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conflicting sects, and consequently, of bitter religious dissensions. A Roman Catholic Mission began a struggling existence in 1827; and after much opposition, was finally established. In 1862 an Episcopal Mission was commenced, which at first produced results which were anything but beneficial. It stirred up strife and painful religious discussions. Now, however, it seems that early feelings of bitterness and sectarian strife have become mellowed. The present King and Queen are zealous Episcopalians; but though they throw the weight of their influence in favour of our Church, it remains antipathetic to the bulk of the community.

There is much in these interesting volumes which we have been obliged to leave unnoticed, and the short imperfect sketch we have given of their contents does not do full justice to their excellences. Perhaps, however, it is better that such should be the case, for we have no desire that the reading of this paper should be made a substitute for the perusal of the original; our aim has rather been to lay it before the public notice, for, if we can succeed in that, we may safely leave it to stand upon its own merits.

EDWARD WHATELY.

Reviews.

The Merv Oasis. Travels and Adventures East of the Caspian, during the years 1879-81, including Five Months' Residence among the Tekkes of Merv. By E. O'DONOVAN, Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*. Two vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

THESE volumes contain a record of Mr. O'Donovan's wanderings around and beyond the Caspian, including a five months' residence at Merv, during the three years 1879-81. In the first volume he relates his experiences of the Russian settlements on the eastern shores of the Caspian, and touches slightly on the military operations against the Akhal Tekké tribes. He also enters into the border relations existing between Russians, Turcomans, and Persians. These chapters pleasingly lead the reader on, and make him easily understand what follows concerning the attitude of the Merv Turcomans. Mr. O'Donovan's description of the Merv Oasis is clearly drawn, and full of information; it will interest many who are outside the general-reader class. View it how one may, indeed, this ably written work merits praise; it cannot fail to take a good place among high-class books about Central Asia. As a representative of the *Daily News*, Mr. O'Donovan has supplied another proof of the courage, skill, resource, and indomitable temper of our enterprising Special Correspondents.

Mr. O'Donovan left Trebizond on February 5th, 1879, steaming to Batoum and to Poti. From Poti to Tiflis there is a railroad, and the journey takes about twelve hours. The first thing that strikes the eye in

the capital of the Trans-Caucasus, is the semi-Asiatic, semi-European aspect of the place; the old town with its narrow streets of old-fashioned booths and Tartar costumes, contrasting with palatial houses, modern gardens, and Parisian attire. In the upper class of Russian "society," says our author, the rate of living is remarkably "fast." After two days in Tiflis, he prepared for his journey across the steppes which separated him from the Western Caspian border. The hotel charges were excessively high, and he was not sorry to leave Tiflis behind. Yet the journey prospect was not inviting. Up to the end of the seventeenth century, it is said, a traveller setting out from Lyons to Paris, in view of the state of the road, considered it his duty to draw up his last will and testament. The roads in France at that time, probably, bore some resemblance to the roads traversed by the *Daily News* "Special" on his way from Tiflis across the Trans-Caucasian plain. He had heard and read a good deal about the perils of travel in that part of the world, but his anticipations fell short of the reality. After obtaining his posting-passport, an all-important document, he was promised by the people of the hotel an orthodox postal vehicle, with an official conductor. The vehicle in which one ordinarily travels by post in this part of the world, says Mr. O'Donovan, is termed a *troika* :—

There is a more luxurious kind of conveyance—which, to tell the truth, is not saying much for it—named a *tarentasse*; but though one may pay the increased rate demanded for such a carriage, he is not always sure of finding others at the changing-places on the route, should, as is generally the case, his own come to grief. The experienced traveller generally chooses the *troika*, for at each station at least half a dozen are always in readiness to supply the almost inevitable breakdowns which occur from post-house to post-house. At the moment of which I speak I had never seen either *tarentasse* or *troika*; I had a kind of preconceived idea about four fiery steeds and a fur-lined carriage, in which the traveller is whirled in luxury to his destination. Judge of my surprise when, on a raw winter's morning, just as the grey dawn was stealing over the turrets of the old Persian fortress, I saw a nameless kind of thing drawn up before the door of the hotel. Though I had just been summoned from bed to take my place, I had not the slightest suspicion that the four-wheeled horror before me was even intended for my luggage; so I waited patiently for the arrival of my ideal conveyance. The hall porter and some chilly-looking waiters were standing around impatiently awaiting a "gratification," and evidently believing that I was all the time buried in deep political or scientific thought. I was beginning to get stiff with cold, and at length I asked, "Where is this coach?" "Your Excellence," said the porter, "it is there before you." When I shall have described a *troika*, no one will wonder at the exclamation of amazement and terror which burst from my lips at the bare idea that I had to travel four hundred miles in such a thing. Imagine a pig-trough of the roughest possible construction, four feet and a half long, two and a half wide at the top, and one at the bottom, filled with coarse hay, more than half thistles, and set upon four poles, which in turn rest upon the axles of two pairs of wheels. Besides these poles, springs, even of the most rudimentary kind, there are none.

