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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THE

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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1867.

ART. I.—*Les Moines d'Occident; depuis Saint Benoit jusqu'à Saint Bernard.* Par le COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. Tomes iii. iv. v. Paris et Lyon: Jacques Lecoffre. 1867.

2. *The Monks of the West.* Authorised Translation. Vol. III. Blackwood and Sons. 1867.

3. *La Légende Celtique; en Irlande, en Cambrie, et en Bretagne.* Par le VICOMTE HERSART DE LA VILLEMARQUE. Paris: Didier. 1864.

4. (*a*) *The Church of Iona.* By the BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES. 1866. (*b*) *The Antiquities of Iona.* By J. and H. BUCKLER (Architects). London: Day and Son. 1867.

IT is exactly six years since we noticed the Count of Montalembert's first two volumes;* and on the three which are now before us we can in general terms pronounce the same verdict which we then enunciated. While we cannot read his books without the liveliest interest, while we are by no means insensible to the charms of his style, and feel that he has brought to bear on his subject an amount of out-of-the-way learning seldom equalled by members of his, or, indeed, of any communion, we still "have no sympathy with some of his notions, nor much respect for the logical powers which he puts forth in their defence." If in the highly-finished portrait of St. Columba, which fills nearly the whole of the third volume, and brings the man more closely before us than almost any biography with which we are acquainted, he better fulfils his purpose of writing not "a

* See *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1861.

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panegyric, but a history," than he did in his two previous volumes, the reason manifestly is, that, while St. Benedict and his followers were unquestionably the devoted servants of the Papacy, there is grave doubt (that has led to endless controversy) as to how far the Columban Church was under Rome. Of Papal influence the early Lives say absolutely nothing. St. Columba works for God by himself; and at the bidding, not of the Bishop of Rome, but of his own conscience, moved by the advice of some of his own Irish countrymen. The legend that he went to Rome towards the end of his life, M. de Montalembert himself admits to be "without foundation," * "merely invented to account for the gratuitous assumption that he was on intimate terms with Pope Gregory the Great:" and as to the statement† that "his 'rule' dissipates all the delusions about a primitive Protestantism developed in Iona," we can only accept our author's statement in a qualified sense. He asserts that "auricular confession, the invocation of saints, the celebration of the mass, the real presence, the sacrament of fasting, prayers for the dead, the celibacy of the clergy, the sign of the cross, and, above all, the duty of a deep and diligent study of the Holy Scriptures, are all proved to have been enjoined by him." Even granting this, it would not at all follow that the Church in Iona was Popish. Confession in primitive times was very different from the system of elaborate pruriency which the author of *Le Maudit* so justly exposes. The invocation of saints has also grown to be something quite distinct from the ancient reverence which in the early commemorations coupled the names of the departed with those of the great and good still left upon earth.

On every point which M. de Montalembert names, the usage of Rome (stereotyped, we thought, at the Council of Trent, but unhappily still open to alteration, as the doctrine of the immaculate conception, forced down the throats of an unwilling clergy, proves) has sadly deteriorated. It is so in regard to vows of celibacy, which (as our author allows elsewhere) were at first only taken for a time, and chiefly by people advanced in life. It is so not less in regard to the reading of the Word, which St. Columba enjoins so strictly, and which the modern Romish Church certainly neglects of deliberate purpose. We wish, by the way, that our author had been more free with his authorities in regard to these important questions. It seems a little disingenuous that the man who gives us half a page of Latin quotation about the danger

* iii. 289. † iii. 300.

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to a coracle from some terrible sea-monster, should, just where the text of the old Lives is the very thing we long to see, content himself with a loose reference to Libranius ii. 39, and that only about auricular confession, the reverence ence for saints (resolving itself almost wholly into that deep belief in the supernatural which in every age so many minds like Columba's have felt), and the real presence. How, by the way, can anyone have the face to assert that the real presence, as a modern Romanist understands it, is implied in this, the only quotation which our author makes on the subject: "A sancto jussus Christi corpus conficere. . . . Eucharistiæ mysteria celebrare pro animâ sanctâ" ?* This is not exactly our Protestantism; but a Lutheran could use the words just cited, at least as well as a Papist can. M. de Montalembert does not venture to say a word about Mariolatry or the Papal supremacy, the two marks *par excellence* of the Popery of to-day. And as to Mariolatry, we shall find, by-and-by, how it is wholly wanting in the hymns, where, if anywhere, it surely would appear. We have thought it right just to show what we consider the chief—almost the only—instance of *suppressio veri* in these volumes. It is but trifling, considering that our author holds a brief for Rome; but it is very important in the eyes of those who look to see in the Ireland of the future a national church, Patrician or Columban, but certainly not Papal.

