

ditful. Nothing could well read more like an advertisement than the setting furnished by Captain Knollys, nothing less like one than the journal itself; and whatever opinion any one may have formed of Sir Hope Grant, the estimate must be raised after reading his interesting records.

When the Mutiny broke out, he was in command of the 9th Lancers at Umballa, and speedily joined the advancing column as brigadier of the cavalry. Throughout the Sepoy war his services were rendered on varied fields, and as it was his fortune to see the beginning, to share in the reduction of Delhi, to take a conspicuous part in the operations in Oude, so he was personally present at the end, commanding on the Nepal frontier, when the last hostile force was killed, dispersed, or captured. During this period of prolonged and exciting service there was no lack of "incidents," and from among them we may pick out a few illustrative alike of the General and the war.

Early in the siege of Delhi, while Sir Henry Barnard yet lived, the mutineers, full of courage, sallied forth and took post in the rear of the camp. Sir Hope Grant riding forth with Guides, lancers, and guns to reconnoitre, was surprised by their fire, but fell upon them with that audacity which is safety in Oriental warfare. As long as daylight lasted the rebels were driven back, but in the dusk, they got on the flanks and endangered two guns. The Brigadier at once got together a few men and charged, but his horse, shot under him, dropped dead:—

"I was in rather an awkward predicament—unhorsed, surrounded by the enemy, and owing to the darkness, ignorant in which direction to proceed. When my orderly, a native sowar of the 4th Irregular, by name Rooper Khan, rode up to me and said, 'Take my horse, it is your only chance of safety,' I could not but admire his fine conduct. He was a Hindostanee Mussulman, belonging to a regiment the greater part of which had mutinied, and it would have been easy for him to have killed me and gone over to the enemy; but he behaved nobly and was ready to save my life at the risk of his own. I refused his offer, but, taking a firm grasp of his horse's tail, I told Rooper Khan to drag me out of the crowd. This he performed successfully and with great courage."

The next morning Sir Hope sent for the man, praised him and offered him money; but Rooper Khan said he would be grateful for promotion, but would take no money. Ultimately he took the rupees reluctantly, and sent them back the next morning, through Major Martin, his commanding officer. He was promoted, and got also the second-class order of merit. Shortly afterwards it became necessary to disarm the regiment to which he belonged. He and his fellow-orderly, Peer Khan, did not place their swords on the heap, but handed them to Sir Hope, saying, "Take you our swords, Sahib, and don't humble us so; we have done nothing to deserve it." The Sahib was touched, he took the swords, and on the following day, with the sanction of General Wilson, he gave back their swords and horses to the faithful sowars. In 1859 these troopers, who were something more than mercenaries, visited Sir Hope at Lucknow, and he "had the gratification of presenting to each of them a finely-tempered sword." That is one among many instances of the General's sympathy with his kind. Very different, but not less characteristic, are the anecdotes of the 53rd Regiment. During Sir Colin Campbell's advance on Fateghur, the 53rd, a fine-looking set of Irishmen, good hands at fighting, but not remarkable for discipline, were lying under a bank which afforded inadequate protection. They lost many men, and all of a sudden, without heeding their officers, they dashed forward and speedily cleared the enemy out of a village whence they had been peppered. "The Commander-in-Chief was terribly annoyed, and riding up to the regiment, pitched into it well. But these wild Irishmen were incorrigible; whenever he began to speak a lot of them exclaimed as loud as they could, 'Three cheers for the Commander-in-Chief, boys!' until at last he was himself obliged to go away laughing." While in command of a detached party on a hunt after the Nana, Grant marched to Bangarow. At his approach out came a deputation, submitting and promising supplies, whereupon the General sent a hundred men of the 53rd to prevent plundering. But soon after a fresh deputation arrived, to say that the guard were "looting everything." Thereupon, says the diarist:—

