or self-created. Until they have written down their proposition, we may go on with those who honestly acknowledge that man has a Creator. In the creation of man, both the family and the State were virtually contained; and in these the three relations of authority, obedience, and brotherhood are inherent. Authority, then, is not the creation of man, or by the compact of men. It is antecedent to all social and civil states, and is itself of divine ordinance. In like manner, obedience is not of human origin or of human choice. It springs from a relation of the natural order, but the natural order is divine, for its author is God. Brotherhood, the nearest approach to equality—though it is not equality but in gradations of inequality in age and maturity—is also of the divine order. And as in the family, so in the Commonwealth. The whole structure of society is pervaded by the will and power of God. Without authority, obedience, and brotherhood, no society can exist.

7. As to authority, the old world profusely believed that its origin was from a divine source. The changes of dynasties, and successions, and forms of Government by kings, or consuls, or dictators, or emperors, did not create authority. They were no more than the designation or election of the persons who should be invested with authority. But authority in itself was imperishable and independent of the will of men. Conquest does not create authority. It is only a sanguinary investiture of the person who shall bear the authority. God gives authority *immediately* to the society of men; and He gives it *mediately* through society to the person or persons whom society may select to wield it. The theory of compacts and conventions is of recent and revolutionary origin. It is a mutilation of the

* Col. iii. 20. † Rom. xiii. 1.

truth. It suppresses the *formal* authority of the ruler when once elected, and it exaggerates the power of society which, though authority *materially* resides in it, is incapable of exercising it by any direct action beyond the act of designating the person of the Ruler.

8. And as with authority so with obedience. The *Potestas patria* was a sovereignty extending to the power of life and death. Will any man say that any human authority could bind men to obey such a power? The civil ruler, from the beginning of the world, as known in history, has wielded the undisputed power of life and death, and men have both obeyed and executed his decrees, or without denial of his authority have undergone his sentence. Now no men, except fathers and rulers, have authority to extort obedience from others. Slavery is defined in canon law as a violation of the law of nature. Except filial obedience and civil obedience—that is, in the home and the State—there is no obedience except by voluntary consent or contract between man and man. And this twofold obedience springs from one root, and has one and the same sanction, and is in its essence of divine ordination.

9. What is true of authority and of obedience is true also of brotherhood. Among the sons of a family there is equality and inequality. But the inequality is evanescent, and has in it no subjection of the younger to the elder. In all the liberties and rights of man the sons of a house are equal. In endowments of body and mind, and in the possessions and privileges of life, they may become unequal, and the younger may outstrip the elder; but before the law, both natural and divine, they are equal. This equality of man has been outraged from the beginning by fraud and by violence. It can exist only where obedience and authority are recognized as divine laws. Obedience and authority are the conditions of liberty, and liberty of equality.

These three relations were created in man, and are not of men, nor by men, but of God, the author of all order, law, and liberty.

10. And now I am prepared to hear an objector say, "You are assuming the existence of law, and nature, and God." I do assume these truths. I assume the existence of law in the moral world, as I assume it in the material world. I find that the same soil, and the same rain, and the same sun, and the same air, from divers seeds will bring forth wheat and fruits, each in its kind differing in bulk, colour, texture, odour, and flavour. And I find the same phenomena uniform, universal, and perpetual. Every year the wheat in harvest is the same wheat and the fruits in vintage and fruitage are the same fruits. And every seed and grain has a law of its own. No man willed it, and no man can repeal it. The laws of nature are indestructible. Uniformity, universality, and perpetuity are the sign and seal of a Lawgiver who is divine. Even the men of the old

world could see this in the material universe and they thought these laws to be deities. They could see it also in the moral world, and they recognized a law which man never made and man can never rescind. "There is not one law at Rome, another at Athens, —one now, and another hereafter; but one law, perpetual and immutable, will bind together all nations and all time, of which the common Teacher and universal Ruler is God." *

What Cicero could say by the light of reason another could more surely say by the light of faith. "Is it your will that we prove the existence of God from His own manifold and mighty works by which we are encompassed, sustained, and delighted, and also terrified? or shall we prove it from the witness of the soul itself, which, though it is straitened in the prison of the body, circumscribed by bad teaching, weakened by lusts and passions, surrounded by false gods, yet when once it comes to itself, as out of a surfeit, or a sleep, or a sickness, and attains its health, it pronounces the name of God—by this name alone, because it is the proper name of the true God? 'Great God,' 'Good God,' 'May God grant it,'—this is the voice of all; and it calls on Him also as Judge, 'God sees,' 'To God I commend it.' 'God will repay.' O witness of the soul, Christian by nature!"† I will not believe that what Cicero could say to the pagans of Rome, and Tertullian to the heathen of Africa, I may not say to the Christians of England without being told that I beg the question.

11. The conclusion, then, that I would draw from all that I have said is this, that the domestic, social, and civil life of mankind, in homes, and nations, and commonwealths, is by its origin, nature, laws, and duties, of divine creation: or, in other words, that the political society of men or the State is not a creation of man but of God. Let no one say that I affirm any particular form of state or government to be of divine institution. Forms may vary, but authority and obedience, and the relations and mutual duties of man with man, are of divine origin, imperishable and immutable.

Such was the political order of mankind as shown in the history of the nations, before an event which has changed the face of the world, the foundation and expansion of the Christian Church and the creation of the Christian world. To this we must go on.

12. That the Christian Church claims, and is by the Christian world believed to be, the creation of a Divine Author, and to be governed by divine laws, is an historical fact, undeniable even by those who reject its claims to be divine. That it arose from a source of belief, and of authority, external to the political state and civilization of the old world, and maintained its independence of all civil authority, except in things of civil obligation, is undisputed by all, except those

* Cicero, de Repub. lib. iii.

† Tertull. Apolog. xviii.

who have not read history. A new society appeared in the world, claiming to be divine in a sense higher, ampler, more direct, than the original society of mankind. And this new society, though independent of the political order of the world, was in perfect harmony with it. The two societies had one and the same author; all the primary laws of the first are also inscribed in the statute book of the second. The second society was ordained to elevate, consolidate, and consecrate the first. Or in a word, the Church is ordained to fill up and to perfect the work of the State even in this world, and to guide man beyond this world to an eternal end.

13. These two societies, though distinct and designed for distinct ends, nevertheless reciprocally co-operate with each other. The primary end of the State is the material and moral welfare of men in this world, and it therefore in its moral action tends to the eternal welfare which in itself it cannot bestow. The primary end of the Church is to bring men to their eternal welfare, and in aiming at this end it promotes also the material and moral welfare of mankind in this life. There can be no collision or opposition between these two societies, except so far as the members of the one or the other are untrue to the laws of their office and obligation.

14. In the first period of the Church, the collision was persecution on one side and patience on the other. Nevertheless the Church was a standing violation of the imperial laws. It was a *Societas illicita,* and if its existence had not been divine it ought not to have existed. It was a *Religio illicita,* and if its religion had not been the revelation of truth it ought not to have been practised. But the fault was not in the Church; it was in the civil power, and the fault was amended by the Empire in the day when the Decree of Milan was affixed to the columns of the Forum—*Christianam religionem profiteri liberum.*

15. From that time the divine law began to penetrate and to elevate the imperial law, until the leaven in the meal assimilated all that was just and true; and created a Christian empire and a Christian world. This is neither the time nor place to trace out the second period of the history of Christendom, when the two societies, civil and spiritual, were in amity and co-operation. I touch upon it only to affirm that the natural society of man, which existed outside of all revelation, Hebrew or Christian, in the Oriental, Greek, and Roman world, has ever been held to be, not the work and creation of human conventions or original contracts, but to be a divine order: for the order of nature is the work and creation of God. When, in the second period of Christian history, the political order was pervaded by the Christian law, it did not for the first time become religious. From the beginning of time it has always had God for its author and the religion of nature for its worship, and the laws

of nature for the rule of its legislation. Christianity bestowed upon it a perfection; and with the unction of truth, set a crown upon its head. *Dea Roma* became the mother of kingdoms, and "the kingdoms of the world became the kingdom of God and of His Christ."

16. And this brings us at last—after, I fear, a wearisome journey, with wheels driving heavily, for which I must ask the patience and pardon of any perchance who may read what I am writing—to the conclusion I desire to prove. I have asserted that God is the author and sustainer, the foundation and the coherence of the commonwealth of man; and as a consequence, that without God no human commonwealth is possible. Without foundation or coherence, no house can stand. The whole domestic and political order of the world is bound together by religion; for religion is the bond which binds men to God and to each other. The very word is equivalent to obligation; and the twofold obligation of the reason and of the will of man to God as his lawgiver and judge, and to men in all the manifold relations of private and public life, holds together the members of families and of states. The public solemnities of divine worship are the recognition of the religion or bond which binds us to God and to each other. The mutual service of free will springs from the bond of charity. The sacredness of contracts, and oaths, and promises, all rests upon the obligations of religion. Without mutual confidence society would perish by fraud and violence; without mutual trust in words and promises, no civil life could be knit together. The sanction of all morality, personal, domestic, political, is God, the present Witness and the future Judge, as the Roman law puts it of false oaths, *Deus Vindex*. The last and only security a people can have for the justice of rulers and legislatures, is that they recognize a supreme law as their guide, and a supreme Lawgiver to whom they must give account. The issue of such a state of ordered legislation is the reign of law, the highest maturity of civilization. But law can only reign over men whose conscience bears witness to the right of authority and the duty of obedience. Where law reigns coercion relaxes its hold, for the free will of the subject anticipates and asserts the just authority of rulers.

17. Let us reverse all that has been said. Let us suppose that the civil society of mankind is of human origin; that there is no sanction to enforce obedience to law but coercion and penalties; that there is no sanctity or obligation in oaths, no immutable law of right and wrong as the rule of legislation, no duties towards God, who, perhaps, does not exist, or who, if He exist, has no care or providence over men, and therefore of whose existence the legislature and the State have no recognition, and need take no cognizance. By what moral obligation shall obedience be enforced to an authority which has no sanction above its own decrees, and no rule of right or wrong except either conven-

tional usage or its own abitrary will? On what basis shall the credit, and commerce, and trust among men repose? and what motive is there to ensure fulfilment to an unprofitable bargain, or fidelity to an inconvenient promise? Without a higher sanction, and the cohesion of a moral law, the whole political order would be disintegrated, the whole social order would be dissolved, the whole domestic life would be confusion. Every house would be divided against itself, every commonwealth would fall asunder. As the moral forces of law, and right, and conscience, and mutual trust, grow weaker, the material forces of coercion become stronger, authority without law becomes tyranny—the tyranny of one head, or, worst of all, the tyranny of many heads—that is, lawless democracy: not the popular government of self-governed men, but the conflict and clashing of turbulent masses, goaded by rival demagogues, and led by rival parties bidding for place by out-bidding one another. In such a civil state there is no law, for there is no recognition of a legislator, no judge above the will of the many, or the self-will, the *liberum veto*, of each man for himself. The outcome of this is chaos, and the end is political and national suicide.

I can foresee that all this will be treated as exaggeration. It will be asked, "Do you believe all this will come out of such minor changes as the abolishing of a Parliamentary oath?" I believe that the starting of a bolt may sink a ship. I believe, too, that if the religious instincts of public men had not already long declined, the abolition of the Parliamentary oath would not for a moment be entertained. So many public recognitions of the Divine Law have already been effaced, that the last remaining witness of a higher moral sense is all the more to be maintained. It is bad enough to have the laws of the land broken by men who do not believe in God. It is worst of all to have the laws of the land made by a legislature that effaces the name of God from its solemn obligations.

18. We have been told by a writer on civilization, who once had his day, that as the actions of individual men are determined by the ends for which they act, so also the collective action of society is determined; and that as if we knew the ends for which men act we could foretell their actions, so in like manner we could foretell the action and the course of society. If, that is, we could know the cumulus of ends for which a society of men would act, we could prophesy its history. This is, indeed, a philosophy rather undeniable than deep.

We may, however, say that if we knew the principles which govern a man we can approximately foretell how he will act. A merciful man will act mercifully, a just man will act justly, a truthful man will act openly. So it may be said of a society, a nation, or a State. Collective morals are, however, for the most part perverted by the avarice, ambition, or passion of the majority. Still, we can confide, and foretell, from the character of a people, what its

laws will be. There are certain immoral and impious laws in force in other countries which we can foretell, at least at present, that our legislature will not consent to enact. There are certain laws enacted by our legislature which the Chambers and Parliaments of other countries at this day refuse to enact. The plain reason of this is, that the people of England are Christian, and they would not allow anti-Christian legislation. So long, then, as a belief in God, in His law, in the immutable morality of right and wrong, in the sanctity of homes, in the obligation of oaths, in conscience, in responsibility, and in judgment to come, pervades and sustains the people of England, we can foretell the course of our legislature, and we can confide in its acts.

19. But suppose a State or a legislature composed of men who hold none of these principles of our moral nature, or who, if they hold them, hold them only as uncertainties, or opinions for their private life, not as governing laws of their public legislation; let us suppose an agnostic Parliament of unconscious, because uncultured, Epicureans, innocent of Lucretius, but believing in no Supreme Will or Law that guides the course of man and nations—who could foresee the ends for which they would deliberate? and who could foretell what laws such men would make? What should restrain such a legislature from abolishing the legal observance of Christmas, of Good Friday, and of the Sunday; of rescinding all restraint on the employment of women and children in mines, factories, and poisonous trades, thereby destroying what remains of home life among the poor? What shall hinder the multiplication of causes justifying divorce by the adoption of foreign and Oriental codes? What shall prevent the abolition of the Tables of Consanguinity and Affinity, and the reversal of the profound legislation by which the Christian Church has created and fenced the sanctity of Christian homes, thereby creating and constructing the fabric of Christian civilization and of Christian commonwealths? Why should not such a legislature abolish all oaths of every kind, and in all judicial and legislative acts cease to remind men of a Divine Lawgiver who is Witness of all their words and actions, and will be the Judge of their whole life at last? Why should it not recognize the inevitable presence and indulgence of all that is natural in man, and regulate its existence under protection of law? Why should it not revoke every gift which piety and charity has given for the service of God and the care of His poor—the *oblationes fidelium, et patrimonia pauperum*, as the Christian law of early days has it. Why not disestablish and disendow not the legal religion only, but the Free Churches which have inherited the gifts of their forefathers, and are handing them on with well-earned increment to their successors? Why should not a Parliament which has ceased to call God to witness to

its fidelity, not only to an earthly Crown but to a Divine Lawgiver, abolish its chaplain, and cease to take its seat at prayers? Why not hold morning sittings on Sunday, and general elections on Sunday, and throw open not museums only, but theatres on Sunday? Why not legalize all labour and traffic, thereby adding a seventh of time and gain, as political economists have argued, to the national wealth? Why should it not abolish all laws against blasphemy? Has the legislature any custody of the honour of God and His truth, when it has ceased to know Him as the source and sanction of its authority over men and the witness of its acts? Libel against men may be punished, but libel against God hurts nobody. How can it hurt Him if He does not, or probably does not, exist?

When the statues of Hermes were mutilated in the night at Athens, the city was struck with horror. When Socrates was accused of atheism, he was condemned to henbane. If any man in Rome had extinguished the fire of Vesta, or profaned the Sanctuary of the *Regia*, the pontiffs would have inflicted fine, or even death. Both the Greek and the Roman world, immersed as they were in superstition, polytheism, pantheism, which, all of them, are the parasites of belief in a Divine Lawgiver, Ruler, and Awarder, were profoundly and profusely religious. A Commonwealth or State without a Divine Lawgiver, law, and worship, in its private and public life, was a conception which, not to the Hebrew only, but to the Greek and Roman, was impossible to thought, and beyond the stretch of imagination. It has been reserved for these latter times. It is the delirium of men who, having known God, have turned their faces from Him. The theory that the recognition of God can be removed from the public acts and legislature of the Commonwealth is to strip the political order of mankind of its divine character. It is to relegate religion to the private life of men, and to desecrate the public life of the State. Such a desecration no Christian ever imagined to be possible till the Lawless One should come, who shall exalt himself above all that is called God or worshipped. Even the Emperor in the days of persecution was *hominem a Deo secundum—solo Deo minorem.**

20. The Commonwealth of England has indeed been robbed of its first unity and perfection; but it has continued still to be profoundly Christian, and in admitting the theism of Israel within its precincts, it has in no way obscured its public recognition of God and its witness to His authority and laws. It rests not only on this divine foundation, but upon another, which is also divine; that is, upon the order and the religion, the lights and the laws of nature, which also are the creation of God and the witness of His sovereignty.

In stripping the public life and action of our Commonwealth of the recognition of God, they who are doing it are not stripping off

* Tertullian, ad Scapulam, sect. 2.

only the recognition of the God of the Old Testament and of the New, but of the God of Nature, and of His all-pervading presence in the public life of the empire. An empire without God cannot stand; for an empire which effaces God from its legislature has no longer a principle of unity. It will, by a natural law of dissolution, return to the dust; it will sink lower than the old world; for an apostate world is lower than a superstitious world. It is better to have an altar to the Unknown God, than no altar and no God. Such a commonwealth has no foundation in the order either of Christian law or of natural law. It is lawless and descending—slowly, it may be imperceptibly, at first, but surely—and in another generation, it will descend more swiftly and irresistibly into confusion. When the relations of authority, and obedience, and brotherhood, and the obligations which bind men to God and to each other, are stripped of their divine sanction, the commonwealth is death-struck; the vital warmth may linger for awhile, but the life has fled.

Henry Edward, *Cardinal Archbishop.*

IDEALISTIC LEGISLATION IN INDIA.

SIR ARTHUR HOBHOUSE, in the last number of this REVIEW, writing on "Mr. Ilbert's Bill," says that we may feel confidence that "we are acting most wisely when we advance towards the highest ideal by the most cautious and well-considered steps;" and he adds, that there is no reason to believe that the present Government are departing from this "animating principle" now.

It is not easy to say what the highest ideal referred to is. Turning to a former part of the article, it would appear that it was uniformity, absolute uniformity, or, at any rate, uniformity within limits which we are as yet far from reaching. If so, Procrustes undoubtedly aimed at "the highest ideal" when he sought to make all strangers coming within his grasp of the same height, by cutting down the tall ones and stretching out the short ones; and inasmuch as he took them in hand one at a time, and he had doubtless devoted much time to elaborating his scheme, it might be difficult to show that he did not advance towards the highest ideal "by the most cautious and well-considered steps." Montesquieu evidently does not think that uniformity is the highest ideal, for in a passage which has a very close application to the present case, he says:

> "There are certain ideas of uniformity which sometimes strike great geniuses (for they even affected Charlemagne), but infallibly make an impression on little souls. They discover therein a kind of perfection, because it is impossible for them not to see it; the same weights, the same measures in trade, the same laws in the State, the same religion in all its parts. But is this always right and without exception? Is the evil of changing constantly less than that of suffering? and does not the greatness of genius consist rather in distinguishing between those cases in which uniformity is requisite, and those in which there is a necessity for differences? In China, the Chinese are governed by the Chinese ceremonial, and the Tartars by theirs; and yet there is no nation in the world that aims so much at tranquillity. If the people observe the laws, what signifies it whether these laws are the same?"

Having regard to what is here said as to those who look upon uniformity as the highest ideal, we cannot think uniformity is "the highest ideal" of Sir Arthur Hobhouse. Turning then further back, we find the following passage:—

> "The question raised, not by the Government of India, who are only moving on well marked lines, but by the non-official community and their abettors in England, is between two methods of governing India. What good shall we aim at? What ideal shall we set before our eyes? 'Our own supremacy,' says one set of thinkers; 'The welfare of the Indians,' says another."

Now discarding the term Indians as a very misleading term without any definite signification, and substituting for it "the people of the country," most right-thinking men will agree that the goal we should aim at—the ideal we should set before our eyes—is the welfare of the people of the country. The strongest advocates of "our own supremacy" would, no doubt, and I believe rightly, hold that it was necessary to maintain that supremacy, if for no other reason, for the welfare of the people of the country, who, so far from forming a homogeneous body properly described by one name, comprise a great variety of races. Again, Sir Arthur Hobhouse says, that "those who put our supremacy in the foreground would not admit that it is for the welfare of the Indians to attain such mental and political stature as would enable them to manage their own affairs." However that may be, many of the opponents of this Bill, as I know full well, are strongly and earnestly desirous that the people of the country should attain the highest measure of mental and political, and, I would add, moral stature. Hence Sir Arthur Hobhouse is wrong in treating the issue as being, whether or no we are to legislate for the welfare of the people of the country. The issue being a false one, as is clear from the speeches in Council against the Bill—which I cannot help thinking Sir Arthur Hobhouse has not had time to read—it is unnecessary to go into the many pages of very excellent arguments and quotations which he gives us upon this point.

But before leaving this passage, I must observe that it is a matter of surprise to find Sir Arthur Hobhouse representing the question as one between the Government of India and the non-official community and its abettors in this country. Where is the official community? Few persons have had better opportunities than I have had of ascertaining official opinion in Bengal upon this subject, and I unhesitatingly assert, that official opinion in Bengal is all but unanimous in condemnation of the measure. Neither do I believe that the rest of India is far behind Bengal in this respect. Any doubt as to this will soon be set at rest by a perusal of the reports of the Local Governments upon the Bill which the

Government have promised to present to the House of Commons. It is to be hoped that these reports will, in every case, not only represent the opinion of the head of each Local Government, but also embody the opinions of the principal officers under him. One more observation upon this passage. I fail altogether to understand how it can be said that the question was not raised by the Government of India, or to see the force of the reason alleged in support of the assertion—namely, "they were only moving on well-marked lines." Had the Government not raised the question, would or could the non-official community and their abettors in England have raised it? And if Sir Arthur Hobhouse's argument proves anything, it proves that the question has not been raised at all, for the whole tenor of the article goes to show that the non-official community are moving on lines only too well-marked and too often trodden.

I regret to see the abuse and contempt which Sir Arthur Hobhouse thinks fit to pour upon his countrymen in India, and I know it is undeserved. Is it not strange that, after five years' residence in India as the successor of Mr. Justice Stephen, he even now "hardly knows" the reason of what he calls the "unwonted quiescence" of his countrymen in India when the Act of 1872 was passed? The fact is that it was due, firstly, to the tact and judgment of his predecessor, who, finding it necessary that a change should be made, put the matter fairly and frankly before the leaders of the European community, and, secondly, to the reasonableness of that community, who at once accepted the change, when it was shown that there was an administrative necessity for it. The cases cited at this point have nothing whatever to do with the question. Let me take one of them: a European was charged before a European magistrate, and convicted; he appealed to the High Court, and the case was heard before two judges of the High Court, one a barrister judge, and one a civilian judge of great experience, reputed to be an exceptionally good judge of fact. They differed; the latter holding that the evidence for the prosecution was unreliable. A third judge was called in, and eventually the conviction was affirmed. The European community was generally of opinion that the decision was incorrect, and there was much excitement. Whatever may be said about this case, it has nothing more to do with the matter in hand than the Tichborne case has to do with the Criminal Code Bill now before the House of Commons.

There are a few points which I wish to advert to very shortly, in order to show that they have not been overlooked. The pleasantry about the definition of "European British subject" in the Act of 1872 must be taken, not as any kind of argument in favour of the Bill, but as a criticism on the drafting of the section by Mr. Justice

Stephen. Whatever its faults, they do not seem to have been such as to have called for amendment at the hands of his successor. Again, whether "what is to be required to be removed" is properly described as an anomaly, or a hurtful obstruction, can in no way affect the question. Even the Temple Bar griffin is unaffected by the many names it has been called. It was the Government of India, in its circular letter to the Local Governments, that first described the existing state of the law as an anomaly; and in that letter the anomaly is put forward as the chief, if not the only, reason for the proposed change. But it is said that there is both administrative inconvenience and personal indignity resulting from the present law; and in order to show that this is so, we have a quotation from what I presume is a revised edition of Dr. Hunter's speech. What does this amount to? Dr. Hunter had been arguing to the effect that as natives had been deprived of the privilege of burning their widows, and other like privileges, they ought to be compensated by being allowed to try Europeans on criminal charges. Coming down to a lower and more practical level, he said, "Nevertheless, if a distinct administrative necessity had not arisen, I should decline to support a change which must be painful to an important section of the community." In this he was undoubtedly right. But after adverting to the reports of the Local Government, which, by the way, are very far from justifying the present Bill, he goes on to cite instances to prove the administrative necessity. I am sorry that the case of Mr. Dutt has been brought up at all, and I feel sure that Sir Arthur Hobhouse would have left out this instance had he known that Dr. Hunter and the Lieutenant-Governor differed in Council as to the facts, and that this difference appeared upon the original report. Dr. Hunter cannot claim much, if any, practical experience of the working of the Act of 1872, whilst no one has had more experience of it than the Lieutenant-Governor; and in his speech he said that there were many facts which he could bring forward to support the contention of a previous speaker that there was no administrative difficulty in connection with the matter. As regards Bengal, his testimony upon this point must be taken to be conclusive. Let us see how it stands as regards the solitary instance in Bombay. The argument is in effect, that if a dropped railway scheme were revised, and if Europeans came in to superintend the making of the railway, and if these Europeans committed crimes, and if these crimes were of such a serious character as to require to be tried by the Sessions Judge, and if they were not of such a serious character as to be fit to be tried by the High Court, an administrative difficulty would arise. There are too many "ifs" here for any reasonable man to say that the law ought to be altered to meet such a hypothetical case; and even in case the hypothetical criminal did

turn up, the administrative difficulty would be at once solved under the present law by his being sent for trial to the next district, and Mr. Tagore would be relieved from discharging a very unpleasant duty. Dr. Hunter says, that if it were necessary he could multiply examples, but he clearly could not without going into the realms of fiction, as these are admittedly the only two instances in the whole of India. So much, then, for the administrative necessity. I see no personal indignity that either of these gentlemen are suffering under; and if they do think themselves slighted, that can afford no reason for subjecting all the Europeans in India to tribunals which would give them no satisfaction, but would, on the contrary, inspire the strongest possible distrust.

If there is an invidious distinction which it is thought desirable to remove, let us give the natives, so far as conveniently may be, the right of being tried by natives. No European can object to this; and if natives show a preference for being tried by their own countrymen, it will much stimulate the demand for native magistrates and judges. If we went on in the direction of giving natives as full a right of appeal, and of obtaining their release from illegal custody as we give to Europeans, we should be doing the natives some practical good, and vastly improving their position, without in any way lowering the position of the Europeans. And that this Bill does lower their position is sufficiently clear from the important provisions, entirely unnoticed by Sir Arthur Hobhouse, which disqualify for the first time all Europeans, who are not Government servants of the classes specified in the Bill, from being appointed Justices of the Peace.

What have been the results of the introduction of the Bill? They have already been most disastrous and deplorable. Having known India more or less for the last twenty years, I can say that I have never seen race feeling and race antagonism so rampant as at the present time; and men who are able to speak for a somewhat longer period, say, and I believe truly, that no such feeling has existed since the Mutiny. It is all very well here at home to say that the excitement is not worth consideration; but a perusal of even the speeches in Council in favour of the Bill will show that this is not the view held in India. From the speeches of the Commander-in-Chief and the military member of Council, it appears that the Bill has not only caused the volunteers to contemplate resigning *en masse*, but has even created disaffection amongst the European troops; still we are to persist in this step towards the highest ideal? Surely it is for those who advocate this change, to show that some great practical benefit is to be derived from it which will amply compensate for the great evils which even its introduction has caused. But Sir Arthur makes no attempt to show

anything of the kind. Had Lord Ripon foreseen the results already brought about, I feel sure that nothing would have induced him to take in hand such a measure. The story of its origin is instructive, and I give it in Lord Ripon's words, when speaking on the Bill of 1882:—

"And now I will proceed to state, very briefly, the history of this transaction. Something was said, upon the occasion of the introduction of this Bill, by Sir Jotindro Mohun Tagore about an undertaking which had been given him last year, that this subject would be considered by the Government of India. What took place on that occasion was this: when the Criminal Procedure Code was before the Council last year, one of my honourable colleagues, I cannot exactly remember which, who was a member of the Select Committee on that Bill, came to me and said that Maharajah Jotindro Mohun Tagore had told the Select Committee that he intended to raise the question of the powers of native magistrates to exercise jurisdiction over European British subjects. That was at a time when the Bill had nearly reached its last stage; and my honourable colleague said, with perfect justice, that it would be entirely impossible to take up a question of such magnitude upon that stage of the Bill; and he said to me, 'I think if you were to speak to the Maharajah and tell him that if he did not bring the matter forward now, the question would be considered by the Government, he probably would not press his notice of amendment.' I replied, 'I will consult my colleagues,' and I did consult the members of the Executive Government at that time, and it was with their full consent that I told the Maharajah Jotindro Mohun Tagore that the subject in which he was interested should receive the full consideration of the Government. Of course, by so saying, I gave no pledge whatever to the Maharajah as to what would be the decision at which the Government would ultimately arrive. All that I did say was, and that promise I and my colleagues intended to keep, that we would consider this question after the Criminal Procedure Code had passed."

The Maharajah having obtained this promise, was not likely to rest without moving Sir Ashley Eden on his behalf; and it seems to have been thought desirable that the representation to Sir Ashley Eden should be put into writing. At any rate, in course of time the Viceroy receives the well-known but somewhat ambiguous letter of Sir Ashley Eden, containing the representation of Mr. Gupta; and, unfortunately, Lord Ripon read the letter as meaning that the time for action was the present, whereas according to another construction the time for action would only come when a fitting opportunity arrived. Wherever the chief blame ought to rest—and it seems that it ought to rest with those of Lord Ripon's advisers who had most experience of the country—it is to be hoped that some remedy may be found. But it will assuredly be idle, and worse than idle, to persist, as Sir Arthur Hobhouse would have the Government of India do, in a reckless disregard of facts, which force themselves only too painfully upon their notice, and to seek to justify their action by pleading that they are aiming at "the highest ideal."

L. P. PUGH.

COUNT RUMFORD.

ON a bright calm day in the autumn of 1872—that portion of the year called, I believe, in America the Indian summer—I made a pilgrimage to the modest birthplace of Count Rumford, the originator of the Royal Institution. My guide on the occasion was Dr. George Ellis of Boston, and a more competent guide I could not have had. To Dr. Ellis the American Academy of Arts and Sciences had committed the task of writing a life of Rumford, and this labour of love had been accomplished in 1871, a year prior to my visit to the United States. The name of Rumford was Benjamin Thompson. For thirty years he was the contemporary of another Benjamin, who reached a level of fame as high as his own. Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Thompson were born within twelve miles of each other, and for six of the thirty years just referred to, the one lived in England and the other in France. Yet, Dr. Ellis informs us, there is nothing to show that they ever saw each other, or were in any way acquainted with each other, or, indeed, felt the least interest in each other. The name and fame of Rumford, which were resonant in Europe at the beginning of this century, have fallen in England into general oblivion. To scientific men, however, his figure presents itself with singular impressiveness at the present day. This result is mainly due to the establishment, in recent times, of the grand scientific generalisation known as the Mechanical Theory of Heat. Boyle, and Hooke, and Locke, and Leibnitz, had already ranged themselves on the side of this theory. But by experiments conducted on a scale unexampled at the time, and by reasonings, founded on these experiments, of singular force and penetration, Rumford has made himself a conspicuous landmark in the history of the theory. His inference from his experiments

was scored in favour of those philosophers who held that heat is a form of motion.

The town of Woburn, connected in my memory with a cultivated companion, with genial sunshine and the bright colouring of American trees, is nine miles distant from the city of Boston. In North Woburn, a little way off, on March 26, 1753, Rumford was born. He came of people who had to labour for their livelihood, who tilled their own fields, cut their own timber and fuel, worked at their varied trades, and thus maintained the independence of New England yeomen. Thompson's father died before he was two years old. His mother married again, changing her name to Pierce, and had children by her second husband; but the affection between her and her first-born remained strong and unbroken to the end of her life. The boy was placed under the care of guardians, from whom his stepfather, Josiah Pierce, received a weekly allowance of two shillings and fivepence for the child's maintenance. Young Thompson received his first education from Mr. John Fowle, graduate of Harvard College, "an accomplished and faithful man." He also went to a school at Byfield, kept by a relation of his own. At the age of eleven, he was placed for a time under the tuition of Mr. Hill, "an able teacher in Medford," adjoining Woburn. The lad's mind was ever active, and his invention incessantly exercised, but for the most part on subjects beside his daily work. In relation to that work, he came to be regarded as "indolent, flighty, and unpromising." His guardians, at length thinking it advisable to change his vocation, apprenticed him in October, 1776, to Mr. John Appleton, of Salem, an importer of British goods. Here, however, instead of wooing customers to his master's counter, he occupied himself with tools and implements hidden beneath it. He is reported to have been a skilful musician, passionately fond of music of every kind; and during his stay with Mr. Appleton, whenever he could do so without being heard, he solaced his leisure by performances on the violin.

By the Rev. Thomas Barnard, minister of Salem, and his son, young Thompson was taught algebra, geometry, and astronomy. By self-practice, he became an able and accurate draughtsman. He did not escape that last infirmity of ingenious minds, the desire to construct a perpetual motion. He breaks ground in physics, by questioning his friend Mr. Baldwin as to the direction pursued by rays of light under certain conditions; he desires to know the cause of the change of colour which fire produces in clay. "Please," he adds, "to give the nature, essence, beginning of existence, and rise of the wind in general, with the whole theory thereof, so as to be able to answer all questions relative thereto." One might suppose him to be preparing for a competitive

examination. He grew expert in drawing caricatures, a spirited group of which has been reproduced by Dr. Ellis. It is called a Council of State, and embraces a jackass with twelve human heads. In 1769, he changed his place in Salem for a situation in a dry-goods store in Boston, and soon afterwards began the study of medicine under Dr. John Hay, of Woburn.

Thompson keeps a strict account of his debts to Dr. Hay; credits him with a pair of leather gloves; credits Mrs. Hay with knitting him a pair of stockings. These items he tacks on to the more serious cost of his board from December, 1770, to June, 1772, at forty shillings, old currency, per week, amounting to £156. The specie payments of Thompson were infinitesimal, eight of them amounting in the aggregate to £2. His further forms of payment illustrate the habits of the community in which he dwelt. Want of money caused them to fall back upon barter. He debits Dr. Hay with an amusing and diversified list of articles the value of which no doubt had been previously agreed upon between them. The love of order which afterwards ruled the actions of the man, was incipient in the boy. At seventeen, he thus spaced out the four and twenty hours of a single day: "From eleven to six, sleep. Get up at six o'clock and wash my hands and face. From six to eight, exercise one half, and study one half. From eight to ten, breakfast, attend prayers, &c. From ten to twelve, study all the time. From twelve to one, dine, &c. From one to four, study constantly. From four to five, relieve my mind by some diversion or exercise. From five till bedtime, follow what my inclination leads me to; whether it be to go abroad, or stay at home and read either Anatomy, Physic, or Chemistry, or any other book I want to peruse."

In 1771 he managed, by walking daily from Woburn to Cambridge, and back, a distance of some sixteen miles, to attend the lectures on natural philosophy, delivered by Professor Winthrop in Harvard College. He taught school for a short time at Wilmington, and afterwards for six weeks and three days at Bradford, where his repute rose so high that he received a call to Concord, a town of New Hampshire, situated higher up than Bradford on the river Merrimac. The Indian name of Concord was, according to Dr. Ellis, Penacook, but Appleton's Cyclopædia states it to have been Musquetaquid. Emerson's poem of this title is in harmony with the Cyclopædia. In 1733 it had been incorporated as a town in Essex county, Massachusetts. Some of the early settlers in that county had come from our own Essex; and, as regards pronunciation, they carried with them the name of the English Essex town, Romford, of brewery celebrity. They,

however, changed the first *o* into *u*, calling the American town Rumford. Strife had occurred as to the county or State to which Rumford belonged. But the matter was amicably settled at last; and to denote the subsequent harmony, the name was changed from Rumford to Concord. This sweetly quiet spot is historically famous from its being the place where British soldiers first fell in the American war; and within the present century its fame has been enhanced by the life and death of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In later years, when honours fell thick upon him, Thompson was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. He chose for his title Count Rumford, in memory of his early association with Concord.*

In Concord, at the time of Thompson's arrival, there dwelt the widow of a Colonel Rolfe with her infant son. Her husband had died in December 1771, leaving a large estate behind him. Rumford was indebted to Mrs. Rolfe's father, the Rev. Timothy Walker, for counsel, and to her brother for civility and hospitality. There the widow and teacher met, and their meeting was a prelude to their marriage. Rumford, somewhat ungallantly, told his friend Pictet in after years that she married him rather than he her. She was obviously a woman of decision. As soon as they were engaged, an old curricle, left by her father, was fished up, and, therein mounted, she carried her betrothed to Boston, and committed him to the care of the tailor and hairdresser. This journey involved a drive of sixty miles. On the return they called at the house of Thompson's mother, who, when she saw him, is reported to have exclaimed, "Why, Ben, my son, how could you go and lay out all your winter's earnings in finery?" Thompson was nineteen when he married, his wife being thirty-three.

On two critical occasions in the life of this extraordinary man his appearance on horseback apparently determined the issues of that life. As he rode at a review of the British soldiers at Dover, New Hampshire, on the 13th of November, 1772, his figure attracted the attention of Governor Wentworth, and on the day following he was the great man's guest. So impressed was Wentworth with his conversation

* In the autumn of 1872, accompanied by my high-minded friend and relative, General Hector Tyndale, I spent a charming day with Emerson at Concord. Some time previously his house had been destroyed by fire, and while it was rebuilding he occupied the old Manse rendered famous by Hawthorne. He showed us the spot beside the Merrimac, where the first two English soldiers fell, on the 9th of April, 1775. We also saw there the Concord obelisk, marking the ground

> "Where once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

We were afterwards driven by Emerson himself to Lexington, talking on the way of poets and poetry, and putting science for the time under a bushel. We halted near the Common, so as to enable me to inspect the monument. The inscription contained some strong expressions regarding British aggression. On returning, I remarked that they were all Britons at the time—the colonists being truer Britons than their assailants. It was, in fact, Essex against Essex; and when I spoke of the undesirability of embalming in bitter words the memory of a family quarrel, Emerson smilingly assented.

that he at once made up his mind to attach him to the public service. To secure this wise end he adopted unwise means. "A vacancy having occured in a majorship in the Second Provincial Regiment of New Hampshire, Governor Wentworth at once commissioned Thompson to fill it;" thus placing him over the heads of veterans with infinitely stronger claims. He rapidly became a favourite with the governor, and on his proposing, soon after his appointment, to make a survey of the White Mountains, Wentworth not only fell in with the idea, but promised, if his public duties permitted, to take part in the survey himself. At the time when he exercised this influence, Thompson was not quite twenty years old.

Through official unwisdom, unhappily not confined to that age, the ferment of discontent with the legislation of the mother country had spread in 1774 throughout the colony. Clubs and committees were formed which often compelled men to take sides before the requisite data for forming a clear judgment had been obtained. "Our candour," says Dr. Ellis, "must persuade us to allow that there were reasons, or at least prejudices and apprehensions which might lead honest and right-hearted men, lovers and friends of their birthland, to oppose the rising spirit of independence as inflamed by demagogues, and as forboding discomfiture and mischief." Thompson became "suspect." He was known to be on friendly terms with Governor Wentworth; but then the governor, when he gave Thompson his commission, was highly popular in the province. Prior to his accession to office Wentworth had strongly opposed every measure of Great Britain which was regarded as encroaching upon the liberties of the colonists. He thought himself, nevertheless, in duty bound to stand by the royal authority when it was openly defied; and this naturally rendered him obnoxious.

"There was something," says Dr. Ellis, "exceedingly humiliating and degrading to a man of an independent and self-respecting spirit in the conditions imposed at times by the 'Sons of Liberty,' in the process of cleansing himself from the taint of Toryism." Human nature is everywhere the same, and to protect a cherished cause these "sons of liberty" sometimes adopted the tactics of the papal inquisition. Sullen defiance was the attitude of Thompson, and public feeling grew day by day more exasperated against him. In the summer of 1774, he foiled his accusers before a committee appointed to inquire into his conduct. The acquittal, however, gave him but little relief, and extra-judicial plots were formed against him. The Concord mob resolved at length to take the matter into their own hands. One day they collected round his house, and with hoots and yells demanded that he should be delivered up to them. Having got wind of the matter, he escaped

in time; and on the assurance of Mrs. Thompson and her brother Colonel Walker that he had quitted Concord the mob dispersed. "To have tarried at Concord," he writes to his father-in-law at this time, "and have stood another trial at the bar of the populace would doubtless have been attended with unhappy consequences, as my innocence would have stood me in no stead against the prejudices of an enraged infatuated multitude—and much less against the determined villany of my inveterate enemies, who strive to raise their popularity on the ruins of my character."

He returned to his mother's house in Woburn, where he was joined by his wife and child. While they were with him, shots were exchanged and blood was shed at Concord and Lexington. Thompson was at length arrested, and confined in Woburn. A "Committee of Correspondence" was formed to inquire into his conduct. He conducted his own defence, and was again acquitted. The committee, however, refused to make the acquittal a public one, lest, it was alleged, it should offend those who had sought for a conviction. Despair and disgust took possession of him more and more. In a long letter addressed to his father-in-law from Woburn, he defends his entire course of conduct. His principal offence was probably negative; for silence at the time was deemed tantamount to antagonism. During a brief period of farming, he had had working for him some deserters from the British army in Boston. These he persuaded to go back, and this was urged as a crime against him. He defended himself with spirit, declaring, after he had explained his motives, that if this action were a crime, he gloried in being a criminal. He had made up his mind to quit a country which had treated him so ill; devoutly wishing, "that the happy time may soon come when I may return to my family in peace and safety, and when every individual in America may sit down under his own vine and under his own fig tree, and have none to make him afraid." On October 13th, 1775, he quitted Woburn, reached the shore of Narragansett Bay where he went on board a British frigate. In this vessel he was conveyed to Boston, where he remained until the town was evacuated by the British troops. The news of this catastrophe was carried by him to England. Thenceforward, till the close of the war, he was on the English side.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Thompson was the readiness with which he caught the manners and fell into the ways of great people. This quality probably connects itself with that "over-love of splendour" which his friend Baldwin ascribes to him. On the English side the American War was begun, continued, and ended, in ignorance. Blunder followed blunder, and defeat followed defeat, until knowledge which ought to have been ready at the outset came too late. Thompson for a time was the vehicle of such belated

knowledge. He was immediately attached to the Colonial Office, then ruled over by Lord George Germain. Cuvier, in his 'Eloge,' thus described his first interview with that Minister. "On this occasion by the clearness of his details and the gracefulness of his manners, he insinuated himself so far into the graces of Lord George Germain that he took him into his employment." With Lord George he frequently breakfasted, dined, and supped, and was occasionally his guest in the country. At Stoneland Lodge, the residence of Lord George, his celebrated experiments on gunpowder began. He was a born experimentalist, handy, ingenious, full of devices to meet practical needs. He turned his attention to improvements in military matters; devised and procured the adoption of bayonets for the fusees of the Horse Guards, to be used in fighting on foot. The results of his experiments on gunpowder were communicated to Sir Joseph Banks. He soon became intimate with Sir Joseph, and in 1779, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society.

When the war had become hopeless, many of the exiles who had been true to the Royalist cause came to England, where Thompson's official position imposed on him the duty of assuaging their miseries and adjusting their claims. Though no evidence exists "that he failed to do in any case what duty and friendliness required of him," he did not entirely escape the censure of his outlawed fellow countrymen. One of them in particular had been a judge in Salem when Thompson was a shop-boy in Appleton's store. Judge Curwen complained of his fair appearance and uncandid behaviour. He must have keenly felt the singular reversal in their relations. "This young man," says the judge, "when a shop-lad to my next neighbour, ever appeared active, good natured, and sensible; by a strange concurrence of events, he is now Under-Secretary to the American Secretary of State, Lord George Germain, a Secretary to Georgia, Inspector of all the clothing sent to America, and Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of Horse Dragoons, at New York; his income from these sources is, I have been told, near £7000* a year—a sum infinitely beyond his most sanguine expectations."

As the prospects of the war darkened, Thompson's patron became more and more the object of attack. The people had been taxed in vain. England was entangled in Continental war, and it became gradually recognized that the subjugation of the colony was impossible. To Thompson's credit, be it recorded, he showed no tendency to desert the cause he had espoused, when he found it to be a failing one. In 1782, his chief was driven from power, and at this critical time he accepted the commission of lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and returned to America with a view of rallying for a final stand such forces as he might find capable of organization. He took with him four pieces of artillery, with which he made experiments during

* This Dr. Ellis considers to be a delusion.

the voyage. His destination was Long Island, New York, but stress of weather carried him to Charleston, South Carolina, where the influence of his presence was soon felt. "Obliged to pass the winter there, he was made commander of the remains of the cavalry in the royal army, which was then under the orders of Lieutenant-General Leslie. This corps was broken, but he promptly restored it, and won the confidence and attachment of the commander. He led them often against the enemy, and was always successful in his enterprises."

He quitted Charleston, and about the middle of April, 1782, reached New York, where he took command of the King's American Dragoons. But early in April, 1783, before the war was formally concluded, he obtained leave to return to England. Finding there no opportunity for active service, he resolved to try his fortune on the Continent, intending to offer his services as a volunteer in the Austrian army against the Turks. The historian Gibbon crossed the Channel with him. In a letter dated Dover, September 17, 1783, Gibbon writes:—"Last night, the wind was so high that the vessel could not stir from the harbour; this day it is brisk and fair. We are flattered with the hope of making Calais Harbour by the same tide in three hours and a half; but any delay will leave the disagreeable option of a tottering boat or a tossing night. What a cursed thing to live in an island! this step is more awkward than the whole journey. The triumvirate of this memorable embarkation will consist of the grand Gibbon, Henry Laurens, Esq., President of Congress; and Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher Thompson, attended by three horses, who are not the most agreeable fellow-passengers. If we survive, I will finish and seal my letter at Calais. Our salvation shall be ascribed to the prayers of my lady and aunt, for I do believe they both pray." The "grand Gibbon" is reported to have been terribly frightened by the plunging of his fellow-passengers, the three blood horses.

Pushing on to Strasburg, where Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, then a field marshal in the service of France, was in garrison, Thompson, mounted on one of his chargers, appeared on the parade ground. He attracted the attention of the Prince, who spoke to him, and, on learning that he had been serving in the American war, pointed to some of his officers, and remarked that they had been in the same war. An animated conversation immediately began, at the end of which the stranger was invited to dine with the Prince. After dinner, it is said, he produced a portfolio containing plans of the principal engagements, and a collection of excellent maps of the seat of war. Eager for information, the Prince again invited him for the next day, and when at length the traveller took leave, engaged him to pass through Munich, giving him a friendly letter to the Elector of Bavaria.

The Elector, a sage ruler, saw in him immediately a man capable of rendering the State good service. He pressed his visitor to accept a post half military and half civil. The proposal was a welcome one to Thompson, and he came to England to obtain the king's permission to accept it. Not only was the permission granted, but on February 23, 1784, he was knighted by the king. Dr. Ellis publishes the "grant of arms" to the new knight. The original parchment, perfect and unsullied, with all its seals, is in the possession of Mrs. James F. Baldwin, of Boston, widow of the executor of Countess Sarah Rumford. "The knight himself," observes his biographer, "must have furnished the information written on that flowery parchment." He returned to Munich, and on his arrival the Elector appointed him colonel of a regiment of cavalry and aide-de-camp to himself. He was lodged in a palace, which he shared with the Russian Ambassador, and had a military staff and a corps of servants. He soon acquired a mastery over the German and French languages. He made himself minutely acquainted with everything concerning the dominions of the Elector—their population and employments, their resources and means of development, and their relations to other powers. Holding as he did the united offices of Minister of War, Minister of Police, and Chamberlain of the Elector, his influence and action extended to all parts of the public service. Four years of observation were, however, spent in Munich before he attempted anything practical. Then, as now, the armies of the Continent were maintained by conscription. Drawn away from their normal occupations, the rural population returned after their term of service lazy and demoralized. The pay of the soldiers was miserable, their clothing bad, their quarters dirty and mean; the expense being out of all proportion to the return.