One other point we will notice, in which we think M. de Montalembert's anxiety to exalt the monastic system leads him into unfairness. He certainly makes the old Celtic pre-Christian civilisation worse than it was, and stamps the Celtic character with a barbarism quite foreign to it, in order to show over what stubborn stuff the early Irish saints won such a remarkable triumph.

"War and religion," says he, "have in all ages been the ruling passions in Ireland. At the time when Saxon scholars were thronging over to the great Irish seats of learning, when (amid the darkness of the time) the country was emphatically the Isle of Saints, there were on all sides constant wars, degenerating too often into massacres and assassinations. Even the women fought as furiously as the men, until Adamnan, ninth abbot after Columba, moved by the entreaties of his mother, passed, in a great meeting at Tara, the Lex Adamnani, or Lex Innocentium. While, as for monks, they fought as fiercely as laymen. In 760 two hundred of Columba's monks at Durrow fell in battle against their neighbours of the Great Abbey of Clonmacnoise. The entries in the old Irish annals are much after this fashion:—

* iii. 12.

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Bellum ingens.
Bellum lacrymabile.
Vastatio.
Strages magna.
Jugulatio.

This last above all. Scarcely a king dies in his bed, unless at the close of his life he assumes the monkish habit. What would this wild stock have been but for the monastic graft?"—iii. 317.

On which we will only remark that annals like those of the Irish chroniclers, confined to the driest summary of yearly facts, will generally in all countries be made up in great part of the record of wars and their consequences. We are quite sure that the history of almost any state in Europe during the greater part of the enlightened eighteenth century would be quite as bloody as that of Ireland in the eighth century. There would be less slaughter of kings—for kings in Ireland were as common in that day as "generals" in an American army; but, considering the thousand years of "progress" which had intervened, we cannot find any superiority in the one over the other. Let M. de Montalembert remember that the tribal state is necessarily a state of war; and that, if quarrels were common among the Irish Celts, the family treachery and household massacres, which give an almost Oriental horror to the history of some of the Anglo-Saxon royal families, and notably to that of the Merovingian kings, were strangely and happily wanting in Ireland. Further, let us remember that at the time when the savagery deepens, the invasion of the Norsemen had begun. It was from these ruthless plunderers, who, with their strength and cunning, and matchless audacity, must have seemed to the people of that day less like men than like fiends incarnate, that the Irish learnt to plunder holy places. We do not remember in the old annals the record of a single religious house being plundered until "the Gentiles" came in. Unhappily the Irish were apt scholars, just as, after the Sacred War, the Greeks took to temple-robbing with comparatively little compunction. As to the fact of women fighting, M. de Montalembert is at issue with the great Celtic antiquaries. Mention is sometimes made in early Irish legends of Amazons as female warriors; but it is doubtful, says Mr. O'Grady,* whether combatants are meant, or "Druids' daughters," and others interested in the struggles, whose efforts to help are poetically described as actual fighting. The only females who were undoubtedly

* *Ossianic Soc. Transactions*, vol. iii.

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present on the field were the "runners" in the service of the different kings. These are described in the legends as "hovering about the fight, wheeling round and round," and, when it is over, hastening off with the news. But they are never spoken of as taking a part in it.

These things, unimportant in themselves, warn us that in reading we must be on our guard lest the fascination of his style should lead us to forget that our author is a special pleader. He does not attempt to conceal his bias and his purpose. In the grand opening of his third volume he states what he assumes to be the value of monasticism to the people of these islands. The passage is so characteristic, and gives such a sufficient sample of the writer, at once at his best and at his weakest, that (though it has been already seized on by all the reviewers) we must quote a portion of it. Frenchman-like, he describes the English character as a mass of contradictions.

"Richest and manliest of the nations, boldest and most submissive to rulers, liberal and intolerant, pious and inhuman, it unites a superstitious respect for the letter of the law with the most boundless practice of individual independence. . . . Sometimes it measures out by the yard its profits, or its whims; sometimes it kindles into enthusiasm for a disinterested idea. Fickle it is in its affections and judgments, but it almost always knows how to stop itself in time. Greedy of conquests and discoveries, it runs to the ends of the earth, and then comes back all the more in love with its own fireside, all the more jealous of maintaining its dignity intact. Implacable foe to all constraint, it is the voluntary slave of tradition or of hereditary prejudice. No nation has been oftener conquered; none has better known how to absorb and assimilate its conquerors. None has persecuted Catholicism with more bloodthirsty fierceness; even nowadays none seems more hostile to the Church, and yet none has more need of the Church, and none is more needed by it. Its falling away has left a void which only it can fill. . . . Neither the sometimes wild self-conceit (*l'égoïsme parfois sauvage*) of these islanders, nor their cynical indifference to the sufferings of others, ought to make us forget that among them, more than anywhere else, man is his own master, his own ruler. There it is that the *nobleness* of our nature has reached its highest level. There it is that the generous love of independence, joined with the genius of association, and the constant practice of self-control, has brought forth these prodigies of indomitable energy, of stubborn heroism; which, triumphing over nature and tyranny, have excited the constant envy of all nations and the enthusiastic pride of the English. . . . England owes nothing to her kings. On her alone weighs the responsibility of her history. . . . She acts and wills for herself, inspiring her great men, in place of being led astray, or 'managed' by them."