"I galloped into the town as fast as possible, and found that nearly one-half the 53rd were absent from their post. I pitched into the officer, and then rode through the streets. There I found several men scattered in twos and threes amongst the different houses, robbing right and left. I made them all prisoners, and handed them over to the guard I had brought with me; and then returning to the main picket, which I had directed to confine every man who returned, I ascertained there were altogether twenty-five men in durance. These wild Irishmen were marched out in front of the house. I had them tied up, and twelve of the number were flogged on the spot. I placed two of the officers in arrest, and caused the guard to be relieved by a party from another regiment. The next morning I paraded the whole of the 53rd

and gave it them handsomely over the face and eyes. I told them, in the words of Sir Charles Napier, that without perfect obedience, an army is an armed mob, dangerous to its friends and contemptible to its enemies? This had a capital effect, and the regiment and myself afterwards became great friends. On the line of march, whenever they saw me approaching, they were overheard saying to one another, 'Now, boys, take care of your backs. There is the provost-marshal coming!'"

At the final relief of the Lucknow garrison by Sir Colin, the newcomers were greatly moved by the state of the cooped-up residents, especially the women and children. "I saw one little girl run up to her mother, saying, 'Oh, mamma! there is a loaf of bread upon the table; I saw it with my own eyes.' I asked one delicate-looking lady if I could do anything to assist her. She replied, 'Oh, yes; if you could procure me a piece of cheese, I should be so thankful, it is for a sick lady.'" We need scarcely say that the gallant General obtained a piece of cheese, and with difficulty found the lady who wanted it. But the oddest incident was this. When he urged the ladies to move, all rose and made for the doolies except "one nice, gentle-looking lady, who was seated on the floor. 'Really, madam,' I said to her, 'you must get up, or you will lose your conveyance.' 'I cannot move,' she answered, in a melancholy tone of voice. My heart warmed towards her, and fancying she was suffering from a severe wound, said, in equally doleful accents, 'Have you been wounded?' 'No,' she replied, 'it's rupees!'" She had a bag of Government treasure in her lap, and could not rise until the General raised the silver. Of course he saw her and it safely into a dooly. The poor woman's husband had charged her to deposit the cash in the treasury at Cawnpore, and here she was faithfully fulfilling the trust.

These are only a few examples of the interesting touches of a fine humanity, not altogether wanting in something like humour, which are scattered through the General's contribution to Captain Knollys' book. At the very end of the war we find him on the Nepal frontier, having chased the last of the mutineers into the jungle. "It was sad to see many of the poor wives of the Sepoys," he writes, "who had accompanied their husbands, deserted and left to die on the bare ground. One of these wretched women was lying in the last stage of exhaustion and sinking fast, with her long, black hair hanging dishevelled about her face, one child at her breast and another standing by her side. I told one of my staff to fetch a dooly for her and her children. When she heard the order, she raised herself up and gave a look of wild, unutterable joy, thinking in all probability that her poor, starving babes would be saved; but the effort was too much for her, and she again sank into her previous position. The sight was truly touching. Poor creature! She was put into a dooly and taken care of. She ultimately recovered." With this anecdote we close a little volume which, Captain Knollys' share in it apart, is a work of real historical value.

#### DARWINISM AND DESIGN.\*

THIS is an honest book, both in the frankness of its statements and in the carefulness of its execution. The author accepts the doctrine of evolution without the slightest effort, conscious or unconscious, at evasion; he is also, though the reverse of effusively or ostentatiously devout, a sincere believer in the creation of all things by God; and the object of his book is to show that, instead of invalidating faith in a Divine Being, the theory of development, which, after a century or more of conflict, has been generally accepted by physical philosophers, is calculated to elevate and to deepen our conceptions of God's power and wisdom. We should not expect Mr. St. Clair, or any other man, unless possessed of transcendent genius, which Mr. St. Clair, though not without ability, certainly is not, to exhaust the vast subject which he undertakes to treat, or even that he should, with precision and finality, enunciate the principles on which it might be exhaustively treated. It is not too much to say that the view of the physical universe accepted by the great body of men educated in science in the days of Paley has undergone revolutionary change, and that the old terms of alliance and association between physical science and natural theology must be comprehensively revised. It is an undertaking which will take many workers and many years, and all that can be fairly required of any one worker is that he be truth-loving and competent. Mr. St. Clair is the first in a high degree, the second in no mean degree. He never willingly misrepresents an opponent, and he frequently, if not generally, states the strongest objections in the words of the objectors. His answers and arguments are always clear, and sometimes ingenious. He is never fussy, vehement, or pretentious, and he does not fill

\* *Darwinism, and Design; or Creation by Evolution.* By George St. Clair, F.G.S., M.A.I., &c. London: Bodley and Stoughton.

up gaps in reasoning with bursts of platitudinarian eloquence. We shall have to read many books before seeing the end of the matter of which he treats, but we may find it useful and pleasant to read Mr. St. Clair's.