The *troika*-driver, clad in a rough sheepskin tunic, fitting closely at the waist, with the woolly side turned inwards, and wearing a great conical cap of the same material, sits upon the forward edge of the vehicle. With a combination of patched leather straps and knotted ropes by way of reins, he conducts the three horses. The centre horse is between two shafts; the side horses are very loosely harnessed. As the stations at which relays are usually found are but twenty-seven or twenty-eight miles apart, they are gone over, almost the whole time, at full gallop. A "posting station" on these plains, as a rule, is a very dull and lonely place; there may be three small buildings of a single story, some barns, and an enclosure for chickens and cattle. At each station-house is a

"guest-chamber," a small room containing two wooden camp-beds, a table, a fireplace, and a chair or two. The traveller is supposed to bring his bedding with him, as well as his food, tea, sugar, &c. Usually it is difficult to procure food, unless some of the women of the establishment can supply a few eggs and some sheets of the peculiarly leathery bread which seems to pervade the entire East. The only thing the traveller can be certain of finding is the *samovar*. On the arrival of a *troika* with traveller, the *samovar* is immediately brought into the guest-room, and tea is made while the horses are being changed. Weak tea (without milk) being swallowed, the traveller again mounts his chariot, which dashes away in the most reckless fashion, utterly regardless of the nature or state of the road. Over bad portions the jolting of the springless vehicle is terrific. At the third station from Tiflis the traveller may be said to bid farewell for the time being to civilization. After a time, indeed, the road seems to have disappeared.

Elizabethtown is a kind of "halfway-house" between the last traces of Europe and the Caspian shores. This town, like Tiflis, is half Asiatic and half European. In its "Grand Hotel," by dint of bribery, Mr. O'Donovan secured a kind of feather-bed; but no such thing as a basin-stand could be had, and it seemed as though only one basin was allowed for the service of the guests. At what was an attempt at a *table-d'hôte*, only ham and caviare could be got.

According to Russian courtesy, it appears when a traveller of any distinction passes through a district, he is supposed to call upon and pay his respects to the local Governor. Accordingly, says Mr. O'Donovan:—

I donned the best suit which the slender wardrobe carried in my saddle-bags afforded me, and presented myself at the palace of the Government, where Prince Chavchavaza resided. I was graciously received, but the Prince, a Georgian of the old school, unfortunately did not understand French. The Secretary, more than polite, as secretaries usually are in Russia, interpreted our discourse. I was received in a chamber hung with ancient tapestry, the walls of which were garnished with arms of different periods, captured during the protracted struggles in which Schamyl led the Caucasians. Our conversation at first took a general turn, and after a while we began to speak of the future of the Russian Empire over these vast plains. I observed that nothing but means of communication and transport were wanting to make Russia the Rome of to-day. He bowed his head in assent, and gave me many examples, which space does not allow me to recapitulate here, especially as the present is only a chapter introductory to my adventures beyond the Caspian. And then, suddenly turning to me, he fixed his dark eyes upon my face with a piercing glance, and said, "Do you know that we expect an army corps shortly, bound for the shores of the Caspian?" "My prince," I replied, "I was unaware of the fact. Where are they going to?" "There is an expedition against the Turcomans," he said, "commanded by General Lazareff." This was news for me, and I resolved, instead of proceeding on my original mission, to follow the operations of the Russian columns. Having thus determined, nothing was left but to await the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief, General Lazareff, and to ask his permission to accompany his expedition.

In Baku, our author obtained permission from General Lazareff to go with him and his staff; and on April 2nd they set forth for the camp of Tchikislar, the base of operations of the expeditionary columns against the Akhal Tekké Turcomans. Life in the Russian camp, and the first of the series of combats with the independent Turcomans which culminated in the capture of their strongholds at Geok Tepé, is well described. It is remarkable that the tribes who fought so fiercely against the Russians but three years ago, have become as much their obedient servants as the Yamuds of the Caspian littoral, who seven years previously were foremost in fighting against the Muscovite invaders. Certainly the Russian Government knows well how to conciliate this newly conquered Asiatic

people. To the illness and death of General Lazareff, and the subsequent changes in the Russian expeditionary force, and to Mr. O'Donovan's inevitable change of plans, we can only allude.