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Then he compares us with the Romans, and the way in which we have treated Ireland with the way in which Old Rome treated her dependencies. But he allows that,

"Happier than Rome, England after two thousand years is still young and fruitful. A slow, obscure, but uninterrupted progress, has created in her an inexhaustible fund of life and strength. . . . Despite a thousand inconsistencies, a thousand excesses, a thousand stains, this of all Christian nations is the one which has best preserved the three fundamental bases on which all society worthy of the human race must rest—the spirit of freedom, of family, and of religion."

This is frankly as well as beautifully expressed. We rejoice to find in M. de Montalembert a breadth which puts the narrowness of many of us to shame. He can recognise goodness in the members of another creed; and his testimony is not in the least impaired by what he says just afterwards.

"No people in the world has received the faith more directly from Rome, or more exclusively by the ministry of the monks, than the English."

Of British (or, as it is sometimes called, Cambrian) Christianity, our author's survey is very rapid. The subject, many of us know, is an exceedingly obscure one. How far Roman Britain was Christian, how far what Christianity there was in the country was due to Rome—these and many like questions are still *sub judice*. The extreme paucity of Christian remains among the many Roman antiquities; the legends connecting Glastonbury, &c., directly with the East; the notion (strong in the minds of some Irish scholars) that there was in Ireland a pre-Patrician Christianity—not Roman, but Spanish or Syrian—such things make us pause before we accept at once the old idea that in Roman Britain Christianity was the established religion, and that it had come in in the wake of the conquerors. Having read M. de Montalembert, we were amused to read the sceptical Mr. Hill Burton,* in whose opinion

"The Welsh saints slip away as we search; the only two who stand out as authentic, being Lupus and Germanus, the howling of whose hallelujahs frightened their foes at the battle thence named."

Of course St. Ninian is mentioned; Bede's account, "that he had been regularly trained at Rome," being unquestioningly accepted. But, if this was the case, it only proves that others sometimes succeeded where Rome failed; for St. Columba, direct from Ireland, really converted these Picts, on whom St. Ninian's labours, A.D. 380, had left little or no

* *Scotland*, vol. i.

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trace. St. Ninian was not likely to do much, if to him is due the monstrous picture of savage ferocity, which Jerome repeats with unction, respecting these Scots and Picts or Attacotti as he calls them. It was by sympathy, such as we shall see Patrick and Columba showed, and not by contemptuous scorn, that these wild men were to be won.

After telling us the very little that is known of St. Ninian, our author flounders about through a very long chapter, in what he well calls "The Ocean of Celtic Legend." The extraordinary thing connected with which is, that in all the Celtic countries, even in Wales, where Romanism has been most completely rooted out, the memory of these early apostles still lives in the popular tradition. It is strange, at a place like Llantwit, near Cowbridge, in Glamorgan, to hear the whole story of Iltutus, just as M. de Montalembert has given it, from the mouth of one whom that writer would look on as worse than an Anglican.* St. Cadoc or Kadoc (whom those who remember our article on Brittany † will hardly have forgotten) is remarkable because, though undoubtedly born in South Wales, and trained by an Irish monk, his fame is greatest in Brittany, of which he may almost be called the patron. A full third of *La Légende Celtique* is taken up with him, who, though his name means "warrior," and his glories in Brittany are chiefly warlike, was so tender-hearted that he would not be comforted till he learnt that his favourite author, Virgil, was not damned, but only in purgatory, where he might (it was hoped) be relieved by fervent and unwearied prayer.

Of St. Patrick our author tells us very little; and in this respect his book is a great contrast to that which we have set side by side with it. Of course he is very strong on the point, hinted at in the Confessions, that Patrick's rite, being thoroughly Roman, differed from that of the Welsh monks who laboured with him. If so, all we can say is, that between Patrick and Columba, the Irish Church must have deserted the Roman rite, and gone back to that of the other Celtic churches—a most unlikely supposition. The only point (we believe) in which Patrick and his successors differ from the British clergy, is their freedom from exclusiveness. The Welsh and Britons would by no means preach Christ to their "Saxon" neighbours, lest their hated foes should

* The people are mostly Methodists of the Welsh form; yet the writer found scarcely any one among them who did not delight in going over the old stories. There is at Llantwit one of the "Saints' bells," of which a few still remain as heir-ooms in Irish families.