The first paragraph is one of the most confused and ill-written in the book. It contains two sentences; in the one he says that the purpose of his essay is "to illustrate the wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty in the evolution of living things," in the other, that "it need not be attempted here to prove and illustrate the Divine Beneficence and Wisdom, but only to show that there is no *a priori* impossibility in the way of proving them, and that the Theory of Evolution may be accepted without banishing the Almighty to the region of the Unknowable." The purpose expressed in the second of these clauses is manifestly more limited than that expressed in the first. Probably it would not be easy, in the practical handling of the argument, to keep the two purposes quite distinct; but Mr. St. Clair generally contents himself with defensive warfare, making it his aim rather to neutralise objections to the perfections of God, than to adduce positive instances of divine wisdom and beneficence. Starting with the human will, he finds that it is a real force, capable of giving new direction to the powers of nature. From the human will he steps at once to the divine. As the human will, by Professor Huxley's express affirmation, "counts for something as a condition of the course of events," the greater Divine Will may, or must, count for something also. For what, then, does the Divine Will count? "Its action," replies Mr. St. Clair, "would be of the same kind as that of human wills in this respect, that it would not violate natural law, but work by means of it." This is the fundamental position in Mr. St. Clair's argument. "Our philosophers," he says, "are showing us that all the phenomena of the physical world result from the motion of matter. The so-called laws are neither of man nor of God." Man makes use of them in proportion to his knowledge, God in proportion to His knowledge. "He can only work in nature on the principles man works on, and with the same liability to incidental results; for He works with the same material, which has its unalterable results." Having made this plain, Mr. St. Clair proceeds to adduce grounds for believing that, in the arrangements of nature, there is proof of design and a Designer.

Two remarks suggest themselves. The first is, that if nature and her laws are thus independent of God, we cannot be prevented from asking how nature came into existence, or from manifesting by other questions that our difficulty is not removed. "The production of matter out of nothing," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "is the real mystery." "Whence," he asks, "the pre-existing elements?" Mr. St. Clair can only reply that, though we cannot fathom the mystery of the production of matter, "the present dispositions of matter" may be shown to be the work of a foreseeing intelligence. Perhaps; but can mere arrangement by means of evolution be called "creation"? Mr. St. Clair assures us that did we but recognise that the so-called laws of matter and motion are as necessary as the laws of mathematics—not necessarily imposed, not admitting of abrogation, so long as matter exists, and that all intelligent action in the universe is concerned with composing, decomposing, recomposing, throwing matter into new arrangements, giving energy new distributions—"a great deal of misconception would be got rid of, and the character of the Deity would be freed from the appearance of harshness." Like enough, but is not this equivalent to saying that God is kind and just *except* when He cannot help it? And would not this in an infidel be called irony? "The forces of nature"—it is Mr. St. Clair who speaks—"may tend relentlessly to mow us down; but God is on our side; fire is fitted to burn, not of His arrangement, but naturally, and He spreads the nerves of feeling over the surface of the body to give us warning pain; oxalic acid is fitted to kill, but by no law of His imposing, and He is not cruelly inflexible." That is to say, we are indebted to God for all the pretty and pleasant things, but must ask no questions as to where tigers and rattlesnakes, strychnine and vitriol, come from. Such theology might be convenient for pulpit purposes, but it leaves our mind, like Mr. Spencer's, still shadowed by mystery. It is in perfect good faith that Mr. St. Clair puts it forward, and, as we said before, he never preaches; but a God that can do no more than alter the juxtaposition of particles of matter, existent, with all its laws, independently of Him, corresponds more to the idea of the Gnostic Demiurgus than to that of the omnipotent God of Christian theology.

