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sonages; we read, and, as we read, wonder why we read. The charm—for charm there is—seems to consist in a certain pervading flavour of mild eccentricity; the writer is independent without being original—the characters out of the common without being odd. A kind of homely, pleasant tartness keeps the attention awake throughout; and, on the whole, Miss Beale's story may be fairly described as occupying an intermediate position between excellence and mediocrity.

The editor of "Faustus" must be well aware that the work he brings forward is by no means new, even to English readers. It is charitable to conclude that he judged it unworthy of any elaborate investigation into its literary history. We are much of the same opinion, and shall be content with mentioning that it is by Maximilian von Klinger, and was first published about 1790. The writer was a third-rate *littérateur*, and entirely incapable of appreciating the significance of the Faust legend; nevertheless, his work is not devoid of invention or of rhetorical power. But it is pervaded by that odd alliance of misanthropy and sentimentalism which the inferior German writers of the day copied (with many blots) from Rousseau. The abortion of their day has become the mummy of ours; and we imagine it would be almost as hopeful to galvanize the remains of King Phymuthis as to rekindle the faintest interest in a style of fiction long since exploded, and utterly antagonistic to the genius of our times.

OUR FOOD-FISHES.

A History of the Fishes of the British Islands.
By Jonathan Couch, F.L.S. Volume III.
(Groombridge and Sons.)

THE third volume of Mr. Couch's elaborate work is devoted to the description of sixty-three fishes, embracing particularly the family of the Cod-fish, and the family to which the turbot, sole, and other flat fishes belong. There is also given in this volume a rather elaborate account of the grey mullet, and one or two other curious varieties; but, leaving these fancy fishes, as we may call them, out of consideration at present, we shall confine our attention to those that may more particularly be considered food-fishes—as the cod, haddock, sole, and turbot. In regard to these, and indeed to all the others, we have again to reiterate our old complaint—that we are left in ignorance by the naturalists (and Mr. Couch is no exception) as to the one grand point of their lives, on the knowledge of which hinges the future prosperity of the British fisheries—viz., the period at which they become reproductive.

If we take the haddock as an example, it will be found that Mr. Couch has very little to tell us regarding its habits, breeding-power, or period of reproduction. He says that haddocks assemble for the purpose of spawning "in the colder months of the year;" and that, "after continuing in numbers for about two months, during which they have yielded to the fishermen an abundant harvest, they go away into deeper water or a colder zone." Mr. Couch does not think the haddock equal to the cod as a food power. Of course it cannot be so in the sense of bulk, as the cod attains a far heavier weight, although we question if it be, as he tells us, a more numerous fish. As to the question of flavour—and that is more a point for the epicure than the naturalist—we think the haddock is before the cod. A Dublin Bay haddock of about five pounds weight, boiled in sea-water, is really exquisite eating, so far as the firmness of its flesh is concerned, and far before the watery cod-fish; but *chacun à son goût*. We are sorry to say, however, that of late years the haddock has become a scarce fish. Where are the haddocks? has been asked at all hands. And this pertinent question cannot, it is feared, beotherwisely answered than as it was lately answered to us by a Newhaven fish-wife: "Deid, sir, an' their just dune." It is certain that the haddock is now a scarce and dear fish, and not to

be had in such quantities now as a quarter of a century ago. It is thought by some economists—and the fish-wife bears them out—that we have exhausted the supplies, and have, through greed, broken into the capital stock. Naturalists, again, are inclined to think that the scarcity arises through the exhaustion of the old feeding-grounds of this particular fish, and the consequent departure of the haddock to new localities in search of food. We do not believe in any theory of migration either for the haddock or any other sea-fish. These animals live each in its own immediate waters, and perhaps aggregate and segregate only at the spawning season. Some of them, we feel pretty sure, do not live in large shoals at all, but come together only at particular periods.