† July, 1865.

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believe and be saved; but of Patrick, a very old panegyric (the *Amhra*) says "he preached to all—to strangers, to barbarians, to Picts." We leave antiquarians to determine the worth of the canon quoted from the Book of Armagh by O'Curry,* stating that if disputes cannot be settled by *reference to the Irish Archbishop* (!) they are to be carried "ad sedem apostolicam, id est ad Petri Apostoli cathedram, *auctoritatem Romæ urbis habentem*," merely remarking that no one shows more clearly than our author himself that for a very long time bishops and archbishops had no ruling power whatsoever in the Scotic church. And, having said this, we pass at once to the grand central figure of M. de Montalembert's third volume—St. Columba. He and his doings take up more than half the book. Beside him, the patron saint of Ireland quite sinks into insignificance. And we think our author is right in fixing on the Apostle of the Picts as the model Irish saint. He is, in his weakness as well as in his strength, the true type of the Scots, the men of the *perfervidum ingenium*, who set a more durable mark on Europe by their religious and literary labours than even the Norsemen did by hard work at the sword's point. Besides, with Adamnan's life before us, we seem to know much more about St. Columba than we do about St. Patrick. So long, indeed, as we are content to accept lives like that of M. de Villemarqué, St. Patrick, too, stands before us in a very tangible shape. Born at Boulogne, of Roman father (hence the name Patricius) and Gallic mother, we have his own confessions about his early sins in the loose household of his soldier father. We trace him all through his slavery and his wanderings, and his success in converting those whose old laws he had the good sense to confirm when they were based on principles of justice, saying of the Brehon code: "It was the Holy Spirit who spoke and prophesied through the mouths of the just men who were formerly in the Isle of Erin. For the law of nature had prevailed where the written law did not reach; and this law of nature had been quite right except the faith and its obligations."†

There is a golden rule for the missionary. We say to ourselves, "His breadth of thought comes of his Roman extraction; he was one of the grand law-giving race." But then we look into Dr. Todd, and begin to feel a little doubtful as to all we have read about St. Patrick being quite certain. Or we open

* *MS. Materials of Irish History*, p. 611.
† *Seuchus Mor, Ancient Laws of Ireland*: Longman, 1865.

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Mr. Hill Burton's *Scotland*, and find him claiming the saint as a Lowland Scotchman, born close to Kirkpatrick; and then cynically adding, "The things recorded of him are so incongruous that many fancy there were two Patricks, and even three." But there can be no doubt about Columba, born (like so many other of these Irish saints) of royal race—the Nialls of the north, to which great sept both the O'Neill and the O'Donnell belong. His grandfather was one of the eight sons of Niall, of the nine hostages, who reigned from 379 to 405. His mother was a princess of Leinster. Indeed there was no reason why he, by the rule of tanistry, should not have been called inductive to the throne. His birth and his future greatness were foretold to his mother by an angel, and his childhood was full of visions. But, though Columba chose "virginity and wisdom," when all the virtues were offered to him by his guardian angel, the old Adam was still strong within him. Brought up at the great monastery of Cluain Evaird (Clonard), he began founding religious houses at the age of five-and-twenty, fixing himself at Derry, in honour of the oak-woods of which he wrote one of his best poems. Here he became very found of copying books—Irish illumination in those days was something marvellous; Messrs. Marcus Ward, of Belfast, prove, by what they are exhibiting at the great Paris show, that the art is not wholly extinct. In connection with this fondness for copying happened the circumstance, trifling in human eyes, which changed the current of his life, and transformed him from a wandering monk, full of poetry and intensely fond of literature, into a veritable apostle. While on a visit to his old master, St. Finian, he privately made a copy of the saint's psalter. The story goes that he stole at night into the church where the precious book was kept, and there wrote (as legends tell us other holy men were at times enabled to) by the light which emanated from his left hand. But the "inevitable traitor" (as he has been called in these Fenian troubles) was present on this occasion also. Somebody saw the strange light through the keyhole, put his eye to the orifice, and had it judiciously gouged out by a crane which happened to be on the other side; but not till he had seen enough to enable him to denounce "the theft" (as a copy made without leave was styled) to Finian. Columba insisted on keeping his copy, and the matter was referred to King Diarmuidh (*Anglicè*, Dermot or Jermuth, or, more corruptly still, Darby in Limerick and Tipperary, Jerry in Kerry and Cork). The apparent plethora of vowels and consonants in Gaelic spelling is not really superfluous, by the way, any more than it is in Arabic. Each

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letter-combination is an attempt to express sounds to which the English speech-organs lend themselves very imperfectly. Dermot, who had been an exile during his youth, was a friend of holy men. He and St. Kieran together had founded the great abbey of Clonmacnoise. He was, moreover, Columba's kinsman, sprung from the same great Niall. His decision, however, was against the copyist. "Le gach boin a boinin, le gach leabhar a leabhran" (to every cow its calf, to every book its copy). That was the verdict. "Thine is an unjust judgment, and I will have my revenge," said the impetuous and as yet unconverted Scot.