Our second remark on Mr. St. Clair's fundamental position is that it does not help us to conceive how the Divine Being can alter the juxtaposition of matter, so as to arrange it on a plan of

His own, even to the extent to which man alters it. The will of God, says Mr. St. Clair, acts upon matter in essentially the same way as the will of man. Well, the will of man acts upon matter only through material instrumentality. There is no mystery, there can be no doubt, about that. Man has a body. His will acts on a nerve, the nerve acts on a muscle. All the human minds in the planet could not put two sand-grains asunder, or, if asunder, could not bring them together, by mere force of will, by pure energy of thought. But Mr. St. Clair does not, we presume, intend to say that God has a body. All we are informed is that He is a mind, a will. We are again and again told that the divine mind and the human mind are, except in the degree of their power, the same. How is it, then, that the divine mind acts upon matter, seeing that the human mind, apart from the body in which it is enshrined, is absolutely incapable of doing so? The question does not seem to have occurred to Mr. St. Clair, but an essential link is omitted from his argument, unless he both puts and answers it.

He is more successful, or at all events, ingenious and felicitous, in some of the subsidiary portions of his argument. Mr. Lewes, for example, and many others, have objected to the reasoning from design that there are parts of animals which are useless, or worse than useless, to their possessors, and which remain merely because they, or the organs from which they have atrophied, were of use in the animal economy at some earlier stage of development. "What," asks Mr. Lewes, "should we say to an architect who was unable, or being able, was obstinately unwilling, to erect a palace except by first using his materials in the shape of a hut, then pulling it down and rebuilding them as a cottage, then adding storey to storey, and room to room, *not* with any reference to the ultimate purpose of the palace, but wholly with reference to the way in which houses were constructed in ancient times?" "Suppose," answers Mr. St. Clair, "we inquire into the water supply of some town, tracing the course of the main pipe, and all the branches ramifying from it; and suppose that on one side of the town we find a pipe diverging half-a-mile into the country, and then bending round and returning, like the winding of some river. We ask, where is the wisdom of carrying the water through this mile of pipe, when it might go by the short cut? Why waste the tubing and waste the time, and do what has to be undone immediately, in sending the stream to a point from which there is no course but to return? On the supposition that the town was originally built as it now stands, every street and square having the position they now have, and not a house more nor less, our objection is valid. But if we learn that the diverging bend of pipe follows the route of streets which formerly existed, and that although the shorter cut would now seem better, yet it would cost more to take up the old pipes from the long route, and lay down pipes on the short route, than could possibly be gained by the process, we see the wisdom of leaving the arrangement as it is, and we read in the existence of the bend of pipe a page of the past history of the town."

This, we say, is ingenious, and on the hypothesis that the Divine Being has no command over nature different in kind from that of man, may have some logical plausibility. But in the case of the water-pipes, the townsmen would have removed the tubing when it became no longer useful in its original position, if they had been able, without loss or trouble beyond what the thing was worth, to do so. The very notion of infinite power as belonging to God must be abandoned, if His workmanship is so severely limited as this comes to. The human architect removes the piles used in the construction of a bridge from the river-bed. It is an important consideration, however, which we put at Mr. St. Clair's service, that, but for the leaving of the pipes of his illustration in the old route, the architectural history of the town might have been irrecoverable. Creation by evolution has this advantage, that the procession of being leaves traces of its advance which man can read. So far as human reason can perceive, there was no other method by which the archives of the universe could be folded up and preserved for the instruction of intelligent creatures. If evolution has high intellectual uses which special creation would not have had, and if man is God's child, it is not presumptuous to pronounce evolution more worthy of God than special creation. With similar ingenuity, and much patient industry, Mr. St. Clair argues that monstrosities and failures in nature are no disparagement to the Divine wisdom.

#### TRADITIONAL TALES.\*

It is common to say that human nature is the same everywhere and always, but it is truer to say that it changes like physi-

\* *Traditional Tales of the English and Scotch Peasantry.* By Allan Cunningham. London: F. and W. Kearslake.