Thompson aimed at making soldiers citizens and citizens soldiers. The situation of the soldier was to be rendered pleasant, his pay was to be increased, his clothing rendered comfortable and even elegant, while all liberty consistent with strict subordination was to be permitted him. Within, the barracks were to be neat and clean; and without, attractive. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were to be taught, not only to the soldiers and their children, but to the children of the neighbouring peasantry. He drained the noisome marshes of Mannheim, and converted them into a garden for the use of the garrison. For the special purpose of introducing the culture of the potato, he extended the plan of military gardens to other garrisons. They were tilled, and their produce was owned by non-commissioned officers and privates. The plan proved completely successful. Indolent soldiers became industrious, while through the prompting of those on furlough, little gardens sprang up everywhere over the country. Bavaria was then infested with beggars, vagabonds, and thieves, native and

foreign. These mendicant tramps were in the main stout, healthy, and able-bodied fellows, who found a life of thievish indolence pleasanter than a life of honest work. "These detestable vermin had recourse to the most diabolical arts, and the most horrid crimes in the prosecution of their infamous trade." They robbed, they stole, maimed and exposed little children, so as to extract money from the tender-hearted. All this must be put an end to. Four regiments of cavalry were so cantoned that every village had its patrol. This disposition of the cavalry was antecedent to seizing, as a beginning, all the beggars in the capital. The problem before him might well have daunted a courageous man, but he faced it without misgiving. He brought his schemes to clear definition in his mind before he attempted to realize them. Precepts, he knew, were vain, so his aim was to establish habits. Reversing the maxim that people must be virtuous to be happy, he resolved on making happiness a stepping-stone to virtue. He had learnt the importance of cleanliness through observing the habits of birds. Lawgivers and founders of religions never failed, he said, to recognize the influence of cleanliness on man's moral nature. "Virtue never dwelt long with filth and nastiness, nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain." He had to deal with wretches covered with filth and vermin, to cleanse them, to teach them, and to give them the pleasure and stimulus of earning honest money. He did not waste his means on fine buildings, but taking a deserted manufactory, he repaired it, enlarged it, adding to it kitchen, bakehouse, and workshops for mechanics. Halls were provided for the spinners of flax, cotton, and wool. Other halls were set up for weavers, clothiers, dyers, saddlers, wool-sorters, carders, combers, knitters, and seamstresses. In the prosecution of his despotic scheme all men seemed to fall under his lead. To relieve it of the odium which might accrue if it were effected wholly by the military, he associated with himself and his field officers the magistrates of Munich. They gave him willing sympathy and aid. On New Year's morning 1790 he and the chief magistrate walked out together. With extended hand a beggar immediately accosted them. Thompson, setting the example to his companions, laid his hand gently upon the shoulder of the vagabond, and committed him to the charge of a serjeant with orders to take him to the Town Hall. At the end of that day not a single beggar remained at large.

With his iron resolution was associated in those days a plastic tact which enabled him to avoid jealousies and collisions that a man of less self-restraint would infallibly have incurred. To the school for poor students, the Sisters of Charity, the hospital for lepers, and other institutions had been conceded the right of making periodic appeals from house to house; German appren-

tices had also been permitted to beg upon their travels; all of these had their claims adjusted. After he had swept his swarm of paupers into the quarters provided for them, his hardest work began. Here the inflexible order which had characterized him through life came as a natural force to his aid. "He encouraged a spirit of industry, pride, self-respect, and emulation, finding help even in trifling distinctions of apparel." His pauper workhouse was self-supporting, while its inmates were given the means of enjoying life. He constructed and arranged a kitchen which provided daily a warm and nutritive dinner for a thousand or fifteen hundred persons; an incredibly small amount of fuel sufficing to cook a dinner for this multitude. The military workhouse was also remunerative; its profits for six years exceeding a hundred thousand dollars. He had the art of making himself loved and honoured by the people whom he ruled in this arbitrary way. Under stress of work he once broke down at Munich, and fearing that he was dying, the poor of the city went in procession to the church to put up public prayers for him. In 1793 he went to Italy to restore his health. Had he known how to employ the sanative power of Nature, he might have longer kept in working order his vigorous frame. But he was a man of the city. The mountains of Maggiore were to him less attractive than the streets of Verona, where he committed himself to the planning of soup kitchens. He made similar plans for other cities, so that to call his absence a holiday would be a misnomer. He returned to Munich in August, 1794, slowly recovering, but not able to resume the management of his various institutions.

Men find pleasure in exercising the powers they possess, and Rumford possessed, in its highest and strongest form, the power of organization. In him flexible wisdom formed an amalgam with despotic strength. He held undoubtingly that "arrangement, method, provision for the minutest details, subordination, co-operation, and a careful system of statistics, will facilitate and make effective any undertaking, however burdensome and comprehensive." Pure love of humanity would at first sight seem to be the motive force of his action. Still, it has been affirmed by those who knew him that this was not the case. Fontenelle said of Dodard, that he turned his rigid observance of the fasts of the Church into a scientific experiment on the effects of abstinence, thereby taking the path which led at once to heaven and into the French Academy. In Rumford's case the pleasure of the administrator outweighed, it was said, that of the philanthropist.

When he quitted America, he left his wife and infant daughter behind him, and whether there were any communications afterwards between him and them is not known. In 1793, in a letter to his friend Baldwin, he expressed the desire to visit his native country, and to become personally acquainted with his daughter,

who was then nineteen. With reference to this projected visit, he asks, "Should I kindly be received? Are the remains of party spirit and political persecution done away? Would it be necessary to ask leave of the State?" A year prior to the date of this letter, Rumford's wife had died, at the age of fifty-two. On January 29, 1796, his daughter, who was familiarly called "Sally Thompson," sailed for London to see her father. She "had heard him spoken of as an officer, and had attached to this an idea of the warrior with a martial look, possibly the sword, if not the gun by his side." All this disappeared when she saw him. He did not strike her as handsome, or even agreeable, a result in part due to the fact that he had been ill and was very thin and pale. She speaks, however, of his laughter "quite from the heart," while the expression of his mouth, with teeth of "the most finished pearls," was sweetness itself. She had little knowledge of the world, and her purchases in London he thought both extravagant and extraordinary. After having, by due discipline, learnt how to make an English courtesy, to the horror of her father, almost the first use she made of her newly acquired accomplishment was to courtesy to a housekeeper.

In 1796 Rumford founded the historic medal which bears his name, and the same year, accompanied by his daughter, he returned to Germany. France and Austria were then at war, while Bavaria sought to remain rigidly neutral. Eight days after Rumford's arrival, the Elector took refuge in Saxony. Moreau had crossed the Rhine and threatened Bavaria. After a defeat by the French, the Austrians withdrew to Munich, but found the gates of the city closed against them. They planted batteries on a height commanding the city. According to an arrangement with the Elector, Rumford assumed the command of the Bavarian forces, and by his firmness and presence of mind prevented either French or Austrians from entering Munich. The consideration in which he was held is illustrated by the fact that the Elector made Miss Thompson a Countess of the Empire, conferring on her a pension of £200 a year, with liberty to enjoy it in any country where she might wish to reside.

The New England girl, brought up in the quietude of Concord, transplanted thence to London, and afterwards to Munich, was subjected to a somewhat trying ordeal. After a short period of initiation, she appears to have passed through it creditably. Her writing does not exhibit her as possesing any marked qualities of intellect. She was bright, gossipy, "volatile," and throws manifold gleams on the details of Rumford's life. He kept through the year a box at the opera, though he hardly ever went there, and hired by the year a doctor named Haubenal. She amusingly describes a quintuple present made to her by her father soon after her arrival in Munich. The first item was "a little shaggy dog, as white as snow,

excepting black eyes, ears and nose;" the second was a lady named Veratzy, who was sent to teach her French and music, ; the third was a Catholic priest, named Dillis, who was to be her drawing-master; the fourth was a teacher of Italian, named Alberti; and the fifth, the before-mentioned Dr. Haubenal, who was to look after her health. She did not at all like the arrangement. She was particularly surprised and shocked at a doctor's offering his services before they were wanted. In fact the little dog "Cora" was the only welcome constituent of the gift.

The Elector put the seal to his esteem for Rumford by appointing him Plenipotentiary from Bavaria to the Court of London. King George, however, declined to accept him in this capacity. He was obviously stung by this refusal; and the thought which had often occurred to him of returning to his native country now revived. Mr. Rufus King was at that time American Ambassador in London: and he, by Rumford's desire, wrote to Colonel Pickering, then Secretary of State for the United States, informing him of the Count's intention to settle down at or near Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he proposed to live in the character of a German nobleman, renouncing all political action, and devoting himself to literary pursuits. In reply to this communication Mr. King was authorised to offer Rumford, in addition to the post of Superintendent of the Military Academy, that of Inspector-General of the Artillery of the United States; "and we shall moreover be disposed to give to you such rank and emoluments, as would be likely to afford you satisfaction, and to secure to us the advantage of your service."

The hour of final decision approached, but before it arrived another project had laid hold of Rumford's imagination, a project which in its results has proved of more importance to physical science, and of more advantage to mankind, than any which this multifarious genius had previously undertaken. This project was the foundation of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

His ideas on this subject took definite shape in 1799. They were set forth in a pamphlet of fifty pages, the introduction to which is dated from Rumford's residence in Brompton Row, March 4th, 1799. His aim is to cause science and art to work together; to establish relations between philosophers and workmen; and to bring their united efforts to bear on the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and on the augmentation of domestic comforts. He specially dwells on the management of fire, it being, as he thinks, a subject of peculiar interest to mankind. Fuel, he asserted, cost the kingdom more than ten millions sterling annually, which was much more than twice what it ought to cost. In the pall of smoke which hung over London, defacing its edifices and works of art, he saw "unused material which was turned equally to waste and made a means of annoyance and

insalubrity." He would bind himself, if the opportunity were allowed him, "to prove to the citizens that the heat and the material of heat thus wasted would suffice to cook all the food in the city, warm every apartment, and perform all the mechanical work done by fire." With his hope, strength, and practical insight, and with the sympathy which he would command, there is no knowing what might be accomplished in the way of smoke abatement were he now amongst us.

Rumford could at this time count on the sympathy and active support of a number of excellent men, who, in advance of him, had founded a "Society for bettering the condition and increasing the comforts of the poor." He sought the aid of the committee of this Society. It was agreed on all hands that the proposed new Institution promised to be too important to permit of its being made an appendage to any other. A committee consisting of eight members of the old Society was, however, appointed to confer with Rumford regarding his plan. The committee met and ratified Rumford's proposals. Subscribers of fifty guineas each were to be the perpetual proprietors of the Institution; a contribution of ten guineas was to secure the privileges of a life subscriber; whilst a subscription of two guineas constituted an annual subscriber. The managers, nine in number, were to be chosen by ballot by the proprietors. A Committee of Visitors was also appointed, the same in number as the Committee of Managers, and holding office for the same number of years. At a general meeting of the proprietors held at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, in Soho Square, on the 7th of March, 1799, fifty-eight persons, comprising many men of great distinction, were found to have qualified as proprietors by the subscription of fifty guineas each. The Committee of Managers was chosen, and they held their first meeting at the house of Sir Joseph Banks on the 9th of March, 1799. Mr. Thomas Bernard, one of the most active members of the Society from whose committee the first managers were chosen, was appointed Secretary. On the 13th of January 1800, the Royal Seal was attached to the Charter of the Institution. The King was its Patron, and the first officers of the Institution were appointed by him. The Earl of Winchester was President. Lord Morton, Lord Egremont, and Sir Joseph Banks were Vice-Presidents. The managers were divided into three classes of three each; the first class serving for one, the second for two, and the third for three years. The Earls of Bessborough, Egremont and Morton, respectively, headed the lists of the three classes of managers. Rumford himself was appointed to serve for three years. The three classes of Visitors were headed by the Duke of Bridgewater, Viscount Palmerston, and Earl Spencer respectively. The first Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry was Dr. Thomas Garnett, while the first Treasurer was Mr. Thomas Bernard. A home and foreign secretary, legal counsel,

a solicitor and a clerk, were added to the list. One rule established at this time has been adhered to with great fidelity to the present day. No political subject was to be mentioned in the lectures.

The word "Institution" was chosen because it had been least used previously, and because it best indicated the objects of the new Society. The mechanical arts have promoted civilization and refinement. Nations, provinces, towns, and even villages thrive in proportion to the activity of their industry. "Exertion quickens the spirit of invention, makes science flourish, and increases the moral and physical powers of man." The printing-press, navigation, gunpowder, the steam-engine, have changed the whole course of human affairs. The slowness with which improvements make their way among workmen arises from prejudice, suspicion, jealousy, dislike of change, and the narrowing effect of the subdivision of work into many petty occupations. But slowness is also due to the greed for wealth, the desire for monopoly, the spirit of secret intrigue exhibited among manufacturers. Between these two the philosopher steps in, whose business it is "to examine every operation of Nature and Art, and to establish general theories for the direction and conducting of future processes." But philosophers may become dreamers, and they have therefore habitually to be called back to the study of practical questions which bear upon the ordinary pursuits of life. Science and practice are, in short, to interact, to the advantage of both.

Houses in Albemarle Street were purchased, and modified to suit the objects in view. Rumford's obvious intention was to found an Institute of Technology and Engineering. The Institution was to be made a repository for models of all useful contrivances and improvements: cottage fireplaces and kitchen utensils; kitchens for farm-houses and for the houses of gentlemen; a laundry, including boilers, washing, ironing, and drying-rooms; German, Swedish, and Russian stoves; open chimney fireplaces, with ornamental grates; ornamental stoves; working models "of that most curious and most useful machine, the steam-engine;" brewers' boilers; distillers' coppers; condensers; large boilers for hospitals; ventilating apparatus for hot-houses; lime-kilns; steam-boilers for preparing food for stall-fed cattle; spinning-wheels; looms; agricultural implements; bridges of various constructions; human food; clothing; houses; towns; fortresses; harbours; roads; canals; carriages; ships; tools; weapons; &c. Chemistry was to be applied to soils, tillage, and manures; to the manufacture of bread, beer, wine, spirits, starch, sugar, butter, and cheese; to the processes of dying, calico-printing, bleaching, painting, and varnishing; to the smelting of ores; the formation of alloys; to mortars, cements, bricks, pottery, glass, and enamels. Above all, "the phenomena of *light* and *heat*—those great powers which give life and energy to the universe—

powers which, by the wonderful process of combustion, are placed under the command of human beings—will engage a profound interest."

In reference to the alleged size of the bed of Og, the king of Bashan, Bishop Watson asked Tom Paine to determine the bulk to which a human body may be augmented before it will perish by its own weight. As regards the projected Institution, Rumford surely had passed this limit, and by the ponderosity of his scheme, had ensured either change or ruin. In such an establishment Davy was sure to become an iconoclast. He cared little for models, not even for the apparatus with which his own best discoveries were made, but incontinently broke it up whenever he found it could be made subservient to further ends.

The experimental lectures of Davy were then attracting attention. Rumours of the young chemist reached Rumford, and, at his request, Davy came to London. His life at the moment was purely a land of promise, but Rumford had the sagacity to see the promise, and the wisdom to act upon his insight. Nor was his judgment rapidly formed. Several interviews preceded his announcement to Davy, on the 16th of February, 1801, the resolution of the managers, "That Mr. Humphry Davy be engaged in the service of the Royal Institution, in the capacity of Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, Director of the Chemical Laboratory, and Assistant Editor of the Journals of the Institution; and that he be allowed to occupy a room in the house, and be furnished with coals and candles, and that he be paid a salary of one hundred guineas per annum." Rumford, moreover, held out to Davy the prospect of becoming, in the course of two or three years, full Professor of Chemistry, with a salary of 300*l.* per annum, "provided," he adds, "that within that period you shall have given proofs of your fitness to hold that distinguished situation." This promise of the professorship in two or three years was ominous for Dr. Garnett, between whom and the managers differences soon arose which led to his withdrawal from the Institution. Davy began his duties on Wednesday, the 11th of March, 1801.

The name of a man who has no intellectual superior in its annals, now appears for the first time in connection with the Institution. At the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, Rumford had an interview with Dr. Thomas Young, destined to become so illustrious as the first decipherer of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and as the foremost founder of the undulatory theory of light. Young accepted an engagement as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Institution, as Editor of its Journals, and as superintendent of the house, at a salary of £300 per annum.

A portion of the motive force of a man of Rumford's temperament may be described as irritability. During the possession of physical vigour and sound health, this force is grasped by the will and

directed by intelligence and tact. But when health slackens and physical vigour subsides, that which had been a firmly ruled power becomes an energy wanting adequate control. Rumford's success in Bavaria illustrates his pliancy as much as his strength. But before he started the Royal Institution his health had given way, and his irritability, it is to be feared, got the upper hand. In point of intellect, moreover, he came then into contact with people of larger calibre and more varied accomplishments than he had previously met. He could hardly count upon the entire sympathy of Young and Davy, though I believe he remained on friendly terms with them to the end. They were gems of a different water, if I may use the term, from Rumford. The chief object of his fostering care was, at that time, mechanical invention, applied to the uses of life. The pleasures of Young and Davy lay in another sphere. To them science was an end, not a means to an end. In his excellent work on the Royal Institution Dr. Bence Jones informs us that difficulties were gathering round it in 1803, and it was even proposed to sell it off. Rumford, being in Paris, with the aid of Davy, Mr. Bernard, and Sir John Hippisley, carried on the work, "without workshops, or mechanics' institute, or kitchen, or model exhibition." The place of these was taken by experimental and theoretical researches, which instead of dealing with things achieved, carried the mind into unexplored regions of Nature, forgetful whether the discoveries made in that region had or had not a bearing on the necessities of material life.

Rumford and his Institution had to bear the brunt of ridicule, and he felt it; but men of ready wit have not abstained from exercising it on societies of greater age and higher claims. Shafts of sarcasm without number have been launched at the Royal Society. It was perfectly natural for persons who had little taste for scientific inquiry and less knowledge of the methods of Nature, to feel amused, if not scandalized, by the apparently insignificant subjects which sometimes occupied the scientific mind. They were not aware that in science the most stupendous phenomena often find their suggestion and interpretation in the most minute—that the smallest laboratory fact is connected by indissoluble ties with the grandest operations of nature. Thus the iridescences of the common soap-bubble, subjected to scientific analysis, have emerged in the conclusion that stellar space is a *plenum* filled with a material substance capable of transmitting motion with a rapidity which would girdle the equatorial earth eight times in a second; while the tremors of this substance in one form constitute what we call light, and, in all forms, constitute what we call radiant heat. Not seeing this connection between great and small; not discerning that as regards the illustration of physical principles there is no great and no small, the wits, considering the

small contemptible, permitted sarcasm to flow accordingly. But these things have passed away, while the ridicule and intolerance from which she once suffered, are now, I think unfairly, sometimes laid to the charge of science.

This lapsing of the technical side of Rumford's scheme can hardly be called a defeat, for his Institution flourishes to the present hour. The real defeat of his life was yet to come, and it came through a power pronounced on high authority to be the strongest in the world. While in Paris, he made the acquaintance of Madame Lavoisier, a lady of wealth, spirit, social distinction, and, it is to be added, a lady of temper. Her illustrious husband had suffered under the guillotine on the 8th of May, 1794; and inheriting his great name, together with a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, she gathered round her, in her receptions, the most distinguished society of Paris. She and Rumford became friends, the friendship afterwards passing into what was thought to be genuine affection. The Elector of Bavaria took great interest in his projected marriage, and when that consummation came near, settled upon him an annuity of 4,000 florins. In a letter to his daughter he thus describes his bride elect: "I made the acquaintance of this very amiable woman in Paris, who, I believe, would have no objection to having me for a husband, and who in all respects would be a proper match for me. She is a widow without children, never having had any; is about my own age (she was four years younger than Rumford), enjoys good health, is very pleasant in society, has a handsome fortune at her own disposal, enjoys a most respectable reputation, keeps a good house, which is frequented by all the first philosophers and men of eminence in the science and literature of the age, or rather of Paris. And, what is more than all the rest, is goodness itself."

All preliminaries having been arranged, Count Rumford and Madame Lavoisier were married in Paris on the 24th of October, 1805. He describes the house in which they lived, Rue d'Anjou, No. 39, as a paradise. In a letter written to Countess Sarah two months after his marriage, he refers to their style of living as really magnificent; his wife was exceedingly fond of company, in the midst of which she made a splendid figure. She seldom went out, but kept open house to all the great and worthy. He describes their dinners and evening teas, which must have been trying to a man who longed for quiet. The dinners, his daughter says, he could have borne, but the teas annoyed him. Instead of living melodious days, his life gradually became a discord; and on the 15th of January, 1806, he confides to his daughter, as a family secret, that he is "not at all sure that two certain persons were not wholly mistaken

in their marriage, as to each other's characters." The dénouement hastened; and on the first anniversary of his marriage he describes his wife as "a female dragon." On the second anniversary, matters were worse. The quarrels between him and Madame had become more violent and open. He gives the following sample of them:—"I am almost afraid to tell you the story, my good child, lest in future you should not be good; lest what I am about relating should set you a bad example, make you passionate, and so on. But I had been made very angry. A large party had been invited I neither liked nor approved of, and invited for the sole purpose of vexing me. Our house being in the centre of the garden, walled around, with iron gates, I put on my hat, walked down to the porter's lodge, and gave him orders, on his peril, not to let any one in. Besides I took away the keys. Madame went down, and when the company arrived, she talked with them—she on one side, they on the other, of the high brick wall. After that she goes and pours boiling water on some of my beautiful flowers." The wrangling went on, and he made up his mind for a separation, purposing to take a house at Auteuil. It would be unfortunate if he could not live more independently than with this unfeeling, cunning, tyrannical woman. "Alas! little do we know people at first sight!" He describes his habitation as no longer the abode of peace. He breakfasts alone in his apartment, while to his infinite chagrin most of the visitors are his wife's determined adherents. "A separation," he says, "is unavoidable, for it would be highly improper for me to continue with a person who has given me so many proofs of her implacable hatred and malice."

The lease of the villa at Auteuil was purchased by Rumford in 1808, and the separation took place "amicably" on the 13th of June, 1809.* Ever afterwards, however, anger rankled in his heart, and he never mentions his wife but in terms of repugnance and condemnation. His release from her filled him at first with unnatural elation, and on the fourth anniversary of his wedding-day he writes to his daughter, "I make choice of this day to write to you, in reality to testify joy, but joy that I am away from her." On the fifth anniversary he writes thus: "You will perceive that this is the anniversary of my marriage. I am happy to call it to mind that I may compare my present situation with the three and a half horrible years I was living with that tyrannical, avaricious, unfeeling woman." The closing six months of his married life he describes as a purgatory sufficiently painful to do away with the sins of a thousand years.

* From 1772 to 1800, Rumford's house at Auteuil had been the residence of the widow of a man highly celebrated in his day as a freethinker, but whom Lange describes as "the vain and superficial Helvetius." It is also the house where, in the month of January, 1870, the young journalist Victor Noir was shot dead by Prince Pierre Bonaparte.

Rumford, in fact, writes with the bitterness of a defeated man. His wife retained her friends, while he, who a short time previously had been the observed of all observers, found himself practically isolated. This was a new and bitter experience, the thought of which, pressing on him continually, destroyed all magnanimity in his references to her. Notwithstanding his hostility to his wife, he permitted her to visit him on apparently amicable terms. The daughter paints her character as admirable, ascribing their differences to individual independence, arising from their having been accustomed to rule in their own ways : " It was a fine match, could they but have agreed." One day in driving out with her father, she remarked to him how odd it was that he and his wife could not get on together, when they seemed so friendly to each other, adding that it struck her that Madame de Rumford could not be in her right mind. He replied bitterly, " Her mind is, as it has ever been, to act differently from what she appears."

The statesman Guizot was one of Madame de Rumford's most intimate friends, and his account of her and her house differs considerably from the account of both given by her husband. Rumford became her guest at a time when he enjoyed in public " a splendid scientific popularity. His spirit was lofty, his conversation was full of interest, and his manners were marked by gentle kindness. He made himself agreeable to Madame Lavoisier. She married him, happy to offer to a distinguished man a great fortune and a most agreeable existence." The lady, according to Guizot, had stipulated, on her second marriage, that she should be permitted to retain the name of Lavoisier, calling herself Madame Lavoisier de Rumford. This, it is said, proved disagreeable to the Count, but she was not to be moved from her determination to retain the name. "I have," she says, " at the bottom of my heart a profound conviction that M. de Rumford will not disapprove of me for it, and that on taking time for reflection, he will permit me to continue to fulfil a duty which I regard as sacred." Guizot adds that the hope proved deceptive, and that " after some domestic agitations, which M. de Rumford, with more of tact, might have kept from becoming so notorious, a separation became necessary." Her dinners and receptions during the remaining twenty-seven years of her life, are described as delightful. Cultivated intellects, piquant and serious conversation, excellent music, " liberty of thought and speech without any distrust or disquiet as to what authority might judge or say—a privilege then more precious than any one to-day imagines, just as one who has breathed under an air-pump can best appreciate the delight of free respiration."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1814 describes the seclusion in which Rumford's later days were spent. After the death of the

illustrious Lagrange, he saw but two or three friends, nor did he attend the meetings of the National Institute, of which he was a member. Cuvier was then its perpetual secretary, and for him Rumford always entertained the highest esteem. He differed from Laplace on a scientific question, and his dissent was probably not without its penal consequences. Rumford always congratulated himself on having brought forward two such celebrated men as the Bavarian General Wieden, who was originally a lawyer or land steward, and Sir Humphry Davy. The German, French, Spanish, and Italian languages were as familiar to the Count as English. He played billiards against himself; he was fond of chess, which however made his feet like ice and his head like fire. The designs of his own inventions were drawn by him with great skill; but he had no knowledge of painting or sculpture, and little feeling for either. He had no taste for poetry, but great taste for landscape gardening. In later life his habits were most abstemious, and it is said that his strength was in this way so reduced, as to render him unable to resist his last illness. Fêted, honoured, titled, and endowed; enrolled as a member of all the leading academies and learned societies of Europe; the correspondent and friend of potentates, princes, viceroys, and ministers; the recipient of grateful and deferential addresses from great city corporations, this wonderful man tripped at last over the chain which bound him to a wife who lacked the loving pliancy which he demanded, but which, even had it existed, his peremptory nature would have rendered him unable to reciprocate. Though forgotten in England, he is remembered in Bavaria. One of his great works there was the transformation of a piece of desert land into the so-called English garden, at Munich. Here in 1795, during his absence in England, the inhabitants erected a monument to his glory, while his figure was afterwards embodied in a noble statue in the finest street in the Bavarian city. In 1814 he was on the point of returning to England, when he was seized with a nervous fever, which in three days brought him to his end. He succumbed on the 21st of August, 1814, and was buried in the small and now disused cemetery of Auteuil. So passed away the glory of Count Rumford.

The limits assigned to this article have prevented me from touching on the scientific labours of Rumford. This, if time permit, may be done in a subsequent number of this Review.

J. Tyndall.

THE FOUR CHIEF APOSTLES.

PART I.

WHEN the wisest of the Greeks had drunk the hemlock, and when, keeping up to the last his tone of playful irony, he had given to his friend Phædo his last commission,—the offering of a cock to Esculapius, as an expression of gratitude to the god of medicine for that perfect remedy for all the ills of life, and for the immortal health he was henceforth to enjoy in the society of the gods,—his disciples left the prison in tears, and went away together to the country-house of one of them, Euclid of Megara, where they remained for some time, dwelling on the rich memories of wisdom and affection left to them by their departed master.

But the ties of grateful remembrance could not long suffice to bind together minds so different. The natural diversity of tastes and temperaments soon broke out, and proved too strong for this momentary union. Flinging himself forward into that sublime domain of the ideal into which the teaching of Socrates had given him the first glimpse, the divine Plato placed the sovereign good of man in his approach to the likeness of God by the participation of his intellect in those ideas which are the eternal and immutable principles of things. The gentle Aristippus, in his adoration of pleasure, asserted that the end of existence is enjoyment, and that virtue itself is a good only as it becomes one pleasure the more. The austere Antisthenes, on the other hand, found the highest good in the fulfilment of duty, irrespective of its pleasure or its pain, and even, if need be, at the cost of all social conventions; while the wise Phædo, the favourite disciple of the master, modestly sought to pursue that line of practical morality which Socrates had traced out in his doctrine and in his life. Thus, as the happy time of the visible presence of their friend and father faded away into the back-

ground, the bond that had held together these divergent spirits gradually gave way. The spiritual monarchy of the greatest of Greek philosophers suffered the same fate which afterwards overtook the political monarchy of the greatest of Greek captains. As the empire of Alexander broke up into four kingdoms, so the empire of Socrates broke up into four opposing schools, and the image of the leopard with four heads, which in the prophetic vision of Daniel represented the former, might with equal justice represent the latter.

Four centuries later, in Jerusalem, another company of disciples mourned in like manner the departure of Him who had gathered them about Him. In the retirement of the upper chamber they fed together on the sweetest and most sacred memories. But the bond between these men was not one of simple remembrance; their spirits were sustained by a great and common hope. Their Master had told them in the hour of farewell:—"It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. . . . . I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you." The expectation was quickly realized. A new work, completing that which had been done by His visible presence, was accomplished in them. That which they had seen with their eyes, which they had heard with their ears, and their hands had handled, His holy life, His filial communion with the Father, the marvellous works which His Father had given Him to do, His death resplendent with love and meekness, His resurrection from the dead by the glory of the Father, His ascension, in which the whole amazing history culminated—all these things had been seen by them as through a veil. But, from the Pentecostal morning, the revealing sunbeam had scattered the mists; the light in which Jesus lived enveloped them; they beheld Him in His glory. The unimaginable promise was fulfilled, "My Father and I will come unto you, and make Our abode with you;" and under the domination of that inspiring breath they declared to the inhabitants of the sacred city the wonderful works of God. This inward work, the creation of the living Master within them, completed the indissoluble union which His visible presence had begun to form, and made it impossible that the differences which existed among them should ever degenerate into causes of division.

It is one of the most remarkable features of the action of the Holy Ghost that it has no tendency to obliterate the varieties of human personality. On the contrary, it frees the individuality and accentuates its profoundest characteristics. In this, as in all else, it is the very opposite of diabolic possession, by which the sense of personality is first suppressed, and at last entirely confiscated. Was it not to awaken this consciousness, and thus begin the work

of liberation that Jesus asked an apparently incurable demoniac, "What is thy name?" The Holy Spirit is no distant power, foreign to the essence of the soul, coming to it as an oppressor. It is that breath of life of which every human being is the destined agent. Where it penetrates, all the natural forces are set free and the natural gifts multiplied. Then alone the soul begins to be fully herself, and ready for her sublime function as the organ of God. This was the work that took place in the disciples of Jesus.

From that moment all the disciples drew their life from that Jesus whom they beheld, whom they inwardly possessed; and for Him alone they laboured; He was their all. And yet each one of them knew Him in ways of his own, knew Him as He best answered to his own aspirations, to his own past experiences. Each possessed Him as he most needed Him for his individual taste. We can even now perceive this when we study the life and writings of the four chief representatives of primitive Christianity. We observe among them a very marked variety; but each one of them in what he possesses of his Master, possesses the whole Christ. It is this common possession of Him which keeps the bond unbroken. The disciples of Socrates had found in him only a Master and a model; the Apostles found in Jesus their Lord and their God. They did not stand in admiration before Him; they were prostrate at His feet.

The four men who played that leading part of which we have just spoken are: first, Peter, whom Jesus had placed at the head of the college of Apostles; next, James, the eldest of the Lord's brothers; then His bitterest adversary and most active Apostle, Paul; and lastly, John, His intimate and personal friend. They were very dissimilar in character, in qualifications, and in aspirations; their antecedents were different, the functions to which they were providentially destined were no less so. Their distinctive characters appear in the manner of their coming to Jesus, and in the nature of the link which unites them to Him. It is this diversity which forms the subject of the present study, not for the sinister purpose of opposing one to another and in some sort neutralizing one by another, but rather in order to show forth His greatness who could so satisfy these four chosen spirits as to become to each of them his all for ever.

There is one occasion in their lives—the only one, perhaps, and at all events the only ascertained one—when the four are found together. It was in Jerusalem, about the year 50, twenty years after the departure of their Master. On this occasion the divergence between them is perceptible enough, and it is not without difficulty that it is subordinated to their unity. Nothing could so well have taken us to the very heart of our subject as this palpitating scene. We have two accounts of the meeting; that given in the Book of

Acts* preserving especially those of its features which are important in relation to the general history of the Church; that of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Galatians,† having a more autobiographical character, and bringing out the facts which bear on his personal ministry and his relations with the three others. This is just as it should be; and if only a few years ago the famous head of the Tübingen school, Baur, maintained that the two accounts were contradictory, and that we were reduced to choose between them, the account in the Acts, which he rejected, has already been well avenged. For never was finer homage rendered to the veracity of that record, than that which is the outcome of the recent work of one of the most eminent men who have sprung from that very school.‡

At this important moment we find them all at their work, each according to the part assigned him by his Lord. But how various are their parts! Paul arrives from the Syrian capital, Antioch, where the first Greek Christian Church has been founded, and whither he had lately returned from the first Christian mission, properly so called, to the Gentile world. Peter has interrupted his evangelistic journeys through the Holy Land, and his apostolic mission to the Jews of the East, for a brief visit to Jerusalem. The work of James lies in the capital itself, where the confidence of the apostles has placed him at the head of the mother church and of the communities of believing Jews already formed and forming all around. For John, the hour of his public activity has not yet come. He is bound as yet by that filial task confided to him by Jesus on the Cross—"Behold thy mother!"

The diversity of their work would have presented no danger to the union of these four men, if it had not covered far deeper differences. The three last, following the example of Jesus, had continued to realize the new faith under the old forms of Jewish national life. Paul, with his fellow-labourer, Barnabas, who had accompanied him to Jerusalem, had already cast those forms away. The Cross of Christ had from the first been revealed to the apostle of the Gentiles as *the end of the law*.§ It was this very question which was under discussion at the moment, and which brought Paul to Jerusalem. No graver problem will probably ever have to be solved in common by any company of men. James, Peter, and John, "the three pillars," were keenly alive to the necessity of remaining attached to the Mosaic ceremonies, while announcing to their compatriots the appearance of Messiah, for they must otherwise be regarded as apostates, and could have no hold on the chosen people. Paul and Barnabas, on the other hand, just returned from their mission to the

* Chap. xv. † Chap. ii.

‡ Pfleiderer in his "Jahrbücher für Protestantische Theologie," 1883, ii. I may, no doubt, have to make certain reservations as to the end of this noble work.

§ Rom. x. 4 Gal. ii. 15, 16; iii. 25.

Pagans of Asia Minor, felt no less keenly the impossibility of successfully preaching salvation among the Gentiles, if salvation must be presented to them in conjunction with the rite of circumcision and the Levitical ordinances. The question was the more critical, because a violent party under the leadership of the believing Pharisees and priests* had ranged itself on the side of the three apostles. This party demanded a formal condemnation of the views and conduct of Paul, and the extension of the legal system in a compulsory form to the Gentile Christians.

In this severe crisis through which primitive Christianity had to pass we may observe the triumph of the spirit of Christ over the spirit of man. Notwithstanding the clamours of the extreme party, Peter and James carried the assembly in favour of the liberty of the Gentiles, while Paul on his side fully admitted the maintenance of the Mosaic observances among Christians of Jewish origin. Hence the compromise which was arrived at—a compromise, no doubt, theoretically imperfect, and which in the long run proved inadequate; but its very imperfections showed the strength of the spirit of union which ruled the minds of these men, and the preponderance of their interest in the work of salvation over their attachment to their own ideas. The church of Jerusalem recognized the churches of the Gentiles as her legitimate sisters. The young Gentile Titus, whom Paul had purposely brought with him, was allowed fully to associate with the Christians of Jerusalem, and to take part, though uncircumcised, in the assemblies of the Church.† The apostolate of Paul himself was expressly recognized by the first apostles; and this recognition was ratified by that "right hand of fellowship" which they solemnly gave him before parting. Two modes of preaching the gospel—not two gospels, fundamentally distinct, nor two regions geographically defined—were henceforth recognized as legitimate, the one accompanied, in view of the Jews, by legal observances, the other dissociated from such observances in favour of the Gentiles. The first of these two forms of evangelization was to be led by Peter, and the second by Paul—each holding his office in virtue of the special call addressed to Him by the Lord Himself.

Never could the frail bark of the infant Church have succeeded in doubling this perilous cape had not the work of Christ and of the world's salvation been supreme in their hearts over every personal

* Acts. xv. 5; conf. vi. 7.

† Dr. Farrar, in his "Life of St. Paul," holds that Paul agreed to have Titus circumcised. He understands Gal. ii. 3 in the sense that Titus was not indeed compelled, but that he nevertheless consented, to be circumcised. But this rendering appears inadmissible.T he word "compelled" must in that case be strongly emphasized, and should be placed at the head of the sentence, even before the subject itself; and the latter part of verse 5, "that the truth of the Gospel might continue with you," would be incom prehensible. Such a concession, under such circumstances, would, on the contrary, have compromised, once for all, the Gentile cause which Paul was defending.

thought. To these four men the gospel was not simply a new doctrine committed to them to propagate; it was a Person dearer to them than themselves, and living by the power of the Holy Ghost within their hearts.

There came indeed a time, later on, when the difference thus set at rest rose again to the surface, and seemed to take an even harsher character. St. Paul has preserved an account of it in the second chapter of his epistle to the Galatians. The incident, which has often been misunderstood, arose simply from the inconsequent action of the apostle Peter, who, finding himself at Antioch in a church composed for the most part of Greek Christians, had in the first instance considered himself free to diverge from the arrangement agreed upon at Jerusalem, and, being a man of feelings rather than of principles, had abandoned for a moment the Levitical observances to live in more perfect fellowship with the new Gentile brethren. He had thus used the same liberty as Paul and Barnabas. But certain emissaries of James, arriving at Antioch, on what errand we do not know, were disagreeably surprised at this course of conduct. They recalled to the apostle the agreement to which he had been a party at Jerusalem, by which the Gentiles alone were exempted from the Mosaic law. The argument was just, and, strictly speaking, Peter was in the wrong. It would have been the moment for a man of energy to break the yoke, to rise to the liberty of Paul, and to declare with him that the coming of Messiah had put an end to the obligations of the law. But he dared not. He had once before been put on his trial for a similar freedom,* and he would this time be less favourably circumstanced, on account of the compact at Jerusalem. Breaking off, therefore, the brotherly communion in which he had been living with the Gentile portion of the Church, he shut himself up within the narrow circle of the Jewish believers. It was a rejection of the Gentiles as unclean after admitting them as clean. It was an avowal that he had himself participated for a moment in their uncleanness, and that Christ had thus led him into sin. Before the whole assembly, in a scene which has left long traces in the life of the Church, and which the Judaizing extremists never forgave, Paul laid bare before him the full consequences of his inconsequence. To Paul, the Cross had put an end to the Law, whether for Jew or Gentile, having fulfilled it once for all; while Peter, with all the Twelve, was yet awaiting some signal event, some divine token—perhaps the return of Messiah in His glory—before venturing to act on its abrogation.

Thus gradually were the several parts of the first and greatest agents in the work of evangelization determined. St. Peter, with the Twelve, at whose head he was placed, had received the

* Acts. xi. 1, *seq.*

original mission, to teach and to baptize *all nations*,* beginning, of course, with the Jews in Palestine, then following them into all the countries where they were settled, and thus passing from Israel to the Gentiles. In this way the two evangelizations would have been closely connected. This would have been the normal progress. But the normal progress too often remains an ideal progress: it rarely becomes a reality. It serves rather as a standard by which the reality must be tested and condemned. It was even thus with the evangelization of the world. The refusal of the Sanhedrin and of the people of Palestine to accept the salvation preached to them by the Apostles brought about the necessity for a division in the work. It was practically impossible for the Twelve to become missionaries to the Gentiles so long as, for the sake of the Jews, they maintained the observance of the law. If they gave up the observance of the law, it was equally impossible to carry on their ministry among the Jews. Hence the inevitable separation into two distinct missions, the one to the Jews under Peter, the other to the Gentiles under Paul;† while James, in proportion as the Twelve left Jerusalem on their mission to the tribes of the Dispersion, naturally became the director and pastor of the Christian flock in the capital, and of all that section of the Church which was already won from Judaism. John, for the moment, remains aside, like a battalion in reserve, destined for some special duty. The missionary work, at all events, went on without him.

In a religion which is all spirit and life, no function can be purely external. A diversity of tasks cannot fail to correspond to some deeper diversity in the lives and minds of those to whom the tasks are committed. If these men, whom we hail as the chief agents in the primitive work of the Gospel, were destined to labour each under different conditions, it must mean that they had themselves taken in the message each under a different aspect, and one adapted in each case to the conditions under which it was to be again given forth. We now arrive at the investigation of this deeper and more subtle difference. We may indicate it directly and without circumlocution under the four terms which appear to us the most characteristic.

To James the salvation brought by Christ presented itself under the form of an accomplished *work*; to Peter, under that of promised *glory*; to Paul it was a *righteousness* secured; to John it was a *life* in full possession. Work, glory, righteousness, life—these four things are indeed included in the salvation which Christ offers to the world; we may almost say that they exhaust its contents; nor is it

* Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. † Gal. ii.

possible to possess one of them without in some measure possessing all. Yet in the personal aspirations and past history of the individual man there may be that which predisposes him to receive the whole through the medium of one of these elements rather than another. And Providence willed that the four chosen men, who by their writings were to transmit this salvation in its totality to all the world, should each of them perceive it under one of these four characters, which in their combination constitute its fulness. Thus was fulfilled in them the word that Jesus had spoken: "I am glorified in them."*

We may observe, to begin with, that James and Peter, in regarding salvation as a work fulfilled, and as an expected glory, were still holding in some sense to the forms and terms of the older covenant, the essential elements of which were the law, which commands work, and prophecy, which promises glory. Paul and John, on the other hand, fixing their eyes rather on the righteousness accorded to faith in the expiatory work of Christ, and on the life which is found in communion with God through Him, disengaged themselves more completely from their Jewish past, though without exactly breaking with it, and penetrated deeper into the new domain which Christ had opened to the world. To the two first, salvation in Christ was a flower yet folded in the bud; to the two last it was the flower opened wide, and the fruit forming within the flower.

James sees in the Gospel the fulfilment of the law; it is as such that he loves it and commends it to his brethren. In reading him, one feels how, under the law, his heart had sighed for the fulfilment of the law, and one perceives that what he has found in Christ is a word of love, engrafted by the Spirit in the heart, which has power to regenerate the soul!† "The law of liberty," "the royal law,"‡ these are the noblest terms he can apply to the Gospel. A law of liberty is a law fulfilled without constraint, for the very love of it, and in a perfect fellowship of will with the Will which imposes it—a law like that by which we spontaneously reject a rotten fruit, and choose one which is fresh, pure, and perfect. The expression "the royal law" is applied especially to the command to love one another. It is generally understood to mean that this commandment reigns supreme over all others. But does it not include the idea that he who keeps it becomes himself a king; that he who has love in his heart holds in his hand the sceptre of the world? This love James had received from Jesus. This is what he calls having the word "engrafted" in one.

There is another word which he uses to designate the condition of the soul which has been animated by the breath of the Gospel, the

* John xvii. 10. † James i. 21. ‡ James ii. 8, 12.

word "wisdom."* The Jews already used this term to denote the inward illumination of a soul enlightened by the divine revelation; they applied it also to the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, which they regarded as emanations of this light. The most famous of their religious books composed in the interval between the Old Testament and the New were also known as books of "Wisdom."† To James, "wisdom" also still represents the law, but the law as the inward guide of life. The law, taking possession of the human will, becomes work; identifying itself with the human intellect, it becomes wisdom.

To us, this mode of regarding the relation between the gospel and the law, seems surprising. Trained, most of us, in the school of Paul, and on the model of the Epistle to the Romans, we are amazed to find in this conception of James no trace of that opposition between grace and works, between faith and the law, with which the writings of Paul everywhere abound. Some persons may perhaps be startled at what we are about to say, but we are nevertheless bound to say it. There was, amongst the Jews themselves, a way of regarding the law which contrasted it with the Divine grace; this was the Pharisaic conception of the law, in which Paul had been brought up. From this point of view, the commandment was seen as a task ordained, by the accomplishment of which man was to earn the reward of salvation and celestial glory. It was, therefore, natural that the doctrine of salvation by grace should come into violent collision with the views of Saul of Tarsus, and seem to him a stumbling-block and an offence. He must still go about to establish his own righteousness, until, by the light of the law itself, he should see it crumble in hopeless ruin at the feet of the Thrice Holy. But there was also, among the Jews themselves, a very different way of regarding the law, by virtue of which the gospel of grace was not the contrast but the fulfilment of the legal covenant. This was the conception of the psalmists when they cried, "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. . . . . More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."‡ "I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold."§ "The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul."|| "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."¶ "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free spirit."** This state of mind, characteristic of the truly humble Israelite, has nothing in common with that of the Pharisee. He makes no pretence of accomplishing the law in his own strength in order to claim the merit of its accom-

* James iii. 17.
† "The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach." "The Wisdom of Solomon."
‡ Ps. xix. 8, 10. § Ps. cxix. 127. || Ps. xix. 7. ¶ Ps. xxiii. 2.
** Ps. li. 12.

plishment. Recognizing in the law itself a gift of Jehovah's grace, he does not presume to receive it but in His fellowship and by His aid. If there be a salvation which he yet awaits, he expects it in the shape of a deeper and more perfect law and a still more potent grace.* Thus regarded, the law was indeed a way of life, and in this character it had been solemnly represented by Moses: "Ye shall therefore keep my statutes and my judgments; which if a man do, he shall live in them."† For the law, thus understood, includes not only commandments, but promises and sacrifices; and thus answers at all points to the needs of the contrite soul seeking to be at peace with Jehovah.

Clearly, then, this state was in no way opposed to the gospel grace; it led directly towards it. The gospel was but another step along the same line. Something was yet wanting to the heart of the most faithful Israelite—that fulness of reconciliation which could only grow out of faith in a perfect sacrifice, and the possession of that filial spirit which the sending of God's Son could alone prepare, and which the reconciled heart could by His death alone receive. See how these humble believers, with their feet already in the way of salvation, still sighed and panted for the salvation of God! These were the Lord's hidden ones, known to him alone; the New Testament calls them "those who were waiting for the consolation of Israel." To such as these the law was not the antithesis of grace; it was a grace not yet made perfect.

It was in this fashion that James the brother of Jesus had known the law. Far from being to him, as to St. Paul, a ministration of condemnation and of death,‡ the commandment, received and acted upon in the fellowship of Jehovah himself, had been his introduction to the double grace of justification and of life. This is what we find in his epistle. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting here the words of Professor Ritschl:—

"James, having never used the law as a means of establishing his own righteousness, according to the Pharisaic view, had never felt the gospel as a deliverance from the legal yoke, but rather as a deeper union between the moral law and his personal life, presenting itself under the form of Wisdom. Like the Psalmist, he had found in the law the strength of his moral life; and the gospel only made it more and more a second nature."