Of his journey to Asterabad, our author gives several interesting sketches. Thus, on drawing near a village, he says :

After eight hours' march the ordinarily stunted and withered grass of the plains began to assume a more verdant appearance, and vast herds of sheep, goats, and cows were to be met with, attended by wild-looking men and boys, all of them wearing the preposterous black sheepskin hat of the country, and each armed with musket and sabre. Another hour's ride brought us to the village of Giurgen, close to the river-bank. Here, as is usual when approaching a Turcoman village, we were furiously assailed by scores of gigantic wolf-like dogs, whose invariable custom it is to surround the stranger, who, if on foot, is often in serious peril. Riding into the centre of the village I invited the Turcomans, who stood at the doors of the *kibitkas* highly amused by the predicament in which I was placed, to call off their dogs, who were leaping savagely at my boots and my horse's nose, causing the poor beast to rear and kick furiously. One had seized by his teeth the extremity of the rather extensive tail of my charger, and, managing to keep out of range of his heels, held on like grim death. I drew my revolver and exhibited it to the Turcomans, assuring them that if they did not immediately call off their dogs I would make use of the weapon. To this threat they paid no attention, and I was obliged to turn in my saddle and fire fully into my assailant's mouth. As he rolled over on the sward his companions, with the most admirable promptitude, withdrew to a safe distance, and the Turcomans, rushing out with sticks in their hands, proceeded to beat them still farther off, though at first I supposed that the sticks were intended for my own person.

On April 26, 1880, with Mr. Churchill, the British Consul, he sallied forth from the western gate of Asterabad, *en route* for Kenar Gez, the so-called port of Asterabad, one of the three ports possessed by Persia on the Caspian littoral. In due course he arrived, *viâ* Rasht, at Teheran. On his journey he had painful experience of the *garrib-gez*, literally "bite the stranger." This is an exceedingly venomous insect : about the third of an inch in length, it resembles in form the English sheep-tick. Its sting is productive of the worst results ; a small red point is followed by a large black spot, which suppurates, accompanied by a high fever. Oddly enough, the people of a *habitat* of this pestilential insect (the *arga Persica*) experience no inconvenience from its sting. At Masrah, in 1879, some Austrian officers going to Teheran were stung by the *garrib-gez*, and all of them fell ill, one narrowly escaping with his life. A Persian medical man informed our author that when any important personage was travelling through a district infested by "bite-the-stranger," his attendants usually administered to him one of these bugs during the early morning concealed in a piece of bread.

At Teheran, Mr. O'Donovan was privately informed that the Russian General had doubts and suspicions ; they thought his going among the Merv Turcomans as a newspaper correspondent was only a pretence, and that in reality he was an agent to the British Government. The fact was, however, as he tells his readers, he was simply the correspondent of the *Daily News* ; he was obliged to "change sides," because the Czar's generals, so to speak, shut the door in his face. He took his own line : and opening friendly communication with the Tekkés, he journeyed first to Geok Tepé, (in spite of General Scobeloff), and then to Merv.

On January 16, we read, the traveller started for Durangar. News had come in of two sorties of the garrison of Geok Tepé, on the 9th and 10th. The plan of the Tekkés had been betrayed to the Russians ; they gained, however, a partial success. Before the lines of investment were completed, a body of Tekké cavalry left the town and engaged some Kuchan marauders. The dangers of the English "Special's" journey

were obviously by no means small. He pushed on, nevertheless, to the last village acknowledging Persian authority. It was not safe to travel in the plain where he was equally liable to fall in with Russian scouting parties or Turcoman stragglers. He kept therefore along the slopes of the mountain, though travelling there was very fatiguing for their horses (the party was seven in number), but the utmost caution was necessary. "Early on the 24th," he writes, "we ascended the top of the Markov mountain, which towers some six thousand feet over the Tekké plain, and is not over twelve miles from Geok Tepé. With my double field-glass I could easily make out the lines of the Turcoman fortress, and the general position of its besiegers; but I was too far off to be able to make notes of details. I could plainly see by the smoke of the guns and the movements of the combatants that the attack had begun in earnest, and I watched its results with intense anxiety. The Russian assault was directed against the southerly wall of the fortifications, and, after what was apparently a desperate conflict there, it was evident that they had forced their way. A crowd of horsemen began to ride in confusion from the other side of the town and spread in flight over the plain. Immediately afterwards a mass of fugitives of every class showed that the town was being abandoned by its inhabitants. The Turcoman fortress had fallen, and all was over with the Akhal Tekkés."

For the account of his ride to Merv, and his reception among the people, we must refer our reader to the work. Lack of space prevents from quoting more than a portion of the description of his life in Merv.

With the exception of some of the well-to-do classes, we read, the Turcomans live but poorly.