As to the fresh haddock, the scarcity of supply may in some degree be accounted for by the large quantities which are converted into "Finnan haddies"—a delicacy now in universal demand. All along the coast of the Moray Frith, and in the sea-side villages of Aberdeenshire and Fifeshire, the fishermen devote a large portion of their time to the capture of haddocks for the purpose of their being manufactured into Finnauns. But the old home-peat-smoked Finnauns are not now to be had: the snug little trade carried on in home-curing has been extended by the demand into a manufacture, and large houses have been erected in which the fish are smoked in a wholesale way. Indeed the demand is so great that very small codlings are often cured after the style of the haddock, and imposed on people as Finnauns.

Mr. Couch devotes a very interesting chapter to the cod-fish, extending over nine of his large pages. As a specimen of Mr. Couch's style and knowledge, we may quote the following:—

The Cod is one of the most prolific of fishes, as may be supposed when we call to mind the vast numbers which are caught at the principal fishing stations through a long succession of years, where one man in Newfoundland has caught five hundred and fifty-two in a day, and upwards of fifteen thousand in a voyage. Ten thousand cod-fishes were reckoned a proper yearly capture for a man. The fact is well borne out by an examination of the multitude of grains of spawn which have been counted in the mass of the ovaries. In a fish which weighed twenty-one pounds the roe weighed eleven pounds, or more than half of the whole bulk; but, in another which weighed thirty pounds, the roe only weighed four pounds and a quarter; and yet, in this last instance, the following proportion was fairly calculated:—In repeated trials two grains in weight of this roe gave the number of ova four hundred and twenty-three; so that, making a full allowance for the membrane mingled with them, the number of living individuals which might have been produced from this fish in which the roe was of less than usual proportionate weight was little less than seven millions. That very many of these eggs never reach a useful size is highly probable; and yet it is to be remarked that a young cod is more rarely found in the stomach of other fishes than the generality of its fellow-natives of the deep.

Turning now to the family of the Flat Fishes (*Pleuronectidae*), we find descriptions of the halibut, the long, rough dab, and many others of the flounder kind. Mr. Couch's account of the turbot, so dear to aldermen and other luxurious diners, is more historic than scientific. We are told of the high value set on this fish in the prosperous days of ancient Rome, when Horace, reproaching the common extravagance, said:—

"Great turbots and the soup-dish lead
To shame at last and want of bread."

The following is an extract from the chapter devoted to the Turbot:—

The Turbot is a fish of northern or temperate climates, and is said to grow to a larger size generally on the coasts of Britain and France than further south; but it is also known along the shores of Italy and Greece, and it is found also in the Black Sea. It prefers sandy ground, or where there is gravel; and it is also reported to choose a bottom of mud, in which to embed itself for the purpose of hiding its body, in order the better to entrap unwary fishes: but this faculty of intelligence will require more positive support from

observation than it has yet received. It appears to wander much, and in small companies; and I have been informed by fishermen that, in many instances, when one has been drawn up with a line, a companion has followed it so closely as to be taken with the aid of the usual hooked stick (*gad*) employed in lifting on board the larger fishes. But, although the usual habit of the turbot is to lie close to the ground, it is seen to mount occasionally to the surface and maintain its station there at one stay for a considerable time, as if enjoying the flowing of the current; but, in that situation, it has seemed less eager to take a bait.

Mr. Couch does not seem to be able to give us any information about the time required for the growth of this fish or the age at which it becomes reproductive; yet this is the kind of knowledge of all fishes which is most urgently required. On the general question of failing fish-supplies and the falling-off in quality Mr. Couch does not apparently think it his province to speak. This, however, is a point that cannot be too much discussed; and we have great hopes that the Commission now travelling may be able to obtain such accurate information as to the present productive power of the fisheries and the conduct of our fish-commerce as at once to resolve all doubts as to whether or not we are over-fishing, and, if so, to determine to what extent we have gone, and the remedy.