Paul, himself, recognized this mode of development as a distant ideal when he spoke of "the commandment which was ordained unto life."§

By thus picturing to ourselves the religious history of James, we come to understand the conflicting impressions made upon him by the life of Jesus, his brother. The personal sanctity of that life, drawn from habitual communion with God, no doubt attracted and

* Jer. xxxi. 31-34. † Lev. xviii. 5. ‡ 2 Cor. iii. 6, 9.
§ Rom. vii. 10.

satisfied him. But those exorbitant pretensions, that arrogation of the title of one sent from God to fulfil the prophecies and bring in the Kingdom of Heaven, must have seemed to him signs of overweening self-exaltation, and even of madness. The Gospels bear witness of this. In the third chapter of Mark, the brothers of Jesus go out to lay hold on Him, because people say that He is beside Himself. In the seventh of John: "His brethren, therefore, said unto Him: 'Depart hence and go into Judæa. . . . . For there is no man that doeth anything in secret, and He himself seeketh to be known openly. If Thou do these things, show Thyself to the world." That is, "appear at once at Jerusalem." The words convey no absolute rejection of His claims; they knew not what to think. Weary of suspense, they pressed for a decision. This is the meaning of the Evangelist when he adds: "For neither did His brethren believe in Him."* And, indeed, the decision was not long delayed. For a brief moment the death of Jesus seemed to have annihilated His cause for ever; His resurrection announced its eternal triumph. It was then that James surrendered. An appearance of the risen Jesus† revealed his brother to him as "the Lord of glory."‡ From that time forward the sacred teaching he had heard, the sacred life he had witnessed, the sacred Person he had known and loved, dominated his heart and soul. That divine law which had always been his delight was henceforth personified to him in this glorified brother. In loving Christ, he loved the law; in loving the law, he loved Christ. The idea of the expiatory sacrifice of the Cross was not indispensable to his heart, because for him the daily sacrifices of the older covenant subsisted, and were still what they had always been; the work and the sufferings of Jesus mingled with them in his thought. But the example of Jesus, His love, His patience, His gentleness, and His instructions, such as the Sermon on the Mount, of which the whole Epistle of James, from one end to the other, is a faithful echo, were made to him henceforth, by the Holy Spirit, wisdom and sanctification. It was thus that he came to be recognized by the Apostles as the leader providentially designed for the churches of Palestine, and indeed of all the Judæo-Christian churches, to which he addressed the pastoral letter included in the canon of the New Testament. The writer of that epistle bore amongst the Jews themselves the name of "The Just;" and also that of "Obliam," an Aramæan word, signifying "Wall of the People."§ It was felt that this just man, lifting up holy hands perpetually towards heaven, was a wall of defence to Israel against the wrath of God and the hostility of the Gentiles. Struck down by the blow of an axe, and stoned to death

* John vii. 5. † 1 Cor. xv. 7. ‡ James ii. 1.

§ From the account of Hegesippus in the second century, according to the Jerusalem tradition.

by a few fanatics, he died saying: "I pray Thee, Lord God the Father, forgive Thou them." His memory lived long in Jerusalem, and his episcopal chair was still shown there for several centuries after his death.

As James is the transition from Judaism to Christianity along the line of the law, so Peter is the transition from Judaism to Christianity along the line of the prophets. "Think not," said Jesus, "that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." James has shown us Christ fulfilling the law; Peter shows us Christ realizing the prophecies. His epistle plainly shows that the guiding star of his life and ministry was the hope of glory—that glorious reign foretold by the prophets which was to be in the last days, and which the coming of Messiah was destined to realize—a salvation, he says, concerning which the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, "searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow."* "Rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."† It is this hope of glory which sustains him under the toils of his ministry. "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed."‡ This abundant hope with which his heart is welling over, all through the epistle, springs mainly from that great event which, after the darkest night, had risen on his heart as the day-star of an eternal day. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope *by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,* to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."§ The allusion in the last words is to that once "promised land" of Canaan, the earthly heritage of Israel, which they had not ceased to profane with their crimes, which they had polluted by shedding the blood of the Son of God, and which was soon to be taken from them. Not thus shall it be with the imperishable inheritance assured to the Church beyond the reach of sin or the touch of time, whose beauty shall be as a fadeless flower. Here we already see how, to the mind of this apostle, the facts of the older covenant had been transformed into symbols of the new. The new economy is just the old transfigured. The Christian Church inherits the splendid titles bestowed on the chosen people: "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a purchased people."‖

* 1 Pet. i. 10, 11. † 1 Pet. iv. 13. ‡ 1 Pet. v. 1. § 1 Pet. i. 3, 4.
‖ 1 Pet. ii. 9, *margin.* Conf. Ex. xix. 5, 6; Deut. vii. 6.

To the Church, dispersed throughout the Roman Empire, he applies the names formerly given to the tribes of Israel, dispersed after the Babylonian captivity among all the countries of the East and throughout the whole world: "To the elect, who are sojourners of the dispersion."* The Church has her metropolis in the heavenly Jerusalem, as the scattered tribes had theirs in the earthly Zion; and her members are here below as strangers and sojourners, as every Jew felt himself to be so long as he lived beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Since the Kingdom of God, in the hope of possessing which Peter had at first attached himself to Jesus, had been by the resurrection and ascension of Christ transported into the celestial sphere, the apostle's whole theocratic system had been transformed along with it, and had taken a superterrestrial range. Thus, for the lamb set apart by every Israelite householder on the 10th of Nisan, and sacrificed on the 14th, was substituted henceforth in his thoughts the "Lamb without blemish and without spot, who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world."†

The teaching of James was principally drawn from the moral part of the discourses of Jesus, and particularly from the Sermon on the Mount, from which we have as many as ten quotations in one short letter. The instincts of Peter led him rather to dwell on those great foreshadowings of the end of the world, such as the discourse recorded at the end of the three Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, which set before us the return of the Son of Man in His glory and the final establishment of His kingdom. Thus, in that Gospel in which James found the consummation of the law, Peter perceived the accomplishment of the prophecies.‡

We must call attention to yet another element which strikes us in the writings of Peter as compared with those of James—namely, his vivid recollections of the earthly ministry of Jesus, and especially of His sufferings in life and in death. When we contemplate the picture he sets before us of the unalterable meekness of Jesus amidst the outrages which were heaped upon Him, of the trustful submission with which He "committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously," of His infinite pity in "bearing our sins in His own body on the tree,"§ it is impossible not to be reminded that he is, as he describes himself, "*a witness* of the sufferings of Christ."‖ Of these sufferings he realizes the value, not only as giving us an example, but as obtaining for us the pardon of our sins. This aspect of the work of Christ, so conspicuously absent from the writings of James, Peter brings into striking prominence. The first privilege of the elect is to participate in "the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus

* 1 Pet. i. 1. *Revised Version.*
† 1 Pet. i. 19, 20. ‡ 1 Pet. i. 10, 12. § 1 Pet. ii. 22-25.
‖ 1 Pet. v. 1.

Christ."* The words which he had heard from the lips of Jesus at the Last Supper had taken deep hold on his heart: "This is my blood . . . . which is shed for the remission of sins." By virtue of this element in his teaching, Peter takes an intermediate place between James and Paul from a dogmatic as well as from an historical point of view. For it is in the expiatory death of Christ that Paul finds the centre of gravity of the Gospel.

* 1 Pet. i. 1.

F. GODET.

TWO POEMS.

LEAD thou me, Spirit of the World, and I
Will follow where thou leadest, willingly;
Not with the careless sceptic's idle mood,
Nor blindly seeking some unreal good;

For I have come, long since, to that full day
Whose morning clouds have curled in mist away—
That breathless afternoon-tide when the Sun
Halts, as it were, before his journey done;

Calm as a river broadening through the plain,
Which never plunges down the rocks again,
But, clearly mirrored in its tranquil deep,
Holds tower and spire and forest as in sleep.

Old and yet new the metaphor appears,
Old as the tale of passing hopes and fears,
New as the springtide air, which day by day
Breathes on young lives, and speeds them on their way.

This knew the Roman, and the Hellene too;
Assyrian and Egyptian proved it true;
Who found, for youth's young glory and its glow,
Serener life and calmer tides run slow.

And these oblivion takes, and those before,
Whose very name and race we know no more,
To whom, O Spirit of the World and Man,
Thou didst reveal Thyself when Time began.

They felt, as I, what none may understand;
They touched through darkness on a hidden hand;
They marked their hopes, their faiths, their longings fade,
And found a solitude themselves had made.

They came, as I, to hope which conquers doubt,
Though sun and moon and every star go out;
They ceased, while at their side a still voice said,
"Fear not, have courage; blessed are the dead."

They were my brothers—of one blood with me,
As with the unborn myriads who shall be:
I am content to rise and fall as they;
I watch the rising of the Perfect Day.

Lead thou me, Spirit, willing and content
To be as thou wouldst have me, wholly spent.
I am thine own, I neither strive nor cry:
Stretch forth thy hand, I follow, silently.

If any tender sire,
Who sits girt round by loving faces,
And happy childhood's thousand graces,
Through sudden crash or fire
Should 'scape from this poor life to some mysterious air,
And, dwelling solitary there,
Should feel his yearning father's heart
Thrill with some secret pang and smart;
And, longing for the dear lost lives again,
Should through his overmastering pain
Break through the awful bounds the Eternal sets between
That which lives Here, and There, the Seen and the Unseen;

And having gained once more
Our little Earth should find the scarce-left place
Which greets him with unchanged familiar face—
The well-remembered door,
The rose he gathered blooming yet,
Nought to remember or forget,
No change in all the world except in him,
Nor there save in some sense, already dim
Before the unchanged past, so that he seem
A mortal spirit still, and what was since, a dream;

And in the well-known room
Beholds the blithe remembered faces
Grown sad and blurred by recent traces
Of a new sorrow and gloom,
And when his soul to comfort them is fain
Finds his voice mute, his form unknown, unseen,
And thinks with irrepressible pain
Of all the happy days which late have been,
And feels his being's deep abysses stirred,
If only of his own he might be seen or heard;

Then if, at length,
The father's yearning and o'erburdened soul
Bursts into shape and voice which scorn control
Of its despairing strength,—
Ah Heaven! ah pity for the new-born dread
Which rising strikes the old affection dead!
Ah, better were it far than this thing to remain,
Voiceless, unseen, unloved, for ever and in pain!

So when a finer mind,
Knowing its old self swept by some weird change
And the old thought deceased, or else grown strange,
Turns to those left behind,
With passionate stress and mighty yearning stirred,—
It strives to stand revealed in shape and word
In vain; or by strong travail visible grown,
Finds but a world estranged, and lives and dies alone!

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE ETHICS OF BIOGRAPHY.

THE art of biography is one of the oldest in the world—if not the first, at least a very early form of literary composition. If before Homer and Moses there burst forth into lyrical lament the overburdened soul of the early homicide who "slew a man to his wounding and a young man to his hurt," making, before law began, the discovery that the criminal is always the most miserable of all the sons of Adam—his is, perhaps, the only human utterance which has preceded story-telling: and primitive story-telling is always a kind of biography. The ancient history of the Old Testament is entirely of this description. It concerns itself less even with law-giving, though the first theory of a constitution is involved in it, than with the records of the life of one man after another—Moses, Joshua, David, the leading spirits of their generations. The art of the minstrel takes a somewhat different development, and selects the dramatic incidents which count most in a man's career, but still follows Ulysses through all his wandering course, and leads the reader back through intervening centuries to the footprints of an individual man across an undeveloped world. It is the same in the sacred books of all religions, which are secondarily the storehouse of thought, of moral injunction and teaching, but primarily the records of the life of Brahma, Buddha, Mahomet. And of all religions, that which to us is the one entirely divine, the greatest and purest inspiration of heaven, what does our Gospel mean but the biography of Christ, the most perfect of lives and portraitures, so transcending all others that either the fishermen of Galilee must have been men of a divine genius, before which neither Plato nor Shakespeare could lift their heads, or He whom in their simplicity they knew, such a Man as never man before or after was. These are all biographical

works upon which the faiths of the world are founded. And so are those legends of the saints in all ages, to which the affectionate imagination of the simple have lent a thousand embellishing touches beyond the simplicity of Nature, and adorned with garlands of miracles, but which hold every one a living soul of humanity, a human life commending itself to the admiration, the instruction, the following of men.

These are perhaps rather too magnificent examples to be brought down to the experiences of an age which scarcely permits a man to be cold in his grave before it turns forth from his old drawers and wardrobes such relics of his living personality as he may have left there, and displays his vacant clothes, with any twist that attitude or habit may have lent to them, as characteristic of his soul. And yet as the rules that Titian worked by, must still direct the modern art of portraiture, even though descended into the hands of Dick Tinto—and our object is not to gather specimens from present performance, but rather to elucidate the laws by which the workmen in this art of moral portrait-painting ought to be guided—it is scarcely possible to go too high for our examples. The saints and heroes, however, if we believe what is now told us on every side, were neither heroic nor saintly to their valets, and it might have been, for anything we can tell, quite possible to deprive us of every noble name that now gives lustre to humanity, and to leave the past as naked of all veneration or respect as is the present. That fine St. George, who has given an emblem of spotless valour and conquest over the impure image of fleshly lust and cruelty to two great nations—he who tilts against his dragon with such concentrated grave enthusiasm in that little chapel on the Venice canal, which Mr. Ruskin has made one of the shrines to which we all go on pilgrimages—turns out, they say, to have been an army contractor, furnishing the shoddy of his time to the commissariat; and a great deal the better we all are for that exquisite discovery. And St. Francis was a dirty, little half-witted fanatic, and Oliver Cromwell a vulgar impostor with a big wart, and Luther a fat priest, who wanted to marry. How many more could we add to the list? till at the end nobody would be left towards whom we could look with any sentiment more reverent than that which we feel for our greengrocer. That this is not the true sentiment of humanity, nor in accord with any law of natural right and wrong, must be evident to the most cursory observer, and it is worth while, perhaps, to make an attempt to discover what are the tenets on this subject which ought to guide the artist, and which commend themselves to the impartial sense of mankind in general. Though there is a great deal of unconfessed cynicism in the common mind as respects matters within its practical range and immediate vicinity, there is something underlying

this of a nobler strain, which does not permit even the man who doubts his neighbour's motives, and thinks the worst of his actions, to refuse a higher justice to those who stand apart on the vantage-ground of age or distance. Man is more just, more charitable than men; and an appeal from the individual to the general is a privilege which we all seek instinctively, and in which, in the majority of cases, our instinct is justified.

In this investigation we are met at once by a rule universally respected and very generally acquiesced in—the first and broadest expression of natural feeling towards our contemporaries who are dead, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Nothing can be more entirely justified by the instincts of human nature than this. In the hush of the death-chamber, by the edge of the grave, there is even a sort of benevolent fiction which comes naturally to our lips and to our thoughts, so that not only do we say nothing that is not good of the dead, but we go further, and during that moment in which judgment is suspended, do actually take the most charitable view of him, and find explanations for what is doubtful in his conduct, which would not satisfy us either before or after. Thus the French custom of a speech over a man's grave becomes necessarily, instinctively, an *éloge.* That it should be anything else would outrage every feeling of humanity. If we cannot praise we are silent, by a law of Nature more strong than any written law, and shrink as from a blow if any unnatural voice is raised in disapproval. This, however, is not a rule which can be applied in any case to biography. The sentiment of the death-chamber is one thing, the judgment of history another. When we speak of the dead we mean our own contemporaries, those who have gone along with us through the conflicts, and probably competed with us in the rivalries, of life. The personages of previous generations are not in this sense the dead at all. They have passed through that period of softened regard, and are now beyond all such temporary courtesies, permanent figures upon the clear horizon of the past. It is one of the mysterious qualities of human nature that, though we all share the natural awe of that extraordinary and unfathomed wonder of death to which we are in our turn universally subject, yet an instinctive appreciation of the effects of it as temporary is equally universal. A man who has been dead twenty days is enveloped in a mystery and solemnity which the most heartless will not disturb. We speak of him with subdued voice, and recognize his right to the utmost stretch of tenderness of which charity is capable, and say nothing of him if not good. But he who has been dead twenty years, has, as it were, emerged from death altogether. He has been, and to our senses is, no longer; but the mystery and awe have departed, and he is restored to the cheerful atmosphere of common day, though of a day that is past. It is probable that we

know him better than in his lifetime, when he brushed shoulders with us, and we found him now in one mood, now another, but could not, so near were we, ever get him in perspective, or divine what he was thinking about, even while he walked with us by the common way. We saw the best of him, or we saw the worst of him, but we never saw all of him. By degrees, however, he emerges out of that close vicinity and neighbourhood, and rises greater, smaller, as it may be, but at last complete in the perfection of an atmosphere which no new events can disturb. To say nothing, if not what is good, of a man in this monumental position, would be a foolishness beyond even the foolishness of human kind. Biography would in that case become a senseless series of *éloges*, in which all character and individuality would be lost; for praise is the dullest of all expressions of feeling, just as a round of unbroken happiness is dull, and there is little or nothing to say about those who do well all their lives and neither offend nor suffer. Thus it is at once false in art and in Nature to apply this proverb beyond the immediate period of the conclusion, when all hearts are soft, and every man who is not a monster receives from his race a natural tribute of sympathy at least, if not of regret.

That it continues, however, largely to influence the minds of those to whom it falls to write the records of men's lives, is due to various very simple causes. When this is done by a wife or a child, natural affection and family pride unite to make such a result almost inevitable. They know more about their subject, and they know less, than any stranger. It is a rare gift, indeed, to be able to fathom the characters of those most dear to us, and we doubt much whether it is a very desirable one. They are to us not men and women in the first place, but father and mother, husband or brother, a portion of ourselves. To judge their actions at any crisis of their lives is as difficult as to judge our own, and disturbed by the same perception of all the trifling motives that come in to interfere with the influence of the greater, which confuses us in our own case; and to judge unfavourably would be an act of natural impiety which would outrage the reader as well as the reverence due to the closest ties of humanity. Impartiality is not to be looked for, scarcely to be desired, in such a case; and it would be a greater harm to mankind if a son, much less a wife or daughter, were capable of setting forth the darker shades in the character of the father, than the proportionate gain of a complete and well-balanced picture could be to the world. Such is by far the larger class of biographies; they are written in the shadow of the great event, which has separated from the writer the man from whom, perhaps, he derives consequence, the most notable person of the family, the most beloved friend. He does not attempt to criticize or judge, he

records; and as all things small and great are important to his affectionate recollection, he crowds the annals with detail and explanation, or accumulates every scrap of writing which fell from that pen, and every word, however trifling, which dropped from those lips, in fond unnecessary fulness, though skimming lightly over every dubious point, and leaving us without guidance or enlightenment where elucidation is most required. And while we regret we can scarcely censure such a principle; it is not the part of a son to set forth his father's faults, still less that of a wife to unfold the imperfections which, perhaps, she is all the more jealous of revealing because fully conscious of them, and perhaps, more happy, has never discovered. It is not from such witnesses that we can expect the uncoloured chronicle of absolute truth.

Something of the same kind must be said, though with at once less excuse and a better reason, for the disciple-biographer whose enthusiasm for his subject is of a different kind, yet for whom we feel a sympathy almost more strong than that with which we regard the family exposition of a great name. He whom the character and work of another so captivates, that he is ready to be his champion and defender in all the conflicts that may rise around him, and defy the world on behalf of his hero, conciliates our regard for himself in affording us proof of so generous a devotion, and for his subject by making it apparent that one man at least cordially believes in him. The disciple's defence is usually even warmer than the son's; for he is better aware what are the objections, and knows that he cannot be permitted to ignore them, and with the instinct of adoration establishes his strongest bastions where the natural defences are most weak. He who formulated Hero Worship as one of the creeds, adopted this system to its fullest extent, and never is more hot and fiery for his gruesome hero, than at points upon which other writers, less thorough, would give up Frederick. The enthusiast-biographer gives nothing up. If he makes a demi-god of his subject when right, he deifies him altogether when wrong, and forces his errors upon the world as virtues too dazzling to be understood, with a determination which no evidence can shake. Not only does he say nothing if not good, but he turns with the adroitest partizanship the evil itself into a heroic adaptation of the instruments of evil to a good purpose, and will rather affront the world to its face with high scorn, as unworthy to hear of and incapable of understanding a character so elevated, than allow that there is a speck on the sun of his idolatry. Such passionate interest and appreciation carry us away; the warmth, the generosity, the devotion, give of themselves a certain greatness to the subject. We cannot believe of him that he could be put on such a platform without some natural worthiness, some real claim upon our admiration. Neither Cromwell nor Frederick were heroes

congenial to the ordinary mind; even those who maintained most strongly the historical greatness of the Lord Protector, were willing to admit that sentiment and romance were on the other side, and that his great figure was not one to charm or attract though it might overawe. And Frederick, called the Great, was a still less likely object of popular admiration. Yet we were all dragged at the chariot wheels of these conquerors, making protests, perhaps, that were scarcely audible in the roar of the royal progress, and, to our astonishment, were compelled to approve of everything so long as the spell lasted, and found that even Drogheda and Wexford, even Silesia, instead of crimes upon which charity itself could do nothing but drop a veil, were but additional glories on the hero's crest, deeds for which our approval, our applause, were challenged, as a sort of test of our own capability of judging. There is something grand in the impetus of such enthusiasm as this. It takes away the reader's breath; it casts dull justice into the shade, as a sort of humdrum and unheroic quality, judging by line and measure, incapable of the greater inspirations of a heroic code. The result may not indeed be permanent, but it is overwhelming while it lasts.

It might afford a cynic amusement to consider upon whom the great contemporary example of an opposite class of biography has been exercised. The enthusiast-biographer passes away, and his system with him. It is not a true system; but there is a large and generous warmth in it which appeals to the universal heart, and, for the moment at least, subjugates the judgment. The opposite plan has no such sympathetic emotion to appeal to; but it has other sentiments less noble on its side. This paradoxical human race, which cannot refuse its admiration, its applause, its adhesion of sentiment, to any generous champion, and whose universal breast thrills at the warm touch of a genuine enthusiasm, is also, and almost at the same moment, pleased to be informed that all goodness is a pretence and all enthusiasms hollow, that the idols are clay and the heroes contemptible. We do not attempt to explain how it is that the two are compatible, nor are we at all concerned for the consistency of mankind. Enthusiasm of the highest and cynicism of the lowest description exist, we are aware, in the same circle, even sometimes in the same mind; and the man who one day puts all his breath into one lusty cheer for the good and true, and acknowledges, with the eloquence of suppressed tears and a voice quivering with sympathy, any noble appeal to his emotions, will send forth peals of laughter the next on the discovery that the hero is a humbug and that he has been cheated out of his sympathy. Perhaps the pleasure there is in finding out that, after all, no one is so much elevated above the ordinary level as the idealist would have us believe, is a more widely-spread sentiment than any other. Even

those who are ashamed of so unworthy a feeling are moved by it
We are so conscious of a lower strain ourselves, so well aware tha
the higher mood is temporary in us, and that even from the height o
an occasional elevation we drop into selfishness and stupidity, by
some dismal law of gravitation which we have little power and
perhaps less will to resist, that it consoles us to find others no bette
than ourselves. It is from this sentiment, no doubt, that all th
developments of scandal-mongering take their origin: we do not say
of gossip, which is not necessarily scandal, and may have a kinde
source in the inalienable human interest in everything that illustrate
our common life. The cynic principle, as applied to biography, is
however, to the credit of human nature, of far more rarity than tha
of the enthusiast. Perhaps this fact gives it, when it appears, th
greater power. But there is a difficulty at the very outset in ex-
plaining what motive a writer can have in choosing as his subject a
character of which his moral estimate is very low. Friends there are
no doubt, who love without approving ; and it cannot be questioned
that the prodigal in a family, the black sheep in a group of com-
panions, is very often the individual whom the others regard with
the greatest tenderness. But in most cases their faults are those of
youth ; they produce almost invariably tragic consequences, and they
are often compatible with qualities so genial and lovable that th
judgment refuses to condemn, and the heart clings to the victims of
their own folly, those who themselves are the greatest sufferers by
their imperfections. Save in such instances as these, however, it is
difficult to understand why a biographer, himself a man of intellect
and character, should voluntarily seek the society living, or devote
himself to the elucidation of the life when ended, of a warped and
gloomy soul, whose temper is odious to him, and whose defects he
sees in the clearest light. The meaning of the enthusiast's work is
simple, but not that of the detractor. We ask ourselves, What is
its motive? Is it a cynic's gratification in proving that to be the
"wisest, meanest" of mankind is possible to more than one historical
personage, and that no one can be more petty and miserable than
he who is most great? Is it a pleasure in associating moral de-
formity with genius, and showing, in one who has strongly demanded
veracity as a condition of life, a character ignoble and untrue?
These are questions somewhat apart from the question we set
out by asking, Whether a work executed in this spirit can
fulfil the true objects of biography? But they are inevitable
questions. Impartially, the cynical record is no more biography,
in any true sense of the word, than is the enthusiast's ; but it is
almost impossible to be impartial in such a discussion, and we must
add that, according to all our capabilities of judging, it is less so.
For the enthusiast by turns justifies himself by discovering the latent

nobleness of a man whose motives have been misconstrued, and at all times is likely to serve the ends of justice better by thinking the best, than he can ever do who thinks the worst. For it is more often in performance than in intention that men go astray. Save in the very worst cases there is a certain ideal, a shaping of better things in the mind, which love divines, but which hate, dulling the finest insight, is unconscious of. We all set out with a better intention than our performance comes up to, and our defender is at all times more nearly right than our detractor.

Neither of the two, however, attain the true objects of biography, which are twofold—for the individual and for the world. In both cases the biographer holds an office of high trust and responsibility. In all likelihood, if he is at all equal to his subject, permanent public opinion will be fixed, or at all events largely influenced, by the image he sets before it. It will be his to determine how far the man of whom he writes carried out his own creed, and was worthy of his greatness, or departed from the ideal which he set up for others, yet was indifferent to in his own person. A mere record of facts will not satisfy either the reader or the conditions under which such a writer ought to work. He is expected to enable us to surmount or to correct such momentary impressions as we may have taken up from chance encounter with his subject, and to give guidance and substance to such divinations of character or life as we may have gleaned from the public occurrences in which he was involved, or the works he has left behind. While we stand without, eager to gain a glimpse through an opened door or window of the object of our interest, he is within, in the very sanctuary, free to examine everything; and he is consequently bound to spare no pains in eliciting that truth which is something more and greater than fact, which it is possible even may be almost contradictory in its development, and which is of far greater permanent importance than any mere occurrence. In every portrait the due value of differing surfaces and textures must be taken into account, and we must be made to perceive which is mere drapery and apparel, and which the structure of the individual beneath. If this is true of the pictured history which represents but one movement and one pose, it is much more true of the whole course and progress of a life, which it is the office of the literary workman to set forth, not according to momentary and easily recognized tricks of manner, but according to the real scope and meaning which pervade and inspire it. That which is accidental, and due to the force of circumstances, is thus on a different *plan* from that which is fundamental. The most patient may be subject to a burst of passion, which, seen unconnected with the rest of his life, would give a general impression of it, in reality quite false, though momentarily true. Thus Moses, the meekest of

men, might possibly be known to the carping Jew by the one act of scornful impatience which marred his public life, rather than by all the long-suffering with which he endured the continual vagaries of his stiff-necked people. Nor is it less easy to disentangle the character from the little web of petty susceptibilities which often, to the cursory observer, throw a mist over the most generous and noble spirit. The biographer must be in no respect cursory. It is his business to preserve us from being deceived by appearances, and still more to guard himself from superficial impressions. And if he is unfortunately compelled, by evidence which he cannot resist, to form an unexpectedly unfavourable judgment, it is the merest commonplace of honourable feeling to say that the most scrupulous care must be taken in testing that evidence, and that anything that is mere opinion must be discarded and left entirely out of the question.

Towards the world his duties are scarcely less important. To give an erroneous impression of any man, living or dead, to the mind of his country and generation, is the greatest of social sins. But the living may outlive every misrepresentation; and the most unpardonable offender in this respect is the man who persuades a whole community into injustice towards the dead. Without even going so far as this, a biographer has to discriminate between the legitimate and noble interest which mankind takes in every man sufficiently distinct in character or genius as to have identified himself from the crowd, and that prying curiosity which loves to investigate circumstances, and thrust itself into the sanctuaries of individual feeling. The question of how far the world should be allowed to penetrate into those sanctuaries, and to invade the privacy which every soul has a right to guard for itself, is one in which the delicacy of his perceptions and that good taste of the heart, which no artificial standard can supply, will be severely tested.

There is a kind of heroic candour and impartiality belonging to the early ages of history which cannot well be emulated in our more intricate condition of society. The biography of the Old Testament is a model of this primitive method. As soon as the primeval age, in which we see darkly men as trees walking, gigantic figures faintly perceptible, in a dim largeness of existence unlike ours, is over, how clearly and with what complete human consistence does the wonderful history of Israel, the wandering nation, begin in the great figure of Abraham setting out upon his journey in nomadic freedom, not knowing where he is going, his flocks and herds trudging behind, his beautiful wife wrapped in her veil, yet not so closely but that King Abimelech sees her; and the patriarch betrays a weakness, which, had he been a modern, would have been either concealed or excused, or brought against him, with a babble of contending tongues. Neither this divergence

nor any other does the ancient Scripture leave out. There is no explanation, no softening down. The man was the Father of the Faithful, a good man, the best man of his time, the friend of God, a most noble human personage; and yet there was a moment when his courage and integrity failed him. The primitive writer does not separate this event from the context, or apologize for it, or represent it as the object of a lifelong repentance. He records it precisely as he records the arrival of the three wonderful guests, whom Abraham, standing in the cool evening at his tent door, perceives to be more than men. The one scene and the other are set before us with equal brevity, without hesitation in the one case or vain-glory in the other, in the clear setting of those Oriental skies and desert scenes. The patriarch had his faults; they stand there as they happened, like his virtues, no one asking pardon or attempting to account for them. Moses, too, the great prophet, the chosen guide and lawgiver, he who talked with God, and brought the shining Tables of the Law out of heaven, and reflected in his own dazzling countenance the glories he had seen, neither of him is there any picture of perfection. Sometimes his heart fails him, sometimes he is presumptuous and arrogant, though the most patient of men. His sudden passion, his brag of that power which is not his but God's, are told like the rest, plainly, without shrinking and without exaggeration. David is made up of faults, a man out of date, belonging rather to the Middle Ages than to that primitive time, full of generosities and chivalrous traits, but also full of guile when necessity or inclination moves him, of hot and undisciplined passions, of love and self-indulgence, redeemed only by that openness to conviction, that self-abasement and impassioned penitence, which are "after God's own heart." Not one word of excuse for all these evil deeds says the primitive impartial record. His crime, his grief, his punishment, are all before us to speak for themselves. There is no moralist to say—"these were the manners of his time." All is set down as it happened, for our judgment. We see the man of impulse moved by a touch, with all his senses keen and unbridled; loving, sinning, repenting, yet with something gracious about him that wins all hearts; letting his enemy go with high generosity, scorning to take advantage of sleep and weariness; pouring out before the Lord, in an outburst of noble and grateful emotion, that pitcher of water from the well of Bethlehem, which had been bought at the peril of men's lives, and was too precious a draught for him. The story is absolutely impartial, nothing hid, nothing unduly dwelt upon, the one part balancing with the other. Such impartiality is incompatible with modern manners. Had such an episode as that of Uriah the Hittite occurred in the life of any modern general, how sedulously would one class of historians have concealed or slurred it over, how bitterly another dragged it forth

and put it in the front of every other incident of his life. It would have called forth a little literature of its own; the apologists discovering a hundred reasons why it should not be believed at all, or why it should be considered a just and generous way of dealing with a man who had deserved a worse fate; while the assailants made it the chief incident of his career, and dismissed all public services, all private qualities, as too insignificant to be noticed in comparison with such a crime. The Bible historian does neither; he tells us the tale, the temptation, the retribution, in brief but full detail—the beautiful wanton on the house-top, the doomed soldier in the front of the battle, the king, in all the flush of success, confronted by the stern prophet with his parable. Nothing could be more succinct yet more graphic. The historian will "nothing extenuate," neither will he "set down aught in malice." When the incident is over, he proceeds with perfect composure to the next, without prejudice or prepossession. Such a method is not practicable now-a-days. It was the more robust constitution of the antique mind which could go on again, calmly wiping away the past as if it had not been; but, though we cannot attain to the serenity of this state of mind, there are lessons in it by which we may profit. Who among us stands more evidently before the world than King David? All that is written of him, and all that he himself has written in illustration of the close yet picturesque narrative elsewhere afforded us, would go into a very small volume: yet there is nothing that is important left out. We have the picturesque incidents on which modern art reckons so much, and even, in some respects, an analytical study of his inner being; for when he stands and reasons with himself over Saul's slumbers in the cave, we assist at the processes of thought that go on in his rapid mind, and perceive how much natural piety and magnanimous impulse there is in the young adventurer, yet how truly his romantic generosity serves the best purposes of policy. But all is told without a reflection, without a moral. No doubt this has something to do with the perennial attractiveness of the Old Testament historians. They are never exhausted; for the reflection, the judgment, the analysis, and moral summary are all left to the reader, whose faculties are kept in full play by the very simplicity and primitive straightforwardness of the tale.

"Speak of me as I am," says Othello, "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." This is an epitome of the code which we have endeavoured to set forth. But the mode of the biographer of the period would, we fear, coincide but little with these instructions were he to set to work to write a biography of the Moor. Such a production could not be other than the work of a partisan. There have been many essays upon Othello, and many critics have endeavoured to explain and account for that extra-

ordinary conversion of the admiring and confiding husband, the dignified and courteous general, whose self-defence is such a model of noble candour and simplicity, into the wild and savage avenger of his supposed shame, the miserable man whose very soul is jaundiced by suspicion. It is a change which will always remain inexplicable; for Iago's arguments, however skilful, are not sufficient to produce such an effect, and but for the glamour of Shakespeare, we should dare to doubt whether such a transformation could have been. The poet does not condescend to argue, nor does he appear even to have foreseen the difficulty. But were Othello a man of to-day he would not leave his character, with so easy a mind, in the hands of his historian. The biographer would be nothing if not a partisan. He would enlarge upon Brabantio's bitter words, till there should not be a vestige left us of the spotless image of that gentle lady, married to the Moor, who has commanded all our hearts. Or, on the other hand, he would make such a picture of the swart savage, half-civilized and dangerous, in whom all tigerish impulses were but suspended, ready to leap into ferocious life, as the critic sometimes fancies in his bewilderment, but Shakespeare never drew. On one side or the other, the consciousness of the catastrophe would colour all his thoughts, and everything would be set down in malice, and strained to account for it. (For malice let us read a theory, for the biographer who destroys a reputation does not necessarily do so out of any evil intention.) And thus the fine problem which supreme genius leaves to us to settle in our own way, and which excites our interest and sympathies more than any other, the never failing mystery by which a group of the innocent and unsuspecting are caught in the meshes of fate, and driven into a tragic complication of crime and misery without any agency of their own—the favourite subject of tragedy—will be worked out into an endless discussion of motives and tendencies, and Othello no longer know himself under the host of imaginary details with which his story is extenuated or unkindly set down.

Such an exercise of the faculties may be harmless in the world of imagination, but it is disastrous when it is employed upon the facts of real life; and we must add that the biographer must use his imagination only as an adjunct to his sympathies, and as giving him the power of realizing the position of his hero, and putting himself in his place; and that he must violate no law of testimony, and call no unfair witnesses, such as are debarred by nature and the common sentiment of humanity. A barrister who has to defend a man's character before the tribunals of the law is not more bound to use legitimate means and approved testimony than the historian, to whom is absolutely committed the care of his reputation, the aspect with which he shall stand and encounter the

gaze of coming generations. Were the advocate to call the gossips of a fireside coterie, and bring forward the *disjecta membra* of a waste-paper basket, the judge would call him to order, the jury would make indignant protestations, the omnipotent solicitor banish him ever after from his confidence. But the biographer is all the more deeply responsible, since, in his case, there is no authoritative voice to check his proceedings; the great jury of the public is too vast, too irresponsible, too indifferent, to afford any serious opposition, and the publisher, concerned only for a great sale, is little likely to exercise any controlling influence over a writer who fulfils this first necessity. There remain only his brethren, so to speak, of the bar, the competitors of his own profession, to object or restrain, and their protests are but little effectual, being, as they are, without power or authority, and subject to imputations of rivalry and personal feeling. A successful writer is in this way the most unfettered of all men. The more unjustifiable his revelations are, the more are they likely to amuse and please the public; and he has this privilege besides, that no evidence brought against their justice afterwards can do more than excite a controversy, which the public, more amused than ever, take as a personal question, without in any great measure departing from the first impression which the first speaker has made. In a recent instance there has been a chorus of indignant voices raised against the biographer who has misused his advantages and traduced his subject. To what profit? The great audience, which is the ultimate judge, heard his story first, which was a story told with all the grace and effect of a practised writer; and it is in vain that our objections are made, in vain that the very material he has collected contradicts him at every turn. The general reader is not skilled in the laws of evidence. He accepts what is told him, as he has a right to do. The squabbles of the *cognoscenti* do not move him. If he examines at all it is into the claims of the first speaker to his faith. And who can contest those claims? They are indisputable. The closest of many friends, the most trusted of companions, the executor of his hero's last wishes, is there any one who can shake his position, or assert that he does not know? There is nobody; and the public is perfectly justified when it accepts the original witness, and lets the rest of us rave unheeded. Thus the position of the biographer carries with it a power which is almost unrestrained, the kind of power which it is doubly tyrannous to use like a giant. Not even the pulpit is so entirely master; for we all consider ourselves able to judge in respect to what the clergyman tells us; and we have his materials in our hands, by which to call him to account. If we must let him have his say at the moment, it is only for the moment, and we are always ready to hear all that is to be said on the other side; but the biographer has a far more assured place, and if he is not restrained by the strictest limits of

truth and honour, there is nothing else that can control him in heaven or earth.

To those who have stepped out beyond the ranks of their fellows it must thus become a terrible reflection, that they may one day be delivered over helpless into the hands of some one, who, with no power in the world to call him to account, will give what view he pleases of their life and career and all their most private relationships. He may be a man without that power of penetrating beneath the surface into the character of another, which is sympathy, imagination, genius, all in one. He may be one of those who understand only what is spoken, to whom everything has a rigid interpretation, who take *au pied de la lettre* utterances intended for anything rather than that matter-of-fact statement. He may be incapable of appreciating the special conditions of another's education or habits of living, and from his different point of view may find only in the familiar facts entrusted to him material for dishonouring a memory. This may well give a sting to death among those who cannot fail to be aware that their lives will have an interest to mankind.

Nothing, indeed, can be more touching, more pathetic, than the helplessness of the dead in such a case. It is easy to say that it will matter little to them. How can we tell that it matters little to them? A year, a month ago, it would not have mattered little what their country and society, their friends, known and unknown, the world, for which they lived and laboured, thought of them. Had they imagined that the end of this life should also make an end of those friendly thoughts and warm admirations that consoled their concluding days, and the tender respectfulness with which their name was spoken, could we imagine it possible that they should have regarded with indifference this sudden failure of their reputation? A man who is conscious of having left much behind him which the world will not willingly let die, and of leaving at the same time no duty unfulfilled, no sin to be discovered, no record which can leap to light and shame him, feels himself secure, at least in this, that he will not suffer at the hands of posterity. He may have been misconceived in life, but then he will be righted. Circumstances may have kept him in the background, or obscured his fame, but then there will be justice done. He may smile even, with a melancholy disdain, yet pleasure, to think that the generation to come will build the tomb of the prophet whom their fathers have slain; and who can doubt that if this conviction were taken away, it would take much from the comfort with which men prepare themselves for their exit from the familiar universe and entry into the unknown? He leaves his name to those that come after him with a confidence that is full of pathos. Let them say what they will, he can answer nothing; he cannot explain or defend himself out of his grave; they may kick

at the dead lion who will; he who could a little while ago have crushed them with a touch, must now bear everything without the power to ward off a single indignity. But rare indeed are the circumstances in which any alarm is felt on this score. The dying have full faith in the justice that will be done them when they are dead. They are delivered over into the hands of all that have a grievance against them, into the power of their enemies, if they have any; but they have no fear. And to the credit of humanity, be it said, this last touching faith in the goodwill of men is scarcely ever without justification. As a general rule, justice may be calculated upon over a grave.

The biographer alone can interrupt the operation of this rule of natural equity. He stands, in the first instance, in the place of posterity, for those who, with a touching confidence, thus await its decision. He has it in his power to guide the final deliverance, like that judge whose summing up so often decides the verdict. And hence there arises a weighty question in which we think much is involved. If a man, on the eve of so important an undertaking, finds that the idea he has formed of the person whose good name is in his hands is an unfavourable one, and that all he can do by telling the story of his life is to lessen or destroy that good name—not indeed by revealing any system of hypocrisy or concealed vice, which it might be to the benefit of public morals to expose, but by an exhibition of personal idiosyncrasies repulsive to the ordinary mind and contradictory of the veneration with which the world has hitherto regarded a man of genius—is it in such a case his duty to speak at all? Is the necessity of producing another book among many so imperative that the natural reluctance, which any honourable man must feel, to put forth accusations which can only be answered at second-hand, and which the person principally concerned is powerless to reply to, must be disregarded? There are cases of perverted intelligence in which the detractor does not perceive the moral bearing of the statements he has to make, and thus maligns his subject without being sensible of it, with a certain innocence of mind, perhaps even glorying in the shame he originates. But this can scarcely be the case, except in an obtuse understanding and uninstructed judgment. We can imagine that in such circumstances a high-minded man, alarmed by his own discoveries—which we must suppose to have been made after the death of his hero, since it is scarcely possible that any one should love and frequent, and identify himself with, a character of this description—would seek every means of getting rid of the ungracious task set before him; that he would, in the first place, anxiously consult every authority, and test and compare every piece of evidence, and try every method of dispelling the painful shadows which were gathering between him and the object of his trust; and that, finally, rather

than be the instrument of ruining a virtuous reputation, and betraying the secret weakness of a man whom the world held in honour, he would retire from the field altogether, and leave with a sad heart the work which he could only execute in this way to some less severe moralist, who might be able to throw upon it a gentler light. This is the view which we believe most good men would take of a position so painful. In private life most of us would rather not hear new facts disadvantageous to our friends who are dead, and would consider the publication of them a breach of every delicate sentiment. To bring a great man, who has lived in the common daylight without reproach during his life, to the bar of this world's opinion after his death, is in itself a painful act. The defendant is, in all cases, silenced by English law; but, at least, he has the privilege of communicating all the facts in his favour to his advocate, and furnishing explanations of his conduct for counsel's use. But the dead have no such safeguard; they have no longer any privacy; their very hearts, like their desks and private drawers and cabinets, can be ransacked for evidence to their disadvantage. Is it in any conceivable case a biographer's duty to do this? If the question, as one of literary and social morals, were submitted to any competent tribunal, or jury of his peers, the answer, we think, would be unanimous. Should something more powerful than any private sentiment demand the performance of so painful a duty; should there exist other and darker accusations that might be made were not these acknowledged and established, an argument which might perhaps have held in the case of Byron, for instance; should the scandal be so great that investigation was imperative—then with patience and care, waiting till the fumes of passion had died away, and every privilege of perspective had been attained, the work should be done. But if there were no such necessity, it is impossible that a man could be compelled to criminate his friend, or to soil an established reputation entrusted to his care. In this case his plain duty would be to refrain.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on the graver side of a subject which so many recent publications have brought forcibly under the consideration of all men, and specially of those of the literary profession. But there are also questions involved of less solemnity, which still should not be passed over in any discussion of the duties of a writer of biography. We remember being consulted upon one such work, in which a mass of original letters, in the very autograph of the subject of the memoir, were shovelled up entire into the printer's hands with an inconceivable disrespect, and all the superfluity inevitable in such indiscriminate publication. The writer in this case meant only to do his work with as little trouble as possible, and, as a matter of fact, contrived to make two large volumes thus out of a life with no events in it, which might have been treated advan-

tageously in a small octavo. Such has been the system adopted in another well-known instance, where the careless jottings of a diary have been swept up with hasty hands and thrust into the respectable text, affording a curious and comical reminder to the reader of a former popular conception of the hero, and certain well-known tendencies in his character, which the well-intentioned biographer would have been the last willingly to recall. Such unintentional betrayal arises however, no doubt, from a certain opacity of intellect, and is consequently not a fault so much as a mistake, which would be laughable if it were not so injurious. It is not a mistake, however, but an offence against social morals, which even an obtuse mind cannot make with impunity, that the foolishness thus imported into the record is calculated to wound many living persons besides discrediting the character of the diarist. To appeal to the higher morals in order to condemn such a breach of the simplest social code, seems a waste of force, since society ought to be able to enforce respect for its own rule. There is no more favourite imagination in romance than that of a Palace of Truth, an enchanted place, in which every man is compelled to express his opinion of his neighbours with a candour which at present is used only to third parties. But a book is a dangerous medium for such simple speaking. If the person with whom you are conversing suddenly tells you that you are an empty fool, and he has always thought you so, you have at least the consolation that it is said to you only, and not to all your friends and acquaintances. But there is something bewildering in the sensation, when, through the pages of a hasty biography, we suddenly hear a voice which has been used to talk to us in pleasanter tones, discoursing audibly to earth and heaven in this simple and candid fashion about us and our concerns. The startled victim feels for the first moment as if he were an eavesdropper, one of those proverbial listeners who never hear any good of themselves, and has to satisfy his conscience that this is not a dishonourable action of which he is being guilty before he realizes what it actually is—an action perhaps not very honourable, but without blame so far as he is concerned. It is at all times an odd experience to hear ourselves discussed; not those who are our best friends will do it in a way entirely pleasing to our consciousness. There is a something, a tone, a smile, perhaps even an excuse, when we feel no excuse to be necessary, which jars upon that absolute sense of property which we have in ourselves. And the effect is proportionally stronger when a famous person, on whose words we have often hung, suddenly, and with startling composure, begins at our very ear to publish to the world what our friends say of us. The sensation is still more startling than that with which we should receive the candid remarks of the Palace of Truth. There is

nothing in it of the gravity with which we would wish to receive the strictures of a Right Reverend Father in God, translated into a better sphere, who might indeed admonish us for our good with perfect propriety; but it is whimsically like the old notions which a gossiping world once entertained of that well-known personage, and which we had put away, with all untimely smiles and nicknames, when he became a portion of the past. We feel now that being past, he has no right to be so present; the position is ludicrously incongruous. And in the irritation of the sufferers, and the amusement of those who do not suffer, there is an element of irreverence, of disrespect, which annuls all the advantages of death. In this case the biographer has brought back a figure of which we had altogether forgotten the comic side, out of the natural deference and respectful gravity with which we were glad to contemplate him, into the atmosphere of *Punch,* and the familiarity of a most unreverential appellation.

Can nothing be done to prevent this system of desecration? The most bitter of pessimists would scarcely desire that all the softening tenderness which death brings with it should be thus rudely and ruthlessly disturbed. Half of the harm, no doubt, arises from the frantic haste which confounds all broader and larger views, and turns us from any attempts we may wish to make to gain a higher friendship with the spirit, into an enforced contemplation of those tricks of attitude and gesture, those twitches of nervous movement, and little vulgarities of personal peculiarity which do not, whatever may be said to the contrary, make the man. In a language in which there are noble examples of the art of biography, it is curious that we should find so general a callousness to the claims upon our respect, upon even the most ordinary consideration of what their wishes and feelings would have been, of persons so very recently separated from us. Perhaps it is still worse when what is done is in a pretended compliance with their desires, a compliance in the letter and utter contradiction in the spirit. The profound offence which this course of proceeding has given to all who had any personal knowledge of the victims, and almost all whose opinion is worth having on such a subject, makes a curious balance to the unthinking satisfaction of the common public in such revelations of domestic privacy as it could not have hoped for, the crystallized gossip which is always "so interesting" to the crowd. But when a writer chooses this cheap method of success it is perhaps hopeless to attempt to call him to a perception of any higher duty.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

SOCIAL WRECKAGE.

"*Social Wreckage: A Review of the Laws of England as they affect the Poor.*" By Francis Peek. London: William Isbister, Limited. 1883.

IT was a favourite statement of the late James Hinton that this famous nineteenth century, with its boasted enlightenment, its material prosperity, its vast scientific achievements, would, with the centuries immediately preceding it, be characterized by the historian of the future as the morally dark ages; that its standpoint and methods morally are the standpoint and methods of the dark ages intellectually. And is there not a real parallel? In the dark ages we find men centering their intellectual life about their own abstract ideas, their own theories, their own systems—the eye of the mind turned in upon itself, busy with barren logomachies and endless verbal subtleties of the schools; while this "mighty sum of things," the kosmic order to which man belongs, passed unobserved and unheeded. But the utter barrenness and confusion of our intellectual life forced men at length to recognize the great principles of inductive science: that not only some facts, but all facts, must be carefully regarded; that we must look at everything, not isolated, but in its relations; above all, that there must be no left-out elements; in one word, that there must be accuracy of regard, no bending of fact to fit theory, but theory generalized from fact;—those great principles which, once recognized, have enabled us to build up that glorious intellectual order in our life which we term modern science, with its ever-widening achievements.