The morning meal generally consists of fresh-baked griddled bread, hot from the oven, and weak green tea, though the latter is not always forthcoming. The women, who are astir long before sunrise, grind the corn in their horizontal stone mills, and immediately afterwards bake it in the circular mud ovens placed a few yards in front of the entrance of each *ev*. In the early dawn, looking across the plains, the site of each village is marked by the red glow hanging over it as the rude ovens are being heated with the brambles and grass fuel in common use. This is the invariable practice of rich and poor alike.

At midday there is another meal, usually of bread and *galtuk*, supplemented, perhaps, with fresh or indurated salty cheese. During the great heats, many dine on bread, with melons, grapes, or other fruits. It is not usual, except when entertaining a guest, or on some festive occasion, to eat flesh meat at this midday meal.

The principal meal of the day occurs after sundown. It is at this time that one sees Turcoman provisions in all their variety. In a Khan's house, during at least four days in the week, the *pièce de résistance* consists of mutton-broth and bread. Every day a number of sheep are killed in each village, chiefly by speculators, who realize a small sum by so doing; or, should anyone have a guest whom it is absolutely necessary to furnish with meat, he kills a sheep, takes what is necessary for his own purposes, and sends the crier round the village to announce that he has slaughtered the animal, and is prepared to dispose of the remaining portions at the ordinary prices.

At Merv a sheep usually costs from seven to twelve shillings. The animals are of the big-tailed variety, and all the fat of their bodies seems to concentrate itself in the tail, which cannot, on the average, weigh less than twelve pounds, and is the dearest portion of the carcase. When a sheep is killed, the tail is first made use of. It is skinned, and cut into pieces, which are placed in a large hemispherical iron caldron of about two feet in diameter. In this the fat is melted down to the consistency of oil, and, when it is at a high temperature, pieces of lean, chopped small, are thrown into it, and the fat is removed from the fire. The contents are then poured into a wooden dish, somewhat larger than the pot, which is placed upon the carpet in the midst of the guests. Each person dips his bread into the melted grease, now and again fishing out a morsel of meat. Owing to the high

temperature of the fat, these morsels are quite calcined, and taste precisely like greasy cinders. It is a peculiarity of the Turcomans that they like their meat exceedingly well done. When all the meat has been picked out from the dish, and the liquid within has attained a moderate temperature, the master of the feast takes the vessel in both hands, places it to his lips, and swallows a pint or so of the fat. He then hands it to the guest nearest to him, who does likewise, and so it makes the circuit of the party. When nearly all the grease has been thus consumed, and if there be present any person whom the host especially designs to honour, he offers him the wooden dish, and the recipient gathers up what remains by passing his curved finger round the interior and conveying it to his mouth.

Mr. O'Donovan met with several prisoners at Merv. He was successful in attempting to procure the release of one of them, a Russian gunner, who had been at Merv for years. The account of his interview with this unfortunate man begins thus :

I was engaged in taking some notes of the day's occurrences when the door opened and some Turcomans entered. They wore their swords, and were booted as for a journey. In their midst was a man who had neither sword nor boots, although he wore the regular Turcoman costume. This was the Russian prisoner Kidaieff. Had I not been so informed I should never have known that he was not a Turcoman. Though only about twenty-five years old, he looked considerably over forty. He seemed worn to little more than skin and bone; and his pale, leaden-coloured face was wasted and ghastly to look upon. He resembled a walking corpse rather than aught else; and his dull, glassy eyes had a fixed and mindless expression. I motioned to him to be seated. He addressed me in Russian, of which unfortunately I understand but little. I then spoke to him in Jagatai Tartar, which he spoke with some fluency. He thanked me for the money which I had sent to him, and stated that he was very grateful for the improved treatment which he had experienced since my arrival at Merv, the irons upon his ankles having been removed at my request. I asked him about the treatment which he had met with at the hands of the Turcomans since his capture, but could get but little information on this score, for his gaolers were sitting beside him, and he did not dare to answer. I could see, however, from his emaciated frame and the expression of his countenance, that his sufferings must have been great indeed. . . . He had been subjected to all kinds of torture. . . . He had not changed his religion.

Light. A Course of Experimental Optics, chiefly with the Lantern, by LEWIS WRIGHT, with illustrations. Pp. 340. Macmillan & Co. 1882.