There can be no doubt of the great importance of our fisheries as a branch of the national industry, as a food-producing power, and as an outlet for capital. If, without the trouble of taking a long journey, we desire to witness the results of the British fisheries, we have only to repair to Billingsgate to find this particular industry brought to a focus. At that piscatorial bourse we can see, in the early morning, the fishy produce of our most distant seas brought to our greatest seat of population, sure of a ready and a profitable market. The aldermanic turbot, the tempting sole, the gigantic cod, the valuable salmon, the cheap sprat, or the common herring, are all to be found in great plenty, in their different seasons, at Billingsgate; and, in the lower depths of the market, countless quantities of shell-fish of all kinds, stored in immense tubs, may be seen; while, away in the adjacent lanes, there are gigantic boilers for the purposes of crab and lobster boiling. Shops in the neighbourhood deal in all sorts of dried fish, which are carried away in great waggons to distant railway-stations for country distribution. About four o'clock on a summer morning it may be seen at its fullest state of excitement—the auctioneers bawling, the porters rushing madly about, while hawkers are joining to purchase lots and dividing their speculations, and all about is the dripping sea-water, and "that ancient and fish-like snell" which is the atmospheric concomitant of such a mart.

BOOKS ON FREE-WILL AND NECESSITY.

A Theodicy, or Vindication of the Mind in Willing. By Albert Taylor Bledsoe. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.)

Freedom of the Mind in Willing; or, Every Being that Wills a Creative First Cause. By Rowland G. Hazard. (New York: Appleton & Co.)

WE have here two more contributions—both written, and one published, in America—to the literature of that discussion which Milton allotted to the fallen angels as the occupation of their banishment, while he placed his own solution in the mouth of the Creator. This, it has been recently remarked, is no unusual proceeding with regard to a great controversy; and the truth of the observation is strikingly exemplified in the first of the two books named above. Listen to the magnificent programme:—

"We intend," says our author, "not merely to neutralize, but to explode the theory of the sceptic. We intend to wrest from it the element of its strength and grind it to atoms. We shall drag this false principle from the place of its concealment into the open light of day, and thereby

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expose its utter futility. . . . We shall utterly demolish it, that neither a fragment nor a shadow may remain to darken and delude the minds of men."

The work corresponds very faithfully to the expectations raised by this flourish of trumpets. Every man of a certain amount of ability who has studied a controversy which has deeply exercised the human spirit has, in all probability, so far imbedded his mind among valuable thought that some fragments will remain adhering to it; and the present work has this kind of value; but we can discern in it little else that is excellent. One possible objection, indeed, which the author answers in advance, "that the foregoing scheme is new theology," we hasten to disclaim for our own part, assuring the author that we find few phrases in the book which do not bear the impress of that long use by which sharpness and definiteness of impression are exchanged for the certificate of general acceptance. That virtue which has been tried in the furnace is better than innocence which has never approached it, is the first obvious justification of the existence of evil which suggests itself with the very perception of evil. Not much less obvious is the counter-difficulty, which stands much where it was when, 2000 years ago, it excluded, to the mind of the old Roman poet, the possibility of any care of the gods for the human race—

"Nam si curent, bene bonis sit, male malis,
quod nunc abest."

Whether or not this justification of evil appears satisfactory to the mind depends on the nature of the evil which is taken as a sample; but whatever the theory has to say for itself is put by our author with a certain force. If holiness be the object of creation, he urges—if a necessary holiness be as truly a contradiction in terms as a triangle whose three angles should exceed two right angles—then the existence of sin is implied in the very word holiness, and the creation of free agents meant the possibility of evil. There is something very strange in the air of originality with which this view is put forth, without any notice of the unsolved difficulty which is pointed out in it, for instance, in such a well-known work as that of Edwards on the Will. If necessary holiness be a contradiction in terms, asks Edwards, what becomes of the holiness of God? If we are to introduce the awkward parenthesis "in a creature," then the conclusion is inevitable that the goodness of man is not a participation in the archetypal goodness of the Creator, but an *independent* virtue—a good in man which was not first a good in God. There is nothing recondite or mystical in this argument: it presents itself most strongly to those who believe in a Divine filial will, in which the human will finds its goal and pattern, and to which sin was impossible; but it is not inseparably connected with any theological idea. Suppose two men in such circumstances that each might save his life by telling a lie: the will of one wavers so tremulously between the two loadstones of life and honour that, to a spectator of the struggle, the issue would not appear even probable; while, in the other case, the two forces, acting on a spirit as *incapable* of paying the price of safety as any sane person would be of giving his fortune for a tinsel crown, leave the result certain from the beginning. Which of these two men has a holy will? Unless the answer of every unprejudiced mind is to be set at nought, certainly it is that which would disprove our author's decision that necessary holiness is a contradiction in terms.