But is not the standpoint of the moral life still to a great degree that of the dark ages? Is it not still individualistic, regarding only the narrow class of facts that belong to the individual, its eye turned in upon personal rights rather than outward upon duties, upon laws, springing from an observed order of human life, from a recognized social organism in which the individual is only the revolving atom?

Indeed, the sooner we remember that atom and individual are the same word, the better; in modern Greek the former word is used for person, and in your passports you are liable to be described as a well-conducted atom. Is not the ideal of the wealthy Englishman, for the most part, purely personal, to amass means, to raise himself above the necessity of working; this accomplished, to accumulate wealth to be spent in personal luxury, and the more he spends upon himself, or upon *l'égoisme à deux, à trois, à quatre,* which constitutes the British paterfamilias, the greater he counts his virtue; while the summit of his hopes is to found a family—in other words, to ensure like means of luxury and idleness to an endless succession of persons bearing his name;

> "And all to leave what with his tact he won
> To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son."

as Dryden scornfully puts it. And even with those who, as earnest Christian men and women have a higher ideal than this, does not their moral and religious life centre round certain abstract religious views, certain theological dogmas, rather than on the Incarnation, on God continuously manifest in the flesh, of which all history is the exponent, and on the recognition of a divine order, to which man as a spiritual being belongs, and to which human life must be assimilated, partly deductively from the great fundamental principles of religion and morality, and partly inductively from a careful observation of social phenomena. And may not the intolerable disorders of our moral life be working out a *reductio ad absurdum,* which will oblige us to correct the premisses on which our moral life is based, to get rid of the non-regard out of our moral life as we have had to get rid of it out of our intellectual life, the not-looking, not-seeing, not-caring, which springs as much from bad method as from bad heart, and which once made progress as impossible to our intellectual life as it does now to our moral life; to recognize that all facts must be regarded, even those that we have considered it a virtue, at least in women, to know nothing about; that the individual, the atom, exists for the social organism, and must live in vital relation with "the whole" as well as with "the beautiful and the good;" above all, that there must be no left-out elements in our social life, no outcast girls, no vagrant and destitute children, on pain of those left-out elements bringing confusion and disordered corruption into the whole organic structure of human society; to recognize, in one word, that as in the intellectual world nothing will do instead of truth, or the accurate response of our intellectual faculties to fact, so, in the moral world, nothing will do instead of love, or the rational response of our moral emotions to fact.

But as all the confusion and apparent intellectual barrenness of the dark ages was not really loss, as men through these apparently

barren subtleties and word-fencings of the schools were training their logical faculties, and gaining a mastery over the mental instruments to be used in the fruitful science of the future, so all the confusion and disorder that besets our moral life is no "waste expense of tears." We have been steadily working out one of the factors of Christianity, steadily evolving the individual, the more complex and highly differentiated organ which is to form the higher and richer social structure of the future. We have been steadily deepening and developing our moral sensibilities, steadily gaining through martyrs and confessors a sense of individual responsibility; steadily gaining alongside of the analytic tendencies of modern science, that spiritual vision of "this mighty sum of things" to which we give the name of that wholly modern product, the love of Nature—Nature, not as matter and force, but as a spiritual sight. And may we not believe that we are close upon a time when we shall no longer possess an individualistic and one-sided Christianity, but grasp its full teaching, that the individual organ only exists for the social body, and can only attain to its full development in performing its functions for the good of the whole. "Do not let us lose the individual now we have discovered him," exclaimed one of our deepest thinkers to one who was inveighing against the atomism of our social life. We shall not lose him. We shall recognize the enrichment and deepening of the individual, what in olden days was called "edifying," as an essential factor in attaining to a healthy and well-developed social body. But to all talk about the rights of property apart from its duties to the country at large, to rights of parents apart from the welfare of the community of which the children are to form part, to all rights of individuals beyond the large share of personal feeling which is necessary for the performance of duty, we shall say sternly:—

> "Thy rights? Go to, thou hast but one:
> To do thy duty, other none,
> Save some six feet of earth perchance to ask
> To hold the refuse of thy finished task."

It is impossible not to revert to some such train of thought as the foregoing, in reading the useful but saddening little book by Mr. Francis Peek, whose title I have attached to my article. Not that it tells anything new to one who has studied deeply the pages of that terrible book of modern life, with its gilded leaves, but its unutterably dark contents; it only focusses the scattered knowledge into alarmingly clear vision. Indeed, in reading it, it is difficult to resist the old nightmare feeling, that after all this little planet may be the small rotatory Vaudeville theatre of the universe, where we poor actors in life's scene are playing out a series of farces for the amusement of the angels, or more probably of darker and more

distant visitants. The admirably logical social life that religiously shuts all the museums and picture-galleries on "the Lord's Day," and opens all the gin-shops; that is never tired of iterating that the proper sphere of woman is home, and brings up its 20,000 female orphans in large pauper barracks, from which the last touch of home-life has disappeared; that goes to meetings and loudly preaches thrift to the people, and then gruffly whispers in their ear by guardians of the poor "Only be drunk and spendthrift enough, and we will house you and provide for your old age;" that goes to church and preaches that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and leaves the people to litter down like pigs at night—men and women, girls and boys, together in tenements where no rich man would think of stabling his horses; that goes to school and teaches its children the three R's, and leaves them in dens of infamy to learn a fourth R, by every sight and sound of the day and night, ruin of body and soul; that virtuously declaims against the harlot, yet leaves its little girls to be brought up in brothels; that believes a fatal disorder is undermining the national health, and shuts the doors of its hospitals against it, and denies it the public means of cure; that legally protects the heiress up to twenty-one, and refuses to protect the poor man's daughter even at sixteen from the trade of vice; that holds that the man is the responsible head of the woman, and throws the blame and disgrace on the woman—alas! alas! what a heap of anomalies is here—what real cause to complain of the methods of our moral life! No wonder that the poor Dissenting minister, much entangled in our social difficulties, and led on all sides to contradictory conclusions, threw in a deprecatory clause in his prayer "Paradoxical as it may seem to thee, O Lord, it is nevertheless true."

And what are the results of such methods as these? what must be the results?

That we read that in the wealthiest nation in the world, one in every thirty-one of our countrymen is a pauper; this, moreover, without including any of that vast number of destitute persons who are maintained in charitable institutions or by private benevolence.

That in the richest city in the world there were in one year 101 deaths from actual starvation, in full sight of well-stocked shops.

That there are about 180,000 apprehensions each year for drunkenness, and over 15,000 persons yearly charged with indictable crimes, and over half a million convicted summarily before the magistrates, of which latter nearly 100,000 are guilty of personal assaults, about 2,500 being aggravated assaults upon women and children.

That there are extensive districts in London, Liverpool, and all our large towns, where our people are living in little more than half the area of ground required for a corpse, and which they could claim

if they were dead, in tenements which are the graves of all decency and chastity.

That "in Liverpool alone, by a rough estimate, there are some 10,000 or more children who are neither properly fed, clothed, nor housed, and surrounded by such evil associations at home, or in the low lodging-houses where they herd, that there is small chance of their leading afterwards a useful life, and we can predict with certainty that many of them will enter our prisons, penitentiaries and work-houses."*

Surely it must create an uneasy feeling in the most careless to realize this mass of misery and sin on which the life of the well-to-do classes in England is based—

> "This deep dark underworld of woe,
> That underlies life's shining surfaces,
> Dim populous pain and multitudinous toil,
> Unheeded of the heedless world that treads
> Its piteous upturned faces underfoot,
> In the gay rout that rushes to its ends."

Is it a safe foundation? May there not be a terrible retribution in store? Did not the first French Revolution teach us loudly enough, as Carlyle tells us, that "if the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus' gods, with the living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared for at their feet, and smooth parasites preaching 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace,' then the dark chaos, it would seem, will rise—has risen—and O Heavens, has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself?† That there be no second sansculottism in our earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was, and let rich and poor of us go and do *otherwise*."

We take it for granted that the people will always go on bearing; but what if our modern god Science, who is to bring a reign of material prosperity upon the earth and bless his well-to-do worshippers with comfort and fat things, proves an impartial and avenging deity instead? What if the people take to evangelizing the selfish indolence of the well-to-do classes with this powerful new gospel according to dynamite? A gospel that detonates, and can make itself heard to deafest ears! A gospel that produces instantaneous conversion of the hardest-hearted worldling to his constituent atoms, makes restitution to the universe of the hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and nitrogen which have been frivolously and selfishly used, and leaves not even the skin of the careless god behind to be tanned into breeches? What if the first utterances of this new gospel for the rich have been given with a stuttering tongue and a stammering lip, may not

* *Nineteenth Century*, No. 75: "Social Reform," p. 901.

† In allusion to a peculiarly fine wash-leather, made of the skins of those who were guillotined during the Reign of Terror.

practice, inspired by dire necessities of hunger and misery and degradation, make perfect? May it not be found that with these dread forces at work our Explosives Bills passed with such admirable celerity in four-and-twenty hours, because our well-to-do and valuable persons were in danger, while legislation having to do with the souls and bodies of the poor lingers on from year to year, perpetually crowded out, are like so much curl-paper opposed to Niagara.

But what is the remedy?

To spare a little time from money-getting and pleasure and knowledge, to love; to recognize

> "Life with all it yields of joy and woe
> And hope and fear . . . .
> Is just our chance o' the prize of the learning love,
> How love might be, hath been indeed, and is;"*

and adopt scientific methods and train our moral emotions as carefully to respond to fact as we train our intellectual faculties; and by love I mean—and I presume Robert Browning means—not mere sentiment, not mere pathological liking, but just this truthful response of the moral emotions to fact; to bestow a little human thought and care on the wants of the poor, and not think that those wants can be killed off at the rate "of eleven cases in four minutes" (the rate of poor-law investigation), quicker than pigs are made into pork in the great American steam pig-killing establishments; to recognize that town councils and boards of guardians are not to be composed of small tradesmen, only anxious to keep down the rates, because the educated, the cultured, and the high-minded are too absorbed with their own interests to fulfil the duties of citizenship; to "live in the whole" as well as "in the beautiful and the good;" to recognize that the whole must control the parts, as well as the parts be left free to make the whole, and that communism, rightly understood, is as much a factor in sociology as individualism.

It is impossible for me to deal adequately with the subject in the narrow space of a short article, but let me touch on three of our greatest problems—overcrowding, pauperism, and the care of the young.

First, as to overcrowding. This is a question that distinctly affects the State, and with regard to which we have to "live in the whole," and to see that the welfare of the community is at stake, and that the State must have an authoritative voice in it. Virtue, sobriety, decency, are physically impossible in the conditions under which a vast number of its citizens are living. The national health and morals are in danger. All the arguments that justified the interference of the State with the rights of the Irish landlord, apply equally to the London landlords, and the artificial forcing up of

* "A Death in the Desert." By Robert Browning, p. 181.

rents which has resulted from the necessity many workmen are under of living near their work. Yet this question has been the subject of permissive legislation! The Artisans' Dwellings Improvement Act, an honest attempt on the part of Sir Richard Cross to deal with the problem, was rendered applicable to all towns of 28,000 inhabitants or upwards—that is to say, about eighty towns—but it was entrusted to the municipalities to carry it out, the town councils which we have left to be composed chiefly of men of narrow education, largely swayed by self-interest, and probably extensive owners of the very property to be demolished! It is exactly as if the Irish Land Bill had been permissive, and entrusted to the Irish landlords to put it into execution! Can we wonder that in about sixty out of the eighty towns, it remains a dead letter? In eleven it has led to discussion; in two or three it has led to the demolition of buildings, but not to their erection. Is there not a want of ordinary *seeing* in our moral life? Could we hope to solve a single scientific problem on the methods on which we are content to live?

The first thing we need unquestionably, is a more robust public spirit, a collective Christianity, those wider and deeper sympathies which are enjoined in Goethe's "living in the whole." But this higher and more human spirit must be able to enforce itself by the law in a matter that concerns the very existence of the State. We want sanitary officers armed with the ample powers of the old Roman ædiles, appointed by and responsible to the Home Office, so as to be free from local bias and influences; and when on moral and physical grounds a tenement or tenements are pronounced unfit for human habitation, their demolition and the erection of new tenements to accommodate the same number of people as the old, should be compulsory. The enormous cost of demolition alluded to by Mr. Peek was owing to a defect in the original Act, which threw the responsibility of demolition on the corporation. Corrupt landlords, who had been already trading on the souls and bodies of their fellow-creatures, were, therefore, able to run their condemned tenements up to a fancy price, and make enormous gains out of the municipality. The *onus* is now thrown on the landlord, and he is willing therefore to come to almost any terms.

"The commercial success," as Mr. Peek observes, "that has been achieved by several of the Artisans' Dwellings Companies which, while providing good houses, yet pay fair dividends, shows that the poorest pay rents which give a fair interest on capital, so that the municipality will not be compelled to embark in a ruinous undertaking, or one that will not pay in the long run, to say nothing of the gain to the health and morals of the nation."*

* The immense benefit of wholesome houses, from a sanitary point of view, is evident from the fact that in 1880 the death-rate in the dwellings erected by the Peabody trustees

Secondly, let us take pauperism. First of all let us clearly recognize that no system of paid officials, no mechanical workhouse will take the place of human thought and human care. Nothing will do instead of love. Indeed, there are already signs that we are working out a *reductio ad absurdum* with these portentous and ever-increasing warehouses of the destitute and the vicious that are springing up, throwing the winter support of whole dissolute families on hard-working ratepayers, and systematically discouraging thrift. But the problem has been solved satisfactorily on a small scale, and can be on a larger. The Elberfeld experiment, which in twelve years reduced the number of paupers from 4,800 to 1,800, notwithstanding that the population had increased from 50,000 to 64,000, and that great commercial depression existed, has been too often described not to be familiar to all. But a remarkable parallel movement among the Jews is scarcely so well known as it deserves to be. When "Oliver Twist" was published, the leading Jews were so mortally ashamed of the picture drawn by the popular novelist of Fagan and the low Jewish quarters in London, that they formed themselves at once into an organization to remedy so disgraceful a state of things. The numbers to be dealt with amounted to those of a populous town, with the additional difficulty afforded by immigrant Jews arriving in large numbers from the Continent in a state of the greatest destitution. The investigation of every case requiring relief was undertaken by volunteer workers, assisted by skilled officers, and was not in the steam pig-killing style, but patient and exhaustive with true human brotherhood; in deserving cases the relief given was sufficient to make a guardian's hair stand on end, but was given with the view to helping the man to a means of livelihood. Especially this wise liberality was shown in the treatment of their widows. Whilst Mr. Peek has no better suggestion to offer than that the widows' children should be removed to the pauper barrack-schools to herd with the lowest children of casuals, a system which Mr. Peek himself strongly condemns, the Jews recognized that the mother, if well conducted, was the proper person to have the care of them, and that her place was at home. They therefore either provided their widows with indoor work, or, when that was impossible, relieved them on a sufficient scale to enable them to look after their children at home; the consequence being that instead of feeding the outcast class, as the neglected children of our widows too often do, they grew up productive and well-conducted members of the community. If, however, a family was found overcrowding, all relief was steadily refused till they consented to live a human life, assistance being given

was only 19·71 per 1000, or about 2·49 per 1000 below the average death-rate for the whole of London, and this notwithstanding that the tenants generally belong to the poorer classes, the average earnings of each family being under 24*s.* per week.

to move into a larger tenement. By these wise and thoughtful methods in the course of a single generation the Jews have worked up the people from a considerably lower level to one decidedly above our own. To be sure the Jew does not drink. Give the most destitute Jew £5 down, and at the end of the year you will find him a small capitalist, having considerably despoiled the Egyptians meanwhile. But the intemperance of our people is largely caused by overcrowding, and by their amusements and recreation-rooms being in the hands of those who make their profit not by the entertainment but by the drink traffic, and indefinite improvement may be brought about by wiser regulations that have the good of the people, and not the fattening of publicans and brewers at heart. Surely the success of the Jewish and Elberfeld efforts prove, that the problem of the reduction of pauperism and the inducing of healthy habits of thrift and self-helping in the people is soluble, and with that army of devoted Christian workers in our midst to whose untiring efforts we owe it that social disaster has not already overtaken us, it must be possible for us to carry on the same movement, if Birmingham or one of our public-spirited towns would lead the way.

Lastly, we come to the vast hopeful field presented by greater care for the young, and better methods of embodying it.

First, let the law protect the young of both sexes up to the legal age of majority from all attempts to lead them into a dissolute life. In most continental countries the corruption of minors is an indictable offence. The English penal code recognizes this principle in property; it is felony to abduct an heiress up to twenty-one, and a young man's debts, except for bare necessaries, are null and void till he is of age; but, as usual, our English law leaves the infinitely more precious moral personality unprotected. There is no practical protection at any age for an English child from the trade of vice. An unruly child of fifteen or sixteen, or even younger, quarrels with her mother or with her employer, and runs off in a fit of temper. Even if she leaves her parents' roof, it cannot be brought under the law against abduction. No one abducts her; the child abducts herself. Yet the keeper of the lowest den of infamy can harbour that child for an infamous purpose, and he or she commits no indictable offence. It is no wonder, therefore, that the open profligacy of the young forms the very gravest feature of our large towns. Thankful as we are for the honest effort to deal with this monstrous anomaly in English law, shown by Lord Rosebery's Bill, we cannot but regret the extreme inadequacy of its provisions, or that the legislature should refuse to extend legal protection from even the trade of vice, to the most dangerous age of a girl's life, the age of sixteen—the age when, as the medical faculty are agreed, a girl is least morally responsible, and most liable to sexual extravagances, and when we can statistically

prove that the greatest number of those who go wrong are led astray. The country will not rest till the legal protection from the trade of vice is extended to twenty-one.

Secondly, let us recognize it as an axiom that parental rights do not exist when wholly severed from parental duties; or, in other words, that the child has its rights as well as the parent, and that its indefeasible right is, in South's strong words, "to be born and not damned into the world." Let it be recognized, then, that no child of either sex is to be brought up in a den of infamy, and to attend school from thence to the contamination of the children of the respectable poor, the magistrates being no longer allowed to defeat this beneficent provision of the Industrial Schools Act, and parental responsibility being recognized by the parent being compelled to pay towards the Christian and industrial training of the child; all children living in, or frequenting, thieves' dens and disorderly houses to be at once removed. Let day Industrial Schools be formed for the lowest class of children, so as to introduce some classification in our Board-schools, the want of which is one of their gravest defects. Let us adopt emigration to our colonies for our pauper and destitute children, whenever possible. Any one who has gone into the question can corroborate Mr. Samuel Smith's statements in his able article in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*, that "£15 per head covers all expenses, including a few months' preparatory training, outfit, passage, &c." The average cost of each child in the metropolitan district schools is nearly £25 per annum. About 11,000 pauper children are brought up in these large establishments at a cost to the ratepayers of London of £250,000 per annum. Probably each child is kept, on the average, five years, costing, say, £120 in all. Truly Mr. Smith may well add, "with a blindness that is incomprehensible, the guardians have preferred herding them together at a vast expense, and refused till quite lately to allow emigration to be tried." And for those children who through bad health, or any other disability, are unable to emigrate, and cannot be boarded out, as well as children whose drunken and dissolute parents are bringing them up to crime, let there be an order of teaching deaconesses instituted, and a State-aided Training College, where educated ladies may receive training in the management of an Industrial School, and from which the guardians can supply themselves with mothers for cottage homes on the plan of the Village Homes of Ilford, where the cost of a child is £14 instead of £25. By this arrangement the children would come under some higher influence than the uneducated workhouse officials. Hundreds of ladies are wanting remunerative employment, and would gladly undertake this, if they could be put in the way of the work by a little preliminary training, and freed from the necessity

of "doing the washing" in the Cottage Home. And, lastly, let it be a recognized theory that every Christian household has one respectable but rough little girl to train under its own upper class servants, to give her a good start in life, that our houses, with all their culture and refinement, may no longer be strongholds of *l'egoïsme à plusieurs* but centres for teaching good work, high character, and fine manners —organs for the public good.

And those social atomists who raise their vehement cry about personal rights and the liberty of the subject over all compulsory measures for saving children, I would remind that the question is not of compulsion or non-compulsion; but whether the natural guardians of a child shall be compelled to pay towards its Christian and industrial training, or whether they and I, as ratepayers, shall be compelled to pay for its degradation in prisons, in infirmary beds, and workhouses. Compulsion there is anyhow: but surely no reasonable mind can doubt which compulsion is most in accordance with true right and true liberty.

And how can I better close than with the impassioned words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, apostrophizing our material splendour, as shown in the great Exhibition of 1851, by the side of our moral squalor:—

> "O Magi of the East and of the West,
> Your incense, gold and myrrh, are excellent!
> What gifts for Christ, then, bring ye with the rest?
> Your hands have worked well: is your courage spent
> In handiwork only? Have you nothing best
> Which generous souls may perfect and present
> And He shall thank the givers for? No light
> Of teaching, liberal nations, for the poor
> Who sit in darkness when it is not night?
> No cure for wicked children? Christ—no cure!
> No help for women sobbing out of sight
> Because men made the laws? No brothel lure
> Burnt out by popular lightnings? Hast thou found
> No remedy, my England, for such woes?
> * * * * *
> Alas! great nations have great shames, I say.
> * * * * *
> O gracious nations, give some ear to me!
> You all go to your Fair, and I am one
> Who at the roadside of humanity
> Beseech your alms,—God's justice to be done."

ELLICE HOPKINS.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

THE anticipations we expressed last January, immediately after the death of Gambetta, have been rapidly coming true. After a moment of confusion and bewilderment, which testified to the gravity of the loss sustained by the Republican party, moderate men recognized the imperative necessity of constituting a Government worthy of the name and supported by a steady majority; and they turned naturally towards M. Jules Ferry, as the obvious chief of the only Ministry possible or desirable at the moment.

It was high time, for the sake of our foreign relations as well as our internal policy, to put an end to the extraordinary state of confusion and disorganization into which things had been thrown by the illness first of M. Duclerc, and afterwards of M. Fallières, and by the absurd and odious "question of the princes." Prince Napoleon, with that want of seriousness and good sense which has always nullified his remarkable intellectual gifts, had been seized with the unfortunate idea of taking advantage of the death of Gambetta to placard a manifesto to the French people. Two courses were possible—either to treat the whole thing as a joke, or to expel the unseasonable Pretender without further formality. M. Fallières, the Minister of the Interior, whom the illness of M. Duclerc had suddenly left head of the Cabinet, had decided on the latter course. Unhappily M. Grévy, always a stickler for legality, and beset with judicial prejudices, refused his assent to a measure not provided for by the law; and M. Fallières was weak enough to institute unsuccessful proceedings against the Prince, and to propose to the Chamber a Bill for arming the Government against pretenders. How came it that, while the public outside remained indifferent and even amused, the excitement in Parliament hereupon became so excessive and so universal,

that M. Floquet could demand the expulsion of all the members of former reigning families, and that the most fantastic Orleanist conspiracies were invented or imagined? The phenomenon can only be understood by those who know the excitability of the French temperament, and the atmosphere of idle gossip, of barren agitation and unreflecting terrors, in which many French deputies live and breathe. There was also, among those who were most eager for the proscription of the princes, a certain amount of calculation. They knew that the Senate would refuse to concur in any violent measures, and they hoped to make use of this opportunity for discrediting the Senate and charging it with Orleanist proclivities. Happily the business lingered, and every one had time to recover from the first burst of emotion, and to perceive its absurdity. The Senate threw no acrimony into its opposition to the Bill sent up by the Chamber; and if in the end it rejected the measure, it was not till it had clearly shown that it recognized the right of the Government to protect itself against any pretender who should go so far as to placard his aspirations.

This period of barren and absurd agitation was not quite without its use. The disintegration of the Ministry consequent upon the illness of M. Duclerc, and, later on, of M. Fallières, and upon the resignation of the Ministers of War and Marine, MM. Billot and Jauréguiberry, who refused to carry out the measures proposed against the princes holding military rank, had revealed the full extent of the danger arising from the want of a compact majority in the Chamber of Deputies. It was clear that the foreign policy of France was threatened with annihilation, and her internal administration and finance with total disorganization, and that, in a word, anarchy in an insidious but most perilous form was spreading, little by little, through the whole body politic. The Republican party felt the danger keenly enough to seek the remedy in the only quarter in which it could be found; they rallied round M. Jules Ferry.

This was the result we foresaw and hoped. M. Ferry was the only statesman at all equal to the difficult inheritance left by the death of M. Gambetta—the direction of the Republican party. He has not, of course, the captivating eloquence, or the extraordinary personal fascination, of M. Gambetta, nor has he the national popularity springing from an heroic episode; it is even probable that he has neither so wide a conception of European policy, nor so high an electoral genius; but his inferiority in some points is largely compensated by his superiority in others. He has character. He has always known what he wanted, and said what he thought right, without troubling himself to flatter the passions either of the country or of the Chamber. He has political courage, and that in the highest degree. He commands the respect of those who

are opposed to him—at least of such of them as are capable of impartiality. He has a very cultivated and a very open mind, free from intellectual prejudices; he is inaccessible to fear or favour; he is a patient listener; he readily accepts the opinions of competent men, and knows how to leave a large initiative to colleagues or subordinates whose value he has tested. If he is not, like Gambetta, a tribune of the people—if calumnious stories are told against him among the people of Paris, because he had the courage to speak sound reason during the siege of 1870—he has acquired a solid and well-founded popularity amongst thinking men, and especially throughout the whole educational body, by the energy with which he has carried out the triple reform of primary, secondary, and higher education. In public instruction he has made himself a name and a place independent of all political fluctuations and superior to all parties. Thus he did wisely in resuming, on his return to power, the portfolio of public instruction; for whatever future may await him as President of the Council, his services in the matter of education will always surround him with sympathizers and keep a door open for his return to office. The very nature of M. Ferry's political opinions renders him eminently fitted to be the director and moderator of the Republican party. The party is divided by two very marked tendencies in opposite directions, which find their adherents among very different shades of opinion. The one group holds that the immediate need of the country is an energetic Government, knowing its own mind, directing the deliberations of Parliament, and giving a vigorous impulse to the administration of affairs; the other group would make the whole duty of the Government consist in obedience to the Chambers, and the whole duty of the Chambers in obedience to the electoral body. They put forward, under the name of Liberalism, a sort of *soi disant* American system, which, in an old and centralized country like France, can mean nothing but universal disorganization and the surrender of public affairs to the most ignorant and violent classes of the community. On the other hand, the former group contains a certain number of men of strong Centralist views, who bring to the work of a Republican Government the habits and principles of despotism. There were many who, however unjustly, feared in M. Gambetta a possible tyrant; and some of the friends who surrounded him undoubtedly urged on him an absolutist policy. M. Ferry has the immense advantage of possessing, to begin with, a mind profoundly liberal, moderate, and flexible, and an honest respect for public opinion, while he has also a keen sense of the duties and requirements of Government. It is to his credit that he did not condescend to take office without clearly indicating the terms on which he accepted it. In his relations with the President of the Republic—unhappily too much under the influence of his son-in-law, M. Wilson—

he has vindicated for himself complete freedom of action; in his relations with his colleagues he has for the first time established those rights of general direction and control, without which the name of Prime Minister is a mockery; in his relations with the Chambers he claims for the Ministry, so long as it enjoys the confidence of the majority, the right of directing parliamentary business, and of emancipating itself from the hindrances perpetually thrown in its way by the bungling initiative of private members, and by their interference in matters of administration. Thanks to the absolute clearness of the situation he has thus produced, and to the conviction that if he could not govern under these conditions he would not govern at all, but would either dissolve or resign, M. Ferry—alone, so far, among the Ministers of the Republic—has been able to form a majority composed of homogeneous elements, taken exclusively from the Republican Left and the Republican Union—that is to say, from the moderate party—and fortified by the declared hostility of the Extreme Left. This is the very opposite of the hybrid system attempted by M. Freycinet, who tried to unite the Left Centre with the Radical Left and the Extreme Left—a fatal system, which ended in giving to the Extreme Left an importance quite disproportionate to their numbers, and still more disproportionate to their capacity.

It was on these principles that M. Ferry constructed his Government. He chose two very capable men who had formed part of M. Gambetta's Cabinet—M. Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Raynal—for the Ministries of the Interior and of Public Works; he appointed to the post of Foreign Affairs M. Challemel-Lacour, a senator and an old friend of Gambetta's, who, as ambassador, had already held a diplomatic post; he gave the Ministry of Justice to M. Martin Feuillée, an able member of the Gambettist party, and the Ministries of Finance and Agriculture to two members of the Left, M. Tirard and M. de Mahy. We shall speak later on of the Ministries of War, of Marine, and of Commerce.

From a Parliamentary point of view the choice of these Ministers was irreproachable. But it is the misfortune of the existing situation that the choice of Ministers is made to depend too much on party considerations, and too little on the competence of the men and on the foreign relations of the country. M. Hérisson was made Minister of Commerce. He had held the post of Public Works in the late Ministry, and his incompetence there had been notorious. It is not less so in his present position. Nobody knows his opinions on free trade, protection, and tariffs. But he is a member of the Radical Left, and in keeping him M. Ferry has secured a few additional votes. In finance, there was but one man capable of extricating the Treasury from the embarrassment into which it had been thrown by

M. Freycinet's reckless undertakings in the matter of public works—M. Léon Say. M. Ferry would have liked nothing better. But M. Léon Say has many enemies; his relations with the Rothschild family have awakened the envy and distrust of more than one jealous democrat. Instead of M. Say, the post was conferred on M. Tirard, a financier of irreproachable probity, but apparently not very expert at figures, for his first budget contained an error of a hundred millions,—a mistake not likely to be soon forgotten. Finally, and worst of all, the unhappy "question of the princes" made it impossible for M. Ferry to give the Ministries of War and Marine to the two men who should naturally have been called to them, General Campenon and Admiral Cloué. At the head of the Marine he was obliged to put a naval engineer, M. Brun—a senator and a distinguished man, but an invalid, without authority over the officers, and without the energy of character necessary for the control of a most difficult department, in which there is a strong tendency to the perpetuation of abuses, and which at the present moment has to deal with some of the gravest questions, on account of the impulse lately given to the colonial policy of the country. At the War Office matters were still worse. It was necessary to retain General Thibaudin, as the only person who could be got to accept the post after the resignation of General Billot, though he was the object of almost universal dislike amongst military men, whether on account of his previous conduct in the administration of the infantry department of the War Office, or because, during the campaign of 1870-71, when he was a prisoner on his parole in Germany, he made his escape, took service again in France under the name of Commagny, and thus gained his rank as General. M. Ferry was forced to endure the presence of M. Thibaudin in his Cabinet; but it was not possible that there should exist between them those cordial relations and that unity of action so imperatively necessary at a moment when the law of recruitment was just about to be passed—a law which threatens the whole intellectual and artistic activities of France, and on which even her military future will be staked, if the system of a universal three-years' service should be adopted. M. Thibaudin is supported by the Radicals with all the more eagerness because little sympathy is believed to exist between him and M. Ferry; and his presence thus acts with double force as an element of discord and of weakness in the Cabinet.

Such are the fatal consequences of that miserable "question of the princes," which the Ferry Ministry received as a legacy from its predecessors. By one of those odd inconsistencies not unfrequent in politics, the Government found itself powerless against Prince Napoleon, the solitary offender and the cause of the whole difficulty, while the Orleans Princes, who had done nothing at all, were deprived,

not indeed of their military rank, but of their employment; and this was done after the definitive rejection of the law which was to have authorized the Ministry to take measures against them, and by means of a legal provision which had hitherto been exclusively reserved for cases of misconduct. I am not, however, among those who are excessively indignant at this measure. I think a great mistake had been made in conferring military appointments on the Orleans Princes; and it appears to me that, even since the carrying out of this measure, the members of former reigning families have enjoyed in France a toleration which has never been accorded to pretenders in any other European country. But it is impossible not to be scandalized at the illogical and arbitrary manner in which they have been treated during the last ten years. First they are loaded with favours; then, without any fault of their own, they are treated as suspects. It is useless to say that the Republic of 1883 is not the Republic of 1874. Theoretically it is the same; and it is bound to act on the theory; for a Government without continuity, and whose past is no guarantee for its future, cannot possibly create either confidence or security.

This vexatious question, however, was soon forgotten; and indeed the excitement it produced had been confined within a somewhat narrow circle. Its principal inconvenience was the dissatisfaction it created in the army. There were other questions which caused the Government more serious embarrassment.

First came the religious question, which had quieted down in the matter of the non-authorized Orders only to blaze up again more fiercely than ever in the matter of primary education. In suppressing religious teaching in the schools, the mistake had been made of substituting for it the teaching of morality and civic duty. The opposition regarded this as an attempt on the part of the Government to replace the old Catechism by a free-thinking republican Catechism of its own. A Manual of Moral and Civic Instruction, composed by M. Paul Bert, in which the supernatural was openly denied, and monarchical institutions were held up to ridicule, confirmed them in this opinion. The French Clericals skilfully turned these mistakes to their own advantage. They obtained from the Congregation of the Index at Rome the condemnation, not only of M. Paul Bert's Manual, but also of those of M. Compayré and of Madame H. Gréville,* which are absolutely irreproachable from a religious point of view. Bishops and clergy flung themselves at once into the contest, and forbade Catholic parents, under the threat of excommunication, to place these impious books in the hands of their children. True, the proceedings of

* One curious incident serves to show the intolerance—or, at least, the puerility—of a certain class of persons. The committee of the French Academy which chooses the books proposed for the Prix Monthyon had put down a work by Madame Greville. It was struck out, because her Manual had been put into the Index.

the Court of Rome and the clergy were odious enough; the thing was clearly a political intrigue and not a religious question; and it is not to be endured that a foreign authority should interfere in a matter of public education in France. But none the less it was embarrassing for the Government. There are amongst the *bourgeoisie* and the working classes many good Republicans who do not care to quarrel with their priest, and who care a good deal about their children's first communion; and it would be at once deplorable and dangerous to stir up throughout the whole of France an antagonism between the schoolmaster and the curé. M. Ferry is alive to this danger; and while energetically undertaking the defence of the schoolmasters—while procuring the condemnation of the bishops by the Council of State for the abuse of their authority, and even threatening them with the suspension of their stipends in case of a repetition of the offence—while vigorously denouncing in the Congrès des Instituteurs the insolent intervention of Rome in the internal affairs of France—he has shown the greatest anxiety to appease these irritating hostilities. He advocated the suppression of direct moral instruction, and the substitution of an indirect moral influence diffused throughout all the lessons; and he would reduce the proposed instruction in the duties of citizenship to the explanation of the essential facts of social life and of the machinery of administration. It may be questioned, however, whether the teachers are sufficiently intelligent to give this sort of moral instruction out of their own heads. And it looks a little like retreating before the attacks of the Clericals.

Whilst the clerical question thus threatens to become a source of embarrassment to the Government, and perhaps to deprive the Republic of the sympathies of some of the electors, social questions are forcing themselves upon the more thoughtful and far-seeing minds. The masses of the population naturally look to the Republic for an amelioration of their condition. But this amelioration depends only in part on the law, and on the degree of liberty enjoyed by the citizens; it depends principally on social and economic conditions with which the form of government has nothing whatever to do The Republic meanwhile allows free course to the most violent socialistic or anarchist propaganda; it even allows the adherents of revolutionary ideas to associate and organize themselves. I, for my part, see no immediate danger arising from any such propaganda; but the weakness of the Government, together with a prolonged industrial crisis, might turn a remote contingency into a present peril. After the attempts at Monceaux les Mines and at Lyons, and the proceedings which resulted in the conviction of Prince Krapotkin and some other revolutionists, some few persons seriously believed in the creation of a dynamite party in France. A few demagogues,

more or less sincere, even thought the time had come for a noisy agitation in the streets; and, profiting by the uneasiness among the population of Paris due to the crisis in the furnishing trade last winter, they attempted to organize tumultuous demonstrations for the 9th, 11th, and 18th of March. But the workmen of Paris remained absolutely indifferent. On the 9th and the 11th a few handfuls of roughs alone responded to the appeal; and on the 18th, when it was known that the Government had resolved firmly to put down any attempt at disorder, not a single rioter showed his face in the streets. Since that time the revolutionary party has kept pretty quiet; it cannot so much as find an audience for its meetings. The social danger is thus held at arm's length for the present by the existence of an energetic Government, and by the sense of personal liberty enjoyed by all the citizens; but the excessive development of wants and appetites—which is the outcome not only of a democratic form of government, but of modern life itself—and the crowding of the towns and desertion of the country, are undoubtedly preparing grave embarrassments for the future.

A source of more immediate difficulties is to be found in the relations of France with foreign powers; and these difficulties are the greater because they touch some very delicate points of national susceptibility. The alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy—which may be more or less close and solid, but which is at any rate real—without exactly constituting a direct menace to France, certainly proclaims her isolation. This was demonstrated by M. de Broglie, with more ability than patriotism, in his interpellation in the Senate. Autocratic Russia is neither in a mood nor in a position to form any very close diplomatic alliance with the French Republic; and the appointment of M. Waddington, who made himself at Berlin the mouthpiece of the distrust of Europe, to represent the Republic at the coronation, cannot have been very welcome at St. Petersburg. Here again the French Ministry, yielding to the unfortunate tendency I have already pointed out to occupy itself exclusively with questions of internal policy, was guided in its choice by considerations of parliamentary rather than of diplomatic convenience. The tact and intelligence of M. Waddington have happily dissipated the idle impression at first caused by his nomination; and the *fêtes* at Moscow have demonstrated the genuine sympathy which exists between the Russians and the French.

England remains to be considered. The almost unanimous feeling in France is favourable to a cordial understanding with England; and if France could feel herself really supported by her powerful island neighbour, a very hearty sympathy, on her side at least, would tend to unite the two nations. But, rightly or wrongly, it appears that England,—so strong in her own colonial empire, and so far from

scrupulous in extending it, whether in Cyprus, in Egypt, in South Africa, or in New Guinea,—watches with a sort of jealous annoyance the timid efforts of France to extend her colonial activity in some few directions—on the Congo, in Tonquin, or in Madagascar. She appears to encourage the pretensions of Portugal, of the Chinese, and of the Hovas; and at almost every point France finds herself harassed, not by her adversary of 1870, but by the only Power whose friendship she has taken pains to acquire and retain. Whatever may be thought of the claims of France in the different quarters in which she wishes to act, the state of petty provocation and ill-will which has sprung up between her and England is a misfortune for both countries. At present France is the sufferer; but if France, constrained by necessity, makes up her mind to accept the facts of 1871, and enter the German alliance, England may find the tables turned against her. Meanwhile the diplomatic situation is one of the dark spots in the French horizon.

At home, the administration of the Ferry Government has so far been in favourable contrast with that of previous Governments. We have a Prime Minister who really takes the direction of affairs, a Ministry which does not wait on the opinions of a majority in the Chamber, and a Republican majority content to follow its recognized leaders. How long will this honeymoon last? How long will M. Ferry be able to keep his ascendancy over his colleagues and the Chamber? Considering the want of public spirit in the present Chamber and the state of thraldom in which the Deputies are kept by their electoral committees, it is difficult to feel any great confidence in the future. But M. Ferry has one thing in his favour—that no other Ministry has a chance of existence; that his fall must be the signal for a dissolution; and that the prospect of dissolution suggests reflection to the most thoughtless Deputy. Besides, for the moment all is going well—indeed almost too well, for the majority seems to vote with the Government, not so much by conviction as in blind obedience, and without giving a sufficiently serious examination to Ministerial proposals. This has been the case with the Recidivist (Habitual Criminals) Bill. For several years public safety, especially in Paris, has been threatened by bands of thieves and criminals, to whom the penalties imposed by the tribunals are no sufficient deterrent, and who leave the prisons only to be sent back again for fresh offences. They collect about them a number of women of bad character, who turn public immorality to account in securing victims for their male accomplices. The number of crimes by persons previously convicted, which forty years ago formed only one-fourth of the crimes and misdemeanours brought before the tribunals, now forms more than half. It is argued, that if hardened criminals were expelled the country, the army of miscreants which

infests Paris and the great towns would be broken up, and the number of offences effectually diminished. The example of England in Australia is quoted; and a law is to be made requiring in certain cases the transportation of habitual criminals to a colony. This law is now under discussion; but, except the Radicals, who oppose the scheme chiefly because the Government proposes it, no one discusses it seriously from a legal or practical point of view. The condition of the transported convict, and the results obtained in Australia, are drawn (as by M. J. Reinach in his very interesting book on the Recidivists) in idyllic colours; the facts which led to the abandonment of the system by England are ignored; no question is raised as to whether transportation for life to a probably unhealthy climate is a penalty at all proportionate to the offence, nor whether the enormous sums required for this form of colonization might not be employed in social or penitentiary reforms in France itself, which would be still more effectual in diminishing crime. From this point of view M. Roussel's bill in the Senate for the adoption by the State of deserted or ill-used children seems even more urgent than the Recidivist Bill. It will, if adopted, be a great help to the admirable work undertaken by M. Bonjean, of which I have already spoken in this Review.

The most characteristic success of the Ministry has been obtained on the question of revision, which has, at their instance, been postponed for two years. It would have been absurd, when a new Ministry was just taking office, to stir up the country on this vexatious and useless question, and wantonly incur certain defeat in the Senate. From the moment when the Chamber refused M. Gambetta's proposal to limit beforehand the field of revision, revision became impossible; for the Senate will never consent to a measure which would jeopardize not only its own existence but the whole framework of the constitution. The Extreme Left know all this as well as the Government; and yet they have not hesitated to make revision the programme of a political agitation. Their main object is to avail themselves of this question as a rallying point for Radicals of all shades, in view of the elections in 1885. So far their success has not been great, and they got hardly anybody but the Bonapartists to help them in the General Councils. Their weakness springs from the want of a definite programme. They are trying to unite under one flag the partisans of the suppression of the Senate and those who simply wish to modify a few of its functions. I know that men are easily carried away by words; but in this case the equivocation is a little too strong.

The Ministry has come off with no less success in the difficult matter of the conversion of the *rente*. When M. Ferry took the direction of the Cabinet, the financial situation was strained, though

t exactly threatening. Through M. de Freycinet's extravagance undertaking public works all over the country, obligations to the tent of eight hundred millions had been incurred for 1883, out of hich only two or three hundred millions could be paid. It was npossible to meet this expenditure by a new issue of redeemable ree per cents, for the three per cents issued at 83 had fallen to 80, d a new issue would have brought about an irretrievable fall in e funds, and in the credit of the country. M. Ferry and M. Tirard d the courage to take a decisive step. The five per cents were nverted into four and a half per cents; and the railway companies ere induced to take over and carry out at their own charge the ublic works undertaken by the State. By this double operation e State gains thirty-five millions of *rente*, and if a loan is required will be issued by the railway companies, without risk to the credit f the State. The intransigent and reactionary journals, and some w which live by scandal, such as the *France*, attempted to excite ublic opinion against a measure which had been long foreseen and retold; but the firmness of the *rente* since the vote was passed has ut any demand for compensation out of the question, and the conersion has been effected without difficulty. If the Chamber will only how a little prudence in the administration of the public money, ur finances are likely to remain, by the help of these measures, in heir present satisfactory condition. The revenue from taxation constantly exceeds the estimate, and nothing would be easier than to have regular surpluses. The momentary pressure has been due to a want of foresight, and to the haste with which certain taxes have been ightened at the same time that enormous sums were being voted for public works and for education. With a little care this state of temporary inconvenience may be changed into one of ease and prosperity. The Budget Committee which has just been appointed is almost entirely composed of the adherents of the Government; and there is now every reason to hope that nothing will hinder the re-establishment of financial order.

The position of the Government therefore, as it appears at present, is fairly good, provided that the majority in the Chambers will only continue to occupy itself actively with the business of the country, to give a steady support to the Ministry, and to pursue the reforms already entered upon, at the same time keeping up an energetic struggle against the tendencies of the Extreme Left. The danger is always from the same side; the Conservatives continue to pursue a revolutionary policy, allying themselves, at need, with the Anarchists—as they did, for instance, during the troubles of last March—because they will not become Republican Conservatives; and the reason why they will not become Republican Conservatives is, that the religious question has opened a great gulf between believing

Catholics and the Republic. The moderate Republicans, deprived of these reinforcements from the Right, and disgusted by the violence of the Left, who carry off the votes of certain strata of the electorate, withdraw from the political struggle, and in many places leave the field open to the Radicals, who carry their candidates by the votes of perhaps a quarter, or even one-fifth, of the registered electors.

This political indifference which has taken possession of a portion of the electoral body is the more vexatious because the Republican party, owing to the weakness of its adversaries, is perhaps in a more favourable position than ever before. Prince Napoleon's manifesto has covered the Jerome-Bonapartists with ridicule; while, as to that section of the Bonapartists which rallies round the ex-Empress, the depth to which it has fallen may be measured by the public expression of esteem and regret offered by her to J. Amigues, a sort of literary adventurer, who in 1871 made himself the apostle of Rossel, in whom he recognized the Christ of the new era. As to the Royalist party, Louis Veuillot was undoubtedly, both by character and talent, a man of a higher stamp than Amigues, just as the Legitimist party is of a higher stamp than the Bonapartist; but the letter of the Count de Chambord to Eugene Veuillot on his brother's death as plainly testifies to the intellectual and moral decadence of the Legitimists as the ex-Empress's telegram proves the destitution of the Bonapartists. The Count de Chambord forgets that Louis Veuillot applauded the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, and that he was one of the most eager partisans of the Second Empire during its most despotic period; he forgives him the abuse with which he covered more than one of the Count's most faithful adherents. And why? Because Veuillot was the champion of Ultramontanism; and because in 1875 he violently attacked those of the Royalists who wished, before bringing back the Monarchy, to obtain liberal guarantees from the King. Quite recently, again, M. de Falloux and M. de Cumont, in two eloquent pamphlets, denounced those intransigent Royalists who are so complacently playing into the hands of the enemy. The Count de Chambord at once took their part, thus justifying the imputations of those who accuse him of preferring the peace and leisure of his Austrian exile to the perils of a reign in Paris—as the Duc d'Aumale and the Comte de Paris, in spite of the exhortations M. Hervé launches at them from the *Soleil*, prefer their country-life at Chantilly or Eu, devoted to interesting and remarkable historical researches, to a life of useless political intrigue.

This Louis Veuillot, so inopportunely canonized by the Count de Chambord, who has done so much harm both to the Church and to the Monarchy by his intolerance in defending them; this Veuillot, who above all others is responsible for the violence, the systematic detraction, the calumnious denunciations of the Paris press; this

man who kept neither faith nor law with those who did not share his creed nor accept his king—who set himself up as a sort of Grand Inquisitor and Congregation of the Index over the French clergy, and succeeded in compelling the obedience of the Pope himself; this man, with little learning, and without a single original idea, was nevertheless a born writer. He has left no book that any one can read through without weariness or disgust, but he has left many passages which will be reproduced in the "Elegant Extracts" of the future, and which might without disadvantage be placed side by side with passages of Chateaubriand, or even of Bossuet.