THE aim of this excellent little book, as we are told in the preface, is "to place clearly before the mind of the reader, through something like a complete course of actual experiments, the physical realities which underlie the phenomena of Light and Colour." Accordingly, the greater part of the book is occupied by a full and clear description of the experiments here alluded to, the conditions of their success, the mode of performing them, and the actual results obtained. The work is not, therefore, a text-book so much as a companion and supplement to existing text-books, and it will be found to have its chief value for those who are disposed to experiment for themselves in the fascinating branch of physics to which it relates. Were the book nothing more than this, however, it would scarcely fall within the category of those which may properly be noticed in *THE CHURCHMAN*. But it is far more than this. Mr. Wright writes throughout in a spirit less common, we fear, among physical investigators than formerly—a spirit which recognises that the phenomena described are not phenomena merely, but manifestations of the working of the one Infinite Power which directs the universe, and thus connected with all the rest of His works. In the light of this recognition the phenomena are examined with none the less accuracy and impartiality;

but they are at the same time invested with a glory and an interest which is not their own. To the author, light presents itself not only as a peculiar group of physical phenomena, but also as a revealer of things kept secret, both in its own proper sphere and in many others besides; and he delights to follow out the analogies with other and higher works of revelation, which seem to show that all alike proceed from the one Father of lights, whether lights external or lights internal.

Actuated by this spirit, Mr. Wright tries to show throughout his work not only what light *does*, but what light *is*. The beautiful experiments which he describes are mainly classified according as they illustrate, step by step, the great theory of the vibratory nature of light. Of this theory he, in common, we believe, with all practical physicists, is a firm and even an enthusiastic supporter. But it is to be remembered that this theory is still subjected to attacks from various metaphysical quarters, and it is therefore well worth while to review once again the evidence in its favour. This evidence, so far as it can be presented by experiment and general reasoning, apart from mathematical analysis, Mr. Wright puts before us with singular cogency and clearness. In the first place he insists (p. 47) on the *invisibility* of light, which, though apparently a contradiction, is perfectly true. "It is itself, and by itself, absolutely invisible. It *makes* visible to us luminous objects or sources, rays from which actually reach our eyes; but if we look sideways at rays from the most dazzling light, we cannot see them. Space is black." Next, in chapter v., we have the clear and incontrovertible proof that light has a definite velocity, as obtained by astronomical observations, and afterwards by actual measurement. Hence the conclusion is drawn that light must be motion, or, as we should prefer to put it, that light must be due to motion. For, if a ray from one of Jupiter's moons becomes visible at a particular instant at one end of a diameter of the earth's orbit, and a quarter of an hour later becomes visible at the other end, something must have been moving in the interval along that diameter. Now there are only two possible explanations of that motion. Either it is the motion of a *thing*, as when a bullet, shot from a gun, flies to its mark; or it is the motion of a *state of things*, as when the sound of the same shot is propagated in all directions, as a wave of alternate condensation and rarefaction in the surrounding atmosphere. The only other supposition that it seems possible to make is that light is an ultimate and entirely inexplicable phenomenon, which *acts as if* it were due to motion. Such suppositions are constantly made in metaphysics, but never in science, the students of which do not waste their time in spinning unsupported hypotheses. Practically, therefore, when once we have proved that light has a velocity, we are shut up to one or other of the two theories of emission or undulation. Now, in the remainder of the volume, it is abundantly shown that the emission theory is absolutely in contradiction with various known facts regarding light; that it fails to account for others; and others, again, it only accounts for by the aid of subsidiary and uncertain hypotheses. The undulatory theory, on the contrary, not only accounts for almost every particular of the phenomena, but enables us to foretell phenomena whose existence is afterwards established; it is not in contradiction with any of them, and the few cases where difficulties still remain, show signs of yielding to improved knowledge and methods of research. It cannot be questioned to which of the two theories our adherence is due.

We have no space to follow out the various methods by which Mr. Wright tests and illustrates this theory; but we must call attention to a concluding chapter, in which he sums up his results, and asks what is their outcome. Heat, Light, Colour, Electricity, all are due, it appears,

to propagation of disturbance through the Ether. This ether we cannot do without; "no eye has seen it; no instruments can weigh it; no vessel can contain it; nothing can measure it; yet it must be there. Absolutely invisible, it is yet the sole key to all physical phenomena." Light is a disturbance caused in this ether by energy, a power which is the constant working agent throughout the universe: but this disturbance, so long as it is confined to the ether, is "invisible, inconceivable, unknown to us, unless matter, to make it visible, be in its path." Thus in Ether, Matter, Energy, we have three existences, all alike necessary for the condition of the world as we know it. Take away either, and what becomes of the universe as we know it or can conceive it! And yet this universe at least is monistic—is one harmonious whole. On this view of things, derived from the study of Light, Mr. Wright finds a striking analogy to the Christian doctrine of an infinitely higher "Trinity in Unity." We do not say that the conditions of the analogy are complete—Mr. Wright himself would not say so—but certainly it forms an excellent example how, in purely physical studies, we meet continually with conceptions and difficulties and mysteries scarcely less profound than those which occur in religion, and which to many minds form a stumbling-block to its acceptance. In short every study, even the most concrete and practical, runs up at last to some primary fact, which we cannot explain, but must accept: of which we can never say how it is so, or why it is so, but must be content to repeat that it is so.