Such an assertion, it seems to us, entirely sets aside the distinction between holiness and merit—between the attitude of will which man undertakes to reward and which God undertakes to satisfy. If two men have exerted themselves to carry out the wishes of a third, certainly he is bound to think first of the one to whom these efforts have cost most; but it does not follow that anything of this holds good between man and his Creator. To say that no suffering, no effort

will be wasted is quite a different matter; the foundation for that conviction must be laid in a different region of the soul from any that has been reached in the book we are noticing. We are not ignoring all that is implied in the meaning of the word virtue; we are not denying that, to us, it would be inconceivable in a sinless world: we are only asserting that to beat out whatever truth may lie in this negative fact into a covering for the evil of this earth seems to us simply to set that evil in its most startling light. The inconceivable has been overworked in philosophy. It will not supply any conclusions higher than itself; and, if we are to be only landed on the conviction that the severance of good and evil is to us inconceivable, the conviction does not seem to us worth the journey we have taken to reach it. But, nevertheless, these speculations have indirectly a great interest as exponents of the value of the different truths brought forward in them. The question of a necessary holiness seems to us to suggest an answer to the perplexity which must be felt by any one who observes the great attraction of such a doctrine as Calvinism for the holiest minds. That so acute a logical intellect as that of Jonathan Edwards should accept the conclusion to which his iron-bound argument led him is not surprising, but that he should *delight* in that conclusion makes one pause. Let us reflect what this conclusion is—that it is as inevitable that the greater part of our race should be tormented for ever as that spring-water should reach the sea. At one time, indeed, it appeared to him, as it would to the rest of us, "Rejecting whom he would, and leaving them to perish, *used* to appear a horrible doctrine to me. But, since that," he goes on, "I have often had not only a conviction, but a *delightful* conviction. The doctrine has very often appeared exceeding pleasant, bright, and sweet." Now we think that no reverence for a saintly character ought to prevent our acknowledging the stain of selfishness in such a "delightful conviction;" but yet, in perusing the work under notice, the ground of this satisfaction has come very clearly before us. If Edwards had lived in the London of to-day—if he had dined one day in the week with a man who held wrong views of the Atonement, and all the rest with men who held no views about it at all—if he had mixed in the average secular world of our own time and still held that conviction—we hardly think he could have retained his delight in it. But a member of a small religious community can practically forget the case of "the world" and find himself alone with God. He can confine his attention to that side of the Calvinist theory which is a part of a much deeper truth than any contained in such a reply as is at present before us. He can rest on the assurance of that very thing which our author denies—a necessary holiness. He can feel that choice is henceforth at an end for him; that there is only one force in his universe; and that the distraction of a divided nature is for him impossible. There is no arrogance in such a conviction; arrogance comes in with the notion of merit: it is the state of mind most remote from it when one feels himself a mere empty vessel to be filled with something not his own—a transparent pane through which the sunlight may shine unimpeded—and triumphs in the thought—

"So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest,
utmost Crown,
And thy love fill Infinitude wholly, nor leave up
and down
One spot for the creature to stand in."

Let it not be thought that we are devoting too much space to the controversy of a past age. It is a mistake to think that the kind of satisfaction in Calvinism which we are attempting to analyse is extinct. The name is indeed associated with conceptions which form no part of the mental landscape of to-day, but the thing is among us still. Only the sphere of its activity is changed: we must now seek it in Science rather than in Theology, and, if we follow its guidance, shall accept as the one force in the universe the course

of nature, rather than the will of God. The true intellectual inheritor of Calvinism seems to us best instanced in the late Mr. Buckle; the scientific form is represented in him as was the theological in Jonathan Edwards. As the second of the two books we have undertaken to notice is little more than an examination (almost ineffectual for its own purpose of refutation) of this classical defence of the Necessarian creed, we shall best exemplify our assertion, and criticise the volume under our notice, in a short sketch of this celebrated argument, the mere simplicity of which makes it seem, when given in a condensed form, a collection of truisms.