Just then, too, a son of the King of Connaught, fleeing on account of some "justifiable homicide," took refuge with Columba. Diarmuidh, as over-king, had him taken from the saint's protection, and put to death. This act filled up the measure of the saint's wrath, and, if the Life from which our author quotes is to be believed, he resented the affront in language becoming a Hildebrand or an Innocent. Then he flees away towards his native land of Tyrconnell, composing as he goes the beautiful "hymn of trust in God," the great antiquity of which is proved by its not containing one word of saint-worship or Mariolatry. M. de Montalembert translates it from O'Donovan's text (in the first volume of *Transactions of the Irish Archæological Society*); but he prudently abstains from noticing this peculiarity.

We must quote a few lines, though the spirit will hardly survive a triple translation :—

"Oft what is spent cometh back to the hand which gave,
And what hath not been spent
Hath disappeared all the same.*

* * * * * * * * * *

'Tis not from omens that our fortune hangs,
Nor from the bird upon the bough,
Nor from the knots in an old tree-trunk.

Better is He on whom we rest our faith ;
He is the King who hath made our bodies :
He will not let me wander all night shelterless.
I dread not the cry of birds,
Nor the stranger whom I may meet ; nor the lot
Thrown forth ; nor the wise woman :
My Druid is Christ, the Son of God ;
Christ, the Son of Mary—the High Abbot."

* Surely there is a reminiscence here of the wise man's saying, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," &c.

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But, though his trust in Christ was strong, Columba was still thoroughly an "Old Testament Christian." "Of Thy goodness slay mine enemies," is his prayer. He works against Diarmuidh till he rouses the Hy*-Niall of the North against their brethren of the South, and the king is defeated, because Columba prays and fasts against him, and, moreover, takes on himself the responsibility of all the blood that is shed. His war-song, the *Saltair* (Psalter) *of Battles*, remains still in the hands of an O'Donnell, who permits it to be exhibited in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. O'Curry, no mean authority, thinks the existing MS. (fifty-eight parchment leaves in a silver binding) is in the handwriting of the saint himself. Like the Jewish ark, the precious relic used to be carried into battle; and in 1497 the O'Donnell lost it in a fight with the MacDermott, who, however, generously gave it back again two years later.† In this struggle Diarmuidh seems to have had recourse to the *Druid-charms* (as they are called by the monastic writers), in which the Tuatha de Danaan, the earlier people, subdued by the Milesians (Hy-Milidh), are said to have excelled. In the *Chronicum Scotorum*, at the date A.D. 561, we read: "Fraechan son of Tenusan it was that set up the Druid Erbhe to Diarmuidh." The only man slain on Columba's side was one who passed beyond this "Erbhe." Next year a synod is held at Teilte (Telltown, near Kells), where Columba is excommunicated for having caused the shedding of Christian blood. But at the intercession of Brendan, founder of Birr Monastery (not St. Brendan of the famous voyages, the probable discoverer of America), the sentence is commuted, and he is bidden win as many heathen souls to Christ as he had caused Christians to die in the battle against Diarmuidh. Still Columba long resists conversion. To the many confessors who urge on him the enormity of having, monk as he was, avenged himself, he replies, "Injustice makes a man mad. I fought, too, for the honour of the Church." At last St. Molassius, whose cell is still seen on the wild isle of Innishmurry, on the coast of Sligo, tells

* O, Ua, or Hy, is grandson. Hence it comes to be the ordinary Gaelic patronymic. *Mac* (we must remember) simply means son.

† The after history of this talismanic MS., which deserved its name (*Leabhar Cathac*, Book of Battles) by ensuring the victory to the clan if it was carried thrice round the host, and then laid on the bosom either of one of the descendants of its first owner or of a sinless priest, is curious. Daniel O'Donnell owned it at the Boyne, where it did not bring victory. He retired to the Continent, and had an elaborate silver case made for it, bearing date 1723. When he died he left it to some Belgian abbey, where a Mrs. Molyneux saw it some forty years ago, and told Sir Neal O'Donnell, of Westport, the recognised head of the clan, who claimed it, and whose son now possesses it.

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him plainly, "You have so many heathen souls to convert. Begone, and never see the shores of Ireland again." Twelve of the O'Neills of Tyrconnell go with him, among them Mochonna, son and heir of the King of Ulster, whom Columba in vain tries to dissuade from joining him.