The Early Days of Christianity. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

THE attractive title assigned by Canon Farrar to his new work hardly serves to give the reader an adequate idea of its general scope and character. That work is not in any sense a history of the Apostolic or sub-Apostolic times, as one might be tempted to suppose from its name, and even from a perusal of the very graphic and brilliant "first book" it would prove to be, but rather, as indeed the writer states in his preface, "an attempt to set forth in their distinctive characteristics the work and the writings of St. Peter, St. James, St. Jude, St. John, and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews." The bulky volumes, in fact, are altogether critical and literary rather than historical. They deal with the vexed questions of authorship, genuineness, date, interpretation, and the like, of the several New Testament Scriptures, which questions they "vex" yet further. It is needless to say that Canon Farrar exhibits all his accustomed exuberant and over-ornate eloquence in discussing these questions; and it is possible he may think he writes as a dispassionate critic: but he is too strong an advocate of certain familiar principles, and too strenuous an opponent of what he regards as merely "popular" views, for the partisan to be even effectually disguised. What is really wanted in a writer, possessed of all the splendid endowments and advantages of Canon Farrar, who would set himself to inform, instruct, and educate the public mind, is not merely to hold up the supposed popular view to contempt or to illustrate it by a strong and exaggerated contrast, but to grapple with it patiently and honestly, and to endeavour to do it full justice by hitting the precise point that it just contrives to miss, or at the most that it slants away from in merely touching; and there is a certain feeling of disappointment that comes over us when we cannot help seeing that not seldom the proposed censure of the popular view is a little too strong to be quite dispassionate, and that sometimes in being a little more than just it is also a little less than true.

It is clear that the brunt of the Canon's strictures is directed against the notion of verbal inspiration. Now, in regard to inspiration, our own

views are decidedly conservative. But, to consider the question broadly, is it not self-evident that if we are to receive any inspiration at all on which we can depend, it must be an inspiration that affects the words, and at times, at all events, is inseparably connected with them or they with it? How much, for example, of the so-called inspiration of Homer or Shakespeare is so bound up with the very words that if the words are altered the boasted inspiration evaporates altogether! We have heard, for instance, of a proposed emendation of the familiar words "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," of "stones in the running brooks, sermons in books, and good in everything." But surely, if there is any "inspiration" in the one case there can be none at all in the other; and thus whatever inspiration there is, it must to that extent be a verbal inspiration, or an inspiration dependent on the words. Yet, if this is so, shall we venture to say that in a multitude of the Scripture "texts," for which as "texts" Canon Farrar expresses so much contempt, there is any more essential independence of the inspiration on the actual words used than there would be in this fragment of "As You Like It?" The notion of verbal inspiration is one which it is obviously very easy to hold up to ridicule; but the question rather is whether there is not or may not be latent in it a particular and a very precious truth which the great powers of Dr. Farrar would be more profitably employed in developing, limiting, and enforcing, than they would be in exposing it to ridicule, which, indeed, it requires no power at all to do. For example, one may thoroughly go along with the Canon's remarks (vol. i., p. 286) as to Teachers "who had kindled their torches at the Sun of Righteousness, and drawn some sparks of light from the unemptiable fountain of Divine wisdom;" but, admitting all this, is there no truth on the other side too? Is it or is it not a fact that Scripture as Scripture, estimate it how we will, does differ from Philo, Plato, Sakya-Muni, and all the rest. If it is a fact that it does differ, how is it that it differs, and in what respects does it differ? And are the points in which it differs sufficiently distinct to be defined and argued? and if so, must not their definition and enforcement be a matter in itself of supreme importance, and is it not a more worthy object to endeavour to bring out, illustrate, and adjust the principles and elements of truth herein latent than it is to estimate and virtually to depreciate and disparage them by dwelling over-prominently on the misconceptions and exaggerations with which in the "popular mind" they have been connected?