The will, says Edwards, is a mere expression for the act of the soul, as movement is the act of the body. Now to say that the will determines our actions is simple enough, and expresses all that we mean by liberty: it is merely saying that the acts of the body are caused by the acts of the mind. But, when you have got to this point, unless you say the acts of the mind are caused by something that is *not will*, you are involved in the absurdity of an infinite series of acts of will extending backward into the past, as a preliminary to every trifling volition of our lives. For, see, I stretch out my hand to a piece of bread. What moves my hand? My will. What moves my will? If it is a previous act of will, you have bound yourself to account for that previous act of will; and so on for ever. Unless you will immediately quit the volition for something that is not volition you can never do so; and so you must go on supposing every act of our lives one end of a chain of volitions extending backwards to infinity. Every supposition that the will moves itself, in short, lands us on the absurdity, to use the pithy language of Edwards, "that the son is beforehand with the father that begets him."

Now a large part of the second work under our notice, which is little more than a review of Edwards, consists in an analysis of his nomenclature, which is by no means particularly happy, and which, if it were to be rectified (as, for instance, in restoring Locke's distinction between will and desire), would, in some points, necessitate a re-adjustment of his argument. We cannot say, however, that we are here presented with a valuable specimen of a kind of criticism which does not appear to us valuable at the best. What does it matter if a man does not choose the best names for his ideas if he sets the things before us? If Edwards uses a word in a wrong sense in one place, he does so in another; the kind of attempt Mr. Hazard makes to show that his nomenclature involves confusion of thought is as absurd as an attempt to point out wrong perspective in a photograph. The 200 pages of the work which are occupied in this examination only prove that no possible examination of the argument of Edwards will detect in it one unsound link. No problem of Euclid is more unanswerable than the argument on its own ground. The language may be improved, but the analysis of a certain transaction cannot, we venture to assert, be increased in definiteness or coherence. The question is, Is this transaction *will*? Has not that which we mean by will, like the hypothetical phlogiston in combustion, been subjected to a process in which it escapes from the region of our observation? Mr. Hazard's conclusion is that it has. His conclusion is utterly unsupported by his premisses; but, in this case, logic seems to us on the one side and truth on the other. The mind, he thinks, is, in willing, a first cause; God, in creating man "after His own image," imparted to him this spark from his own life—that, as in him is the fountain of all cause, so in every human spirit should be as truly a spring of being—a cause which is not also an effect. This is a difference about things, not words. I see a chain of causes linked together in what we call the course of nature, ending with my *wish*—as in the case above mentioned, for food. I see, further, a chain of causes linked together in exactly the same

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way, and beginning with my will—e.g., to stretch out my hand. Now the question is, Is the intermediate link which connects my wish and my will homogeneous with the rest of the chain? As certain physical causes produce hunger, does hunger produce the will to take food? Suppose we complicate the problem, introducing two forces into our scheme in imagining that, at the same time that I feel the need for food, I am conscious of another desire—to give the food I require myself. There is one piece of bread, and two people want it—shall I satisfy the need to give or the need to take? Is this problem adequately represented by a physical statement—that is to say, is the trembling of a needle between two magnets a perfect symbol of the uncertainty of the mind previous to decision? That question represents the point at issue between those who assert and deny that the will is free. For our own part, the argument of Edwards appears to us, on its own ground, absolutely unanswerable. There is no conception of Free-will which, while we contemplate man under the relations of time, does not appear to us entangled in the absurdity we have quoted from Edwards, of supposing a thing to act before it exists. It is from a deeper thinker than any we have instanced here that we must learn a solution of the perplexity—from one who, while he accepts the moral law as the ultimate fact with which our mind comes in contact, and hence deduces from it the idea of absolute freedom, can yet perceive that man is also a member of a phenomenal world compacted together of cause and effect, and can leave this double set of relations, in all their startling incongruity, to answer for themselves. Kant would have replied to Edwards, if we may venture upon so bold a flight of imagination as their controversy—practically he *does* answer to all who hold that creed, the eighteenth-century Calvinist and the modern scientific man alike—"From your point of view, you are perfectly right. On the plane where you stand you can see nothing but these relations of cause and effect in which Free-will vanishes. There is that in will, in spirit, in the true *man*, which will not bear to be contemplated under these relations of before and after. Time belongs to the world of phenomena; Will to that 'cogitable' world of which man is the true citizen while he has yet been naturalized in the world of sense—the connexion between the two being for us [Kant adds, for every finite intelligence] perfectly inscrutable."