These last months have taken from us more than one eminent man besides Veuillot: L. Viardot, whose name is perhaps better known through the talent of the great artist to whom he has given it than through his own works, but who was nevertheless a good art critic, and a politician of rare integrity; Jules Sandeau, one of the most charming novelists of our time, whose discreet and gentle voice fell silent some time ago before the coarse and noisy clamour of the realistic school, but who has left us two or three exquisite works—"Mdlle. de la Seiglière," "Le Docteur Herbault," "Le Gendre de M. Poirier"—which will keep his memory fresh in the minds of all persons of taste; and two artists, both of whom have made a great noise in the world, and both of whom have died young, Gustave Doré and Manet. Gustave Doré was gifted with a splendid imagination, and he sacrificed himself to it. He had never subjected himself in his youth to a severe and laborious study of Nature; he had never learnt to produce by toil the appearance of ease; and he remained all his life an improviser, whose creations lack the finish and character which alone could have given them permanence. His first works were his best. This is especially true of his "Dante," done in the first ardour of his creative force. Later on he exhausted himself in large compositions, which no doubt displayed qualities of the first order, but always left an impression of deception. He leaves, besides, a number of landscapes, some of which give a wonderfully vivid representation of rocky scenery; and some sculptures, which show the same demoniac energy that appears in his drawings. But when all is said, he leaves behind him the memory of a great designer, whose execution falls far short of his artistic ideal. Let us grant him this at least, that at a time when art is lending itself to the lowest interests, he had at any rate a high ideal. By a curious coincidence, Doré died just as he had finished his statue of A. Dumas père, the greatest improviser in contemporary literature.

Manet was far from possessing the natural gifts of Doré, and yet he will leave a far more lasting mark on the history of French art. His works will probably be valued in the future rather as curiosities

than for their artistic beauty; but his name will mark a date; and his influence is even now visible in the works of almost all our living painters. The germ of truth in his theory was this—that you must paint—not as many do—in the artificial light of the studio, which gives a certain uniform tonality to all their work, but in the open air, and with Nature's own infinite variety of tone. He has also felt very keenly the peculiar clearness, and even harshness, of our northern landscape at certain times; he had a fine feeling for harmonies and contrasts of tone; and he has revealed to his contemporaries many unperceived aspects of Nature. From this point of view he may be regarded as one of the masters of the naturalist school. But while rendering homage to his powers and to the faith and perseverance with which he held on his way in the midst of taunts and abuse, we must mark also what was wanting in his genius and unfortunate in his influence. He had neither taste nor imagination, and his aim was of the vulgarest; he attempted only to reproduce faithfully some fragments of the truth, without troubling himself to consider whether those fragments afforded any trace either of beauty or interest. He had even an instinctive preference for vulgar types and trivial subjects. Moreover, haunted always by the exaggerated idea that the qualities of light and transparency in Nature had been ignored by all who went before him, he set himself to improve upon Nature in these respects, and ended by fairly getting rid of all solidity in his figures. Refusing to re-touch or elaborate a painting for fear of producing an artificial and laboured effect, he never was able to put any perspective into his pictures, and left them, in fact, unfinished sketches. From him have sprung all the puerilities of the Impressionist school, who, under the plea that Nature changes every moment, and that it is insincerity not to represent her just as she is, never make anything but sketches—successful enough sometimes, when done by men of talent, but which have little artistic value, and from which, for the most part, a knowledge of drawing is conspicuously absent. The exhibited works of MM. Monet and Pissaro, their two best landscapists, and of M. Renoir, the portrait painter of most repute among them, show very clearly this inherent defect of their system. Alongside of a few works the tone of which is really charming, and in which the artist seems to have succeeded by accident, there is a mass of other pictures which really are nothing but daubs.

If the impressionism originated by Monet has created a barren school, and has misled some promising painters, it has at the same time exercised an enormous influence, whether for good or for ill, on all contemporary art. The two influences in vogue at present are the Impressionist and the Japanese. Japanese art,—which is to Chinese art what the art of the eighteenth century in France was to that of

the seventeenth—an art in decadence, but in a decadence full of life and charm,—has become a craze amongst our amateurs, and has even invaded the studios. M. Gonse has just got up a Japanese exhibition at M. Petit's gallery, which is a real feast to the eye; and he has also arranged with Quantin, the publisher, to bring out a magnificent work on Japanese art. Our school of faïence has learnt much from the Japanese; but, I doubt whether that paradoxical art, which dreads symmetry, and loves to associate the most unlikely colours, objects, and ideas, can furnish any useful inspiration to our landscape and genre painters. If we care to study it, it is because our tired and surfeited brains are always eager for new impressions. We seek to cover emptiness of thought by strangeness of manner. Simple and sincere work of this kind is the exception.

Nothing could be more significant in this respect than this year's Salon. The sculpture must be exempted from the general criticism, for though even here affectation finds its way, the simplicity of the means of expression at the disposal of the sculptor, and the necessity of clearness of meaning, and of beauty and harmony of form, tend to keep up the tradition of high art. The "Asleep" of M. Delaplanche, and the "Biblis" of M. Suchetet, are exquisitely graceful; the "First Funeral" (Adam and Eve bearing the body of Abel) of Barrias is a noble inspiration, and the difficulties in the execution of a very difficult group are cleverly overcome; and the two bas reliefs by M. Dalou, representing "Mirabeau replying to M. de Dreux Brézé," and "The Republic," are works which place their author at once in the highest rank among our statuaries. But, passing on to the paintings, where are we to find frank, simple, and wholesome work, free from affectation and trickery? It is there, no doubt, but one has to look for it.

Poverty of invention, and a certain ignorance of the laws of composition, are the characteristic defects of contemporary art. With those who wish to catch the eye of the public by something new, poverty of imagination leads naturally to extravagance, and this cold-blooded extravagance is of the most distressing kind—extravagance in subject, in colouring, and in dimension. We seem to have lost the characteristic French qualities—good taste, propriety, and sense of proportion. Nevertheless, along with these defects, there are undeniably great qualities to be found among the mass of pictures exhibited year by year in the Champs Elysées. With many of the painters there is evidently an eager wish to approach more closely to Nature, and there are some few who see her with the eye of the poet and the artist. If the influence of the Impressionists has given rise to much harsh and hasty work, it is incontestable that the charm of the pale and greyish tones so common under our

northern skies is understood to-day as it never was before. And after all, in the incredible variety of work and of gifts one feels the stir of life; and where life is, there is a hope of things both beautiful and new.

The painters cannot at any rate complain of the indifference of the public. Exhibition follows exhibition with unprecedented rapidity; they are opened several at a time, and the crowd flows in and fills them all. There have been separate exhibitions of the works of H. Lehmann, Boutin, Monet, Renoir, and Pissaro. At the gallery opened by M. Petit in the rue de Sèze there have been successive exhibitions—first, that of the younger painters (MM. Duez, Bastien Lepage, Cazin, Van Beers, Edelfeldt, &c.); then the water-colours, where the work of MM. Heilbuth and Harpignies, and of Mdlle. Lemaire, was especially admirable; then the Japanese exhibition; then the exhibition of international painters—MM. Whistler, Madrazo, Nittis, Robert-Fleury, Chelmonsky, &c.; and lastly, one of a hundred masterpieces of celebrated painters. The great Hungarian painter, Munckasey, exhibited only one landscape, one portrait, and some flowers; but he is busy preparing a large work, "The Crucifixion," which will form a fit companion to his "Jesus before Pilate." His powers as a colourist, and his genius in composition, give Munckasey the first place among contemporary painters. Before the opening of the Salon there had already been three exhibitions at the Clubs, which formed a sort of prologue to it, one at the Liberal Arts, one at the Place Vendôme, and one at the Rue Volney. There was also the Lady Artists' Exhibition. During the month of May there was a tremendous crush at the School of Fine Arts, where a large collection of historical portraits of the nineteenth century, as remarkable for their artistic merit as for their historic interest, was on view. M. Bida has been exhibiting at the Place Vendôme three hundred drawings and water-colours, and has thus given us an opportunity of forming a general impression of the work of one of the greatest artists of our time. No great historical painting could fill the mind with a loftier ideal than these illustrations of the Gospels, of Tobit, and of a few scenes of Oriental life. The drawing of the "Evening after the Battle of Rocroy" is a magnificent revival of the heroic period of the seventeenth century; the De Musset illustrations are an invaluable monument of social history between 1840 and 1850; the illustrations to Molière form a most original and characteristic interpretation of the genius of the great comedian. Even the Museum of Decorative Art has had its picture galleries, where you could see M. Lepic's numerous and interesting water-colour drawings, his northern sailors and Egyptian views; and the strange and powerful paintings by M. Tissot, of the "Parable of the Prodigal Son," translated into the form of a modern English novel; and the charming designs for Gobelin tapestry, by

M. Galland; and the drawings of M. Urbain Bourgeois, worthy of the great masters of the sixteenth century. All these, however, are but the changing accessories of the Museum, the basis of which is a collection of objects of industrial art, from early antiquity down to our own day, and which is intended as a sort of South Kensington Museum for Paris. To obtain funds for the construction of a permanent building, and for adding to the collections, a lottery of fourteen millions has been opened. It is a grievous thing that a work of national importance like this should have to be dependent on any such means; but it was certainly high time that this country, with its flourishing art industries in pottery, goldsmith's work, textile fabrics, and upholstery, should possess, in addition to Cluny—which is an historical museum—a real student's museum methodically arranged for technical purposes.

Next after painting, the art for which the public most care is music. The fashion of Sunday concerts goes on spreading, and M. Pasdeloup has undertaken to continue his, after Easter, in the luxurious Oriental premises of the Eden Theatre, where every evening there is an Italian ballet of extraordinary magnificence and perfection. Our young musicians—those of them at any rate who have given us symphonies—cannot complain of not being heard. We have been introduced this winter to the "Tempest" and the "Sardanapalus" of M. Duvernoy, two dramatic symphonies, broad in style and lofty in conception, and to the Velléda of M. Lefèvre, which, with less of grandeur, has more of passion and of grace. The works of Wagner have become classic since the master's death, and are listened to with devout and enthusiastic reverence. Three orchestras, the Pasdeloup, the Colonne, and the Lamoureux, have given Wagner concerts; and M. Lamoureux's in particular, the best composed and best directed of the three, showed rare intelligence in the execution of the selections from "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," and the "Meistersinger."

It may be hoped that before long Wagner's operas will be brought out at one of the Parisian theatres. But it is more difficult for a musician to find an opening in the theatre than in the concert room, and especially at the Grand Opéra, which, in consequence of the excessive luxury of its arrangements, and the deplorable character of its public—composed chiefly of passing strangers, and of fashionable subscribers who know and care nothing about art—is absolutely incapable of progress or initiative. We have nevertheless had two musical works worthy of remark this winter—"Lakmé" at the Opéra Comique, and "Henry VIII." at the Grand Opéra. "Lakmé" is the work of Léo Delibes, the author of "Sylvia" and of "Coppelia," the two most poetic ballets ever given at the Opera. If he lacks force, he writes at least in a most harmonious,

abundant, and individual vein. The present experiment seems to show that his gift is rather for symphony than for the drama. The flow of musical phrase in "Lakmé" is somewhat scanty, but he never fails of his accustomed grace; his melodies are admirably adapted to the Oriental cast of the opera; and his heroine is incarnated in Mdlle. Vanzandt, whose "Lakmé" must always be her most perfect creation. "Henry VIII." is a work of higher range. The bitterest criticism on the Grand Opéra is to be found in the simple fact that a composer of the merit—some would say the genius—of Saint Saëns, should have had to wait till he was over fifty before any work of his was acted there. His "Samson and Dalilah," an admirable piece, had been acted at Weimar and at Hamburg, his "Etienne Marcel" had been given at Lyons, his "Timbre d'Argent" at the Gaïté; but before he could appear at the Opéra he had to consent to work at a libretto not of his own choosing, which he heartily disliked, and which, in fact, is altogether absurd. Nothing could be less musical either in its action or its personages—Catharine of Aragon resigned and sad, Henry a brutal and sensual tyrant, and Anne Boleyn an ambitious woman, who marries the King while she loves another man. The whole of the last act turns upon Catharine's possession of a compromising letter, which she burns in order to save the rival who has dethroned her; while Henry, in order to make her give up the letter, tries to excite her jealousy by making in her presence the most passionate declarations to Anne. The whole thing is at once odious and grotesque. Nevertheless, even out of this unmanageable play, Saint Saëns has succeeded in getting some fine musical inspirations. A love duet in the second act, the whole of the third act, which contains the divorce, and a quartette in the fourth act, are really beautiful. Without altogether abandoning the formalities of the French Opera,—the traditional division into chorus, recitative, duet, trio, and quartette,—Saint Saëns has borrowed several happy modifications from the Wagnerian opera; he gives a great melodic importance to the orchestra, assigns to the recitative a considerable place in the musical development of the piece, characterizes the personages by means of "motives" repeated throughout the whole work, and mingles the recitative with arrested and developed portions of the melody, instead of sharply distinguishing the airs, the concerted pieces, and the recitatives. What is most remarkable in the work of M. Saint Saëns is his orchestral power and knowledge; but he is not merely a symphonist; he understands the treatment of the voice, and gives it tones by turns tragical and tender. There is much talk of the institution, side by side with the Grand Opéra, of a popular Opera, which the Municipal Council would gladly subsidize, and which would aim, not at offering the most luxurious decorations and the most

celebrated singers, and putting a small number of plays on the stage at an enormous expense, but at securing a good *ensemble* and a widely varied repertory, so as to present in turn all forms of theatrical music, and thus carry on a really educational work. But this laudable project is not yet realized.

If the opera languishes, the theatre is always pretty lively. Here, as in painting, sincerity and simplicity are rare, and the search after violent and bizarre effects fails to hide the absence of imaginative power. But we must not be too exacting; and if during these last months no piece of the first order has appeared, there has at least been a praiseworthy effort to produce works which have a literary value quite independent of theatrical success. And yet the most successful of these have not been altogether those of the highest literary value. M. J. Claretie's "M. le Ministre" owes its popularity, first to the subject itself, which reproduces a scandalous story afloat some years ago about a minister well known for his weakness of character; and then to the assistance of M. A. Dumas, who has thrown into it something of his own keen and cynical humour and dramatic skill; but what gives the piece its real interest is the attempt, sometimes very fortunate, to portray the political manners and customs of the Third Republic. This is certainly a fine subject for comedy; but M. Claretie is too amiable to be a satirist. The "Père de Martial" of M. A. Delpit is the work of a really gifted dramatic writer, who has more of the true histrionic temperament than any of his contemporaries. His plot is always interesting, and his situations never fail to strike. Unfortunately he is a poor psychologist; his characters are superficial, and he is wanting in moral feeling. He invites us to witness the most disagreeable scenes —and the most improbably disagreeable too—apparently without a misgiving. Admitting, however, the good qualities and the achieved success of these writers, we may turn from them to other efforts, less successful, but by no means less interesting. I will not include among them, deserving as it may be, M. Vacquerie's versified drama of "Formosa," in which Warwick the king-maker appears as one of the personages; it is one of the romantic plays, concocted according to a receipt of Victor Hugo's, and long gone out of fashion. On the other hand, M. Richepin's "La Glu,"—in which we watch the struggle of a Breton peasant against the depraved but fascinating *parisienne* who has seduced her son—though it has some chilly scenes contains vigorously-drawn characters and pathetic situations, and is expressed in picturesque and nervous language. M. Richepin has more pith and flavour than most of our young writers; but like the rest, he tries to attract attention by wilful eccentricity. He is the author of "Les Morts Bizarres" (Dreyfous); and he has introduced into his "Chanson du Gueux," passages which have laid him open to

judicial proceedings. He ought to know that he has talent enough to do without these miserable contrivances. If he would only content himself with being true and human, I am sure he is capable of giving us good and lasting work. In the "Mères Ennemies" of M. Catulle Mendès, which symbolizes the struggle between Poland and Russia, and in the "New World" of M. Villiers de l'Isle Adam, where the scene is laid in America during the War of Independence, we find a courageous attempt to introduce lyric and epic elements into the drama. Both works were imperfect; they betrayed the hand of the poet rather than that of the dramatist; but both contained some scenes of great beauty. We may say the same of M. Bergerat's "Le Nom," which failed to obtain at the Odéon the success it deserved.

We have thus had quite a series of interesting experiments, in which the attempt has been made to introduce the representation of the nobler passions, of a real human struggle and tragedy; but we have none as yet which has commanded the homage of the public.

The great literary events of the last few months have been the appearance of two autobiographies, both of which must rank among the masterpieces of the French language. The first, "Fragments d'un Journal intime," by Amiel (Sandoz et Thuilier), has been a real revelation. Its author was a professor in the Academy of Geneva, where he was considered tiresome, vapid, and obscure; he had published some volumes of poetry which nobody cared to read; and now he bursts upon us, a thinker and writer of the highest order. The infirmity which made his life so unproductive sprang from the very grandeur of his ideal and the breadth of his thought. The perfect, the entire, the absolute,—these he required in everything. Just as he has never married because he placed his ideal of marriage too high, so he can rest in no philosophy, in no conception of the universe, because it does not appear to him that any can be true, none being adequate to the infinite. It is not scepticism, strictly speaking; but it is a despair of thought, because he feels its powerlessness—a despair of life, because he has sounded its emptiness. "L'homme est un néant qui s'ignore," he says in his Journal; and the reveries into which he falls in his contemplation of the universe find utterance in expressions more eloquent and profound than Schopenhauer at his best, and equal in beauty to the noblest passages of Hindoo philosophy. In addition, he is a man of the finest literary taste; and his judgments on Vinet, Chateaubriand, Rousseau, and Quinet, would not suffer in comparison with the work of the most celebrated critics of our times; he is a lover of Nature, and, like George Sand or Fromentin, can paint a landscape in a few words; he is, above all, a man of fine moral nature, who speaks of

duty with a vigour and elevation which fortifies the soul. This Journal is not the outward story of a life, but the inward record of a soul. Penetrating psychology, exquisite poetry, profound philosophy, lofty morality, all unite to make this a book unique of its kind—one of those familiar friends and bedfellows which one reads and reads again, and keeps on the choicest shelf in one's library, between the "Pensées" of Pascal and the "Conversations of Goethe and Eckermann."

The other literary event is the appearance of the "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," of M. Renan (Lévy). This autobiography, which contains stories and scenes of incomparable grace and charm, (the flax-grinder, Noémi, and the Séminaire d'Issy), is at the same time of the deepest interest, as bearing on the moral and intellectual history of M. Renan. It brings us down to the moment of his final emancipation from Catholicism, and his abandonment of an ecclesiastical for a scientific career. This turning-point of his intellectual and moral life is given in its most minute details, and illustrated by letters written at the moment of the rupture with his professors and friends of St. Sulpice. One cannot but admire the sincerity, the courage, the disinterestedness of the young Breton, thus sacrificing so many dear and sacred ties to the call of what he believed to be the truth. It will be seen with surprise how like he was then to what he is now. He had already acquired that harmonious, supple, and intricate style,—that undulating thought, fold within fold, full of subtle contradictions,—that fundamental scepticism, united with an indescribable metaphysical mysticism. In one point, however, he has not remained the same. In the preface to his Moral and Critical Essays he wrote: "I am proud of my pessimism; and if, while the times remain what they are, I felt it beginning to yield, I should instantly look to see which fibre of my heart had given way." Now since 1857 the times have gone on getting worse, and yet M. Renan says, at the end of his Recollections: "The century in which I have lived will probably not have been the greatest, but it will no doubt be held to have been the most entertaining of centuries. In bidding adieu to life, I shall only have to thank the Source of all Good for the delightful passage through reality which it has been given me to accomplish." It will be seen that his tone has changed a good deal in these twenty-four years. He has made up his mind to regard things and men with an indulgence which looks rather like weakness. He seems to have remained attached, in spite of himself, to his old theological views, and to find no virtue or morality apart from faith. In his latest work, as at the Seminary, he still suspects himself of pride, and calumniates himself in order to avoid it. Unlike Victor Hugo, whose habit of tampering with the truth in order to enhance his own importance and the

brilliancy of the part he has played, has just been exposed by M. Biré in his "Victor Hugo before 1830" (Gervais), M. Renan loves to represent himself as frivolous, egotistic, weak, more polished than sincere, and so forth. We simply disbelieve him; and notwithstanding his moral scepticism, we shall continue to reverence him not only as an admirable writer, but as one of the noblest spirits of our time.

In a few months we shall have in our hands other recollections of childhood and youth, which will show us the *Lehrjahre* of another of our great writers—Michelet. It was an heroic childhood and youth; for it was in poverty and obscurity that the little boy-printer formed his character and his genius. Nothing could be more touching than the story of his trials, or more pure and noble than the development of his warm and tender heart. I have had the privilege of reading these pages; they are truly edifying, and they make one love their author.

Of works of imagination there are few which attract special attention. "Une Vie," by Guy de Maupassant, who is without question the most remarkable of the young novelists of the realistic school, is undoubtedly the strongest. It is a pity that his pictorial power and his perception of character should be joined to a coarsely material conception of life and a taste for voluptuous scenes and equivocal situations which degrade his works to the rank of bad books. M. de Maupassant and some of the journalists have raised an indignant outcry against MM. Hachette for refusing to admit "Une Vie" into the railway libraries. MM. Hachette were more than justified. It rests with the libraries and the literary public to form the police of literature, since men of talent do not blush to pander to the lowest instincts of the crowd, and the Government finds itself powerless to stay the flood of immoral literature which is poisoning us. There is a blast of sensuality which seems to spare no one, and to which the venerable and powerful *Revue des Deux Mondes* itself succumbs. The novelist who hesitates to depict dubious situations and irresistible passions is reckoned insipid, prudish, and absurd; the action must be violent, breathless, agitating. Neither M. Cherbuliez, with all the refinement and daintiness of his chiselled style, in his "Ferme de Choquard" (Hachette), nor M. Theuriet with his exquisite portrayal of rustic life, in his "Michel Verneuil" (Ollendorf), has escaped the contagion. The delicious smell of the meadow which fills his volume of verse, "Le Livre de la Payse," has a very different savour from that of the boudoir scents of some pages of "Michel Verneuil." In these sensation novels one has no time either to study the characters or to analyze the situations. If it were not for M. Theuriet's fine descriptive talent and his free and individual style, the sudden catastrophes of his story would seem too startlingly improbable.

M. Glouvet has not the charm of M. Theuriet; but he is a vigorous observer, and in his "Famille Bourgeois" he gives a very interesting picture of provincial manners. M. G. Ohnet may be classed with M. de Glouvet among those who, though they have felt the realistic influence, do not seek repulsive subjects. His talents have a certain affinity with those of M. Delpit. Like him, he has the dramatic temperament, and his novels consist of a series of scenes leading up to the catastrophe; but, while he is inferior to M. Delpit in style, he is his superior in moral sensitiveness. His "Maître des Forges" was a noble and affecting story. His "Comtesse Sarah," which has just appeared, is less remarkable; the subject is less uncommon, and the characters less interesting; but it is not wanting in that passionate vehemence which is the characteristic note of M. Ohnet. M. Coppée, for his part, is pre-eminent in literary style. His "Vingt Contes Nouveaux" will be read with lively pleasure by those who love simple and wholesome speech. This series of little scenes shows the touch of the poet, accustomed to work out a finished picture within a narrow limit. What makes the charm of these stories is the note of tenderness one finds in each of them. I should compare M. Coppée to Bret Harte. While Bret Harte shows us the divine spark struck out from the heart of the hardened criminals and depraved women who formed the population of the Far West, M. Coppée presents the moral and pathetic aspects of Parisian life, even among the fallen and the vicious, and thus gives an ideal side to pictures the realism of which is sometimes startling enough.

Finally, let us give honour where honour is due. M. Zola, the master of the realistic school, has given us a new novel, "Au Bonheur des Dames" (Charpentier). Having touched, in "Pot Bouille," the utmost limits of the obscene and the nauseous, he has found his way back to a truer and more temperate realism. Not that his new work shows us very elevated characters or very sensitive consciences; but they are at least tolerable; there is even one delicately drawn female type. But the interest of the novel is not here; it consists, in the first place, in the representation of life in the great *Magasins de Nouveautés* of Paris, such as the Louvre and the Bon Marché. Though description too often degenerates into catalogue, and becomes provokingly wearisome, M. Zola has applied his remarkable epic faculty to this trivial subject, and has lifted it into positive grandeur by the display of the powerful organization, the vast production and consumption, of modern industry. On the other hand, M. Zola's book contains an interesting philosophic idea. We find a man like Mouret, the manager of the *Magasin au Bonheur des Dames*—a man absolutely selfish, and caring for nothing but the success of his work—becoming a real benefactor of humanity, and diffusing around him life, order, and prosperity. By his activity he improves himself and does good to others. Action,

then, is the supreme duty and the true good. This philosophy certainly represents but one side of the truth; but it is interesting to see the high priest of naturalism driven, as it were by force, to introduce philosophic ideas into his realistic portraiture of bourgeois life.

The violence, the cynicism, and the sensualities of the realists, must inevitably bring about a reaction, and here and there one can already discern the tokens of its coming. M. L. Halévy, a man thoroughly acquainted with Parisian life, represents, in his "Criquette" (Lévy) a little girl of the faubourgs of Paris, who becomes by the chances of life, first, a *figurante* in a *Théâtre de féeries;* then a convent boarder, where she receives the most austere education; then an actress in a provincial theatre; and finally an ambulance-nurse in the army of Mans, in 1871, where she takes the malady of which she dies; and he makes his Criquette an ideally touching figure. There are many improbabilities in the working-out of the plot, and the end is somewhat melodramatic; but, independently of the exquisite character of the heroine, the descriptions of the home of Rosita, an actress at the Gaîté, of provincial life at Beauvais, and of the house of the manager of the theatre at Mans, are finished pictures in which a half smile is always softened by emotion, and the sharp note of reality is joined to a poetry which springs from the heart. It is, again, this same mixture of reality, sensibility, and poetry which forms the merit of the children's stories M. France has given us under the title of "Le Petit Bonhomme." M. France is a writer who will make his mark; he has not yet achieved the reputation which his talents will command. He has the gift which is of all gifts the rarest amongst French authors—freshness.

If the taste for the horrible and the immoral has made ravages among our novelists, what are we to say of the poets? If there are some who, like M. Lemaître, in his "Petites Orientales," know how to give a note of Parisian realism which remains refined and takes nothing from the really exquisite poetry of his little lyrics, there are also men of real talent, and of astonishing skill in versification, who, like M. Rollinat, in his "Névroses" (Charpentier), have succeeded in revolting the least fastidious readers. He paints, alas! a malady only too real, and of which he himself is one of the first victims—the malady of a generation which no longer has any heart, and which, having nothing left but senses, exhausts them in abusing them, and ends by falling into hysteria or insensibility.

She is ill of neurosis, that great artiste Sarah Bernhardt, who finds even in her marriage occasion of scandal and complaint. He is a nevropath, that Polignac who attempts to set fire to the house of the father who has deserted him. There is a whole collection of nevropaths in that curious series of types which we have just witnessed in

the Monasterio case—the old adventuress-and-brokeress mother; the son Carlos Laffitte, who carries off his natural sister in order to secure for himself her fortune; the half-idiot daughter, kept in shameful servitude by Madame Chalenton; the husband who assassinates his wife because his name has appeared in the newspapers. In a society which produces so many mad and half mad people as ours, it is a terrible thing that the lunacy laws so easily allow arbitrary sequestration. Two dishonest doctors are enough to endanger any one's liberty. The "Memoirs of Madame Hersilie Rouy," who was in this way long the victim of an arbitrary sequestration, have recalled attention to this question; whilst the Parisian scandals of this winter make one eagerly desire a speedy solution of the question of divorce, and the passing of a law for dealing with questions of paternity.

I have not mentioned the long Memoir published by M. Bazaine, in justification of his conduct at Metz in 1870. They refute nothing of what was asserted and proved before the Council of War. It is clear that he was influenced in the conduct of military operations by political considerations. That is enough to justify the condemnation. It is but one more instance of a man crazy with ambition—the worst *névrose* of all.

G. MONOD.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—ORIENTAL HISTORY.

ORIENTAL research has been pushed forward with more than usual rapidity during the past few months, particularly in the department of Assyrian studies. Here the most interesting discoveries are those which relate to the rise of the Persian empire and the nationality of Cyrus. Ever since the time of Herodotus, Cyrus has been regarded as of genuine Persian descent, and the founder of a genuinely Persian power. Ktesias, it is true, had asserted the contrary, and had made him the son of a Mardian bandit; but the statements of Ktesias have long obtained but little credit, and he was suspected of making them merely to contradict Herodotus. Now, however, two or three clay fragments, sent to England by Mr. Rassam, have revolutionized our old conception of this portion of Oriental history, and thrown an entirely new light upon the subject. Sir Henry Rawlinson was the first to draw attention to the importance of the new discoveries in a paper* on a cylinder, written in the cuneiform characters and language of Babylonia, in which Cyrus records the names of his ancestors, and the care he had himself taken of the Babylonian sanctuaries. Two startling facts were revealed by the inscription; firstly, that Cyrus was a polytheist, who, so far from treating the deities of Babylonia with disrespect, restored and beautified their shrines, took part in their religious ceremonies, and subscribed himself their humble adorer; and, secondly, that he and his three immediate predecessors were not kings of Persia at all, but of Ansan, or Anzan, the native name of the country known to the Assyrians and Hebrews as Elam, and to the Greeks and Romans as Susiana. The theory which saw in Cyrus a perfervid Zoroastrian, bent on destroying the idols of polytheism, had to be given up on the evidence of the king himself. The discovery of the cylinder-inscription was followed by that of a tablet, in which Cyrus gives a succinct annalistic history of the reign of Nabonidos, the last king of the Babylonian empire, and of his own conquest of Babylon. The text of the tablet, with a translation, was published by Mr. Pinches, in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, vii. 1. In it Cyrus is again entitled "King of Ansan," or Susiana, and his overthrow of Istuvegu, or Astyages, and the Median kingdom, is dated in the year 549 B.C. After the conquest of Media, and, as it would also seem, of Persia, Cyrus, we learn, turned his arms against Babylonia; but he was unable to force the garrisons in the north of Chaldea, and eleven years had to elapse before the intrigues of a disaffected party (perhaps the Jews) in Babylonia itself allowed him to enter the country from the south-east, and defeat the Chaldean army in a pitched battle. Babylon immediately afterwards opened its gates to the conqueror, before he had even sat down to besiege it, and Nabonidos died eight days after Cyrus had entered the city. It is plain, therefore, that the siege of Babylon mentioned by Herodotus and

* In the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, January, 1880.

the book of Daniel must be one of the two sieges undergone by the Chaldean capital during the reign of Darius Hystaspes, which has been transferred by tradition to the earlier age of Cyrus. It is also plain that Nabonidos was never appointed satrap of Karmania, as was asserted by the copyists of Berosus. A third inscription, belonging, however, to Nabonidos, and not to Cyrus, has recently arrived in London, which confirms and supplements the other two.* According to this the Medes had destroyed the temple of the Moon-god at Harran; but punishment fell upon them for the deed, Cyrus, king of Ansan, "the young servant" of Merodach, capturing Astyages and overthrowing his kingdom. This seems to have been towards the beginning of the reign of Nabonidos, when a common fear of Astyages made the kings of Babylonia and Susiana allies.

It was not to be expected that so revolutionary a conception of the nationality of Cyrus and the rise of his empire would go unchallenged, and a discussion on the subject has accordingly been going on of late in the pages of a new and very excellent Oriental journal, *Le Muséon.*† The revelations of the cuneiform texts, however, are borne out by such scanty contemporaneous evidence as has otherwise come down to us. Isaiah (xxi. 2) describes the destruction of Babylon as coming upon it from the south-east, at the hands of Elam and Media; and the Greek contemporaries of Cyrus knew him as a Mede, not as a Persian (Æsch. Persæ, 765-68); while even after the foundation of a real Persian empire by Darius, the son of Hystaspes, deserters from the national cause of Hellas were still said to *Medise* rather than to *Persise.* Though king of Susiana, however, Cyrus could yet claim, on the father's side, a Persian ancestry, his great grandfather, Teispes, having been an Achaemenid, who seems to have migrated into Elam.

The question as to the nationality of the Medes has been re-opened by M. Delattre,‡ who rejects the view supported by Rawlinson, Oppert, Lenormant, and Schrader, according to which the main bulk of the Median population was Turanian. This view rested in great measure on the supposition that the agglutinative language of the texts which follow the Persian ones in the cuneiform inscriptions of Darius and his successors was the language of the Medes. It is now certain, however, that these texts were intended, not for the Medes, but for the Susianian subjects of Darius; and the real language of the Medes has yet to be recovered by excavations on the site of Ekbatana. The name Mede came originally from the Assyrians, who applied it to the heterogeneous population to the east of the Kurds, and it therefore included Aryans as well as non-Aryans. The recently-discovered inscription of Nabonidos mentioned above shows that the Median empire of Kyaxares and Astyages owed its title to a confusion of *Madâ*, "Medes," with *Manda*, or "barbarians," the epithet applied by the Babylonians to the subjects of Astyages. Since neither Deiokes nor Astyages—Daiukku and Istuvegu, as they are written in the cuneiform—seem to admit of an Aryan etymology, M. Delattre's assertion that there were no non-Aryan Medes is too sweeping. His attack, however, on the Turanian Medes is the most successful part of his book; elsewhere the historical criticism it displays is defective, and its facts are not always correct.

New light has been thrown on the early history and geography of Armenia by the cuneiform inscriptions of the ancient kings of Van. These inscriptions have long resisted all attempts to explain them, as they are written in an otherwise unknown language, and no bilingual texts have been discovered by the help of which they could be interpreted. Fortunately, however, the Vannic kings borrowed not only the syllabary, but also the determinatives

* Pinches, in the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, November, 1882.

† I. 4 (1882), ii. 1-2 (1883), Sayce, de Harlez, Halévy.

‡ "Le Peuple et l'Empire des Médes," Trübner & Co. 1883.

and ideographs of the Assyrian system of writing, and these, together with the comparison of a large number of inscriptions, have at last enabled the grammar and vocabulary of the language to be made out. A brilliant discovery of M. Stanislas Guyard * led the way, by pointing out that a series of words which come at the end of most of the inscriptions, represents the execration formula with which the inscriptions of Assyria frequently conclude. Since then Sayce has succeeded in deciphering and translating, in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*,† all the known Vannic texts, some of which are here published for the first time. The language resembles the modern Georgian, and may, in fact, be the direct ancestor of the latter. The kings to whom the inscriptions belong, begin with Sar-duris I., whose date is fixed by the Assyrian monuments in B.C. 835, and conclude with Sar-duris III., the contemporary of Assur-bani-pal, in B.C. 640. As late as this period, therefore, Armenia had not yet been occupied by an Aryan population. It was known to the Assyrians and Hebrews as Urardhu, or Ararat; but the name given by the Vannic kings themselves to their kingdom, is Biainas, a name still preserved in that of Van. Van is called by them Tuspas, which, under the form of Tosp, is now the title of the whole district in which the city stands. Since the publication of Sayce's memoir, Guyard has written a supplementary article on the same subject,‡ in which he has determined the meaning of several new words.

If we turn to Egypt, we shall find that the first labours of the new *Egypt Exploration Fund* have been crowned with success. Thanks to the liberality of Sir Erasmus Wilson, M. Naville has been enabled to excavate at Tel el-Maskhûta, not far from the now famous Tel el-Kebîr. Here he has made a discovery of high importance for the history of the Israelitish Exodus. The inscriptions he has found on the spot, prove Tel el-Maskhûta to be the site of Pithom or Pa-Tum, one of the two treasure-cities built by the Israelites for the Pharaoh of the oppression, and the treasure-chambers themselves—composed of bricks made partly with, and partly without, straw—have been laid bare by his workmen. As the founder of Pithom was Ramses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, the date of the Exodus has been thus finally proved to be that usually assigned to it by Egyptologists (B.C. 1320). In Greek and Roman times the place went under the name of Hero or Heroopolis, from the Egyptian *ara*, "a store-house." Among other texts found there is a stele of Ptolemy Philadelphus, which records the foundation of Arsinoë, and mentions a locality called Pi-keheret, plainly the Pi-hahiroth of Exodus. The direction of the route taken by the Israelites in their march out of Egypt, is now, therefore, definitely fixed, and Brugsch's theory of it must be abandoned. At the same time Brugsch is, no doubt, right in seeing in Zoan or Tanis, now Sân, the Raamses of the Bible, since this old capital of the Hyksos was rebuilt by Ramses II., who made it his favourite residence.

Dr. Hommel's new work, "Die vorsemitischen Kulturen in Aegypten und Babylonien," § is at once so generally interesting and so full of new matter, that we should be glad to see a translation of it made into English. The first part of the book deals with ancient Egypt in its relations to Semitic history. Dr. Hommel seeks to show that the so-called "Hamitic Parent-speech," which was the ancestor of Old Egyptian, Old Libyan, and Old Ethiopic or "Cushite," was also the sister of a hypothetical "primitive Semitic language," from which was derived the "Parent-Semitic," the immediate forerunner of the Semitic dialects—Assyrian, Hebrew, Arabic, Aramaic, and Himyaritic. He goes on to combat successfully the theory of Lepsius,

* *Journal Asiatique*, May–June, 1880.
† XIV. 3, 4, 1882.
‡ In "Mélanges d Assyriologie," 1883.
§ Leipzig, 1883.

which attributes the early culture of Babylonia, as well as the hieroglyphics out of which the cuneiform characters were developed, to Egyptian influence. The latter part of the book is concerned with Dr. Hommel's own special field of study, the monuments of Babylonia and Assyria. He here gives a full and interesting account of the latest results—historical, religious, and linguistic—of Assyrian research. His sketch of primitive Babylonian or Accadian civilization, as revealed by the words which belonged to it, will be found particularly interesting, as is also his account of the deities and religious hymns of the pre-Semitic population of Chaldea. The two pre-Semitic and closely allied dialects of the country, the phonetic differences between which were first signalized by Haupt, are regarded by him as having been hitherto localized erroneously, the dialect hitherto supposed to have been spoken by the Accadians of northern Babylonia, being really the dialect of Sumer or Shinar in southern Babylonia, while the dialect called Accadian by Assyrian scholars, ought conversely to be termed Sumerian. The immense influence exercised by pre-Semitic Chaldea upon the nascent civilization of the Semites, is a sufficient excuse for the detailed description he gives of it. In passing from Egypt to Babylonia, he notices the results of the recent "Hittite discoveries," and the important influence of this long-forgotten people upon the art and culture of Asia Minor, Greece, and Semitic Syria.* "Only a few years ago no one could have dreamed that the discovery of new inscriptions and monuments, as well as the comparison of accounts derived from Egyptian and Assyrian texts, would reveal to us in the hitherto little noticed Hittites of the Old Testament, a people which takes almost as high a rank as a civilizing power in the second millennium B.C. as the merchants of Canaan, and perhaps promises to turn out of even more decisive importance for the origin of early classical art and culture than the Phœnicians themselves." The Hittites seem to have been of Cappadocian origin, but at an early period they occupied a portion of Semitic territory, and extended their rule as far south as Hamath and Kadesh on the Orontes. They contended on equal terms with the Egyptian king Ramses II., but had gradually to yield before the attacks of the Semites, until their power was finally extinguished by the capture of their capital, Carchemish, on the Euphrates, by Sargon in B.C. 717. Excavations on the site of Carchemish, now Jerabîs, or Jerablûs, have brought to light sculptures in a peculiar style of art as well as hieroglyphic inscriptions, which have been also met with at Hamath, Aleppo, Merash, Boghaz Keui, and Eyuk in Cappadocia, Ivrís in Lycaonia, Beishehr in Pisidia, Giaur Kalessi in Mysia, and Karabel and Sipylos in Lydia. The figures in the pass of Karabel, in which Herodotus (ii. 106) saw memorials of Sesostris, are now discovered to be really the monuments of his most formidable antagonists; and the Hittite inscriptions attached to the sitting figure carved on the rocks of Sipylos, which the Greeks as early as the days of Homer (Il. xxiv. 614-17) identified with Niobê, prove that it was meant to be the likeness of the supreme goddess of Carchemish. All these monuments are relics of the Hittite empire, which spread as far as the shores of the Ægean in the fourteenth century B.C., when the Hittite invaders of Egypt were able to summon to their aid vassal-allies from the Troad and Mæonia.† The hieroglyphics of the Hittites were of home invention, and were probably the origin of the Asianic syllabary once used throughout Asia Minor, and of which a branch

* Sayce on "The Monuments of the Hittites," and "The Bilingual Hittite and Cuneiform Inscription of Tarkondemos," in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, vii. 2 (1881).

† Brugsch in Schliemann's "Ilios," App. viii.

survived in Cyprus as late as the age of Alexander. The language or languages they spoke were neither Semitic nor Aryan, and a clue to their decipherment has been afforded by a silver boss, which has upon it a bilingual inscription in Assyrian cuneiform and Hittite hieroglyphics. The art of Carchemish was borrowed from Babylonia before the rise of Assyria, and is the source of that peculiar art of Asia Minor, the influence of which has been traced to Mycenæ and other prehistoric sites in Greece and the Ægean. Considering the character and importance of these results, Ed. Meyer remarks, not untruly, that the year 1879, in which the connection between the art of the West and that of Carchemish was first discovered, was one "of epoch-making importance for the archæology of Asia Minor."*

A. H. Sayce.

II.—FICTION.

The critic of this department of literature, if he cannot flatter himself that his own part is one of much importance, may reflect with satisfaction that the class interested in his subject-matter is a larger one, probably, than the readers of all other kinds of literature put together; and although the kind of interest may not seem a very important one, it is an influence, even in its ephemeral form, not to be despised; while, if we turn to its classic specimens, we must confess—as the writer of a little American pamphlet† reminds us, in the names of Rousseau, Goethe, and George Sand—that it has done something to mould the moral ideal of the world. Whatever may be thought of a moral aim in fiction from an artistic point of view, from the historic it is one we cannot choose but recognize. We may find or fancy such an aim in the specimen of Mr. Howells' art now lying before us.‡ The inadequacy of a profession to fill the place in a woman's heart of a home and a husband, seems intended to be the moral of the little tale—the account of a short professional career of a lady-doctor—so far as it has a moral; but Mr. Howells should have chosen a more original character for his heroine if he intended her to fill a place of typical significance. However, the successful lover is made even more commonplace than she is herself, as if to emphasize the weakness of the abstract rival over which he triumphs so easily. The art is better than the moral (if it is the moral that young ladies should think rather of husbands than professions); the story is finished with that feather-like touch which Mr. Howells' readers know so well; but it is somewhat surprising that clever writers are willing to spend their pains in writing about so little. The writer of fiction should as much eschew what is commonplace as he should study what is ordinary. Nothing is more interesting than the representation which makes us feel "I might have seen all that every day of my life;" but the charm vanishes if we have to decide, "and so I have." However, a good many people do like to be shown, in a novel or a picture, what they have seen every day of their lives; and no doubt it is possible to fulfil this aim much more completely than one more satisfactory in itself. "Miss Standish"§ (to anti-

* *Jahresbericht* of the German Oriental Society for 1879.
† "A Lost Function in Romance." By Carroll Bryce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
‡ "Dr. Breen's Practice." By W. D. Howells. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
§ "Miss Standish, and By the Bay of Naples." By A. E. M. Bewicke. London: F. V. White & Co.

cipate our English list) may be compared with "Dr. Breen's Practice," as a similar attempt to depict the new ideal of womanhood, and, as often happens, the aspiration is in inverse proportion to the art. Mr. Howells paints perfectly what scarcely seems worth painting at all; the author of "Miss Standish"—whose heroine may be described as Aurora Leigh in prose—takes a noble theme, but makes one sorrowfully concede that to paint genius requires genius. Our next American novel* does not sin on the side of intellectual ambition. The authoress can write an interesting story if she chooses; but her last production suggests the criticism of Punch's farmer drinking claret; we turn over page after page, and even peep into the next volume, and "don't seem to get no furrarder." The story is occupied with the flirtation of a married woman, and might have been suggested by Goethe's "Wahlverwandtschaften," though it has as little of the sensuality as the genius of that strange and tedious fiction. Whether such a story is the more moral for losing all coarseness, we are inclined to doubt.

In turning to the next American novel † on our list—and one which, as the scene is laid on English soil, may be called as much English as American —we modulate into a very different key. The book is, as the writer confesses, in the revision which a new edition has made necessary, "ill-proportioned as to plot, uneven as to execution." The story is not well told, being full of coincidences and encumbered by inartistic explanations; it is, moreover, marred by a most unpleasing female figure as its heroine, and a villain who is much too odious, and in painting whom Mr. Hawthorne has made the grave mistake of unexplained suggestions that are disagreeable from every point of view. But, with all these faults, it is a book in which we may find the deepest kind of interest that fiction can possess. The difficult and painful chapter of human experience which it opens should never be brought before a reader of fiction as part of the mere machinery of interest and excitement; but a writer is justified in painting the defiling power of lust, if he can speak adequately of the redeeming power of love. "Sebastian Strome" is the picture of this redemption, wrought by the love that is likest to divine love—the love of a man for those beings who owe their existence to his will. The hero has himself been the object of this affection in its strongest form, he, a gambler and a profligate, being the son of a saintly parish priest, who suspects nothing of his evil life, though occupied throughout the short part he plays in the story in trying to save the girl his son has seduced, and dying in a sort of outward parable of this effort, in snatching her from under the wheels of a train. Both he and she live long enough to reach his home, where she gives birth to her infant before her death, and he pours out in a loving farewell, what is, though he knows it not, a solemn charge to its father. The parting words may be taken as the motto of the book: '"Sebastian, my son, you don't know how I have loved you! Nothing has any strength except love, remember that. Nothing is worth having except love. . . . . I have been troubled in a dream about you; I thought you did not love enough. It was only a dream; don't let it come true." Here his voice gave way abruptly; Sebastian hoped, and yet feared, to hear him speak again. . . . . At last this murmur entered his ear, but so low was it he could hardly be certain that it was not a voice within himself: "Fanny is here, and her baby. God has brought them to you; begin with them."' The voice from within, thus echoed by the last words of a father for whom his reverence has taken the part of a romantic feeling wholly wanting to this low amour, rules his whole subsequent life with the force

* "Through One Administration." By F. H. Burnett. London: Warne & Co.
† "Sebastian Strome." By Julian Hawthorne. A new edition. London: Chatto & Windus.

of an absolute command; he breaks off his engagement with the conventional heiress, who is willing to be a mother to his child, knowing whose it is, but whom he does not love; quits his home, and gives himself up to the care of the baby, and the work needful for its support, in the East End of London. The improbability that a man who has been at Oxford should be able to earn his bread by his dexterity in wood-carving, or receive from a wise father the charge to be tender to a seduced girl, alike fail to shock the reader, the interest of the story lying in a region wholly independent of external vraisemblance. How the unconscious infant becomes a redeemer to its father—how when its short life has ended the mingled memory and hope of its dear presence withholds him from crime, and enforces pardon for its murderer; how the image of the poor frivolous mother, hardly loved in life, is, through a faint delicate suggestion of the supernatural, recalled and consecrated by the new love—all this we must leave the reader to learn from the novel itself; but we would gladly end his perusal with the narrative of this little life, and prevent the solemnity and pathos we find in it from being spoilt by the commonplace conclusion. The East End sojourn of Sebastian Strome will disappoint any one who looks for vivid pictures of low life, or sketches in the manner of Dickens; and perhaps the author has hardly been careful enough to avoid here and there a touch or two which suggests the undesirable comparison. The true point of view to regard it from is so widely different that this suggestion is not very prominent. It is as the narrative of the return of one who has fed upon the husks among the swine, and finds himself on his return invited to share in the father's joy, in the great feast of unselfish love.