It is quite beyond our scope and limits to attempt anything like a detailed examination or even account of Dr. Farrar's elaborate work. There is much in it which all may admire and from which all may learn; oftentimes quaint information and nuggets of out-of-the-way learning which we would gladly cherish and treasure up. But we demur to some of his conclusions, and we regret the impatience and intolerance of tone in many passages. At all times we would plead for a somewhat higher and more specific and exclusive position for Scripture as Scripture, whatever the limits we assign to it, than Canon Farrar seems disposed to grant. It is all very well to discuss the canonicity of the Second Epistle of St. Peter, and the like; but there may be a far more important question than this, namely, what do we mean by canonicity? Is it an accident or an attribute? Supposing such and such a book is canonical, what does that imply? does the fact of canonicity impart anything to the book, or is canonicity itself the result of something which characterizes the book before it is found to be canonical? and if so, what is this something? This question is not duly weighed in Canon Farrar's book; and yet this is really the question of the greatest moment, and the consequences of it are of vital interest to every Christian. It matters comparatively little

who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews ; but if the book is canonical why is it canonical, and what does its being canonical mean ? It is unquestionably a very difficult matter to define the limits suggested by the term, but in the present day it is more essential to hold fast by positive results than to be over-zealous in detecting a misconception or exaggeration of something which is after all true, though perhaps a distorted truth, and upon the actual and essential truth of which so much depends. From the tone in which Canon Farrar writes one would suppose he thought it worse than heresy to connect the Epistle to the Hebrews in any way with St. Paul, and that some moral fault belonged to those who did ; whereas whether he wrote it or not cannot affect the amount of deference due to its authority if it is indeed canonical, and if canonicity is anything more than a mere qualification that ecclesiastical critics are pleased to assign to it.

The main positions that Canon Farrar sets himself to establish are that the Second Epistle of Peter is not genuine ;¹ that the Epistle to the Hebrews is not St. Paul's ; that the Apocalypse was an early production of St. John's, written before he had thrown off the husk of Judaism, and that in its interpretation is entirely a thing of the past, with Nero for the man of sin, and the like. Such positions, of course, anyone is fairly at liberty to hold and to maintain with such eloquence and cogency of argument as he may be able to command. They only become a little tedious when one is not allowed to have any other opinion about them, or even to hold one's judgment in suspense, except under pain of being regarded as a slavish adherent of exploded doctrines and the votary of extreme theories about the letter of Scripture.

The sketch of declining Paganism with which the book opens is one of great power, and its ghastly and lurid glare tends to set off as a foil the bright pure light of that heaven-born system which superseded it. The strong and impressive contrast which makes itself felt by everyone forces the question on the conscience. What is the meaning and explanation of the tremendous divergence in the course of the world's history and life which is traceable to the point at which the stream of Christianity is detected as commingling with the foul and turbid waters of Paganism ? And this to all time will be the problem for the historian and philosopher, whence in the midst of so much that was corrupt and putrid was the mind and spirit which breathed and expressed itself in the sweetly simple and fragrant writings of the New Testament ?

S. T. P.

The Remote Antiquity of Man not Proven.—Primeval Man not a Savage.
By B. C. Y. Pp. 191. Elliot Stock.

IT appears marvellous that the assumption of the high antiquity of man and that of his descent from a bestial ancestor, opposed as these opinions are to the common beliefs of mankind, and to the highest instincts of human nature, should have been adopted by some of our leading men of science as conclusions proved by modern research, and that within the short period of the last twenty-five years. It seems more marvellous still, that the following and holding of these opinions should be considered as indications of superior mental powers rising above the common prejudices of the vulgar herd, and conferring an intellectual pre-eminence

¹ At the close of his argument he gives three reasons why he "cannot regard it as *certainly* spurious." There is much to support the conclusion, he believes, "that we have not here the words and style of the great Apostle, but that he lent to this Epistle the sanction of his name and the assistance of his advice. If this be so, it is still in its main essence genuine as well as canonical."

on those who advocate them. But of such violent revolutions of opinion Time is usually the avenger; and in this case the rebound of opinion in an opposite direction has not only commenced, but has been pressed on to the front, and sustained by well-directed efforts both in the field and in the study.

This reaction arises from two causes. The foundation facts of the theory, drawn from the cavern deposits and the gravel beds, have been carefully examined by other observers; and much of the supposed evidence has broken down and been withdrawn, while additional established facts have shown that much of the former deductions cannot be maintained. Again, adopting the general correctness of the facts put forward by the advocates of man's antiquity as a basis for an examination of the theory, the conclusions drawn from them have been shown to be one-sided and defective. Cross-examination of the witnesses, indeed, shows that the statements are not only contradictory, but that, as a whole, they lead to an opposite conclusion. And this mode of attack stands on the vantage-ground of undisputed facts; it is a flank movement which not only destroys the enemy's position, but wins the very site of the battle-field.

The author of this book before us has adopted this last mode of attack; and by extensive literary research, and acute logical deductions, has come to the conclusion that even on the partial and selected facts of his opponents, the high antiquity of man is "NOT PROVEN."