FRENCH TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

La Bible en France; ou les Traductions Françaises des Saintes Ecritures. Etude historique et littéraire par Emmanuel Pétavel, Pasteur de l'Eglise Suisse de Londres. (Librairie Française et Etrangère, 25 Rue Royale Saint-Honoré, Paris.)

TO those who are in the habit of reading the Bible and hearing it read in both French and English, nothing can be more painfully apparent than the difference of power between our grand old version and the foreign translations. The English Bible belongs to the very palmiest days of English literature—to that which, far more fittingly than the reign of Queen Anne, may be called England's Augustan age. In the times of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. the language possessed a copiousness and power that are ill-compensated for by the greater simplicity and elegance of the subsequent periods. To say nothing of the poets—of Shakespeare and Spenser, and the bright constellation of contemporary dramatists—where can we find such mighty, massive prose as that of Hooker, Raleigh, Bacon, and their successors Clarendon, Jeremy Taylor, and Milton? The grand sentences of these men roll forth as from the mouths of giants. Nurtured among such influences our English version is, as regards style, everything that can be wished, and the benefit it has conferred on the language incalculable. It is a connecting link

between the speech of the past and of the present, a standard of what is fine and noble, and a daily uttered protest against newspaper slang and American vulgarisms.

But, if we turn to the translations in use among French and Swiss Protestants, we are immediately conscious of an immense falling off. As our readers are probably aware, there does not exist any *authorized version* in the French language. Every minister, every individual is at liberty to choose that which suits him best; and the consequence is that the number of different translations is very considerable. There is not, however, apparently any single one that entirely fills the required conditions of an accurate rendering of the original, and a powerful idiomatic French style. The two which, from long use, unquestionably bear away the palm of popularity from all competitors are very deficient in both respects. Neither Martin nor Ostervald knew how to write with any degree of elegance, and their scholarship was naturally inferior to that of the great philologists of the age in which we live. For David Martin's deficiency in the former respect no valid excuse can be found. He was a native of France, born at Rével, in Languedoc, in the year 1639, and it was not till he had fully attained to middle life that the persecution of Louis XIV. compelled him to seek a refuge in Holland. He was, besides, a man of great and varied acquirements, taking an interest in all the questions of the age in which he lived, and the French Academy had occasion to thank him for his literary communications relative to the second edition of their Dictionary. There is, therefore, no apparent reason why the versions of the New Testament, and then of the whole Bible, which he published at Utrecht in 1696 and 1707 respectively, should be so poor and spiritless. Of the fact itself there can, unfortunately, be no doubt. It is patent to the most careless reader. For Ostervald's shortcomings it is comparatively easy to find an explanation. He was a Swiss, living and exercising his ministry at Neuchâtel; and it is but rarely that the Helvetic can attain to the perfection of French Atticism. Even Vinet, great thinker as he was, and profoundly as he had studied the works of the masters of the language, fails sometimes in that lightness of touch and transparent limpidity of style which are among the best characteristics of the great French writers. Poor Ostervald has been sadly and, what is worse, justly attacked by a whole army of assailants. M. Reuss, Professor of New Testament Exegesis at the Theological *Faculté* of Strasburg, and a distinguished Biblical critic, says:—

It is lamentable that in his hands the Bible should have lost what it had hitherto retained of antique richness and native force, without acquiring modern elegance and precision. A sentence which drags itself along through parasitic words, a style that is at once prosaic and colloquial without being on that account any clearer in the rendering of difficult passages, make this version everything in the world that is least tolerable and attractive. . . . There is no translation in the whole of Christendom of which the style is so heavy and the inaccuracies so numerous. . . . There is no people among the civilized nations of Europe among whom the difference between the language of the Bible and the language in daily use is so marked as in France. I refer to the Protestants only; for, at any rate, as regards style, the Catholics have better translations—only they do not read them.