It is a long way from Mr. Hawthorne's work to Mr. Daudet's book, and yet not so far as to any other novel on our list. In power, in genius, in art, what a rise! In any confidence in the moral purpose of our life in this world, any reverence for the instincts that thrill our being with "blind hopes," how deep a descent! But something there is in common between them that we miss in most novels, a vast sense of human misery, a power—in very different degrees it is true, we know no other writer who has it to the extent of M. Daudet—of touching the reader's heart with infinite compassion. He can never have used this power so gratuitously as in "L'Evángeliste,"* and yet surely people would not endure to read such a book if the painfulness of the story were not, in some mysterious way, a remedy for other kinds of pain which the reader has no choice about bearing. The picture of two happy homes made desolate and wretched, of a husband driven to suicide and a mother left to lonely misery in the name of religion, has been made familiar to our readers, if not from the novel itself, from the frequent notices of it which have appeared in English pages, and its supposed connection with a well-known religious organization in our midst. It will not do the Salvation Army much harm. M. Daudet's vivid picturesque knowledge of all his secular material sets off what seems to us his conspicuous ignorance when he comes to religious life; and amid his crisp sharpness of detail, his exuberant wealth of illustration, his descriptions of prayer meetings and mission work, strike us as glaringly secondhand productions. But his ignorance cannot wholly muffle his genius, and the narrative of the gradual conversion of Eline Ebsen, from the unselfish devoted daughter to the hard ruthless fanatic, breaking her mother's heart and deserting the child who clings to her with a daughter's love, is one of the most painful things in fiction. One somehow feels the

* "Port Salvation; or, the Evangelist." By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Harry Meltzer. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

painfulness most in the translation, idiomatic and fluent as it is. There is something in literary grace wonderfully alleviating to this sort of painfulness; and though it is not easy to point out any definite flaws in the English, it does not seem up to the point of polish needed to render the original. Moreover, there is an inevitable flavour of emphasis in our language as contrasted with that of our neighbours, as there is still more in our art. What paragraphs of analysis we should have had from the only writer of fiction who suggests a comparison with M. Daudet, where he gives a touch of description? Our writers of fiction might well mark the contrast and its cause. The power of temperance is what they most need to learn to value.

Passing by a translation into fluent graceful English of Xavier de Maistre's well-known "Voyage autour de mon Chambre,"* we light at last on our own soil, and cannot make a more characteristic start among pictures of English life than with "King Capital."† In our first requirement from a novel—that it should show us something we could not have discovered for ourselves—it may be pronounced eminently satisfactory. It takes us away from drawing-rooms and polite assemblies to grimy yards and factories where workmen grope at noonday, courts of justice where the magistrate deprives himself of his best witness in a preliminary conviction for drunkenness, and breezy Scotch hillsides, where the keen eye of the secretary to a Trades Union detects the want of a forge, and his strong hand turns to the hammer and bellows of a country blacksmith, instead of boiler-making in the great factory which he has reduced to the dismal silence of a strike. Everything connected with these scenes in the tale is vigorous and interesting; but we have also to learn the histories of beautiful girls and their lovers, and here we can get at nothing but secondhand impressions transferred from other novels. Must it be so? Is it necessary that a writer who has something to tell us, who can introduce us to scenes of real and vivid interest far beyond the scope of average experience, should interrupt his narrative to invent some extravagant and lifeless variation on the well-worn theme of forbidden love? The characters in the tale are not pleasing, and there is much that is unsatisfactory in the narrative, but we counteract many objections when we say that "King Capital" is a story of *work*. It shows the influence, on its best side, of the new spirit that has breathed on our modern life—a spirit as little known to the world of Homer as to the world of Froissart—by which, strange as it seems, the constructive energies of life have for the first time their full honour. We have not too much fiction of this kind, and give a hearty welcome to any honest and vigorous specimen, whatever its faults.

The next novel on our list,‡ is one of a kind of which there is no lack, but it is a very good specimen of its kind. It is a transcript of drawing-room experience, and narrates a great deal that is very truly described in its title, "No New Thing;" but its central idea, if it had occupied a larger proportion of the canvas, would have marked out the story as an original one. It has lost this pre-eminence, partly because its author has confused the sense in which fiction ought to be new—*i.e.*, that it should not have been made familiar to the reader in a slightly different guise in other novels—and the sense in which it should be old, that it should deal with those emotions and experiences which are well known among ordinary humanity. And partly also the story has suffered from the fact that it appeared originally in the pages of a periodical, and so had to be entertaining in every chapter. But in spite of this

* "A Journey Round My Room." By Xavier de Maistre. Translated, with a Notice of the Author's Life, by Henry Attwell. London: Chatto & Windus.

† "King Capital." By William Sime. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

‡ "No New Thing." By W. E. Norris. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

deadly sin, Mr. Norris has given us a very pleasant and readable novel, and one picture that we have not seen before. His story is mainly a study in the manner of Thackeray, touched here and there by reminiscences from other quarters; but in borrowing Thackeray's favourite idea of a faithful love poured out by a good woman on a worthless man, he has stamped it with the impress of his own individuality. The hero—an orphan boy adopted by the heroine—has been called a copy of Tito, but he has much more resemblance to a character from which we have sometimes thought George Eliot must have taken the idea of Tito—the first lover of George Sand's Consuelo. Like him, he is, or wishes to be, an opera-singer; and like him also, he is a poor creature, much more insignificant than Tito. The infidelities of Angiolo to Consuelo are translated into a form more suitable to the taste of the British novel reader—a sacrifice to morality which, we think, somewhat impairs the vraisemblance of the whole character—certainly not one inclined to entangle himself in marriage with a shop-girl; and the sketch suffers also in finish from the artist's hurry to fill in his canvas all round it. But Philip Maralcheschi remains a distinct character, individualized by the self-contempt which redeems his frivolity, and a pledge of fresh interest from his creator, if only Mr. Norris will let his successor appear in a more favourable form.

"Ebb and Flow"* did not come out in a magazine, but it has some of the same faults as if it had done so. Disappointment of the hopes which it roused, that we were at last to be allowed in our own language an unambitious picture of bourgeois life (socially unambitious, that is) finds perforce a vent in a not very hopeful protest against the attraction of fiction towards the world of aristocracy and of fashion, which is so ruinous to most of our novelists. Perhaps the readers who are invited to judge of "Ebb and Flow" for themselves, will think that this complaint makes too much of a visit to a duke where the hero does not, after all, take us with him, and a few glances at the season in London, which show us at least one very entertaining character. But the story might have been so perfect if it had been carried on in the social atmosphere in which it starts that it is impossible not to make it the pretext for a complaint which might have been more obviously just elsewhere. If the reader couples it with a lively consistent picture of village life—"The Parish of Hilby,"† in which the *mésalliance* of the story is between the vicar's sister and a rich young farmer, he will feel the artistic charm of a uniform scale of colouring. Mrs. Fairman Mann is one of the many writers to whom the example of George Eliot seems to have taught the power that lies in an attentive gaze at all things homely; her picture has the freshness of one of which the details are taken from life, and the artistic completeness of one which admits nothing that is out of keeping. On the other hand, she thinks far too lightly of the careless selfishness by which a man embitters, even when he does not ruin, the life of an empty-headed girl, and in moral tone the advantage is on the side of the novel of artist life. The hero of this last is a painter, without genius, but without pretension—unselfish, modest and generous, yet with none of the insipidity of a model hero. His love story is insipid, but his relation to the romantic character—an Italian artist and *ci-devant* monk whom he rescues from starvation—supplies the kind of interest given by a love story. Of course the figure which requires the touch of a Rembrandt is less successful than that which is suited to an every-day light and background, and there is a little feebleness

* "Ebb and Flow; or, He Did His Best. A Story of Five Years Ago." By Grant Lloyd. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

† "The Parish of Hilby. A Simple Story of a Quiet Place." By Mrs. Fairman Mann. London: Elliot Stock.

throughout on the tragic side, but there is so much beauty in the story of injury, forgiveness and faithful friendship that we do not demand the full gradation of tone in the colouring.

To say that "The Ladies Lindores"* is by Mrs. Oliphant is to say that its reader is secure of entertainment, from the first page to the last, and its critic enabled to discern much delicate character painting, an easy, natural picture of manners, and a transparent style. All this we know when we read the author's name, but, having allowed that some trace of all her power is to be found in this novel, it must still be said that it is very disappointing. Most novels are disappointing, not indeed being in that respect altogether unlike life, though from a somewhat different cause. But the collapse of "The Ladies Lindores" is unusually rapid and disastrous. The story suffers from the fatal attractiveness of high life, or rather of fashionable life. From the time that a certain little Marquis appears on the scene, of whose "plump hands" we get as tired as of Mr. Carker's teeth in "Dombey and Son," and who has nothing besides very distinctive about him, almost every page of the book is spoilt either by something tedious, or unnatural, or even a little vulgar, The tale ought to be tragic. The interest lies in an unhappy marriage, ended by a violent death, and in the suspicion of murderous intent apportioned, not very happily, among the *dramatis personæ*. But in truth it is, so far as it engages the readers' interest, a delicate little picture of manners and character, and the artistic power departs when the writer dips her brush in her darkest hues. The unhappy marriage itself is painted with power, but the sudden transformation of the meek wife to the indecently exultant widow, is altogether out of keeping with the previous character, and impossible, indeed, in the class which Mrs. Oliphant is portraying. The principal young man seems one of Scott's gentlemanly, colourless heroes strayed into a modern novel, and much more out of place there than in his original home, where his constant tendency to be the victim of circumstances over which he had no control damped him down into a suitable subordination for the picture of incident and adventure. Here, on the other hand, we look with a stern disapproving eye on the feeble being who is invariably occupied in doing what he did not intend to do, although it must be allowed that there are plenty of such men in real life, and plenty of women to love them. However, Mrs. Oliphant at her worst is vivid and readable.

Miss Robinson † gives us a variation on the same theme as the "Parish of Hilby," but makes the *mésalliance* more real. Mrs. Mann has made her farmer too little of a rustic (it is not quite clear how far his vulgarity is intentional) and Miss Robinson makes hers too nearly a mere peasant. Her heroine has been brought up in Italy, and forced by the sudden death of her artist father to exchange her happy Italian home for one among uncongenial kindred in an English village, and the sense of strangeness and loneliness which lead her to the marriage is given with some pathos. The story reproduces something of the futility and aimlessness of much actual experience, an impression surely not congenial to the interest of fiction. It is a modest little sketch, and one continually expects some touch of stronger interest, such as no doubt is in store for us in some future story of Miss Robinson's, whose other productions have taught us to expect much from her. "The Story of Melicent," ‡ and "My Story," § two little one-volume novelettes, may be joined with "Arden"

* "The Ladies Lindores." By Mrs. Oliphant. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

† "Arden." By A. Mary F. Robinson. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ "The Story of Melicent." By Fayr Madoc. London: Macmillan & Co.

§ "My Story." A Tale of the Present Century, founded on fact. London: Burns & Oates.

as set in the same plaintive minor, and the last having the same kind of interest.

"Portia; or, By Passions Rocked"* may be called, with reference to the last part of the title, a sheep in wolf's clothing, but it may amuse those who care to have the banter of commonplace young people reproduced with some naturalness. "Loys Lord Beresford,"† by the same writer, is the first of a series of short stories in which the dreams of a young girl before her first ball seem put into shape. These novels serve up less stimulating fare than the same kind did in our youth. However, we have no reason to complain of any want of incident, either in Mrs. Riddell's‡ series of stories, or Mr. Gibbon's§ novel. "Weird Stories" describe themselves in their title, and one reader confesses to have read them straight through, with as little stoppage as the course of events permitted, surely bestowing on them their appropriate meed of praise in that statement. From the point of view of the critic, it must be confessed that there is an appearance of much hurry about them, and they give the impression of the narrator having got tired of her work in the middle, and huddled it up anyhow. The one that pleases most is the vision of a child who haunts the scene of an unhappy childhood, as if seeking a beloved sister, and is seen by her lover to smile peacefully with a last peaceful gaze on her betrothal. The last novel on our list is a spirited and romantic essay in the manner of Scott—the adventures of a knight who escapes from Flodden, and who does not quite escape from the reminiscences which have made Flodden most familiar to English readers. It is what a novel of Scott's never is, too much of a zigzag in-and-out of deadly peril, and the escapes grow monotonous, but we would far rather see our boys and girls reading about dungeons and battles than about ball-rooms and flirtations, and feel grateful to any one who shows us, by a new edition, that he has succeeded in making them do so. It has one account of a torture scene that has set us wondering whether we are better than our forefathers for being unable to hear of pangs they were willing to inflict, and in a sense to endure; and the fiction which carries our thoughts far away, even thus painfully, seems to us to fulfil more of the purpose of fiction than descriptions of what the commonest mind can see in trivial life of every day.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

III.—SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE last few months have given us important works from members of nearly all the existing schools of political economy. There is first the lucid and compact little manual of M. de Laveleye,‖ who may be taken to represent the practical school; there is the elaborate and exhaustive "Handbuch"¶ (as it is gaily called) of two thick quarto volumes, written in sections by over twenty leading representatives of the German historical school, and edited by one of the ablest of them all, Professor Schönberg, of Tübingen; and there are the

* "Portia; or, By Passions Rocked." London: Smith, Elder & Co.

† "Loys Lord Beresford." By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," &c. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

‡ "Weird Stories." By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. London: James Hogg.

§ "The Braes of Yarrow." A new edition. By Charles Gibbon, Author of "The Queen of the Meadow."

‖ "Éléments de Économie Politique." Par E. de Laveleye. Paris: Hachette.

¶ "Handbuch der Politischen Oekonomie." Herausgegeben von Dr. G. Schönberg. Tubingen: Laupp.

"Principles of Political Economy"* of Mr. Henry Sidgwick, and the "Political Economy"† of Mr. F. A. Walker, Director of the Statistical Department of the United States, both works by loyal but independent adherents of the English theoretical or—as it is sometimes denominated—the orthodox school. It may seem odd after the long run of authority which political economy enjoyed as an almost perfected science, but political economists are at present much puzzled to fix what their proper field of scientific work is, or whether they have a field of scientific work at all. That is what the various schools are really divided on. They talk much indeed about different methods of investigation, abstract or historical, inductive or deductive, but the questions of method are at bottom questions about the nature of the truths, and the extent of the field, to which the methods are to be applied. The way is in dispute mainly because the goal is in dispute. Is political economy a theoretical science searching after the laws of the co-existence and succession of a certain class of social phenomena? or is it an historical science describing such phenomena in their actual co-existence and evolution in particular times and countries? or is it a practical science, unfolding not merely what is, but also and chiefly what ought to be? Is the economist a social philosopher, a social historian, or a social reformer, or all three?

To M. de Laveleye the economist is nothing, if not a social reformer. He is the physician of the body social. He ought "to know its mechanism, to point out the laws and customs that bring it trouble, and to describe the arrangements that are most favourable to the creation of well-being by labour." Political economy, according to this conception of it, is as different from the "science of wealth" of our English school, as medicine is from physiology. It is more different, for physiology has to do with natural laws, and medicine takes action upon them; but M. de Laveleye, while speaking of "the mechanism of the body social," holds that its construction is pre-eminently the work of positive legislation, and in no wise governed by anything in the character of natural laws. Hence his view of the formal nature and scope of his science. "Political economy," he says, "is an affair of legislation. It pursues an ideal like morals, like jurisprudence, like politics." Its problem is to discover "what organizations, what laws, what institutions men ought to adopt in order to obtain by labour the most complete and the most rational satisfaction of their wants." "All the economical questions people discuss are questions of legislation . . . . and they are solved by studying law to find out what is just, and studying history and statistics to find out what is useful." Political economy is therefore an art, as it was with the economists of the last century; it is the art of administering the resources of society, and, of course, the administration must be guided by a regard to the general ends of the social union. "Its aim ought to be," he says, quoting Droz, "to make comfort as general as possible." It is not enough to show, like the English school, merely how the greatest quantity of useful commodities can be produced with least trouble; it must be shown also how they can be distributed with most justice, and how they can be consumed most rationally.

M. de Laveleye is here right in what he affirms, and wrong in what he denies. The practical part of political economy, which he makes the whole, has undoubtedly been unjustly ignored by the English school. They always say the business of the economist ends before that of the legislator begins, and that the economist has nothing to do with the justice or even the general expediency of institutions, and cannot consider them from the legislative standpoint. But this position is a practical abdication of

* "The Principles of Political Economy." By Henry Sidgwick. London: Macmillan & Co.

† "Political Economy." By F. A. Walker. London: Macmillan & Co.

the most important function which their special studies impose upon them, and besides, it is theoretically vicious; for, as theoretical economists, they have to deal with phenomena of which many are the direct fruit of, and all are influenced by, legislative arrangements; they have to deal therefore, among other things, with the legislative causes of social phenomena, and they can only deal with these aright by taking the legislator's standpoint. M. de Laveleye, however, makes a corresponding mistake to this when he ignores the strictly theoretical part of political economy. Economical phenomena certainly exhibit recurring types and undesigned regularities and tendencies, which may be traced to general principles of human nature, and which may not unwarrantably be classed with what are called natural laws. Some may be more exact, others less so, but that is incidental to all science. There is no reason, however, why political economy should not embrace at one and the same time the theoretical science of wealth of the English school, and the practical art of its administration taught by M. de Laveleye.

Besides the theory and the practice, there is in any social science a third and very important part, on which indeed the other two build their work,—the history, the description of individual phenomena as they actually coexist and have coexisted in all the complexity of their origin and operation. This is the department on which the German historical school concentrate their labour, and which they consider to be the whole. Political economy is defined by Professor von Scheel in Schönberg's new "Handbuch" as "a social science which investigates the development of events, describes and explains their nature, and, after a rational consideration of what it has in this way discovered to be the course and tendency of economical development in a nation, seeks to set before the country for its future direction the true ideals that correspond with real conditions and with rational ends." Economy is thus a department of history and of the philosophy of history. The economist has, indeed, a practical office, he has to supply the nation with sound goals and ideals; but he is first and foremost a historian, a philosopher teaching by example. Now this one-sided conception of political economy is not without its justification. The fault of the English school was not that it sought exact theory in a field where exact theory had no place, but that it built its theories on too narrow an induction, and then proclaimed them as final and universal laws. Mr. Bagehot said rightly enough that the principles of the English school were only valid for a period after the great commerce had arisen; but they are not always valid even then. They were built on the experience of England before free trade and rapid communications, and they are in some respects already inapplicable to the England of to-day. The great want of the English school was facts, widely selected, correctly described, relevant facts, and, of course, since a social fact is never understood till its history is known, a description of social facts means a description of their evolution. This is the work the German historical school set themselves to as the exclusive business of political economy. When a thing is very much needed, Nature seems often to overload the bias to it; and perhaps a narrow conception of the scope of economy has helped to concentrate the energies of the German economists better on the laborious work of historical investigation, which was the necessity of the time. This work has been already in their hands very fruitful, but its range is wide and it needs many co-operators. It is, therefore, entirely in harmony with their general conception of economy, that even a handbook on the subject should be encyclopædic, and require the labour of over twenty independent writers. These writers are the most distinguished Germany possesses in the particular branches they respectively treat—Wagner, Brentano, Goltz, Nasse, Neumann, Scheel, Geffcken, &c.—and this "Handbuch" is a most valuable collection of separate treatises, though wanting perhaps—as indeed it could hardly help

wanting—the unity and proportion of parts that belong to the work of a single mind. It is impossible to notice this book here as it deserves. It is certainly one of the chief monuments of the historical school, and it may possibly be found to mark their highest flood of influence, for signs already appear that the authority of that school—which has been predominant in Germany for the last twenty years, and has filled most of the University chairs with its disciples—is beginning to suffer, and that it will be stoutly challenged in the immediate future. The able and thoughtful work just published by Professor Carl Menger, of Vienna,* is one of the best proofs of this. He subjects the principles of the historical school to a most vigorous and successful polemic, and takes his own stand on the old lines of the English successors of Smith. He complains that the German economists have by their one-sided conception of their science isolated themselves from the work of other nations; that they confound history, which deals only with individual phenomena, with science, which deals with laws, with types, with genera; that their historical method is excellent for history, but history is not everything in political economy; and that in a social science there may be more than one legitimate method, because the phenomena are very complex, and the subjects of investigation diverse. He contends strongly for an exact theoretical department in political economy, discarding, however, all pretension to universal and immutable laws, and recognizing fully the influence of national and local peculiarities, of stages of social development, of the organic interconnection of different classes of social phenomena, and all other modifying agencies.

One naturally opens Mr. Sidgwick's book with much interest, because it is the first work on the subject by an important English thinker of the younger generation since the general revolt against the authority of the English school, and because it is written after a review of the whole controversy, and with the express aim of summing-up its results. As a summer-up he is perfect. His mind is eminently acute, and—what is much rarer—eminently judicial. He sifts, tests, weighs everything as he goes on, and turns it round on all sides; sets it first in this light, then in that; is always luminous, suggestive, stimulating; but often leaves you in the end to make your own decision. He does so on principle. That is his method—the critical method, if we may call it so; and he declares it to be the best method for some parts, at least, of political economy. He says other economists have fallen into two opposite errors. "They underrate the importance of *seeking* for the best definition of each cardinal term: and they overrate the importance of *finding* it." The hunt is better than the quarry. But one asks why not have both? Why not seek and find too? Mr. Sidgwick's treatment of the subject, always weighty, is therefore critical and discriminating rather than constructive or expository. He offers no new departure, he claims no originality. He says his work "must be understood to be primarily founded" on J. S. Mill's "Principles," and while he owns that the reaction against Mill and his school was inevitable and has been salutary, he believes it has been carried too far, and his object is to rescue from it "the sound and valuable results of previous thought." Though he acknowledges some obligation to Wagner, his mind does not seem to have been much influenced by any of the Continental schools. The nearest thing to a new departure that he offers us, is one that may at first seem a mere matter of literary arrangement. He first treats of political economy as a science, and then, in the closing third of his book, treats of it as an art. The science is the traditional "science of wealth," the theory of production and distribution as they are: the art is "the theory of what ought to be done by governments to improve production or distribution, and

* "Untersuchungen über die Methode der Social-wissenschaften." Von Dr. Carl Menger. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.

to provide for governmental expenditure." No doubt the English school, too, often discuss practical problems like taxation, and their usual treatment of production is very much that of an art; but still they never recognize political economy except as a science. Smith, on the contrary, recognized it only as an art, though it was in his hands, and as a consequence of his belief in natural liberty, that it virtually became a science. Mr. Sidgwick's merit is that he gives distinct and equal recognition to both aspects or branches, and considers the economist, as economist, entitled, and indeed bound, to look at things like a legislator and social reformer, as well as like an abstract social philosopher. When we remember how expressly Mr. Fawcett repudiates having anything to do as an economist with ideas of justice, it marks a decided advance to find Mr. Sidgwick broadly owning the relevancy even of social or distributive justice in economical discussions. His chapters on that subject, in which he touches on various socialistic proposals, are particularly fair and judicial—they breathe the very spirit of justice themselves; and he acutely remarks that even the strongest believers in the system of natural liberty believe in it at bottom, not solely because they think it natural, but, perhaps chiefly, because they think it just. It seems to them to give every man equal freedom, and equal freedom is their idea of distributive justice.

Mr. Sidgwick makes minor modifications of very unequal value on most of the leading doctrines taught by English economists of the last generation, but except in the case of the Wages Fund, which had already been abandoned by Mill, he still adheres to their main substance.

No room is left to do justice to Mr. Walker's admirable text-book. His aim is more strictly exposition, and allows less way for criticism and discussion than Mr. Sidgwick's; and he is a clear, thoughtful, effective expositor. He stands, perhaps, even closer to the traditional English lines than Mr. Sidgwick, though of course he diverges here and there on particular theories, and introduces an important change by treating of the consumption of wealth as well as of its production and distribution; an addition whose necessity is rightly acknowledged by Mr. Sidgwick also, though he has not devoted a special section of his work to its discussion. "It is," says Mr. Walker, "in the use made of the existing body of wealth that the wealth of the next generation is determined. It matters far less for the future greatness of a nation what is the sum of its wealth to day, whether large or small, then what are the habits of its people in the daily consumption of that wealth." But while it is the business of the economist to ascertain that, Mr. Walker will not hear of his founding any practical recommendations on this or any other branch of his knowledge. "His business simply is to trace economical effects to their causes, leaving it to the philosopher of every-day life, to the moralist or the statesman, to teach how men and nations should act in view of the economical principles so established. The political economist, for example, has no more call to preach free trade as the policy of nations than the physiologist to advocate monogamy as a legal institution." Who then has a call to preach free trade? or what then has the economist a call to preach at all? Free trade is a strictly economical question, and for the economist to abjure all intervention in such a question would simply be to isolate himself from real affairs, on the very occasions when he would be expected to speak. He is, of course, only concerned with the economical aspects of questions, and perhaps Mr. Walker's real difficulty is that he considers these aspects to be fewer or narrower than they are sometimes thought to be. But the present tendency is to widen them, and, as we have seen, he has himself gone with that tendency so far as to accentuate the category of consumption.

Professor Jevons' shorter writings—chiefly contributed to this REVIEW—

ave been collected by his widow, and published under the title of "Methods f Social Reform," by Messrs. Macmillan. Two of them had been revised by imself, and one—his very sensible and suggestive paper on the "Amusements of the People"—had been extended a little, with a view to publication in his form. The whole constitute a most valuable series of studies on economical and social questions, by a most careful investigator and fertile thinker. We are glad to meet again with his lecture on "Industrial Partnerships," and o know that he did not abandon his belief in that system of payment, in spite of the failure of the experiment of Messrs. Briggs, on which his belief in it was largely founded.

JOHN RAE.

IV.—PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

THE GREAT RED SPOT ON JUPITER.

THE disappearance of the great red spot which has for five years been the most marked feature of the planet Jupiter, has been followed by a good deal of theorising as to the real nature and meaning of this enormous oval marking. The spot had a surface of about two hundred millions of square miles—that is, it was about as large as the entire surface of the earth. In form it was a nearly perfect ellipse, about four times as long as it was broad. The colour of this great marking was ruddy. As compared with other markings on the planet, the great spot was not at rest. For instance, here was a white spot on a southern belt, which was carried round at a lifferent rate, the great red spot gaining one complete rotation on it in hirty-four days, corresponding to a *relative* gain of 6,000 miles or so per day, or 250 miles per hour. Of course, this relative motion may not ndicate any real motion in the red spot, for all the motion may have been in he white spot. But the observation proves unmistakably that there is remendous activity in the atmospheric envelope of the planet.

Among the various opinions which have been advanced to explain the great red spot, nearly all are based on the theory, now generally admitted, hat the planet Jupiter is as yet in a very early stage of planetary life. It has not yet been proved, but it seems highly probable, that ruddy markings on Jupiter are places where the clouds, usually covering most of the planet's urface, have been swept aside, and through the semi-transparent air, either he fiery hot surface of the planet is brought into view, or (more probably) ower cloud strata illuminated by that surface. The late Dr. Henry Draper believed he had obtained spectroscopic evidence *proving* that the light of the great red spot was partly inherent; and even those astronomers who thought he had not absolutely proved this, recognized the evidence he had obtained as alling little short of actual demonstration. Of course, if this were so, there ould remain no doubt as to the condition of Jupiter.

According to one theory of the red spot, volcanic action has taken place, hrowing into the atmosphere a mass of smoke and erupted materials, which ormed the red spot. This seems an improbable theory. Another regards he red spot as the nucleus of one of the future continents of Jupiter—a fiery ot, but solidified mass, thrust up through gaseous and liquid surroundings; a heory more reasonable than the former, but still not very probable. The view which seems to accord best with the facts—the only view, also, which takes

into account the singularly symmetrical form of the red marking—is that which regards it as due to the exceptional heat of a large tract of the planet's surface, causing a mighty cyclonic disturbance above the whole of that region, in such sort that, both through the greater heat and the great whirling storm, the atmosphere above it was kept clear of clouds.

In any case, it is impossible that a planet enwrapped in an atmosphere so deep and so disturbed as this great spot proves the atmosphere of Jupiter to be, can be the abode of living creatures.

For my own part, I am disposed to regard the surface which forms the visible disc of Jupiter, as not only far above any real solid or liquid surface he may have, but also as above the limits of his atmosphere, properly so called. When we remember that Todd of Adelaide has, in the beautifully clear air of Australia, seen the outline of one of Jupiter's moons through a range of some twenty thousand miles of the planet's globe (as the planet appears to us), it becomes clear that, to a depth of several thousand miles below the visible surface, the matter forming the globe we see must be very sparsely dispersed.

This also accords with what Professor G. H. Darwin has shown respecting the interior of Jupiter. For it follows from the observed movements of the satellites of Jupiter, that the central portion of that region of space which we call the globe of Jupiter, because his visible surface bounds it, is very much denser than the rest. This practically amounts to proof that the surface of Jupiter's real globe lies thousands of miles below the visible surface. Now the known laws of gaseous pressure forbid our believing that a continuous atmosphere thousands of miles in depth can surround a planet exerting like Jupiter an attractive force very much greater than that exerted by the earth on her atmosphere.

Slowing of the Earth's Rotation.

It is well known that Professor G. Darwin has associated what may be regarded as a new theory of cosmical evolution with the gradual retardation of the earth's rotation spin, and consequent lengthening of the day. Mr. E. Stone, formerly chief assistant at Greenwich, and now the head of the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, has just published some calculations, which though they do not actually disprove the change in the earth's rotation rate, throw grave doubt on the only direct evidence ever recognized in its favour. When it was found that Hansen's lunar tables do not accord with the evidence respecting the moon's movements derived either from actual observation or from the study of ancient eclipses, it was suggested in explanation of the discrepancy (corresponding to an apparent gain of the moon on her calculated place), that it may be apparent only, and due to change of the rate of going of our great terrestrial timepiece the earth, by which, of course, we time the moon's movements. Delaunay showed that, owing to the movement of the tidal wave in a direction opposite to that of the earth's rotation, the rotation rate must diminish, though very slowly. Sir George Airy, going through the same process of inquiry, obtained at first a negative result, but later recognized the existence of certain terms indicating a retardation. Since then it has been regarded as an accepted doctrine that the length of the day must gradually increase until the day is as long as the lunar month. Nay, Professor Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, goes further than this, and considers that the solar tide must eventually lengthen the day till it is equal to the year, overlooking apparently the fact that the lunar action will prevent any increase beyond the length of a lunar month. But Mr. Stone has found reason for believing that the discordance between theory and

observation which has been thrown on the earth's rotation, does not exist, so that, "so far as we know at present, the time of the earth's rotation is constant." If his calculation should be confirmed, it would not prove that there is no retardation in the earth's rotation, but that the length of the day is changing much more slowly than had been supposed—too slowly, in fact, to be recognized.

The Critical Point of Gases and Liquids.

M. J. Jamin has advanced a somewhat new view as to the critical point of liquefiable gases. This point, as is well known, is that at which a substance exists indifferently as gas or liquid, very slight changes of pressure or temperature sufficing to cause it to pass from the gaseous to the liquid form, or from the liquid form to the gaseous. M. Jamin defines the critical point as that temperature at which a liquid has the same density as its vapour at saturation point. But he maintains that the general law of vaporization is not interrupted; the liquid continues to be at its point of ebullition and at its maximum tension; if it is no longer visible it is because it is mixed with the gas in which it floats (because of the equalization of the densities), and when the temperature continues to increase the tension continues to increase, remaining at a maximum until the liquid is entirely vaporized; then, and then only, the space ceases to be saturated, and the pressure to be limited; there remains but dry vapour, a gas definitely removed from the point of liquefaction. Practically, therefore, M. Jamin denies the existence of a condition intermediate to the vaporous and the liquid states.

The Motion of Sirius.

Few lines of research in modern times are more curious than the inquiry into the movements of approach and recession of stars. The problem seems at a first view a hopeless one, seeing that from the known distances of the stars, and from their recognized rates of thwart motion, it is manifest that in thousands of years no star could become perceptibly brighter through approach, or perceptibly fainter through recession. How, by means of spectroscopic analysis, the problem has been dealt with, and much more satisfactorily than the problem of thwart movements, which seems so much easier, I have explained in my "Essays on Astronomy." (I may note in passing that I wrote that explanation before as yet I knew that Dr. Huggins, our great spectroscopist, was endeavouring to apply the method, and in fact before the value of the method had been otherwise publicly indicated). Sirius was the first star whose motion in the line of sight was dealt with by the spectroscopic method. It was found that Sirius was receding at the rate of some twenty miles per second. Then other stars were dealt with, among others the group Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon and Zeta in the Greater Bear, which were found, as I had specifically predicted would happen, to be drifting all at the same rate, and in the same direction. But it soon appeared that the method could only be effectively applied with such instrumental means as are provided in our great national observatory. At Greenwich, accordingly, for several years past the movements of recession and approach of a score or so of stars have been systematically examined. Strange to relate, it is found that in the case of Sirius, at any rate, the motion in the line of sight is not uniform. It has been gradually diminishing of late, until now it seems likely to change before long into a motion of approach. It had been thought that the movements of the stars, all except those by which one star circles around another, or both around their common centre of

gravity, belong to journeys, like that of our sun, on orbits so vast that even in thousands and tens of thousands of years scarce any recognizable arc could be traversed, and therefore no recognizable change of direction could be detected. But if in the case of Sirius it should appear that within less than a score of years, not merely a recognizable change of course has taken place, but the course has actually been reversed so far as approach and recession are concerned, our views must be in some degree changed. We cannot consistently with known laws suppose that the courses of the stars change save under the influence of potent perturbing forces. But the only way in which we can imagine such forces to exist in the case of Sirius is through the attractive influences of large masses near him—masses nearly as large as himself. It is noteworthy that the proper motion of Sirius—that is, his apparent motion on the star sphere—had already led astronomers to suspect the existence of a large but dark companion orb; and though a companion discovered by Alvan Clark several years since was not found to fulfil the required conditions, the explanation was doubtless sound. It will be interesting to inquire what new light may be thrown on the problem by the varying movements of Sirius in the direction of the line of sight. Should this prove to be the case, it will be furthermore interesting to note that this is a new method for detecting disturbing forces within the stellar sphere, and therefore for dealing with the architecture of the heavens, as also with its past history.

Flooding the Desert of Sahara.

The possible changes in the climate of Europe which may follow the flooding of the Desert of Sahara have been again the subject of discussion since M. Lesseps' recent and more modest scheme has been announced. There is one aspect of the question which has not yet, so far as I know, been considered. It seems to have been taken for granted that the influx of the waters of the Mediterranean to the regions now dry, parts of which lie fully a thousand feet below the sea level (if recent surveys may be trusted) will take place nearly as quickly and as comfortably as the filling up of the Suez Canal when the barriers which had kept out the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas were successively removed. But if we can judge from what is observed in the case of Niagara, it is probable that the inrush will take some time, and be accompanied by some little disturbance. Niagara may be regarded as letting out the waters of Lake Erie into Ontario. Considering the limited amount of work done in this way by Niagara, and the disturbance and uproar accompanying that work, one is disposed to await with interest the effect of letting the waters of the Mediterranean into the lower parts of the Sahara. It may safely be predicted that, whatever inlet is cut by man, a much larger one will be forced by Nature before a hundredth part of the work of indraught has been effected.

Magnetism.

Professor Hughes has recently advanced views about magnetism which, if accepted, will largely modify the position which science assigns to this property. He asserts that where there is no apparent magnetism, or the magnetism is neutral, there is not, as had been supposed, an indifferent turning of the molecules in all directions, with consequent balancing of influence, but, on the contrary, there is a perfectly symmetrical arrangement, the molecules (or their polarities) arranging themselves so as to satisfy their mutual attraction by the shortest path, and thus form a complete closed circuit of attraction. When magnetism becomes evident, the molecules (or their polarities) have all rotated symmetrically in a given direction, but the

symmetry of arrangement is such that the circles of attraction are not completed except through an external armature joining both poles. Again, he shows that we have permanent magnetism when the molecular rigidity retains the molecules, or their polarities, in a given direction, and transient magnetism whenever the molecules are comparatively free. Professor Hughes also shows that the inherent polarity or magnetism of each molecule is, like gravity, a constant quantity, which can neither be generated nor augmented nor diminished nor destroyed. Neither can magnetism be changed to any other form of force or property of matter. It must be therefore dissociated from electricity, as certainly as gravitation must be dissociated from heat and light. Electricity may be generated by magnetism just as light and heat (as in the case of the sun) may be generated by gravitation; but electricity is not a form of magnetism, any more than heat or light is a form of gravity.

R. A. Proctor.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"ACROSS CHRYSÊ": FRANCE AND TONGKING.

Across Chrysê, from Canton to Mandalay. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. London: 1883.

The intrinsic interest of the narrative and importance of the questions raised would have secured for Mr. Colquhoun's book a warm reception at any time. Coming as it does at a moment when the adventure of France is attracting all eyes to the regions described, it will be read still more widely.

Chrysê, as the ancients called the region of Indo-China, and as Mr. Colquhoun names it in their wake, has long been an attractive field of travel and enterprise; and numerous projects for opening up its trade have been invented, fostered, and abandoned. The French have worked by way of the Mekong and the Songkoi in the hope of tapping it in the east, while English explorers, as a natural consequence of our location on its confines, have been trying to reach it from the west. Mr. Colquhoun's journey was conceived from a new standpoint. Starting from Canton, he designed to ascend the Sikiang to the extreme westerly limit of navigation at Pêsê, (roughly lat. 24°, long. 106°), to make his way thence by way of Szumao across the Chinese frontier, and thence again through the heart of the peninsula, by way of Zimmè, to Maulmain. Thwarted, as has been the case with previous explorers, by the Chinese authorities at the frontier, and absolutely paralyzed by the defection of his interpreter, he was unable to carry out the latter portion of his scheme, and compelled to seek exit from Yunnan by way of Tali, and the well-worn route of Bhamo; but he has none the less accomplished a journey remarkable both for the results achieved, and for the difficulties and hardships so pluckily surmounted. A survey of 1,500 miles of country, from Canton to Tali, a great deal of valuable local information, and an interesting description of the regions traversed, are among the practical results of the undertaking, and these have enabled the composition of two speculative chapters,* regarding the possible railways and trade routes of the future, which may be said to constitute the kernel of the book.

If the form of composition adopted—that of writing his narrative as he went along—involves occasional repetition and defects of literary finish, it is well adapted to give life and reality to the picture, and to enlist the sympathy of the reader. We share the writer's bitter disappointment at Szumao; we share his anxiety for his friend and companion, doomed so unhappily to succumb on his homeward voyage, after struggling through hardships that would try a constitution of iron, and that must have been torture in his state of suffering and illness. The itinerary takes us along the frontier of Tongking; and the cities of Nanning and Mentzu, distant respectively fourteen and six days journey from Hanoi, suggest themselves as the probable gathering places of the Kwangtung and Yunnan levies, if China resolves to intervene in the present struggle. Descriptions of scenery and people, dissertations on climate, commerce, and topography increase in interest as the travellers advance. We shiver with them amid the soaking mists and rains of the Yunnan hills, and shudder with them amid the filth of the Chinese hostelries. We enter vividly into their difficulties with their servants,

* "Across Chrysê," caps. xvii. and xviii. vol. ii.

difficulties of communication, difficulties of travel. We share their high appreciation of the immense service rendered by Père Vial in accompanying them across the Burmese frontier at a moment when, literally and metaphorically, they were staggering to and fro and at their wits' end to accomplish the passage; and we can almost *feel* the rest they experienced as they floated calmly, from Bhamo, down the waters of Irrawaddy, too tired even to "observe." It would be difficult to speak too highly of the pluck and energy shown in overcoming difficulties sometimes amusing, sometimes almost overwhelming. Taken altogether, in fact, as a record of adventurous travel, for graphic description and for fulness of information regarding little-known people and districts, "Across Chrysê" deserves high appreciation.

Mr. Colquhoun evidently started with a marked predilection in favour of the line he had mapped out as the trade route of the future, and it must be admitted that the facts and arguments adduced tell strongly in favour of his scheme. This is nothing less than the construction of a railway from Maulmain across the heart of the Peninsula, traversing the British province of Tenasserim, the western section of the adjoining Shan province dependent on Siam, the eastern portion of the independent Shan States in the centre, and terminating at Szumao, (in, roughly speaking, 23° N. 101° E.), on the Chinese frontier. Assuming, as Mr. Colquhoun does, that the engineering difficulties will prove surmountable, the advantages to be derived from such a railway would undoubtedly be great; and, with the French pressing on the flank of the proposed route in Tongking, there is an additional motive to make this bold bid for the trade of the districts traversed, and of south-west Yunnan. Projects of future extension into the regions of China proper come also within the field of view, but these may well be left for future consideration.

Yunnan has been the objective point of most previous explorers, the reputed fertility and mineral wealth of the province having caused a high estimate to be placed on the value of the trade that might be expected, if practicable communications were established. The project of a railway from Rangoon to Bhamo has thus been put forward in one direction, while the opening of the Songkoi has been energetically advocated on the other. But Mr. Colquhoun urges geographical and other reasons in favour of his own over both these routes, which seem valuable and weighty. In the first place, there is little doubt that the resources of Yunnan have been exaggerated, and that, even were it otherwise, the country has suffered so terribly from the late rebellion and the pestilence which followed, that years, generations almost, of peace and tranquillity will be required to enable it to regain its former prosperity. Industry, commerce, almost a population, have to be re-created; the mines have, in many cases, not been re-opened; vast districts have been thrown out of cultivation; whole villages are tenantless. The district tapped by the Songkoi appears to be one of those which have suffered most; and that lying eastward of Bhamo is in nearly similar case. That both these routes have value is certain. Intercourse with Burmah has, for centuries, been carried on by the latter; and Dupin's journey proved the practicability of the former; Mr. Colquhoun, moreover, found in some districts evidences of a small import trade by way of Hanoi already existing. The physical configuration of the country, however—a series of tremendous valleys trending southward—appears to render eastward extension in the one case and lateral expansion in the other, well nigh impracticable. The most prosperous and fertile districts, in Mr. Colquhoun's experience, are those of the south-west and centre, and they would be best approached by the line he suggests; while the additional advantage would be secured, of opening up a vast tract of new country, inhabited by a docile and friendly race, and so creating a new trade route through which the commerce of northern "Chrysê" would flow naturally to Maulmain.

It is necessary, however, to regard Mr. Colquhoun's scheme from a political as well as a commercial standpoint; and the chapters describing it should be read, to do him justice, in connection with his recent article in the *National Review*.* I endeavoured eight months ago,† while the Tongking adventure was still in embryo, to explain, in these pages, the origin and basis of French claims in

* "England and France in Indo-China," by the Author of "Across Chrysê:" *National Review*, June, 1883.

† "The French in Tongking:" CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, November, 1882.

Cochin China. Those claims were then ostensibly confined to the assertion of a protectorate over Annam, and the pacification and effectual opening of the Red River route to Yunnan. But the idea appears since then to have developed into a dream of Indo-Chinese Empire, embracing the whole eastern half of the Peninsula—the dividing line, according to a recent speech by the Deputy for Saigon, being indicated in the mountains which separate the valleys of the Menam and the Mekong; the country to the west of which he admits to fall under the influence of England, while that to the east "must belong to France." There is a beautiful simplicity in this bisection of the peninsula, which must commend itself to any one who looks at British Burmah fringing it on the west, and Annam as a French colony coasting it on the east. But there are considerations above and beyond even arbitrary lines of demarcation and assumed configurations of the soil; and M. Blancsubé's plan directly clashes with the principle of "nationalities" which his countrymen have been foremost in advocating at home. The most promising scheme for rehabilitating and re-organizing the country, and restoring its ancient prosperity, appears to lie in fostering the union of the Shan race, under the leadership of Siam. Buffeted by Annam on the east, and by Burmah on the west, these tribes have suffered as peoples do suffer in Oriental warfare, but have retained their national instincts, and are beginning again to recover and cohere since the blows dealt by England and France at their oppressors have compelled the latter to slacken their grasp. The Shan States formerly under the dominion of Burmah have thrown off its yoke; and those nearest to Siam appear to pay that country a willing allegiance. British policy favours the Pan-Shanic idea, as promising best for the future welfare of the country and its inhabitants; but the French idea, as defined by M. Blanscubé, would rudely destroy it, by dividing the region, and preventing the union of the people.

The Shans themselves seem a capable and docile race, well-disposed, and with strong commercial instincts; their country is said to be fertile, and hardly inferior in mineral wealth to those districts of Yunnan which there is so much striving to reach. All they need is peace and communications; and the startling effect these two conditions have had in developing trade and prosperity in British Burmah, encourages the best anticipations as to what would follow from the application of Mr. Colquhoun's projects to the inland districts of the peninsula.

Viewed in this light, the proceedings of the French in Tongking assume a fresh and greater interest. So long as we could suppose their design extended merely to the opening of the Red River and pacification of Tongking, we could wish well to the project; but if that project is to be supplemented by a protectorate which means practical annexation, and the protectorate is to expand into a scheme for partitioning Indo-China, the case assumes a different aspect. We have no such design on our own part, and should hardly be more anxious for a contiguous frontier with the French on the Menam or the Mekong, than are the Chinese for their neighbourhood in Yunnan.

It is, however, casting far ahead to anticipate such a contingency. Tongking is not yet subdued; and it remains to be seen whether the unexpected effort that task seems likely to involve may not discourage its assailants, for the present, from more extended operations. It is questionable whether M. Challemel-Lacour has not misapprehended the degree of resistance that may be offered, even by Annam. It is equally questionable whether he has not misapprehended the degree of opposition to be expected from China. It is true, China is not a military nation. Her strength, in spite of all her purchases of arms and war-ships, is not really great; there is a curse of slovenliness, a want of thoroughness, a lack of capacity for organization, which goes far to paralyze the efforts of her government to place her in the position her immense territory and population should entitle her to assume. The forces she succeeded in mustering at the time of the Kuldja difficulty were not imposing, either in point of discipline or armament, and her officers would make a poor show against those of any European State in regular warfare. Her more intelligent statesmen are not altogether blind to these truths; and both on this account and from an instinctive dislike to war, would do much to avoid it. Some terms of compromise may therefore still be found. But it would be a mistake to assume that China will never fight; and, as I remarked on a former occasion, the proposed substitution of a powerful and military for a weak and submissive neighbour, might well disturb a less conserva-

tive nation. There is, in fact, no point on which she is more sensitive. The subordinate kingdoms on her frontiers appear to be regarded as so many buffers to keep off hostile contact. We have seen her lately trying to ward off the danger of Russian aggression in the north, by persuading Corea to open its ports to foreign intercourse, and so engaging other interests in the maintenance of its integrity. It is this instinct and this policy that make her insist so strongly on rights of suzerainty which assume, in such a case, practical as well as historical value. It is therefore in the last degree unlikely that she will allow the French to install themselves on her southern frontier without an effort to prevent it; and it is certainly in her power to make the occupation of Tongking a very disagreeable and exhausting process.

In the meantime, Mr. Colquhoun's book, with its excellent maps, comes opportunely to extend our knowledge of this most interesting region, and suggests questions of future policy in which the fortunes of Tongking and the possible development of French enterprise assume a new interest.

R. S. Gundry.

NEW BOOKS.

Life of Lord Lawrence. By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—This will rank among our great biographies. It is doubtful whether Mr. Smith has been more fortunate in his subject, or Lord Lawrence in his biographer. The career Mr. Smith narrates is one of high personal and historical interest, and he narrates it with spirit, with excellent judgment, and literary felicity. He seems to have had copious materials for all parts of Lord Lawrence's life, and he has chosen and arranged them very skilfully; nor, though dealing often with public events and public policy, does he ever forget that he is writing biography, and not history or politics. The powerful and impressive figure of the great Anglo-Indian is always kept before us, and by touches drawn from many sources, from Lord Lawrence's letters, from reminiscences of friends, from State papers, Mr. Smith gives us a well-defined and well filled-in portrait of the man in all relations of life. It is impossible to do justice to such a book here. It touches on almost every point of Indian administration, and supplies many evidences of the far-seeing sagacity as well as the daring of our greatest Indian Viceroy.

Life and Achievements of Edward Henry Palmer. By Walter Besant, M.A. (Murray).—Mr. Besant has certainly succeeded in the first and most difficult object of the biographer; he conveys to our mind a vivid, intelligible, lasting impression of his gifted and strangely-fated friend. Little account, indeed, is given of the Professor in some important relations of life, but the positive and characteristic elements of his truly unique individuality are all there. The book reads almost like a tale. There are strange combinations in the man himself—the Oriental combination, for example, of the scholar, the mesmerist, the conjuror—and strange things are always happening to him, curious, improbable, unexpected experiences and transitions, down to that final destiny that sent a quiet, cheery student from his books and the friends who loved him so well, to avert a rising of disturbed tribes in the East, to die a strange death, and be laid at last among military heroes. Palmer was not only an Orientalist of the first rank, but an Orientalist of the rarest kind, for the rich and subtle sympathetic nature, which was the secret of so much of the power and charm of the man, was also among other things an effective instrument of linguistic scholarship. His learning was therefore no mere affair of roots and inflexions and syntax, but breathed the life and feelings of the many peoples and tongues it embraced.