Taking Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, as a typical example of the value of the evidence derived from cavern deposits, he combats the conclusion of Mr. Pengelly, that, judging from the bosses of stalagmite, the upper bed, of five feet in thickness, must have been formed after the rate of an inch in 5,000 years, equal to a period of 300,000 years for the whole. Mr. Alfred Wallace gives, "as a fair estimate" of the time required for the formation of the same bed, a period of 100,000 years. On the contrary, Professor Dawkins is of opinion that the same bed of stalagmite "may possibly have been formed at the rate of a quarter of an inch per annum; at which rate twenty feet of stalagmite might be formed in a thousand years."

In the cave-earth, the next bed under the stalagmite, which should therefore have been at least 100,000 years old, a polished bone pin was found; but such pins are known to have been in use at and after the occupation of the country by the Romans. Barbed bone harpoons were also found in the cave-earth, but they are similar in make to those used by savage tribes at the present day. And mixed with the bones of the extinct animals some bones of sheep were found—an animal unknown in Europe before the Neolithic age. Thus, if the bones of the extinct mammoth and rhinoceros prove the high antiquity of the "flint implements," the flints, which are only flakes used at the present day, and the Neolithic sheep, equally prove the modern origin of the deposit.

We now come to the breccia—the chief battle-field of the question of man's remote antiquity so far as this cave is concerned. But even here, according to Mr. MacEnery, a few bits of coarse pottery were found; and Mr. Pengelly refers to the animal remains as those of the "bear only." It is admitted that there is no proof that the bones were those of the extinct cave-bear (if such an animal ever existed), but are more probably those of the brown or the grizzly bear, both existing at the present day. It is admitted, in the Fifth Report of the Committee, p. 204, that "the remains of the extinct brute inhabitants (*sic*) of Devonshire are mixed confusedly with those of the present day; and the handiwork of the human contemporary of the mammoth is found inosculating with the product of the potter's wheel." And not only so; but in

the upper bed of the cavern the remains of the extinct animals are abundantly found, whilst in the breccia, the lowest bed of the cavern, and under seventeen feet of stalagmite, the bones of the existing animals only are found. There is also the remarkable admission in the Third Report, p. 8, "that the most highly finished implements, whether of flint or of bone, are those which have been found at the lowest levels."

Thus the obvious inference from such evidence tends rather to bring down the date of the extinct animals to the human period, than to take man back to a remote antiquity.

Other caverns are referred to by the author with similar results, especially that of the discovery of a human fibula under glacial clay in the Victoria Cavern, near Settle. At more than one meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, it was said of this bone :—Here is direct proof that man lived in England prior to the last inter-glacial period ; but many doubted such an important discovery. A conference of experts accordingly was held at the rooms of the Anthropological Society ; and here it came out that this important bone was first considered to be that of an elephant, then, that it was a human fibula, and ultimately it was decided to be probably the bone of a bear ; or, as expressed by Dr. Murie, "it might be almost any bone ; and that all ideas of the habits of the cave-dwellers founded upon it were, therefore, mere fictions."

The author proceeds to consider the alluvial deposits of the valley of the Somme, and of these he says :—"Assuming what is not proved, however, that these flints were tools, we pass on to the inquiry, Would the layers of gravel require the long period of time supposed for their deposition ?" On this important point he adopts the opinion of Principal Dawson, F.R.S., that the geological age of these deposits of the valley of the Somme might be reduced to perhaps less than 1,000 years. There are, further, valuable chapters on "Primeval Man not a Savage ;" on "No Trace of Anterior Barbarism" of man in Egypt and the East. The supposed evidence of man's antiquity drawn from the peat-bogs of Denmark, and from the pile-dwellings of Switzerland, is also discussed.

The conclusion from the whole of the evidence is thus summed up :—"The writer has now, he believes, examined all the principal evidence on which scientists rely for proving the remote antiquity of man, and he cannot find one fact which will prove that a longer time is required than the Bible chronology will admit." To those who have incautiously relied upon the defective evidence, and the strong assertions on which the remote antiquity of man has been attempted to be founded and bolstered up, we recommend this book as an antidote and a guide out of the difficulties with which the subject is entangled.

NICHOLAS WHITLEY.

Short Notices.

The Chichester Diocesan Calendar, for 1883. Published by authority of the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. Clowes and Sons, 13, Charing-cross.

In this Calendar appears a report of the Chichester Diocesan Conference containing an admirable address by the Bishop, and much interesting matter. Our attention was particularly attracted by the discussion on Church Boards. A full and comprehensive paper on the subject, "Parochial Councils," with an analysis of Mr. Grey's Bill, was read by Mr. C. A. Hall-Hall. He argued that Church Boards would strengthen the parochial system. The Rev. F. H. Vivian supported the resolution. Mr. F.