This naturally leads us to speak of a third version, used by Roman Catholics on those rare occasions when, according to M. Reuss, they do dip into the sacred volume. The Bible of De Saci is, however, so immeasurably superior, in a literary point of view, to its Protestant rivals that its use is by no means exclusively confined to Roman Catholics. Isaac Le Maître de Saci was a Port-Royalist, the friend of Pascal and Arnauld; and his version was, in some sort, the joint production of that learned and pious confraternity. He suffered with his brethren from the attacks of the Jesuits. On the 13th of May, 1666, he had just completed a preface

for the New Testament, and was carrying it to the house of the Duchess of Longueville for the purpose of submitting it to Arnauld and Nicole, when he was arrested and thrown into the Bastille. His friends endeavoured to obtain permission to have the volume published; but in vain: and it was therefore printed at Amsterdam by the Elzéviirs. The title-page bore the name of Gaspard Migot, a bookseller of Mons; and the version derived the name by which it was known from that city. The time of De Saci's imprisonment had not been thrown away: when he left the Bastille, on the 1st of November, 1668, his translation of the Old Testament was completed, though, owing to vexatious delays, it was not finally printed till many years afterwards. The great defect of this Bible is, that it is not properly a translation from the originals, but from the Vulgate. De Saci, though persecuted for his opinions, was too good a Catholic to dare to follow the Hebrew and the Greek. In all controverted passages he adopts the readings and interpretations of his Church rather than those of philology; and his version therefore contains many things highly repugnant to Protestants.

Such being the defects of the three principal translations, it may naturally be supposed that the subject is one that attracts considerable attention among the foreign disciples of the Reformed Faith. Scarcely does a meeting of pastors take place without some allusion to it; and it is frequently discussed in the columns of the religious newspapers. In addition to the old standing debate whether Protestant Bible Societies are justified in disseminating Popish versions such as that of De Saci, a new question has arisen and created some bitterness of feeling. The majority of the Council of the French Bible Society determined to issue, to all those who might desire it, what is known as the Geneva version—a version superior to those of Ostervald and Martin in a literary point of view, but which, unfortunately, is more than suspected of a Unitarian tendency. The minority of the Council, deeming that they have no right to assist in the propagation of error, have seceded and formed a new society. M. Guizot, the President, though agreeing with the minority, did not consider the question of such importance as to necessitate his resignation. This is merely an instance among many of the great inconveniences arising from the want of a good and generally-received version of the Scriptures.

M. Pétavel has given the subject a good deal of attention; and the result of his labours is contained in the short volume we have before us. It consists of three parts. In the first the author gives an interesting historical sketch of the various translations that have been made in France from the earliest times. He describes the manuscript versions of the Middle Ages; the early-printed Bibles, in which a kind of running commentary was mingled with the text; the translations successively made by Lefèvre d'Étaples, the semi-reforming chaplain of Margaret of Navarre, sister to Francis I., and by Olivétan at the request and expense of the Waldenses. This latter, with various modifications and amendments, has formed the groundwork of nearly all the subsequent Protestant versions. Calvin published a revised edition of it; and it is to be regretted, that one who was at the same time so great a scholar and so perfect a master of the language should have adopted another man's work, instead of himself undertaking a translation which would probably have occupied the same place in France that is occupied in England by our authorized version, and in Germany by that of Luther. M. Pétavel carries his history down to the present time, and then, in the second part of his book, enters on a short critical examination of the merits and demerits of the various translations now in use. The third part contains the author's opinions on what a French Bible should and might be. In his conclusion he urges the necessity of at once beginning a translation which shall