North America. Edited by Professors Hayden and Selwyn. (Stanford).—This new contribution to Mr. Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travel," is based, like its predecessors, on a translation by Mr. A. H. Keane, of the corresponding portion of Von Hellwald's "Die Erde und ihre Völker;" but this has been so much enlarged in the process of revision by the Editors, Professor Hayden of the United States Geological Survey, and Professor Selwyn of the

Geological Survey of Canada, that it appears now "as to all intents and purposes a new and original work." It is, on the whole, an excellent and skilful digest of the geography and statistics of the two great countries in North America, though the statistical information is too meagre on some points, considering their importance from a British point of view. The sentence or two on the wheat crop of America is neither full enough nor exact enough, and the prediction they open with, that "of late years wheat especially has been grown to such an extent, that America may yet enter the European market as the most formidable future rival of Russia," is behind the time of day. A feature of great value in the book, is its numerous maps, not merely geographical maps, but physical maps, geological maps, rain maps, population maps, railway maps, all admirably executed.

Iberian Experiences. By A. Gallenga. (Chapman & Hall). Mr. Gallenga has made five lengthened visits to Spain at important junctures during the last fifteen years, and now, at the suggestion, it seems, of an anonymous letter, he has put together his reminiscences of what he saw, heard, and thought in the course of these visits, into the two considerable and sightly volumes now before us. Mr. Gallenga does not attempt to give us what is so much wanted—a thorough account of the country, people, and institutions of Spain. His aim, he says, was merely to write a traveller's book, a companion to those who went abroad, a pastime to those who stayed at home. In this he has more than succeeded; his book is sketchy and lively and varied, and gives you, into the bargain, a good deal of miscellaneous information about the history and politics of the peninsula. On the whole he thinks those are wrong who allege that Spain has turned over a new leaf. Church and Government are as corrupt as ever; but he owns that trade and general security are considerably better than they were when he first knew the country, and he believes the people to be better than their institutions. There must be, he thinks, a good deal of private virtue in them to have withstood so long the constant scandal of so much public corruption. But nothing is more common than the co-existence of public corruption and private integrity, because public corruption affects only the limited classes who are brought into a position to profit by it. The rest have little contact with it.

Memoir of Lord Hatherley. By Rev. W. R. W. Stephens. (Bentley).—The death of Lord Campbell has not removed the new terror he was said to have added to death for the Chancellors, but only changed the instrument of its exercise. In the present case a well-meaning but unskilful nephew has written a life of Lord Chancellor Hatherley, which will have a doubtful effect upon his uncle's reputation. Few reputations, in fact, could stand the publication of every letter written to a private friend during some sixty years, and every sonnet written to a wife as an annual birthday tribute, from the first dotage of love to the second dotage of age. They prove the tenacity of Lord Hatherley's friendship, of his domestic affection, of his religious convictions; but they might have proved all that as well by sample. The letters to Dean Hook are not only often too commonplace for republication, but to make them, as Mr. Stephens does, the staple of his book, is merely to present to us Lord Hatherley as he was to Dean Hook, instead of Lord Hatherly as he was to the world in general in the various important relations he occupied in life. His wife once inspired him to an epigram much happier than his sonnets. Dining at Trinity in his Chancellor days, he said that "the day he became a Fellow of Trinity was the proudest and happiest day of his life except one, and that was the day on which he ceased to be a Fellow of Trinity."

A Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain. By the late Samuel Halkett, Keeper of the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh; and the late Rev. John Laing, M.A., Librarian of the New College Library, Edinburgh. Vols. I. and II. (Edinburgh: Paterson.)—England is peculiarly rich in anonymous and pseudonymous literature, from the sectarian theology of the times of intolerance to the political pamphlets of last century, and the novel-writing of the present day. M. Chasles, the eminent French bibliographer, says that "in the whole history of literature there is not a more fantastical group of whimsicalities than that of the English pseudonyms, which

abound between 1688 and 1800." Yet never till now has any attempt been made to catalogue or describe them, while countries much inferior to ours, in both the extent and the interest of their anonymous literature, not only France and Germany, but even Italy, Russia, and Sweden, have long possessed excellent works of the kind. The dictionary of Messrs. Halkett and Laing, two distinguished Edinburgh librarians, most effectually removes this reproach. It is a work of permanent importance, and will take its place beside Barbier and Brunet, and other standard books of bibliography. It arose out of the notes which Mr. Halkett was first obliged, for want of such a work, to make for his own guidance in his duties as librarian, and which he then collected, with an express eye to the present publication, from the year 1856 till his death in 1871. His materials were enriched by the collections made during several years by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, by the co-operation and assistance of various other authorities, and after his death, his pious task was continued for ten years more by a bibliographer as accurate, industrious, and learned as himself. The work thus represents the results of some thirty years' honest, loving, and widely assisted labour, by thoroughly competent hands, and may be taken to be as complete and exact an account of the subject as the present state of our information affords.

The State in its Relation to Trade. By T. H. Farrer; *Local Government.* By M. D. Chalmers. (Macmillan & Co.).—Two new volumes of the *English Citizen* have made their appearance, and they are quite equal to their predecessors. Mr. Farrer shows us a phenomenon that would be thought singular abroad, a bureaucrat decrying centralization; but he gives for his opposition the very good reason that he has "seen more of the difficulties and weakness of central government" than most other men. His opinion, therefore, has an individual value, because it is based on his official experience of centralization. As trade and civilization grow more complex, the occasions for State interference seem to multiply, and the amount of industrial work done by a free-trade Government like that of England, as it is brought together and clearly explained in Mr. Farrer's pages, will perhaps appear a little surprising. We are glad to find a writer of Mr. Farrer's practical experience, seconding heartily as "a most fruitful suggestion," Mr. Jevons's advocacy of experimental legislation. It is no easy task to describe the local government of England, on which we are taught so much of our liberty depends. It is a chaos of anomalies. It is indeed all regulated by statute law, even to its minutest details, but then that law is embodied in 650 different Acts of general application, and some thousands of purely local and special Acts, which have been passed at different times during the last six centuries. Accordingly, as Mr. Chalmers says, "every principle that can be stated is liable to be obscured by a dense overgrowth of local exceptions." Mr. Chalmers has, however, succeeded in giving an intelligible and lucid account of the system—if system it can be called—and in spite of his modest depreciation in his preface, "writing law books" has certainly not taken from his hand its literary cunning.

The American Citizen's Manual. Part II. *The Functions of Government.* By Worthington C. Ford. (New York: Putnam). This is an American counterpart of the series to which the two former little works belong. The present volume, the second of the series, comprises the functions of both the Federal and the State Governments, and unfolds them in a clear, simple, businesslike way. The author is a strong free-trader, and severely condemns not only all protective duties generally, but the system of retaliatory taxation that exists in America between one State and another.

Ice Pack and Tundra. By William H. Gilder. (Sampson Low & Co.) This is a narrative of the search for the ill-fated *Jeannette*, written from time to time), in the form of letters to the *New York Herald*, by the correspondent of that journal, who accompanied the Relief Expedition in the *Rodgers*. It is very readable throughout, and contains a due admixture of adventure and information about tribes and places hitherto hardly known. The Diary of Lieutenant De Long, the commander of the *Jeannette*, which was found in the ice near his remains, and was posted up apparently till the very day of his death, is a singularly sad record of the daily struggles of brave men with frost and famine.

The Life of Schiller. By Heinrich Duntzer. (Macmillan).—The present is the fullest account of the poet we as yet possess, and that is the chief merit of the work. Herr Duntzer is known hitherto mainly as an elaborate commentator on German classics, and he is not a master of the art of biography. But he gathers and discusses materials, and if we cannot obtain from him any very vivid image of the man or the poet, we can learn a good deal about him in all relations of life. We may add that the translation might be a little improved, and the engravings very considerably.

Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart. By A. C. Ewald, F.S.A. (Chatto & Windus.)—In a new edition of his meritorious "Life of Prince Charles Edward Stuart," Mr. Ewald takes the opportunity of adding, in an appendix, the names of those who were tried for complicity in the rebellion, and of completing the whole book by a convenient and ample index.

NATURE AND THOUGHT.

To the Editor of The Contemporary Review.

Sir,—I ask of your courtesy space for a short explanation concerning two points in the criticism of my last work, which Mr. Romanes has done me the honour to make in the June number of your Review.

The first point refers to my assertion ("Nature and Thought," p. 237) that no man "investigating the arguments as to theism," ought to be "impartial." The word impartial, means "indifferent" as well as "just,"* and when Mr. Romanes attributes to me exclusively the latter meaning, he appears not to have noticed, that in order to guard against that interpretation, I had said:—"A feeling of *indifference* as to whether such highest object of aspiration exists or not cannot but be a defect."

As a matter of fact, it is simply impossible for an ordinary man to be indifferent with respect to any question which greatly affects his happiness and prosperity, and it is obvious that there are many questions as to which no man is indifferent or "impartial" who is good.

The second point touches an accusation of plagiarism (in certain passages of my last chapter) from a work published under the assumed name of Physicus. My reply is that I happen to be personally acquainted with Physicus, who, when he confided to me the secret of his authorship, earnestly requested me to be most careful in no way to betray that secret. I also received the impression that he had somewhat modified the views expressed in his work, and regretted their promulgation. I may have been mistaken in this, and if I find I have thus caused him disappointment, I shall much regret it; but it was owing to my regard for what (rightly or wrongly) I believed to be his feelings, that I withheld a reference. I should otherwise have made it as scrupulously as in the case of Mr. Arthur Balfour. As it happens, part of my last chapter was expressly written for the sake of Physicus himself, and it was my very desire to represent his old arguments with perfect accuracy, which made me employ his own *ipsissima verba* as the expression of certain views opposed to my own, and which I deemed unreasonable and foolish. It would have been otherwise had they been arguments on my own side, or such as I thought likely to reflect credit upon their author.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

St. George Mivart.

* "Not partial; not favouring or not biassed in favour of one party more than another; indifferent; unprejudiced; disinterested."—*Imperial Dictionary* (1882), vol. ii.

GLASGOW—29 St. Vincent Place. ABERDEEN—245 Union Street.

MUTUAL ASSURANCE WITH MODERATE PREMIUMS.

cottish Provident Institution.

E following are the Results reported for the Year 1882 :—

New Assurances, £1,031,965, with **£40,402** of Premiums, of which **£7430** by Single Payment.

Net Premiums received, **£423,724.—Total Income, £601,072.**

Realised Funds (increased in year by £307,797), **£4,509,730.**

EARLY PAYMENT OF CLAIMS.

. RESOLUTION WAS SUBMITTED, PROVIDING FOR PAYMENT OF CLAIMS

One Month after admission of proof of Death.

FERGUSON OF KINMUNDY, in moving the adoption of the Report, said :—

HE REPORT just read is probably one of nost satisfactory ever presented to you. That n ordinary year, without the stimulus of pproaching division of profits, or any other ialty to influence business, the large sum of Million and Thirty Thousand Pounds of New urances should have been effected, is a matter mutual congratulation. The business, morer, has been of a safe and genuine character, ng entirely a Home Business, and not inflated large sums on one life, requiring to be reassured other Offices; and it has been obtained at an eptionally low cost, as I shall afterwards show. other feature worthy of note is the moderate tio of Claims to the Annual Income. These aims were in all £235,213, against an income £601,072, evidently a very low proportion.

This statement leads up to a third, and that the ost gratifying feature of the Report, namely, that e Realised Funds of the Institution have been ineased in the year by the large sum of £307,797,— eir amount at the close of 1882 being £4,509,728, ainst subsisting Assurances of £15,350,000. his, I need not say, is a very high proportion, articularly for an Office in which, from the low verage age of the members, the premiums will ontinue to be drawn for a lengthened period.

It was stated in last year's Report that "the Accumulated Fund has increased in the last nine years by upwards of Two Millions," and that "of a hundred Offices in the kingdom not more than four (all of much longer standing) have as large a fund." This was given with the caution which we have always wished should characterise such statements. I am now in a position to state that not more than two Offices are possessed of Funds which, as do ours, exceed Four and a Half Millions of Pounds. These two are also native Scottish Offices. Their names will, no doubt, at once occur to you. And without wishing to appear unduly to magnify our own Institution, I may just add that it is now possessed of a much larger Accumulated Fund than either of them had at the same stage of their history.

Such are the salient points in the business history of the last year. They tell of stability, and they point to progress. The increase of our business is not purchased at the expense of security. As the one extends the other is built up. The million of New Assurances is backed up by an increase of £307,000 to the funds; and thus extension and financial strength go hand in hand.

He then referred to the cost of management, which is greatly under any Office doing a large progressive business, and which has been steadily falling. In the Board of Trade Report, in 1874, the cost was stated at 12·5 per cent on the premiums. Last year the *ratio* was 9·4 per cent to premiums, and to the year's income 6·6 per cent only.

MR. JOHN COWAN, Beeslack, seconded the motion; which, with the Resolution for earlier Payment of Claims, was unanimously approved of.

THE ADVANTAGES which this Institution offers to Assurers are :—

A greatly larger original Assurance—generally as much as £1200 or £1250 for the Premium charged elsewhere (with Profits) for £1000 only.

The prospect, to good lives, of very considerable additions—no share of Profit being given to those by whose early death there is a *loss*.

JAMES WATSON, *Manager*.

EDINBURGH, *April* 1883.

LEEDS—Royal Exchange.

BRISTOL—31 Clare Street.

HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

DUBLIN—No. 16 COLLEGE GREEN.

BELFAST—22 Waring Street.

Scottish Provident Institution.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS, BY DIFFERENT MODES OF PAYMEN

For Assurance of £100 at Death—With Profits.

Age next Birth-day.	Annual Premium payable during Life.	ANNUAL PREMIUM LIMITED TO			Single Payment.	Age next Birth-day.
		Twenty-one Payments.	Fourteen Payments.	Seven Payments.		
21	£1 16 3	£2 10 6	£3 4 11	£5 10 0	£33 0 1	21
22	1 16 9	2 11 0	3 5 9	5 11 0	33 5 10	22
23	1 17 2	2 11 6	3 6 5	5 12 1	33 11 2	23
24	1 17 7	2 12 1	3 6 11	5 13 1	33 16 5	24
25	1 18 0	2 12 6	3 7 3	5 14 0	34 2 0	25
26	1 18 6	2 13 0	3 7 10	5 14 11	34 8 2	26
27	1 19 2	2 13 6	3 8 7	5 15 11	34 16 1	27
28	1 19 11	2 14 1	3 9 5	5 17 1	35 4 9	28
29	2 0 8	2 14 8	3 10 3	5 18 6	35 14 1	29
*30	2 1 6	2 15 4	3 11 2	6 0 1	36 4 0	*30
31	2 2 6	2 16 2	3 12 1	6 1 10	36 14 6	31
32	2 3 5	2 17 1	3 13 2	6 3 8	37 5 5	32
33	2 4 6	2 18 0	3 14 4	6 5 8	37 17 2	33
34	2 5 7	2 19 0	3 15 7	6 7 9	38 9 7	34
35	2 6 10	3 0 2	3 16 11	6 10 0	39 2 9	35
36	2 8 2	3 1 5	3 18 4	6 12 5	39 16 11	36
37	2 9 8	3 2 9	3 19 11	6 15 0	40 12 4	37
38	2 11 3	3 4 3	4 1 7	6 17 9	41 8 7	38
39	2 12 11	3 5 9	4 3 4	7 0 7	42 5 4	39
†40	2 14 9	3 7 5	4 5 2	7 3 7	43 2 10	†40
41	2 16 8	3 9 2	4 7 2	7 6 8	44 0 11	41
42	2 18 8	3 11 1	4 9 3	7 9 11	44 19 9	42
43	3 0 11	3 13 1	4 11 5	7 13 3	45 19 3	43
44	3 3 3	3 15 3	4 13 10	7 16 9	46 19 7	44
45	3 5 9	3 17 6	4 16 4	8 0 7	48 0 8	45
46	3 8 5	4 0 0	4 19 1	8 4 6	49 2 8	46
47	3 11 5	4 2 8	5 2 1	8 8 8	50 5 8	47
48	3 14 8	4 5 8	5 5 4	8 13 2	51 9 7	48
49	3 18 1	4 8 9	5 8 9	8 17 11	52 14 1	49
50	4 1 7	4 12 1	5 12 4	9 2 10	53 19 3	50
51	4 5 6	4 15 5	5 16 1	9 7 11	55 4 5	51
52	4 9 5	4 18 10	5 19 11	9 13 1	56 9 0	52
53	4 13 5	5 2 5	6 3 11	9 18 3	57 12 11	53
54	4 17 8	5 6 3	6 8 0	10 3 5	58 17 2	54
55	5 1 11	5 10 2	6 12 1	10 8 6	60 0 8	55
56	5 6 4	......	6 14 9	10 13 7	61 3 8	56
57	5 10 11	......	6 18 8	10 18 8	62 6 5	57
58	5 15 9	.. ...	7 2 9	11 3 10	63 9 4	58
59	6 1 0	......	7 7 3	11 9 0	64 12 11	59
60	6 6 7	......	7 12 0	11 14 3	65 16 9	60

* EXAMPLE.—A person of 30 may thus secure £1000 at Death, by a yearly payment, *during life*, of £20 :
This Premium, if paid to any other of the Scottish Mutual Offices, would secure £800 only, instead of £1

[These Rates are about as low as the usual *non-participating* Rates of other Offices, which are expected to yield a surplus and whose sufficiency is *guaranteed.*]

OR, if unwilling to burden himself with payments during his whole life, he may secure the same sum £1000 by *twenty-one* yearly payments of £27 : 13 : 4—*being thus free of payment after age* 50.

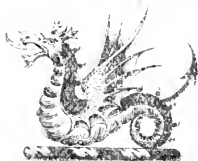
† At age 40 the Premium *ceasing at age* 60, is for £1000, £33 : 14 : 2, being about the same as m Offices require to be paid during the whole term of life.

NEWCASTLE 22 Market Street.

LONDON OFFICE—No. 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

MIDLAND RAILWAY
PROGRAMME OF
OURIST ARRANGEMENTS

JUNE 1ST 1883



& UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

TOURIST TICKETS

AVAILABLE FOR
WO MONTHS OR UPWARDS
ARE ISSUED AT

ST PANCRAS STATION

RGATE STREET STATION. MIDLAND OFFICE, 445, WEST STRAND.
ORIA (L. C. & D.) ,, COOK'S EXCURSION OFFICES,
ISH TOWN LUDGATE CIRCUS & EUSTON ROAD.
28, REGENT CIRCUS, PICCADILLY.
8, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

D CLASS TICKETS, ORDINARY AND TOURIST, ARE ISSUED BY ALL TRAINS OVER THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

JOHN NOBLE, *GENERAL MANAGER.*

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OMNIBUSES FOR THE USE OF FAMILY PART

TRAVELLING BY

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

THE PUBLIC ARE INFORMED THAT THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY PRO

SINGLE HORSE OMNIBUSES

capable of carrying Six Persons inside and Two outside, with the usual quantity of Lug to meet the Express and other principal Trains at the ST. PANCRAS STATION, PREVIOUSLY ORDERED.

These Vehicles must be ENGAGED BEFOREHAND, either by written application t Station Master at St. Pancras Station, or, by giving notice to the Station Master Starting point (if a Midland Station), or at ANY STATION EN ROUTE NOT LESS T 30 MILES FROM LONDON, so that a telegram may be sent to St. Pancras to have t quired Vehicle in readiness.

The Omnibuses will also be sent to the Hotels or Residences of PARTIES LEA LONDON BY MIDLAND RAILWAY, on application being made to the Station Mas St Pancras, stating the Train by which it is intended to leave St. Pancras.

The Charge for the use of an Omnibus will be One Shilling per Mile (Driver and a reasonable tity of Luggage included), with a minimum charge of Three Shillings.

FAMILY LUGGAGE.—Arrangements have been made for carting to the Station, a rates, the Luggage of Families intending to travel by the Midland Railway, and also for forwa such Luggage by Passenger Train in advance when required. The charge for the conveyan Passenger Train is at the rate of 6d. per mile, for any weight up to 50 cwt., with a minimum c of 10s., and exclusive of a small charge for collection and delivery.

NOTICE.—Passengers by the Midland Railway desirous of obtaining Tickets for themselve families, prior to the date on which they intend to travel, can do so on application to the Agent at St. P Station, or at any of the West End and City Offices, at which Tourist Tickets are issued Tickets for H Carriages, and Dogs may also be similarly obtained, on application to the Agent at St. Pancras.

OMNIBUSES

BETWEEN

ST. PANCRAS STATION and the MIDLAND GRAND HOTEL
CHARING CROSS and WATERLOO STATIONS.

A SERVICE OF OMNIBUSES has been established betwee

ST. PANCRAS & CHARING CROSS & WATERLOO STATIO

for the accommodation of Passengers travelling between the Midland and South Eastern London and South Western Railways, and to and from the Midland Grand Hotel.

The Omnibuses will meet the Principal Trains and can be used by the General Public tween any places on the route, which will be as under:—

Judd Street	Southampton Row	Trafalgar Square
Brunswick Square	Great Queen Street Long Acre	The Strand
Russell Square	St. Martin's Lane	Waterloo Bridge

Passengers holding Through Tickets between Stations on the Midland and South Eas and London and South Western Railways, will be conveyed by the Omnibuses Free of Char other Passengers will be charged 3d. each.

Derby, 1883. JOHN NOBLE, General-Manager

IRELAND.

ourist Tickets available for TWO MONTHS are issued to	FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY FROM					
	St. PANCRAS ; Kentish Town ; 445, West Strand ; Ludgate Circus ; Euston Road ; 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Sq. ; 28, Regent's Circus Piccadilly.		Moorgate St.		Victoria (L. C. & D.)	
	1st Clss. and Saloon.	3rd Clss. and Steer'ge	1st Clss. and Saloon.	3rd Clss. and Steer'ge	1st Clss. and Saloon.	3rd Clss. and Steer'ge
FAST (Via Stranraer)	100/0	55/0	100/6	55/6	100/6	55/6
TRUSH „ „	100/0	55/0	.....	.....	.....	.....
DONDERRY „	104/6	55/0	.....	.....	.....	.....
FAST (via Barrow)	75/0	35/6	75/6	35/6	75/6	35/6
BLIN (North Wall)	78/0	37/0	78/6	37/0	78/6	37/0
TRUSH (for the Giant's Causeway)	95/0	42/0	95/0	42/0	95/0	42/0
Do. (with Tour of Lake District)	100/0	44/6	100/0	44/6	100/0	44/6
IDONDERRY or PORTRUSH	79/3	36/3	79/9	36/9	.....	.....
TH OF IRELAND CIRCULAR TOUR	110/0	.....	110/0	.....	110/0	.....
BLIN AND LAKES OF KILLARNEY	115/0	.....	115/0	.....	115/0	.....
STERN HIGHLANDS (Connemara) TOUR	105/0	47/6	105/0	47/6	105/0	47/6

Tickets issued at 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel dings, Trafalgar Square, are available from St Pancras or Kentish Town, but the Fares do not include conveyance be- n those Offices and the Railway Station.

The Tourists' Tickets, except to Belfast and Dublin, cannot be extended beyond the Two Calendar Months. To Belfast Dublin they may be extended up to the 31st of December, in accordance with the General Conditions.

SUPPLEMENTARY BOAT TICKETS.—For the convenience of Passengers taking Third Class Railway Tickets to Bel- or North of Ireland, via Barrow, or via Stranraer, and desirous of travelling in the Saloon of the Steamers, Supplementary t Tickets may be obtained at the Stations booking through to Ireland by those routes, on payment of the following unts:—Via Barrow, Single Journey, 7s. 6d.; Return Journey, 10s. 3d. Via Stranraer, Single Journey, 3s. 6d.; Return rney, 5s. 6d.

BELFAST.—Passengers are conveyed by the short Sea Route *via* Barrow, and the Tickets are available for breaking journey at Derby, Leeds, or Furness Abbey. There is excellent Hotel Accommodation attached to the Stations. Passengers are also booked through by the Shortest Sea Route *via* Stranraer and Larne.

The Swift and Powerful First Class Paddle Steamers, "DONEGAL," "LONDONDERRY," "ROE," "ARMAGH," other Steamers, sail daily between Barrow (Ramsden Dock) and Belfast; and the "PRINCESS BEATRICE" or "PRINSS LOUISE," between Stranraer and Larne. For particulars of Sailings see Time Tables. At Ramsden Dock, Stranraer, rne & Belfast the Trains run alongside the Steamers, to and from which Passengers' Luggage is transferred free of charge.

PORTRUSH VIA BARROW OR STRANRAER AND BELFAST.—Passengers are conveyed to Belfast as above, proding thence by the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway. The journey may be broken at Grange, Ulverstone, rness Abbey, and Belfast, when travelling via Barrow, and at Leeds, Skipton, Appleby, or Langwathby (for the Lake strict) and Carlisle, when travelling via Stranraer. Tram Cars run between Portrush and Bush Mills, and Horse Cars run in nection, to convey Passengers to the Giant's Causeway. The Fares to Portrush and back do not include Omnibus, Cab, Tramway Fares at Belfast or Portrush.

Tourists for the Giant's Causeway who may desire to see the bold and romantic scenery of the Coast by Larne, Glen- n, Cushendall, Cushenden, and Ballycastle, may leave the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway at Carrickfergus action, and re-book from there by Carrickfergus and Larne Railway to Larne; or they may rejoin the Railway at Larne the return journey, but the ordinary fare will have to be paid from Larne to Carrickfergus Junction.

DUBLIN (NORTH WALL), VIA LIVERPOOL (CENTRAL).—Passengers travel by the route through the Peak of erbyshire, *via* Matlock and Stockport to the Central Station, Liverpool, and are conveyed from Liverpool by the eamers of either the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company (sailing from Clarence Dock), or the Dublin and Liverpool rew Steamship Company (sailing from Trafalgar Dock). The Fares do not include conveyance between the Railway ation and the Steamers. Tickets are available for breaking the Journey at Derby, Matlock, or Liverpool.

LONDONDERRY AND PORTRUSH, VIA MORECAMBE.—First Class Steamers leave Morecambe for Londonderry ery Tuesday and Saturday evening (weather permitting), calling at Portrush for the Giant's Causeway; from Derry every onday and Thursday. For hours, &c., see bills.

In clear weather the vessels skirt the Irish Coast, when the fine headlands and the Giant's Causeway are seen to the eatest advantage. The journey may be broken at Leicester, Derby, Leeds, or Morecambe.

LAKE DISTRICT AND NORTH OF IRELAND CIRCULAR TOUR.—Passengers travel via Carnforth, Ulverstone, amsden Dock & Belfast, to Portrush, and may use their Tickets for travelling from Ulverstone to Windermere (Lake Side), ence by steamer along the Lake to any station, and back to Ulverstone, or from Furness Abbey to Coniston and back, ut both these trips cannot be made; or the tickets may be used for one but not both of the following Circular Tours:— lverstone to Windermere (Lake Side), thence by steamer to Ambleside, and by rail from Coniston to Furness Abbey; or om Furness Abbey to Coniston by rail, by steamer from Ambleside to Windermere, and thence to Ulverstone by rail; but e fares do not include conveyance between Ambleside and Coniston. Passengers can alight at any station on the Lake, nd proceed by a subsequent boat. The tickets are available for breaking the journey at the same intermediate Stations on e direct route to Portrush both in England and Ireland, as the Portrush Tickets. A favourable opportunity is thus afforded r combining in one Tour the English Lakes and the North of Ireland. Passengers must state at the time of Booking hether they will use their Tickets for the Tour of the Lake District on the journey to or from Portrush, and will be booked ccordingly.

THE NORTH OF IRELAND, VIA STRANRAER.—Tickets are issued by the Daily Service via Settle, Carlisle, Stranraer, and Larne. The Sea Passage (Channel and Lochs between Stranraer and Larne) occupies only about 2½ hours. The Boats wait the arrival at Stranraer of the Train from Dumfries, which is in direct connection with the Night Scotch Express Train of the Midland Company leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. Passengers may break the journey at Skipton, Carlisle, and any Station between Carlisle and Stranraer. The Steamers do not sail between Stranraer and Larne on Sundays.

IRISH SUPPLEMENTAL TICKETS at Cheap Fares are issued at the offices of the Great Northern Company Ireland), Amiens Street, Dublin, and Enniskillen; the Midland Great Western Company, Broadstone, Dublin, at each Terminus of the Cork and Bandon Railway; at the Offices of the Dublin and Meath Railway (Broadstone Station), Dublin; and at the Belfast and Northern Counties' Company's Offices, Belfast.—For particulars apply at the Stations, &c., named.

WESTERN HIGHLANDS (CONNEMARA) TOUR.—Tickets are issued available for travelling via Barrow to Belfast, thence by the Great Northern Railway (Ireland) via Armagh and Clones to Cavan, thence by Midland Great Western Railway to Sligo, Ballina, Westport, or Galway and back to Dublin, via Athlone and Mullingar, from Dublin to Liverpool by the "City of Dublin" or "Dublin & Liverpool" Steam Packet Companies' Steamers sailing from North Wall and from Liverpool (Central Station) via Marple and Matlock. Or the route may be reversed, Passengers travelling via Liverpool and Dublin and back via Belfast and Barrow. The direction in which the Tour is intended to be made must be stated at the time of booking, and Tickets will be issued accordingly. The journey may be broken at Furness Abbey, Belfast, Armagh, Cavan, Athlone, Mullingar, Athenry, Dublin, Liverpool, (and Matlock when Passengers travel *via* Matlock). The fares do not include conveyance between the Steamers and the Railway Stations at Belfast, Dublin, or Liverpool. Passengers will have to find their own way between Sligo and Galway (except that the Tickets will be available by Railway between Ballina and Westport, for one journey, without extra cost.) Steamers ply on Lough Corrib to and from Cong, and on Galway Bay to and from Ballyvaughan (for Lisdoonvarna Spas). Connemara can be reached *via* Galway, by taking the Public Four-wheeled Car to Recess, which runs daily. Fare, 7s. Private Cars, carrying four persons, can also be obtained at all the principal points at charges from sixpence to tenpence per mile. Private Cars can also be obtained at Ballina and Foxford for the journey *via* Pontoon by Crossmolina and Loughs Conn and Cullin when Passengers only wish to use the Railway between Foxford and Westport. Supplemental Coupons, at Reduced Fares, are also issued on application to the Manager's Office, Broadstone, Dublin, to enable Tourists to combine with the Connemara Tour, a Trip to the Isle of Achill, Lisdoonvarna Spa, the Coast of Clare, and Killarney. A considerable reduction is made in the price of these Supplemental Coupons for parties of from two to four persons.

For General Conditions, see Page 15

SCARBORO', HARROGATE, FILEY, &

Tourist Tickets, available for return on any day up to the 31st December, are issued to	FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY FROM St. Pancras, Kentish Town, Moorgate Street, Victoria (L. C. & D.), 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar, 445, West Strand, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road	
	1st Class.	3rd Class.
Ilkley, Ben Rhydding	55/0	27/0
Harrogate	55/0	27/0
Scarboro', Whitby, Filey	61/0	34/0
Bridlington	58/0	31/0
Withernsea, Hornsea	55/0	28/0
Saltburn, Redcar, Seaton-Carew	64/0	36/0
Tynemouth, Whitley, Cullercoats	78/6	40/0
Berwick	91/0	49/6
Barnard Castle	70/2	36/0
Hexham	81/3	42/0
Gilsland	87/6	45/0
New Biggin	84/0	43/0
Bilton	85/4	44/0

Tickets issued at 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Picoadil and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, are available from St. Pancras or Kentish Town, but Fares do not include conveyance between those Offices and the Railway Stations.

HARROGATE.—Tickets are issued via Leeds, via Normanton, or via Pontefract. Passengers requested to state by which route they wish to travel, and take tickets accordingly.

ILKLEY.—Tickets are available between Leeds and Ilkley by the Trains of either the Midland North Eastern Company.

SCARBORO', &c.—Passengers holding Tickets to Scarboro', Whitby, Filey, Bridlington, Saltburn, may return from any one of these Stations, on payment of the Ordinary Fare from the Station which the Ticket was originally issued, to the Station from which the holder desires to return.

BREAK OF JOURNEY.—Passengers with Tickets for Scarboro' or Whitby, may break the journ at York or Malton; for Saltburn, Redcar, or Seaton, at York; for Tynemouth, Whitley, Cullerco Berwick, Newbiggin, and Bilton, at York, Durham, or Newcastle; for Filey or Bridlington, at Yo Malton, or Hull; and for Withernsea or Hornsea at Hull.

BUXTON, MATLOCK, & ASHBOURNE.

The Midland Company's Line to Buxton passes (via Matlock) through upwards of 20 miles of most interesting portion of the Peak of Derbyshire. Through Carriages run between London and Bux by the principal Trains.

FROM	Fares for the Double Journey to: BUXTON. Tickets available up to December 31st, 1883.		MATLOCK. Tickets available up to December 31st, 1883.		ASHBOURNE (for Dovedale) or ALTON Available for Two Calendar Months.	
	1st Class	3rd Class	1st Class	3rd Class	1st Class	3rd Class
St. Pancras, Kentish Town; Ludgate Circus; 445, West Strand; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square	43/4	24/0	38/4	21/0	39/6	21/6
Moorgate Street; Victoria (L. C. & D.)	44/0	24/0	39/0	21/0	40/2	21/6

Tickets issued at 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadill and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, are available from St. Pancras or Kentish Town, but t Fares do not include conveyance between those Offices and the Railway Stations.

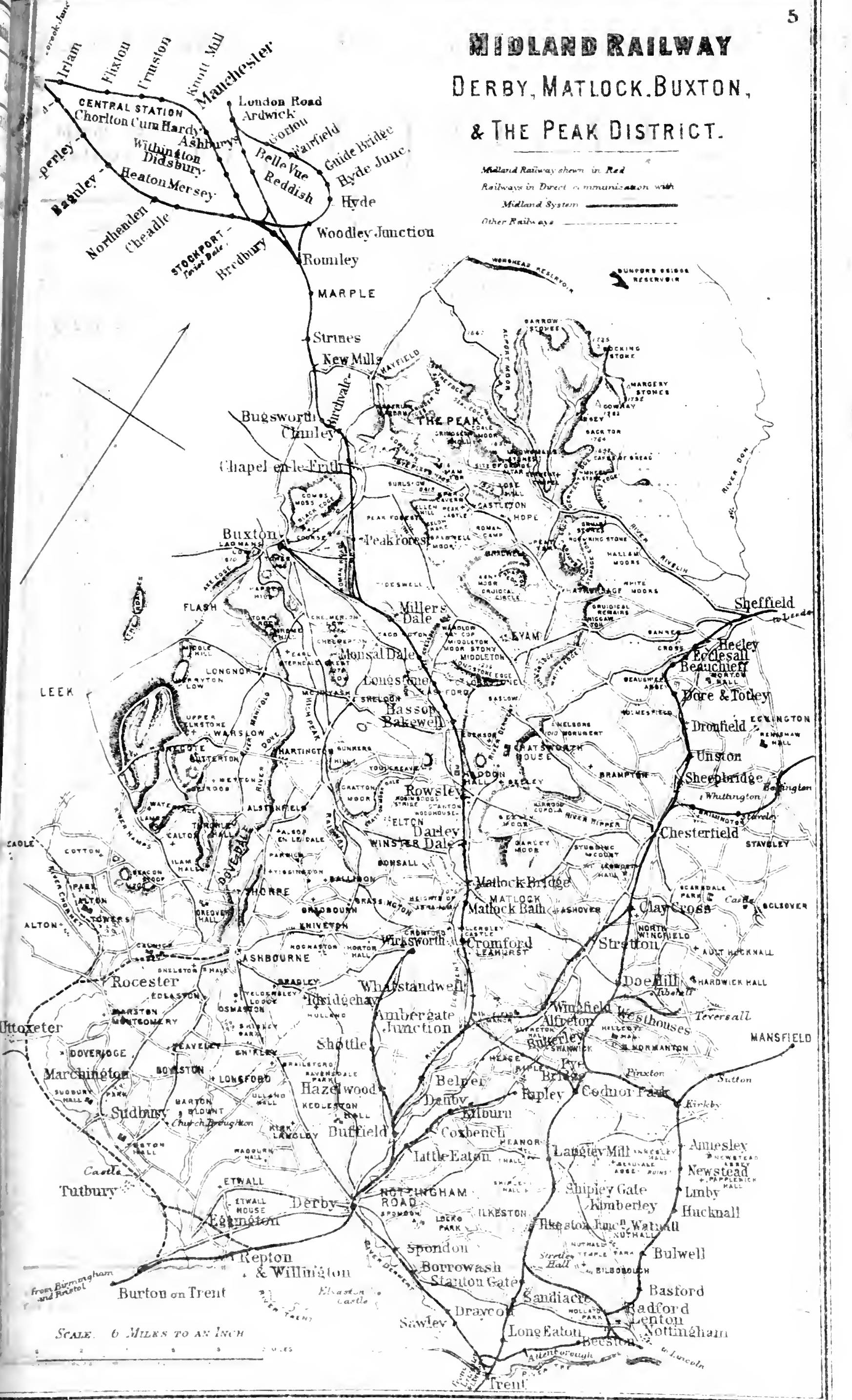
BUXTON.—Tickets are available for breaking the journey at any Station between Ambergate a Buxton, including Matlock, Rowsley, Bakewell, Hassop, Longstone, Monsal Dale and Miller's Dale, bo in going and returning, the only condition being that the Tourist travels only once in the same directi between the same Stations, and returns to the Station at which the Ticket was taken within the period f which it is available; but the Tickets will not be available for returning unless they have been endorsed Buxton, or at the last Station at which the journey is broken, on the day of the return.

MATLOCK.—Tickets are available to and from Matlock Bath or Matlock Bridge, and will not available for the return journey unless endorsed at one of those Stations, (or at Bakewell or Rowsley payment of the ordinary fare to Matlock) on the day of return.

ASHBOURNE AND ALTON.—Passengers travel via Derby or Burton, and may break the journe at Leicester and Derby.

The above arrangements will afford parties a favourable opportunity for visiting the Towns and inte esting Localities in the Peak District, amongst which may be enumerated, Castleton, Bakewell, Chatswort Edensor, and Haddon Hall.

For General Conditions, see Page 15.


MIDLAND RAILWAY
DERBY, MATLOCK, BUXTON, & THE PEAK DISTRICT.
Midland Railway shewn in Red
Other Railways
Manchester
Central Station
Chorlton Cum Hardy
Withington
Didsbury
Heaton Mersey
Northenden
Cheadle
Stockport
Bredbury
London Road
Ardwick
Gorton
Fairfield
Guide Bridge
Hyde Junc.
Hyde
Belle Vue
Reddish
Woodley Junction
Romiley
MARPLE
Strines
New Mills
Hayfield
Bugsworth
Chinley
Chapel en le Frith
Buxton
Peak Forest
THE PEAK
Castleton
Hope
Millers Dale
Monsal Dale
Longstone
Hassop
Bakewell
Rowsley
Darley
Winster Dale
Matlock Bridge
Matlock Bath
Cromford
Wirksworth
Whatstandwell
Ambergate Junction
Belper
Duffield
Derby
Spondon
Borrowash
Draycott
Trent
Long Eaton
Sawley
Beeston
Lenton
Nottingham
Radford
Basford
Bulwell
Hucknall
Linby
Newstead
Annesley
Kirkby
Sutton
MANSFIELD
Sheffield
Heeley
Ecclesall
Beauchieff
Dore & Totley
Dronfield
Unstone
Sheepbridge
Chesterfield
Clay Cross
Stretton
Doe Hill
Westhouses
Alfreton
Butterley
Codnor Park
Langley Mill
Shipley Gate
Kimberley
Ilkeston
Sandiacre
LEEK
ASHBOURNE
Rocester
Uttoxeter
Marchington
Sudbury
Tutbury
Egginton
Repton & Willington
Burton on Trent
Hazelwood
Shottle
Idridgehay
Kilburn
Coxbench
Little Eaton
Ripley
Pye Bridge
Wingfield
Scale 6 Miles to an Inch

By the Route SCOTLAND via Settle and Carlisle.

Tourist Tickets available to return on any day up to 31st December are issued to	FARES for the DOUBLE JOURNEY from St. PANCRAS; KENTISH TOWN; 445, WEST STRAND; LUDGATE CIRCUS; EUSTON ROAD; 28, REGENT CIRCUS, PICCADILLY; and 8, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.		MOORGATE STREET VICTORIA (L. C. & D.)	
	1st Class.	3rd Class.	1st Class.	3rd Class.
Aberdeen	133/6	56/0	134/2	56/0
Achnasheen (for Loch Maree)	157/6	67/6	158/2	67/6
Arbroath	128/3	56/0	128/11	56/0
Ardrossan	110/3	52/0	110/11	52/0
Ayr	107/2	50/0	107/10	50/0
Ballater	143/3	62/10	143/11	62/10
Boat of Garten	147/10	60/0	148/6	60/0
Beattock	92/3	48/3	92/11	48/3
Brechin	133/0	56/0	133/8	56/0
Bridge of Allan	115/0	54/0	115/8	54/0
Callander	118/6	54/0	119/2	54/0
Castle Douglas	95/9	49/0	96/5	49/0
Coldstream	96/8	50/0	97/4	50/0
Connell Ferry	131/9	63/6	132/5	63/6
Crieff	121/6	54/0	122/2	54/0
Dalmally	129/9	62/0	130/5	62/0
Dumfries	90/2	47/6	90/10	47/6
Dunblane	115/6	54/0	116/2	54/0
Dundee	125/3	56/0	125/11	56/0
Dunkeld	127/8	54/0	128/4	54/0
EDINBURGH	109/6	50/0	110/2	50/0
Elgin	148/6	60/0	149/2	60/0
Forfar	130/3	56/0	130/11	56/0
Forres	150/0	60/0	150/8	60/0
GLASGOW	110/3	52/0	110/11	52/0
Golspie	165/0	72/6	165/8	72/6
Greenock	112/9	52/0	113/5	52/0
Helensburgh	112/9	52/0	113/5	52/0
Helmsdale	170/0	75/0	170/8	75/0
Inverness	150/0	60/0	150/8	60/0
Keith	147/6	60/0	148/2	60/0
Lairg	160/0	70/0	160/8	70/0
Larbert	112/0	52/0	112/8	52/0
Loch Awe	130/3	62/6	130/11	62/6
Melrose	99/6	50/0	100/2	50/0
Moffat	92/10	48/6	93/6	48/6
Montrose	133/0	56/0	133/8	56/0
Nairn	150/0	60/0	150/8	60/0
Newton Stewart	100/0	49/0	100/8	49/0
Oban, via Greenock†	130/3	63/0	130/11	63/0
Oban, via Dalmally†	132/3	64/0	132/11	64/0
Oban (Circular Tour)‡	131/3	63/6	131/11	63/6
Peebles	104/9	50/0	105/5	50/0
Perth	123/3	54/0	123/11	54/0
Pitlochry	131/2	56/0	131/10	56/0
St. Andrew's	121/9	56/0	122/5	56/0
Stirling	114/3	53/6	114/11	53/6
Stranraer	100/0	49/0	100/8	49/0
Strome Ferry	164/9	70/0	165/5	70/0
Taynuilt	131/3	63/0	131/11	63/0
Thurso	184/6	83/0	185/2	83/0
Uddingstone	107/3	52/0	107/11	52/0
Wemyss Bay	113/9	53/3	114/5	53/3
West Kilbride	111/5	52/8	112/1	52/8
Wick	186/9	84/0	187/5	84/0

Tickets issued at 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, are available from St. Pancras or Kentish Town, but the Fares do not include conveyance between those Offices and the Railway Station.

SCOTLAND—(CONTINUED).

TES.—Passengers travel to Carlisle by the Midland Company's Route via Settle. They are d to state at the time of booking by what route they wish to travel North of Carlisle. Tourist Tickets lee and Stations North thereof are issued via Granton and Broughty by the Forth Ferry Route; via gh, Stirling and Broughty; via Edinburgh, Larbert, Dunblane and Perth and via Carstairs ablane. To Keith and Elgin Tickets are issued either via Dunkeld and Forres, or via Dunkeld gellachie, or via Aberdeen. Passengers must state at the time of booking by which route they select

he holders of Tourist Tickets from Stations in England to Montrose, Brechin, Aberdeen, Keith, and beyond, via Aberdeen, can travel via Forfar, or via Dundee, in either direction.

assengers for Stations North of Glasgow can also be booked to travel via Glasgow, proceeding from via G. & S. W. Railway, resuming their journey from Glasgow either by Caledonian Railway, ichanan Street Station, or by North British Railway, from Queen Street Station (except in the case s West of Callander). Passengers are requested to state at the time of booking by which route they travel.

PRESS TRAINS AND PULLMAN CARS.—A New Service of Express Trains has been established London and Scotland via Settle and Carlisle, with connections from Bristol and the West of England Day Express Trains between London and Scotland in each direction, Pullman Parlour Cars tween London and Glasgow and Edinburgh, and by the Night Express Trains Pullman Sleeping Cars between the same points. First Class Passengers can avail themselves of the accommodation of these payment of a small additional charge, particulars of which may be obtained at the Stations. Pas- between English and Scotch Stations not on the direct Line can change into the Cars at most ient Junctions.

EAK OF JOURNEY.—Passengers may break the journey, either going or returning at **Bedford, ster, Birmingham, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, Normanton, Leeds, Skipton, Hellifield, by, or Langwathby** (for Penrith and the Lake District), & **Carlisle.** North of Carlisle Passengers will berty to break their journey at any Station on the route directly covered by the Tickets they hold. Passen- Places North of **Edinburgh** and **Glasgow** may break their journey at **Edinburgh** and **Glasgow.** reak of journey may be made both going and returning, and without restriction as to period except he return journey must be completed within the time for which the Ticket is available.

OTICE.—Tickets are not available by the Limited Mail Trains of the Caledonian Company.

LASGOW.—Tickets to Glasgow are issued for the holders to travel from Carlisle by the direct Glasgow outh Western route, via Dumfries and Kilmarnock; or by the North British Waverley route, via Melrose dinburgh. Passengers are requested to state by which route they desire to travel at the time of booking.

XCURSIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND.—Tickets are issued Daily at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Melrose, ries, Ayr, Aberdeen, and Inverness, for Tours and Excursions through Scotland.

RYBURGH ABBEY.—Passengers with Tickets to Melrose are at liberty to break the journey at St ell's, for Dryburgh Abbey.

BBOTSFORD.—Passengers holding Tickets to Edinburgh and places beyond by the Waverley e, are permitted to break their journey at Melrose, for Abbotsford and Melrose Abbey; and at St. Bos- , for Dryburgh Abbey.

EITH, ELGIN.—Tickets are issued either via Dunkeld and Forres, or via Dunkeld and Craigellachie Aberdeen. Passengers must state at the time of booking by which route they wish to travel.

NVERNESS.—Tickets are issued by the Highland Route, via Dunkeld and Forres, or via Aberdeen.

FALLS OF CLYDE.—Holders of Tickets travelling via the Caledonian Railway are at liberty to break journey at Carstairs, for the Falls of Clyde.

LAKE DISTRICT.—Passengers wishing to combine a Tour of the English Lake District with Scotland, on application, obtain Tickets available via Carnforth or Lancaster, with which they may break their ney at Oxenholme or Carnforth to visit the Lake District; resuming the journey to Carlisle, via Penrith.

SCARBORO', HARROGATE, WHITBY, FILEY, & BRIDLINGTON.—Passengers taking Tourist ets to Scotland, and wishing to combine a visit to Harrogate, Scarboro', and other Watering Places on the t Coast with Scotland, may break their journey either going or returning at Normanton or Leeds, for the ose of visiting those places; or they may obtain Tourist Tickets to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and places h thereof, via Berwick, available for breaking the journey at York for the same purpose.