Their landing in Iona and the aspect of the country afford M. de Montalembert scope for one of his most graphic pieces of description:—

"Wild Scotland, the land of hunger, where even the Romans failed to fix themselves, and where the old Christianity of Ninian had died out almost as soon as it was established—that was the seat of his mission. He is the first in that grand catalogue of great names, among whom Charles Edward Stuart is the last."—Vol. iii. p. 145.

Very touching is the way in which the landing at Oronsay is described. Columba climbs a hill, and finds he has a clear view of the Irish coast. "This will not do; I can never live in sight of what I have vowed to quit for ever." So Iona is chosen, because from no part of its low surface was Ireland visible. Here, being then forty-two years old, in the little bay, still called Porth 'a Churraich (the harbour of the coracle or wicker-boat), the saint lands, and builds his house and church of reeds and basketwork, on the very spot where, thirteen centuries later, Dr. Johnson "pitied the man who does not feel his patriotism kindle on the plain of Marathon, and his piety glow amid the ruins of Iona." At this time, at any rate, Columba had none of the glorious hopes which often gladden a missionary's solitude. The one burden of his song is regret for Ireland. "Better death in that blameless land than endless life here in Albany." Everything in Ireland is dear to him, "*except the princes who there bear rule.*"

Quoting Reeves, our author gives passages from some very ancient poems describing his home-sickness:—

"There is a grey eye here which is never tired of turning towards Erin; but that eye will never more in this life see the oakwoods which I love, nor the white foam on the beach, nor the stately handsome men, nor the women so comely. There is a big tear in my eye when I think that I shall never more hear the song of her birds, and of her clerics who sing like birds. What joy to turn my prow towards Erin, and run over the bounding billows till I see its shore and its cliffs! But no! my heart is breaking within me: if sudden death overtakes me, it will be because of my great love for the Gael."

We do not apologise for these details; they are necessary to understand the man, and the man is one who will repay the effort to understand him. One point is worthy of note:

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it is often counted among the many sins and shortcomings of the Celt that he is no sailor, and this in the face of such positive evidence as that the French navy is nearly half manned with Bretons, and that St. Malo is about as famous for old maritime exploits as any town in Europe. Now the old Irish seem to have been remarkably fond of the sea. The saints in particular were great sailors. We know that they went to Iceland long before the Norsemen. St. Columba's friends are constantly flitting about in their coracles; such frail barks, by the way, that when a whale is passing some of them are afraid he will swallow boat and all. It is the old story: keep a people from the appliances of civilisation, and then scoff at them for being barbarous. The Irish were for ages pent up in the interior; what trade they had was ruined by prohibitive laws for the "protection" of the English manufacturer, and then they are laughed at as being no sailors; just as, when all the timber had been cut down, that it might not shelter the "rebellious" native, the country was found fault with on the score of bareness.

In Iona, Columba rapidly grew in spirituality. In an old Life it is told how he, the proud scion of the kings of the Hy-Niall, used to wash the feet of strangers, and then print the kiss of charity on the feet that he had washed. Harder still, he "laborabat cum laborantibus, cum infirmantibus infirmabatur;" wept, too, with them that wept, yea wept more abundantly over those sinners who had no tears for themselves. He worked hard at field-labour like the rest; the amount of produce they used to get out of that miserable little island and the neighbouring shore of Morven passes all belief, until we read in Mr. Burton's *Scotland* how much produce was grown on the group of islands about Lindisfarn by this same assiduous monk-labour. It is just another instance that man is better than brute-matter; that all the guano in creation will not make up for the loving care which perhaps no set of men in the world give to the land nowadays, except the Shakers of Mount Lebanon in the United States, of whom Mr. Hepworth Dixon tells us that they believe a tree gets to know and love you if you are kind to it. Compare the picture of Iona in these old times with the view of its modern wretchedness and sterility (brought out strikingly some years ago in *Blackwood*, in a contrast between the seat of early Christian light and a modern Chinese town), and you are forced to confess that "progress" has not moved evenly over all our British empire. Columba is very strict in admitting monks. He picks and chooses the crowd of applicants who throng to the island as soon as his fame

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gets abroad. "Stay with your old father and mother," he said to one eager postulant, "till you have closed their eyes;" thus showing that he understood the sense of the words "Let the dead bury their dead" in a way different from most of the commentators.

But, though strangers thronged to Iona in constantly increasing numbers, Columba felt that his work was not bounded by the limits of that little island. He has to go to the heathen, not to wait till they come to him. These heathen are the Picts, the inhabitants of the whole north and east—*i.e.* by far the largest part of what is now called Scotland. The Scots, who afterwards gave to the country its name and its ruling families, had already come over from Ireland; their chief immigration having been subsequent to the preaching of St. Patrick. Hence most of them were nominal Christians; though in passing across their territories Columba found plenty to be done in the way of enlightening those who had carried away nothing beyond the merest outlines of the faith. Who the Picts were is strangely uncertain. They are always distinguished from the Britons of Strathclyde, one of whose capitals was Al-Cluid, the modern Dumbarton. Mr. Burton, in his recent history, rather inclines to the opinion that they spoke a Teutonic language. They are the *terrarum et libertatis extremi* of Tacitus, that is all we can say; and their stubborn character made it much more difficult to Christianise them than the more impressible Celts. Their magi oppose the saint; but he disarms them by healing a spring of deadly water, and by intoning the sixty-fourth Psalm, "My heart is inditing of a good matter," with such a voice that the priests who were watching him fled amazed.

Very remarkable, in his dealings with these people, is his respect for native goodness. Those who had been a law unto themselves he encourages to proceed to more perfect goodness. There are many stories which at once testify to his feeling in this respect, and to that "second sight" which (quite apart from his assumed power of working miracles) is always attributed to him. One day he is preaching in Skye, when suddenly he cries out: "My children, this day there will come to us an old chief of the Picts, a man who has kept all through life the precepts of the natural law. He will come here to be baptised and to die." By-and-by, a boat was rowed to land, bringing the old man, to whom it befel even as the saint had foretold.* This tenderness towards good

* It is impossible to judge how far M. de Montalembert believes in St. Columba's power of "second sight." We are told of his falling suddenly to prayer in the

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heathens was a legacy from St. Patrick. It was with him the pivot on which all his teachings hinged. Over and over again, in the *Brehon Law*—re-edited with his help soon after his arrival in Ireland—the old statutes are described "as the just judgments which the Spirit spake by the mouths of the wise men of Erin who lived before Christ was preached, which judgments are right in all matters, except, of course, those things concerning the faith, with which they do not deal." Would that Christianity had always been brought in in this way. So lovingly did St. Patrick deal with the old Irish, and so well did they answer his kindness, that we believe for the first century after Christianity was preached in the island there was not a single Irish martyr.

Among the most celebrated of Columba's fellow-workers was Malruvius (Maelrubha), after whom one-and-twenty parishes in North Scotland were named, besides several in other parts. In later times, when Mariolatry grew up, the name was often changed (as Mr. Burton shows by instances) to Mary; but Maelrubha still survives in places enough to show that he was a personage of considerable note in the Columban Church. Like so many of the early Irish saints, he was of royal blood. Pride of race, indeed, was the besetting sin of these self-denying missionaries—a noble pride, so far as it kept them back from everything mean, and moved them to maintain a high standard both of work and of personal holiness. It has been frequently noticed that great abbacies were almost heirlooms in certain families; and the heads of monastic foundations were invariably very superior in rank and importance to bishops. A bishop's use was solely to ordain; he was sent for when wanted, just as a notary public is sent for to see deeds attested; unless, indeed, one of the monks happened to be (as was often the case) in episcopal orders, for "the bishop did not show himself when not wanted. His orders were like the degree of M.A.—useful at times, but not always on the surface."* It is noteworthy, that in Adamnan's life

midst of his monks at Iona, in behalf of a poor man who had just fallen (he said) from the tower of Durrow in Tipperary. Many instances of the same kind of prescience are recorded of Swedenborg. For instance, while at Gottenburg, he was aware of a great fire at Stockholm, in which his own house, among others, was burnt down. While it was raging, he kept rushing wildly about, telling those near him how it was going on. Of many of the "miracles," our author gives what is, no doubt, the true explanation. The saint came among semi-savages from Ireland, then a comparatively civilised country. Many of the arts of life were as "miraculous" to the Picts as they are nowadays to Hottentots. Grafting trees, for instance, which he did with great success, is spoken of as a miracle.

* *Burton*, vol. i.

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a layman, however wealthy, is always called *plebeius*. As to the weakness—nay, the absolute nullity of the episcopal power (except for purposes of ordination, in these early times, it is amusing to compare M. de Montalembert* *passim* with the quotation, already referred to, from O'Curry, which is supposed to prove so much about the supremacy of Rome by making it a court of reference after the (then non-existent) archiepiscopal court.† This is one of the little inconsistencies into which our author is led by the conflict between his earnest love of truth and his devotion to the Roman cause.