‡OBAN CIRCULAR TOUR.—Tickets are issued for this Tour available on the outward journey via enock or via Glasgow, as the case may be, & thence by Mr. D. McBrayne's Royal Mail Steamers "Iona," "Columba," returning by rail throughout, via Dalmally and Callander; or on the outward journey rail throughout, via Callander and Dalmally, returning by steamer via Greenock or Glasgow. e Tickets will be issued and available as between the issuing Stations and Greenock and Glasgow, by same routes as the Tourist Tickets issued to those places respectively, and as between the issuing Sta- s and Oban for the Railway journey throughout, either via Carlisle, Waverley Route, and Edinburgh, via Carlisle and Carstairs, according to the route selected.

†OBAN.—Passengers are booked by either of the undermentioned routes, and they are requested to state the time of booking by which they select to travel:—

(1) Via Greenock or Glasgow, and thence by Mr. MacBrayne's Royal Mail Steamers, "Iona" or olumba."

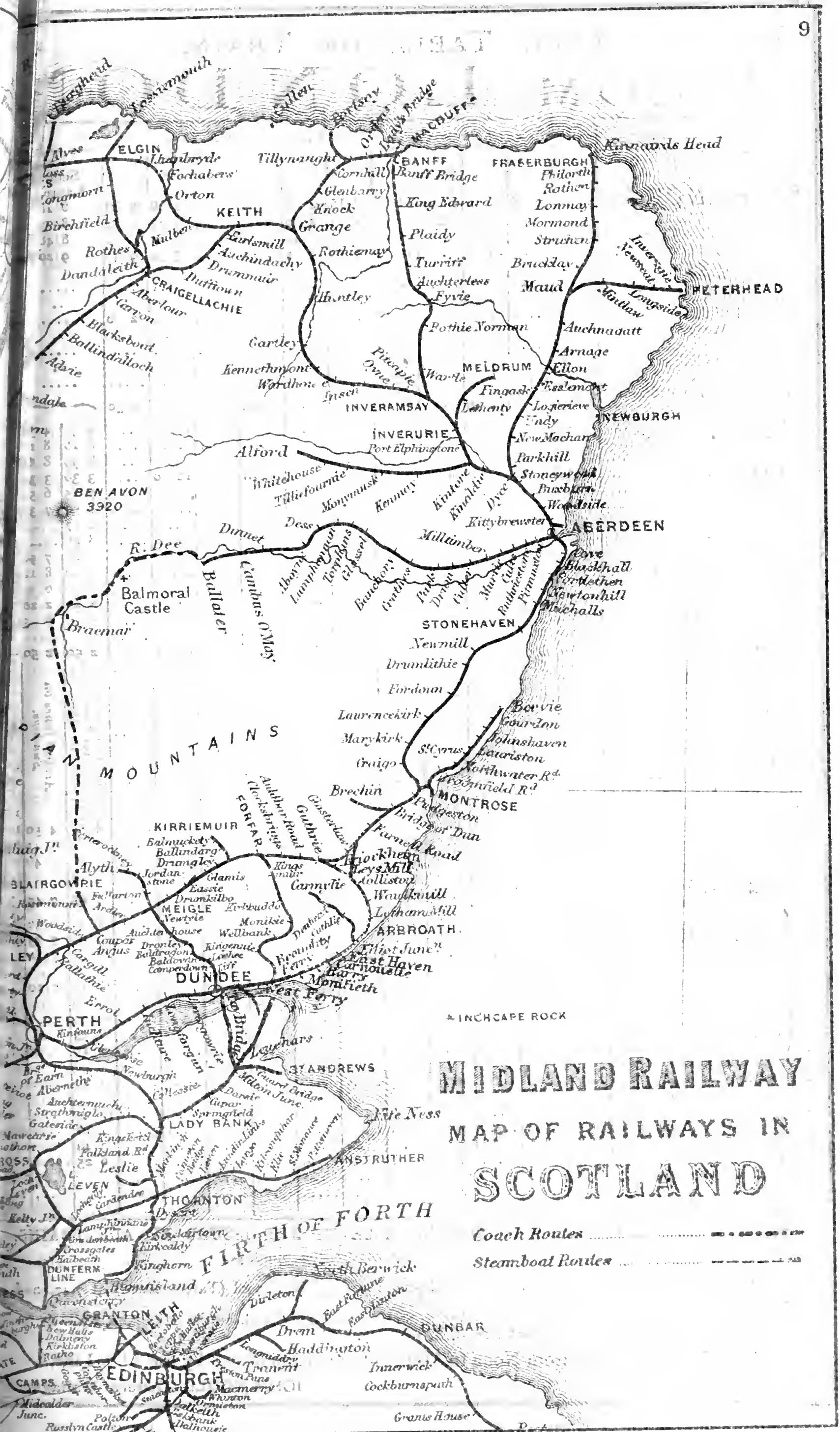
(2) Via Waverley route, Melrose, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Helensburgh, Dunoon, and thence by the e Steamers.

(3) By rail throughout via Callander and Dalmally.

The above facilities and arrangements as regards Passengers breaking the journey apply ally to 1st and 3rd Class Passengers.

For General Conditions, see Page 15.

Poolewe
L. Maree
Gairloch
Road
Rū Hunish
L. Torridon
Ben Wyvis
Dingwall
Fowlis
Strathpeffer
L. Fammich
Lochluichart
Achanalt
Garve
Ach na sheen
Glencarron
Muir of Ord
Beauly
Auchnachellach
Strathcarron
Glen Strath Farrar
Snizort
Applecross
Raasay Isle
Portree
Isle of Skye
L. Carron
Strome Ferry
Kyle.o.kin
L. Affarie
Broadford
Kintail
Strath
Glenelg
Glen Morrison
L. Ness
Canal
Sleat Sound
Fort Augustus
L. Oich
L. Garry
L. Quoich
Caledonian
Point of Sleat
L. Arkeg
L. Lochy
R. Spey
Newtonm
L. Morar
L. Laggan
Arisaig Hd.
Banvaire
L. Eil
Fort William
Glen Spean
L. Ericht
Kintra Bay
L. Shiels
Ben Nevis
4370
L. Troy
Ardnamurchan
L. Leven
Sunart
L. Sunart
Glencoe
L. Rannoch
Tobermory
Ballachulish
Morvern
Kingshouse
Isle of Mull
L. Linnhe
Mull Sound
Appin
Loch Lydoch
Lismore
L. Etive
Blackmount Deer Forest
Ben Lawers
4015
Oban
Ben Cruachan
3390
Tagnuill
L. Dochart
Tyndrum
Crianlarich
Dalmally
Clodich
Luib
Lochearn Head
L. Earn
L. Buie
Kilchrenan
Ben More
3903
L. Awe
L. Voil
Strathire
Stronachlachar
Ardlui Pier
L. Katrine
L. Lubnaig
Inveraray
Inversnaid
Coach Road
Ford
Tarbet
Rossachs
L. Vennacher
L. Long
L. Lomond
Ben Lomond
3262
L. Monteith
Crinan
Crinan Canal
Rowardennan
Port of Monteith
Garelochhead
Luss
Balmaha
Buchlyvie
Lochgilphead
Balfron
Gare Loch
Jura
Ardishaig
Kilmodan
Helensburgh
Drymen
Killearn
Loch Fine
Balloch
Blanefield
Strathblane
Greenock
Dumbarton
Campsie Glen
Lennoxtown
Ardlussa
Bowling
Milngavie
Lenzie
Port Glasgow
Renfrew
Kilberry Head
Glasgow
Paisley


MIDLAND RAILWAY
MAP OF RAILWAYS IN
SCOTLAND
Coach Routes
Steamboat Routes
Kinnairds Head
FRASERBURGH
BANFF
MACDUFF
ELGIN
KEITH
CRAIGELLACHIE
PETERHEAD
MELDRUM
INVERAMSAY
INVERURIE
NEWBURGH
ABERDEEN
Alford
BEN AVON
3920
R. Dee
Balmoral
Castle
Braemar
Ballater
STONEHAVEN
MOUNTAINS
MONTROSE
Brechin
KIRRIEMUIR
FORFAR
BLAIRGOWRIE
MEIGLE
ARBROATH
DUNDEE
PERTH
INCHCAPE ROCK
ST ANDREWS
Fife Ness
LADY BANK
ANSTRUTHER
LEVEN
THORNTON
FIRTH OF FORTH
DUNFERMLINE
North Berwick
GRANTON
LEITH
EDINBURGH
Haddington
DUNBAR
CAMPS
Cockburnspath
Grants House

TOURIS
av
TWO

Grange-in-C'
Windermer
Conisto
Bowness
Amblesi
‡Keswi
†Kes

TIME TABLE OF TRAINS

...OM LONDON

WEEKDAYS ONLY.

Leave				S'tch Exp.								Scotch Express	
...CRAS	5 15	10 0	10 5	10 35	12 0	12 15	3 0	3 30	5 0	5 30	8 30	9 15	
(L. C. & D.)	..	..	8 47	D	10 58	11 7	2 0	2 17	3 55	4 27	7 32	8 3	
...ESTREET..	....	....	9 36	....	11 41	11 53	2 41	3 8	4 38	5 12	8 12	8 48	
...TOWN ..	..	..	10 9	..	12 4	12 19	3 4	3 34	5 4	5 34	8 34	9 20	
Arrive at													
P...	8 37	....	2 16	....	4 10	....	....	7 38	....	....	....	....	
Pe..n	9 45	..	2 20	..	5 5	..	..	7 35	9 15	..	..	..	
...HESTER (Central)	10 0	....	2 45	....	4 45	....	....	8 15	9 45	....	2 0	....	
...thport	11 45	.	5 5	..	7 10	..	..	10 27	..	..	..	..	
...tham	1 12	....	5 8	....	6A22	....	....	10 25	....	....	....	....	
...lackpool (Talbot Road)	1 20	..	5 0	..	6†43	..	..	10 30	..	..	..	..	
...leetwood	1 27	....	5 5	....	7A12	.. ..	....	10 40	....	....	....	....	
...VERPOOL (Midland Central Station)	10 50	..	3 35	..	5 10	..	..	8 55	10 10	..	2 50		
Hull	11 12	3 55	..	5 55	..	6 33	..	11 5	..	12 40	..	4 32	4
Bridlington (via Hull) ..	3 1	5 46	....	7 36	....	10 30	....	....	....	....	....	8 16	8
Filey („) ..	3 44	6 15	..	8 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8 59	8
YORK	10 39	3 12	....	4 35	....	5 53	....	9 28	....	12 0	....	3 36	3
Scarboro'	2 45	5 15	..	6 0	..	7 15	..	..	..	..	..	7 25	6
Whitby	3 30	6 10	....	....	....	10 15	....	....	....	....	....	8 50	7
Filey (via York) ..	3 4	5 33	..	7 54	..	7 54	..	..	..	..	..	8 17	..
Bridlington („) ..	3 40	5 58	....	8 32	....	8 32	....	....	....	....	....	8 40	....
Redcar	2 58	6 3	..	7 54	..	9 14	..	..	..	..	..	6 28	7
Saltburn	3 12	6 17	....	8 8	....	9 28	....	....	....	....	....	6 42	8
Tynemouth	4 30	6 10	..	8 35	..	9 45	..	..	..	..	..	6 30	6
LEEDS	10 15	2 30	....	3 5	....	4 50	7 35	9 0	....	10 5	....	2 20	2 2
Harrogate (Via Leeds)	11 20	3 35	..	4 19	..	6 8	8 25	..	..	12 0	..	5 55	8
Ilkley	2 20	3 14	....	5 10	....	5 34	....	....	....	11 50	....	..	....
BRADFORD	11 14	3 0	..	3 30	..	5 20	8 5	9 48	..	10 35	..	2 50	2 5
Morecambe	1 35	5 5	....	....	....	7 30	....	....	....	....	....	*Arrivals on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, & Saturdays.*	*Arrival times on Sundays.*
Windermere (Lake Side)	2 5	5 20	..	8 0	..	8 0	..	..	..	..	..		
Do. (L. & N. W.)	2 20	6 20	....	7 0	....	8 55	....	....	....	....	....		
Grange	1 51	5 11	..	6 40	..	7 11	..	..	..	..	..		
Kendal	2 0	6 0	....	6 40	....	7 55	....	....	....	....	....		
Furness Abbey	2 27	5 42	..	..	..	7 49	..	..	..	..	..		
BARROW	1 25	5 50	....	....	....	8 0	....	....	....	....	....		
Coniston	3 40	7 55	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		
Penrith .. } via	....	6 5	....	6 5	....	....	....	....	....	....	....		
Keswick . } Appleby ..	..	8 15	..	8 15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		
CARLISLE	1 40	5 54	....	6 5	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	4 50	4 50
Dumfries	2 36	..	..	6 54	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5 39	5 41
Ayr	5 15	....	....	8 55	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	7 47	7 40
Greenock	5 56	..	..	9 40	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8 12	....
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) ..	4 37	..	..	8 56	..	..	..	.	..	..	..	7 45	7 45
Melrose	3 28	....	....	7 42	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	6 32	6 32
EDINBRO' (Wav.)	4 32	..	..	8 42	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7 35	7 35
Dundee { v. Grtn. & Broty	10 53	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	12 5	7 52
Dundee { v. Stir. & Perth	10 30	..	..	12 50	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12 0	..
Perth { v. Edn. & Grntn.	10 10	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	12 10	7 10
Perth { v. Edin. & Stir.	9 20	..	..	11 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11 10	..
Montrose	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	12 25	....
ABERDEEN { v Gr'n & Broty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1 55	..
ABERDEEN { v. Str. & Perth	....	....	....	3 20	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	2 15	....
Leave													
Perth	....	....	....	12 40	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	11 50	....
Arrive at													
Dunkeld	..	..	..	1 27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12 35	..
Pitlochry	....	....	....	2 5	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	1 16	....
Boat of Garten ..	..	..	..	4 55	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3 49	..
INVERNESS	....	....	....	8 0	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	6 25	....
Strome Ferry	..	..	..	12 55	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thurso	....	....	....	4 45	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Wick	..	..	..	5 0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

(Side labels: CARLISLE to GLASGOW — Route via Set. & G&SWR.; Melrose to ABERDEEN — Route via Set. & Wav.; Perth to Wick — Highland Railway.)

THIRD CLASS ORDINARY AND TOURIST TICKETS ARE ISSUED BY ALL TRAINS

* No connection to these Stations on Sundays.

† Arrival time at Blackpool (Central Station).

A Passengers arrive at Southport at 7.10, Lytham at 7.43, Blackpool (Talbot Road) at 7.47, and Fleetwood at 7.45 p.m. on Saturdays.

D On Saturdays Passengers are not booked to Stations north of Perth on the Highland Railway, or to Stations north of Aberdeen on the G. N. of S. Railway.

NOTE.—The Times from Noon to Midnight are distinguished by the Thin Line.

Derby, 1883. JOHN NOBLE, General-Manager.

TIME TABLE OF TRAINS
TO LONDON

WEEK-DAYS ONLY.

Leave	Sch. Exp.									Sch. Exp				
.. .. ..	12 10	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	11 30	..	..		
....	12 25	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	11 40	..	..		
erry	5 30	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	3 0	..	..	..	
ESS	1A30	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	10 ‡0	..	..	..	
arten	3A49	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	1 25	..	..	..	
....	6A 5	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	6D42	..	..	10 12	
.. .. ..	6A30	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	7D20	..	..	10 41	1
rrive at	7A 0	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	8D10	..	..	11 20	11
eave														
N { v.Perth & Stir.	12 30	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8 55	8 5
N { v Bro'ty&Grnt.	1 20	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7 50	10 55
e	2 24	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	5 57	..	..	8 54	11 59
via Stir. & Edin.	5 12	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	7 30	..	..	12 0	12 0
v. Grntn.& Edin.	4 35	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	6 40	..	..	10 15	1 15
{ v. Bro'ty &Grntn.	4 0	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	7 0	..	..	9 35	12 45
{ v.Perth& Stirling	4 10	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	6 20	..	..	11 10	11 10
BRO' (Wav.)	9 20	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	10 30	..	..	2 35	4 25
ose	10 20	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	11 30	..	..	3 35	5 30
ASGOW (St. Enoch) } ..	9 15	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	10 15	..	..	2 30	5 0
eenock	8 5	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	9 40	..	..	1 5	3 30
r	9 15	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	10 15	..	..	2 10	4 30
mfries	11 15	..		..	..	..	7 10	..	..	12 15	..	..	4 41	7 0
E	12 12	..		..	..	..	9 15	..	..	1 10	..	..	5 35	8 0
} via	..	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	12 0	..	..	4 15	..
} Appleby	..	..		..	..	..	..	..	..	1 0	..	..	5 35	..
....	..	..		..	..	..	7 45	10 15	..	..	..	1 30	3 50	..
W	..	..	..	6C40	..	..	8 50	11 20	..	..	—	2 15	4 55	..
Abbey	..	..	..	6C50	..	..	9 0	12 8	..	..	..	2 23	5 3	..
.. ..	..	..	..	6 45	..	..	9 35	12 20	..	..	..	2 5	5 20	..
....	..	..	..	7C36	..	..	9 46	12 16	..	..	..	2 54	5 39	..
nere (L. & N. W.)	..	..	..	.	..	..	9 15	12 0	..	..	..	1 15	5 20	..
(Lake Side)	..	..	..	..	..	..	8 30	12 20	..	..	..	2 10	4 20	..
nbe	..	..	..	8 0	..	..	10 20	..	..	..	..	2 15	6 0	..
ORD	1 55	7 50	8 15	10 5	..	11 15	12 55	2 45	..	3 45	..	4 55	9 15	10 50
.. .. ..	..	..		9 20	..	..	12 37	2 27	..	2 52	..	..	8 30	..
ate (via Leeds) ..	..	5 45	7 45	9 7	..	10 20	11 52	2 15	..	2 30	..	4 5	8 32	10 0
.. ..	2 25	8 20	8 50	10 35	..	11 45	1 25	3 15	..	4 10	..	5 25	10 5	11 40
outh	10 45	..	..		..	8 30	9 30	..	..	12 0	..	12 55	6 40	..
n	10 5	..	..	5 55	..	8 45	9 52	..	..	11 10	—	1 45	6 55	..
....	10 20	..	..	6 8	..	9 0	10 6	..	..	11 25	..	1 59	7 10	..
gton (via York)	..	..	..	..	..	7 49	9 25	..	..	12 29	..	..	5 49	..
(,,) ..	..	..	..	..	..	8 27	9 57	..	..	1 3	..	..	6 15	..
r	..	..	..	7 0	..	7 0	9 15	..	..	12 20	..	..	6 5	..
ro'	..	..	..	8 15	..	9 20	11 0	..	..	1 27	..	3 0	7 0	..
.. ..	1 40	7 30	..	9 40	..	11 45	12 35	12 50	..	3 20	..	4 16	9 38	..
(via Hull)	..	..	..	6 44	..	8 17	..	..	..	..	..	11 39	5 33	..
gton (,,) ..	..	..	..	7 25	..	8 42	..	..	..	..	..	12 20	6 5	..
....	..	6 50	..	9 0	..	11 0	11 50	..	..	..	..	3 15	8 50	..
POOL (Midland Central Station)	..	..	9 0	..	11 0	12 15	..	..	2 50	..	4 40	..	..	10 45
vood	..	..	6 50	..	8 40	10 10	..	..	12 50	..	2 30	..	..	6 50
pool (Talbot Road)	..	..	6 50	.	9†15	10 15	..	..	1 0	..	2 40	..	..	6 55
m	..	..	7 5	..	9 33	10 22	..	..	1 8	..	2 43	..	..	7 2
port	..	..	8 15	..	9 0	10 40	..	..	12 45	..	2 15	..	..	8 50
HESTER (Central) E	..	..	9 50	..	11 25	1 0	..	..	3 35	..	5 0	..	..	11 30
on	..	..	10 30	..	..	1 35	..	..	4 15	..	5 20	..	7 45	..
ck-Bath	..	..	9 50	..	11 46	..	..	..	2 43	..	5 31	..	8 53	..
Arrive at														
ISH TOWN	..	12 47	2 41	3 2	4 1	5 40	5 52	7 42	8 12	..	9 39	9 52	..	..
GATE STREET	..	1 13	3 1	3 28	4 28	6 6	6 16	8 4	8 37	..	10 1	10 21	..	..
RIA (L. C &D.) ..		2 5	3 40	4 7	5 12	6 52	6 52	8 56	9 38	..	10 45	11 0	..	..
PANCRAS ..	7 45	12 55	2 50	3 19	4 10	5 45	6 0	7 50	8 20	8 40	9 45	10 0	4 15	5 15

E—A Train also leaves Manchester (Central) at 7.0 a.m., and arrives St. Pancras at 11.50 a.m.

ckpool (Central Station.) ‡ Does not run from Inverness to Perth on Saturday nights, but runs on Sunday nights.
assengers from these Stations for Midland Stations South of Carlisle, wishing to travel via Edinburgh and the North British
ey route, leave Inverness at 10.10 a.m., Boat of Garten 12.10, Pitlochry 2.18, Dunkeld 2.50, arriving at Perth at 3.33 p.m.
assengers may leave Barrow (Central) at 7.20, Furness Abbey 7.28, and Grange at 7.59 a.m. on Monday Mornings only.
assengers from these Stations for Midland Stations South of Carlisle, wishing to travel via Edinburgh and the North British
ey route, leave Pitlochry at 5.32, Dunkeld 6.15, arriving Perth at 7.0 a.m.

THIRD CLASS ORDINARY AND TOURIST TICKETS ARE ISSUED BY ALL TRAINS.

NOTE.—The Times from Noon to Midnight are distinguished by the Thin Line.

by, 1883. JOHN NOBLE, General-Manager.

LAKE DISTRICT.

TOURIST TICKETS available for TWO MONTHS, are issued to	Fares for the Double Journey from ST. PANCRAS. Kentish Town. 445, West Strand. Ludgate Circus. Euston Rd. 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly. 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square		Moorgate S Victoria (L. C
	1st Class.	3rd Class.	1st Class.
Grange-in-Cartmel-over-Sands	69/1	35 1	69/9
Windermere, Ulverstone, Furness Abbey, Coniston	73 4	37 6	74 0
Bowness	74/4	38 6	75/0
Ambleside	76 4	39/6	77/0
‡Keswick (by Coach from Ambleside)	82/2	43/0	82/10
†Keswick, Troutbeck (for Ullswater) via Penrith	82/2	43/0	82/10
Penrith, Seascale, Ravenglass	76/6	40/0	77/2
Carlisle	81/0	42/6	81/8
Dent	66/6	34/6	67/2

Tickets issued at 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Gr Buildings, Trafalgar Square, are available from St. Pancras or Kentish Town, but the fares do not include conv tween those Offices and the Railway Station.

BREAK OF JOURNEY.—Passengers may break their journey at Leicester, Derby, Leeds, or Skipton, and at th points in addition; at Grange, with Tickets for Furness Abbey and Windermere (Lake Side); at Grange and W (Lake Side) with Tickets for Bowness and Ambleside; and at Grange Furness Abbey, and Broughton, with T Coniston, Seascale or Ravenglass.

DENT.—Passengers travel via Settle, and may break the journey at Leeds or Skipton.

CARLISLE.—Passengers travel by the Midland Company's Route via Settle, & may break the journey at Leeds o

WINDERMERE.—Passengers must state at the time of booking whether they wish to travel via Carnforth and Lake Side Station, or via Carnforth or Lancaster and Oxenholme to the L. & N. W. Station, and take Tickets a The Trains via Grange to Lake Side Station run on to the Steamboat Pier, so that Passengers may walk direct from t Carriages on board the Steamers. The Tickets to the L. & N. W. Station are available for entering or returning from District via Keswick or Penrith, on payment of the Ordinary Fare between Oxenholme and Keswick or Penrith. make the tour of the Lake several times a day at moderate Fares. Coaches run daily between Windermere and Gra Keswick, and in connection with the Lake Steamers from Ambleside to Grasmere, Keswick Station, and Ullswater. circular tours in the Lake District by Rail, Coach, and Steamer, available for 7 days, are issued at the Landing St Windermere Lake and other principal Stations on the Furness Railway. The tour can be made in one day.

CONISHEAD PRIORY HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—Passengers holding Tourist Tickets to Conisto Abbey, or Windermere (Lake Side), may stop or break their journey at Ulverstone, the Station for Conishead Priory.

BOWNESS AND AMBLESIDE.—Tickets to Bowness and Ambleside are issued via Ulverstone and Winderm Side), thence by Steamer up Windermere Lake, and to Ambleside, via Carnforth, or Lancaster, Oxenholme and W (L. & N. W.) also; Tickets via Windermere (Lake Side) are available by Steamer for one journey from Lake Side t and Ambleside respectively, and back to the Lake Side Station. Tickets via Windermere (L. & N. W.) to Amb available by Coach for one journey each way from Windermere Station either to Ambleside or Low Wood, or by Bowness Landing Stage. The Coaches run in connection with all Trains. Fares do not include conveyance be Windermere (L. & N. W.) Station and the Bowness Landing Stage. Passengers must state at the time of booking route they wish to travel, and those selecting the Oxenholme route must state further whether they wish to trave Windermere and Ambleside by Coach or Steamer, Tickets being taken accordingly.

TOUR OF LAKE DISTRICT.—Passengers holding Tourist Tickets to Ambleside, via Carnforth and Winderm Side) may use them either on the Outward or Return Journey to or from Coniston, and Passengers so using thei may break the journey at Grange, Ulverstone (for Conishead Priory), Furness Abbey, Coniston, Bowness, and Wi (Lake Side). The Fares do not include conveyance between Coniston and Ambleside. Coaches run daily between and Ambleside, at moderate Fares. A Steam Gondola makes the tour of Coniston Lake several times a day

SEASCALE (for Calder Abbey, Wast Water, and Scaw-Fell).—Passengers holding these Tickets may break the j Grange or Furness Abbey.

RAVENGLASS is the Station for Eskdale Valley, Stanley Ghyll Water Fall, &c., &c., Passengers travelling from R to these places by the Ravenglass and Eskdale Railway

PENRITH.—Tickets to Penrith are issued via Appleby, via Carnforth, via Lancaster, or via Ingleton, and P are desired to state at the time of booking by which route they wish to travel.

†**KESWICK.**—Tourist Tickets to Keswick and Troutbeck by this route are issued via Appleby in connection Service of Trains which has been established between Appleby and Penrith, or via Carnforth, or Ingleton, or Lanca L. & N. W. Railway. Passengers are allowed to break the journey at Penrith, or any Station between Penrith destination.

‡**KESWICK,** via Carnforth, Windermere, Lake Side, up Windermere Lake to Ambleside, and thence by Tay appointed Coaches, running twice daily (Sundays excepted), between Ambleside and Keswick, at or about the followi subject to the sailing of the Steamers on Windermere Lake:—

AMBLESIDE TO KESWICK.				KESWICK TO AMBLESIDE.			
AMBLESIDE	dep.	10 0 a.m.	3 30 p.m.	KESWICK	dep.	9 30 a.m.	4 0
KESWICK	arr.	1 0 ,,	6 30 ,,	AMBLESIDE	arr.	12 30 ,,	7 0

The Tickets will be available for breaking the journey at Grange; at Lake Side, Bowness, The Ferry, and Low W Windermere Lake; Ambleside, and Grasmere. The Tickets are available for one journey only each way, by Railway boat, and Coach.

Passengers breaking the Coach Journey at Grassmere must take the risk of there being room on the Coach when t to resume their journey.

The Tickets are available for Two Calendar Months, but those issued at the end of the Season will be subject to th of the Coaches, and will only be available for the Coach Journey as long as the Coaches continue to run.

ULLSWATER DISTRICT.—Passengers holding Tourist Tickets to Penrith or Troutbeck (for Ullswater) may return from the Lake District, via Windermere (L. & N. W.); but the Fares do not include the cost of conveyance Windermere and Penrith or Troutbeck.

MALVERN AND BRECON.

TOURIST TICKETS, available for TWO MONTHS, are issued to	Fares for the Double Journey from ST. PANCRAS. Moorgate Street. Kentish Town. Victoria (L. C. & D.) Road. 445, West Strand. Ludgate Circus. 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly. 8, Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square.	
	1st Class.	3rd Class.
Malvern	38/9	18/0
Brecon	52/6	27/0

Tickets issued at 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Gran Buildings, Trafalgar Square, are available from St. Pancras or Kentish Town, but the fares do not include conveya tween those Offices and the Railway Station.

Passengers may break the journey at Birmingham, and in the case of Brecon also at any Station between Wo and Brecon.

LLANGORSE AND DOLGARR LAKES, BRECONSHIRE BEACONS, CAERPHILLY CASTLE, LLANDRINDOD. On production of Brecon Tickets the Brecon and Merthyr and Mid Wales Companies will issue to the holders Return T at a Single Fare, to any Station on their Lines, thus giving an opportunity of visiting these and other interesting. There is excellent fishing in the Lakes. The Tickets will be available on the day of issue only.

NEATH AND BRECON LINE.—Tickets to Neath and back, at a Single Fare for the Double Journey, a to break the journey at any intermediate Station, will be issued to the holders of Brecon Tickets on their production Booking Office

For General Conditions, see Page 15.

IDLAND RAILWAY

THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Railway shown

ilways in Direct communication with Midland System

her Railways

SOLWAY FIRTH

Silloth

Kirkbride

Burgh by Sands

CARLISLE

MARYPORT

ASPATRIA

WIGTON

DALSTON

WORKINGTON

Harrington

Parton

COCKERMOUTH

Great Orton

Rose Castle

Cotehill

Armathwaite

Kirk Oswald

Lazonby

Little Salkeld

Longwathby

PENRITH

KESWICK

EGREMONT

Woodland

Beckermet

Ponsonby Hall

Gosforth

Bootle

ULLSWATER

Lowther Castle

New Biggin

Long Marton

Appleby

Ormside

ORTON

Crosby Garrett

KIRKBY STEPHEN

SEDBURGH

Hawes Jun.

AMBLESIDE

CONISTON

HAWKESHEAD

WINDERMERE

BOWNESS

BROUGHTON

FOXFIELD JUNCTION

Millom

ULVERSTON

DALTON

FURNESS ABBEY

Roose

Piel

Conishead Priory

Cark

KENDAL

Oxenholme

MILNTHORPE

Arnside

Silverdale

Burton & Holme

Burton in Kendal

KIRKBY LONSDALE

CARNFORTH

Borwick

Arkholme

Melling

MORECAMBE BAY

MORECAMBE

LANCASTER

Halton

Caton

Hornby

Wennington

Bentham

Clapham

Ingleton

Batty Green

Horton

Old Station Settle

Settle New Station

Settle Junction

SCALE 8 MILES TO AN INCH

LANCASHIRE SEA COAST.

FROM	Fares for the Double Journey to: To MORECAMBE or LANCASTER. Tickets available up to December 31st, 1883.		To SOUTHPORT. Tickets available for Two Months.		To BLACK FLEETWO LYTHA Tickets avail Two Mor	
	1st Class.	3rd Class.	1st Class.	3rd Class.	1st Class.	3
ST. PANCRAS; Kentish Town; 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square.	63/6	34/0	57/6	31/6	59/0	
Moorgate Street or Victoria (L. C. & D.)	64/2	34/0	58/2	31/6	59/8	

Tickets issued at 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus; Piccadilly; and 8, Gr Buildings, Trafalgar Square, are available from St. Pancras or Kentish Town, but the fares do not include conve tween those Offices and the Railway Station.

SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, AND FLEETWOOD.—Passengers for these places travel via Ma Manchester (Central) by the Midland Company's Tourist Route through the Peak of Derbyshire, proceeding f by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company's Trains from Victoria Station, or to Blackpool, Lytham, and I by the London and North Western Company's Trains, but the fares do not include the cost of conveyance be Central and Victoria Stations. Passengers may break the Journey at Manchester.

ISLE OF MAN.

Tourist Tickets, available for TWO MONTHS, are issued from	FARES TO DOUGLAS & B: 1st Class and Saloon.	3rd Class Deck
St. Pancras; Moorgate Street; Kentish Town; Victoria (L. C. and D.); 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square	68/3	34/6

Tickets issued at 445, West Strand; Ludgate Circus; Euston Road; 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Gra Buildings, Trafalgar Square, are available from St. Pancras or Kentish Town but the fares do not include convey tween those Offices and the Railway Station.

VIA BARROW.—The Barrow Steam Navigation Company's New and Powerful Steamers "Manx Queen" (New S "Manxman," or other First Class Paddle Steamers will ply between Barrow and Douglas as follows:—

During the months of July, August, and September, daily (Sundays excepted) in each direction, leaving Barrow (I Dock) at **1.40 p.m.** after arrival of Through Express Train leaving London (St. Pancras) at 5.15 a.m., with connecti all principal Stations on the Midland System, as per Special Bills and Time Tables issued by the Company; and at **8.0 a.m.** in connection with Through Fast Train from Ramsden Dock to London and all parts of the Midland Sy

SPECIAL NOTICE.—During July and August, an Additional Daily Express Service (Sundays excepted) will b follows:-

From Barrow (Ramsden Dock) at **5.30 p.m.** after arrival of Through Express Train leaving London (St. Pancras) at 1 with connections from all principal places, as per Special Bills and Time Tables issued by the Company; from Do **11.0 a.m.**, arriving at Barrow (Ramsden Dock) in time for afternoon Express Train to London and all parts of the System.

During October the Steamers will ply three times a week in each direction, for particulars of which see future announc

SUPPLEMENTARY BOAT TICKETS—For the convenience of Passengers taking Third Class Tickets on the Railw desirous of travelling in the Saloon of the Steamer between Barrow and Douglas, Supplementary Boat Tickets may be o at Midland Stations on payment of the following amounts: SINGLE JOURNEY, 3s.; RETURN JOURNEY, 5s.

Passengers may break their journey at Leeds, Skipton, Grange, Ulverston (for Windermere, Lake Side), and I Abbey. Excellent Hotels are attached to the Stations at Leeds and Furness Abbey. The beautiful scenery combini the sheltered position and safety of the Harbour of Barrow, the ease and comfort with which Passengers embark and this Port, and the Short Sea Passage, render this THE BEST & FAVOURITE ROUTE TO THE ISLE OF MAN

Coupons for Travelling over the Isle of Man Railway.—At St. Pancras and Moorgate Stre also at Messrs. Cook & Son's Offices, Books containing Four Coupons each, available for travelling on the Isle of Man R Company's System, may be obtained. The Coupons may be used by any Train, and are issued at a reduction u Ordinary Fares. The Isle of Man Railway passes through the most interesting portion of the Island, the scenery al route being unequalled, and Passengers taking advantage of the Coupons will be thus afforded an opportunity of visit principal places of interest.

VIA LIVERPOOL.—Passengers travel via Matlock and Stockport through the Peak of Derbyshire, to the Central S Liverpool, and may break their journey at Matlock or Liverpool. The fares do not include the cost of conveyance b the Railway Station and the Steamers. Passengers will proceed from Liverpool by the Isle of Man Company's St "Mona's Isle," "Ben-my-Chree," "Fenella," "King Orry," "Snaefell," "Tynwald," "Douglas," or "Mona," leav Prince's Landing Stage every week-day, at 1 o'clock, afternoon, and Douglas at or after nine, morning, except Sat and Mondays during July and August, when the Steamers leave Douglas for Liverpool at 8, morning.

SUPPLEMENTARY BOAT TICKETS.—For the convenience of Passengers taking Third Class Tickets on the Railw desirous of travelling in the Saloon of Steamer between Liverpool and Douglas, Supplementary Boat Tickets may be ob at Midland Stations from which Tourist Tickets are issued on payment of the following amounts: SINGLE JOURN RETURN JOURNEY, 5s.

WELSH HARP FISHERY.

THROUGH TICKETS, SINGLE JOURNEY AND RETURN, are issued to and from WE HARP STATION, and the following Stations;

Moorgate Street	Denmark Hill	Brompton (Glo'ster Rd)	Latimer Road	South Tottenha
Aldersgate Street	Peckham Rye	West Brompton	Notting Hill	St. Ann's Road
Farringdon Street	Herne Hill	Kensington (High St.)	Westbourne Park	Green Lanes
Ludgate Hill	Clapham	Earl's Court	Bishop's Road	Crouch Hill
Blackfriars	Wandsworth Road	West Kensington	Edgeware Road	Hornsey Road
Borough Road	Battersea Park	Hammersmith	Baker Street	Upper Hollowa
Elephant & Castle	Grosvenor Road	Uxbridge Road	Portland Street	Junction Road
Walworth Road	Victoria (L. C. & D.)	Notting Hill Gate	Gower Street	Highgate Road
Camberwell New Rd.	Victoria (District)	Bayswater (Queen's Rd)	King's Cross (Met.)	Kentish Town
Loughboro' Road	Sloane Square	Paddington (Praed St.)	St. Pancras	Haverstock Hil
Brixton	South Kensington	Shepherd's Bush	Camden Road	

Third Class RETURN TICKETS are issued from Moorgate Street, Aldersgate Street, Farrin Street, King's Cross, and St. Pancras, at a Fare of 1s., and from Camden Road and Kentish Town Fare of 9d. *For General Conditions, see page 15.*

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

[G]ENERAL CONDITIONS.

Applicable to the issue and use of Tourist Tickets.

[T]hese Tourist Tickets are issued by all the Ordinary Trains of the Company, and are available [by any] Train (except in the case of Tickets issued over the London and North Western and Caledonian [Line]s, which are not available by the Limited and Irish Maiis of those Companies) but the Company do [not und]ertake that the Trains shall start or arrive at the times specified in the Bills, nor will they be [account]able for any loss, inconvenience, or injury, which may arise from delays or detention.

[P]assengers booking at Moorgate Street, Victoria (L. C. & D.), join the Main Line Trains at [Kentish] Town. When taking their Tickets at these Stations, they are requested to ask for Midland Tickets.

[T]ickets issued at 445, West Strand; Cook's Excursion Offices, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road; [Re]gent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8 Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, are available from St. [Pancra]s or Kentish Town, but the Fares do not include conveyance between those Offices and the Railway.

Through Tickets are issued from the Stations on the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railway [o]f King's Cross, and from the whole of the Stations on the London, Chatham, and Dover System, [o]n the Main Line and Metropolitan Extension,—to Kentish Town, where Passengers can take Tourist [Ticket]s and join the Main Line Trains.

The Tickets to the places enumerated, with the few exceptions as stated, are available until [Dece]mber 31st, 1883.

The Tickets are not transferable, neither will they be recognised for the [Retu]rn Journey, unless they have been presented and Stamped at the Booking [Offic]e of the Station to which they are issued on the day of Return, or

The Return portion of Tourist Tickets may be stamped at, and made available for the holders to [comm]ence the Return Journey from the Station to which they were issued, or any Station on the route short [of tha]t to which such Tickets were issued, provided the holders return within the time for which the Tickets [are av]ailable; but should the holders of Tickets available for two months only, not return within the prescribed [time] it is absolutely necessary that the return portion of the Tickets be sent to the Station to which they [were] originally issued, where they will be retained, and extension-of-time Tickets available for the Return [Journ]ey, issued in exchange, in accordance with the General Regulations.

The Company will not be responsible for sea risks of any kind whatsoever.

Unless otherwise stated, these Tickets are not available for any but the Stations named upon them, [nor c]an they in any case be used more than once in the same direction, and the Holders must in all cases [start] upon the outward journey on the same day, and by the same Train for which the Tickets are taken.

Attention must be paid by the Holders of these Tickets, on the Outward Journey, to see that the right [half] of the Ticket for the Return Journey is retained by them.

The Company do not hold themselves liable to make any return to Passengers, who by neglect, or any other cause, fail to produce their Tickets.

The usual weight of luggage, viz.: First Class 120 lbs., Third Class 60 lbs., will be allowed to each [Pass]enger, and care should be taken to have it properly addressed.

Children under Three years of age, Free; above Three and under Twelve, Half-fare.

BREAK OF JOURNEY.—Holders of Tourist Tickets may break their journey at places mentioned in [the] programme, BOTH GOING AND RETURNING without restriction as to period, except that the Return [Journ]ey must be completed within the time for which the Tickets are available.

EXTENSION OF TICKETS.—The Tickets available for the Return Journey up to December 31st [cann]ot under any circumstances be made available after that date. The Tickets advertised as available for [two c]alendar months only can be extended to return on any day up to the 31st of December, 1883 or in the [case] of Tickets issued in connection with Coaches or Steamers up to the day on which the Coach or [Stea]mboat Service is discontinued) on payment of the difference between the Tourist Fare and the sum [of tw]o Single Journey Fares, except **Tickets to Stations in the Interior of Ireland, which cannot be [exte]nded beyond the period of Two Months.**

Dublin and Belfast Tickets can be extended up to December 31st on payment of the difference [betw]een the Tourist Fares and the sum of two Single Journey Fares.

NOTICE.—Saloon, Family, and Invalid Carriages, fitted with Lavatories, and every [conv]enience, can be secured on a few days notice being given to the Station-Master at St. [Panc]ras Station, or to the Superintendent of the Line, Derby.

JOHN NOBLE,
GENERAL-MANAGER.

Derby, 1883.

ENGLAND and SCOTLAN

PULLMAN PARLOUR CARS are run between London and Glasgow and burgh by the Express Trains leaving St. Pancras at 10.35 a.m., Edinburgh at 10.30 and Glasgow at 10.15 a.m. on Weekdays.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS are run between London and Edinburgh and gow by the Expresses leaving St. Pancras at 9 15 p.m., Edinburgh at 9.20 p.m, and Gla at 9.15 p.m., both on Weekdays and Sundays; commencing on July 23rd, a Sleepin will be run on Weekdays between London and Edinburgh and Perth by the Train le London (St. Pancras) at 8.0 p.m., and Perth at 7.35 p.m., and Edinburgh (Waverle 10.30 p.m. These Cars are well ventilated, fitted with Lavatory, &c., and accomp by a Special Attendant, and are unequalled for comfort and convenience in travelling.

The extra charge to First Class Passengers for Seats in the Drawing Room between St. Pancras and Edinburgh or Glasgow, is 5s.; and for Berths in the Sle Cars between St. Pancras and Edinburgh and Glasgow, 8s.

For particulars of the Through Train Service see pages 10 *and* 11 *of this Programm*

The Up and Down Day Express Trains stop half-an-hour at Normanton *in all cas* enable Passengers to dine. A spacious and comfortable Dining Room is provided at Station for their accommodation. *Ten minutes* are allowed at Normanton by the N Scotch Expresses for Passengers to take Refreshments.

Through Guards travel between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow by Ex Trains in both directions, in charge of the Luggage of Through Passengers.

Passengers by this route, by the Express Trains between London and Edinburgh Glasgow, are conveyed in Through Carriages of the most improved description, fitted an efficient continuous Automatic Break and all the most approved modern appliances.

Ordinary Return Tickets between London and Stations in Scotland are available fo return journey on any day within One Calendar Month from the date of issue.

First and Third Class Tourist Tickets, between Stations in England and Statio Scotland, available for Return until the 31st December, will be issued until 31st October

The Fares, both Ordinary and Tourist, between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow, many other Stations in Scotland, have been CONSIDERABLY REDUCED, by the ope of the Midland Company's Route.

MIDLAND RAILWAY WEST END & CITY BOOKING OFFI

FOR THE ISSUE OF

TOURIST, EXCURSION, AND ORDINARY TICKETS.

For the convenience of Passengers desirous of travelling by the Midland Railway, the C pany have opened a BOOKING OFFICE, at

445, WEST STRAND,

Opposite Charing Cross Station, where TOURIST TICKETS may be obtained to Scotl Scarboro', Harrogate, Ilkley, The Lake District, Isle of Man, Belfast, Morecambe, Blackp and other Watering places on the Yorkshire and Lancashire Coasts, Matlock, Buxton, &c., ORDINARY TICKETS to these and all principal places on the Midland Railway and L in connection.

EXCURSION TICKETS are also issued at this Office for all the Midland Compa Cheap Excursion Trains from St. Pancras.

THE TICKETS REFERRED TO ABOVE, are also issued at

THOS. COOK & SON'S Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus and Eust Road; and at the London Brighton & South Coast Co.'s Offices, 28, Rege Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Squar

The Tickets issued at these Offices are available for the holders to travel from St. Panc and are issued at the same Fares as charged from that Station, and will be dated to the convenience of Passengers.

Tourist Programmes, Time Tables, and every information respecting the Trains of Company may be obtained at any of these Offices.

Derby, 1883. JOHN NOBLE, GENERAL-MANAGER

Bemrose & Sons, Printers, 23, Old Bailey, London; and Derby.

FOUNDED 1806.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

FOUNDED MORE THAN 76 YEARS AGO,

HAS NOW

INVESTED FUNDS AMOUNTING TO £2,299,086.

IT HAS PAID IN CLAIMS NEARLY

SEVEN MILLION POUNDS STERLING,

AND HAS DECLARED BONUSES EXCEEDING

£2,600,000.

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LONDON.

NOVELLO, EWER & CO., Printers, 69 & 70, Dean Street, Soho, London.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE

50, Regent Street, W., & 14, Cornhill, E.C.

FOUNDED 1806.

Extract from Report of the Directors for the year 1882.

"Proposals were received for Assurances amounting to £667,670 Of these the Directors declined £75,100 and accepted £592,570, th largest amount of new business ever done by the office in one year The new premiums amounted to £19,211.

The Claims were £162,836 13s. 9d., being £3,790 less than thos for 1881.

The Annual Income from all sources increased from £290,077 to £300,973.

The Invested Funds amounted to £2,299,086, as compared with £2,207,986 in 1881.

With the close of the year 1882 was completed another quinquennial or bonus period; within which great progress has been made, as will be seen in the following figures:—

Period of Five Years.	Amount of New Premiums.	Amount of New Assurances.
1863 to 1867	£58,913	£1,742,905
1868 ,, 1872	58,706	1,763,498
1873 ,, 1877	68,032	2,023,788
1878 ,, 1882	88,175	2,683,111

The quinquennial valuation shows a surplus of £499,031 17s. 8d. Under the deed of constitution, one-half must be reserved and will accumulate at interest until the next division of profits in 1888. The other half, £249,515 18s. 10d., will be divided between the shareholders and policyholders, in the proportion required by the deed, the shareholders receiving £8,145 only, the policyholders £241,370 18s. 10d., the reversionary value of which sum will be added to their policies.

The position of the office, then, stands thus: After making full provision for every policy liability, upon a stringent net premium valuation, and after the distribution of a bonus of £241,370 18s. 10d. to the policyholders, and £8,145 to the shareholders, the Provident commences another quinquennial period, dating from January 1, 1883, with a surplus of £249,515 18s. 10d., in itself an element of great strength, and a source of profit for the next bonus distribution to be made five years hence. Under these conditions, the Directors confidently look forward to a career of unabated success and of continued progress."

A copy of the Report of the Directors and the Chairman's Address at the last General Meeting will be forwarded on application to

CHAS. STEVENS, *Secretary.*

BRAND & CO'S.

PRESERVED PROVISIONS SOUPS &

SPECIALTIES FOR INVALIDS

ESSENCES of BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL & CHICKEN, BEEF TEA, TURTLE SOUP & JELLY, MEAT LOZENGES &c:

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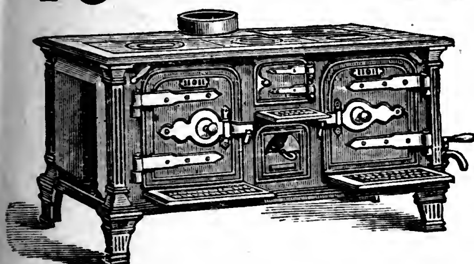
"75 PER CENT." LESS FUEL BURNT,



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Manufacturers of Sterling Silver, Electro Silver, and Table Cutlery.

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AND OXFORD STREET, WEST END, LONDON.

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Prices: 1s. 8d. to 3s. per lb.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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"Strictly pure."—*W. W. Stoddart, City & County Analyst, Bristol.*
"Pure Cocoa, from which a portion of its oily ingredients has been extracted."—*Chas. A. Cameron, Analyst for Dublin.*

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EVERY PIANO GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS.

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Prices from 35 to 350 Guineas

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