We wish we could follow Columba all through his labours among the Picts, and on his useful visits back to Ireland to settle disputes. It is through him, for instance, that the corporation of Irish bards is remodelled, and once more placed under that royal protection which they had forfeited by yielding to what was the besetting sin of Simonides. He, too, is the "grand referendary" at the Synod of Drumkeath in Londonderry, where the independence of "the Scotic colony in Albany" is fully recognised. We are fond of laughing at the barbarism of this old Scotic race; but the contrast between the peaceful way in which the Scots in North Britain got rid of their subjection to their elder brethren in Ireland, and that in which the wrongheadedness of our Government forced the United States to assert their independence, is by no means flattering to "modernism." As we noticed, St. Columba's life is scarcely at all disfigured by any of those records of miracles which our author details respecting other saints in a way which sometimes leaves us in doubt as to what amount of credence he gives to the narratives. He shows the rude Highlanders marvels, which they take to be miraculous; but they are (as M. de Montalembert himself explains them) the marvels of a higher culture. He had his visions; so has every good man in the like circumstances; so had great and good men of our own special communion. And (as we remarked six years ago when speaking of Gregory's passage of arms with Satan):—"We would rather be a Gregory than a Priestley. A Wesley is better for the world's health than a Kant. Human life can never gather genial and salutary influences from a Sadducee."‡

With this feeling we do not hesitate to call the final scenes of Columba's life in a high degree edifying. There are some things—very little in this case—which the right-minded

* For instance, iii. 196—"*Episcopacy is wholly in the shade.*" † iii. 84.
‡ *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1861, p. 230.

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reader puts aside without comment—the worn-out garments of the past; but the spirit which breathes through it all is the Spirit of Him "who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore." We will not mar the scenes by extracts, but recommend all who can to read the chapter for themselves. We think the life and death of this truly great man might, profitably, be separately published;* so that many who will not read the whole work may learn how, having reached in his transcription of the Psalter as far as those words in Ps. xxxiv., "they that seek after the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good," he calmly said, "Baithen must write the rest," and died before the altar of his church, with his head on his kinsman Diarmid's knees, and these words, "Hæc vobis, filioli, novissima commendo verba, ut inter vos mutuam et non fictam habeatis charitatem, cum pace," on his lips. How Iona kept the supremacy over the Scottish Church, more fully even than M. de Montalembert is willing to admit, all Celtic antiquarians know well. It was not "the gradual acquiescence in the claims of Rome," so much as the cruel ravages of the Norseman, which destroyed its prestige.† It was plundered and burnt in 801, then in 805, again in 877; and so on, till at last the saint's body was carried across to Down in Ireland, that it might escape what seemed inevitable destruction. Verily the Norsemen were bound to do a great deal in the way of "giving new life to the worn-out races in our islands," seeing that they did so much to destroy the good which had already been organised both among the Celt and the Saxon. Bede and Notker of St. Gall both testify to a supremacy exercised by the abbots of Iona *over Scottish bishops*, which, being contrary to Roman ideas, our author says, "would appear fabulous but for the unimpeachable veracity of these two historians."‡ And then he goes on to explain the origin of—

"This strange anomaly, which results from the fact that in Ireland and Scotland the ecclesiastical organisation rested wholly on the cœnobitic life. There were no regular dioceses nor parishes till the twelfth century, and bishops are quite thrown into the shade (*effacés*), not only beside men like Columba, but beside merely ordinary abbots."

The Celtic monastery, in fact, was a clan of celibates—nay,

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* Since this was written, it has been separately published in French.

† Shakespeare (in *Macbeth*) testifies to the feeling even in his day—

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body ?
Macduff. Carried to Colmeskill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors.

‡ iii. 296.

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in some cases, to judge from obscure hints about early Irish Church customs, it was a clan without the celibacy. The men who were looked up to in the world still retained their position in the cloister. Just as women held rank in the clan, so women had great power in the Church. The *comarbh*, or hereditary impropriator (so to speak) of the abbey lands—a greater personage than even the abbot, unless, as was most usually the case, the two offices were united—was in some cases a woman. We confess, however, that (apart from the spirit of clanship which was always so strong in the race) we can see nothing in the Celtic monasteries distinct from their great Anglo-Saxon successors, except the one great point kept out of sight by the Ultramontanes, that, while the Saxons were meekly subservient to Rome, the Celts stubbornly maintained their independence. Monasteries were the natural outgrowth of that age; just as "Phalanstères," Happy Families, Socialist Communities, Shakers' settlements, Mormon cities, and the like belong to an age of vague aspirations, which has broken the bands of faith, which is not satisfied with the world, and yet will not accept God's revealed solution of the world's riddle. These are a protest—a mad one, we grant—against worldliness, against the crushing weight of modern society, under which the individual withers, while the world is more and more, and which, at times, makes us all feel how worthless is our boast that we are free, while we are so often led captive by the power which nothing but God's Spirit prevents us from being wholly enthralled by. So it was in that old world, Celtic as well as Saxon. The subtle power which now works with the craft of the serpent, then wrought with the fury of the lion. The holy walls were a refuge, for which men and women amid that wild life longed as the Psalmist for the Temple, when he said, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Thinking people, too, felt the powerlessness of individual effort compared with the resolute working of a community, labouring freely, heartily, under self-imposed rules more strict than the sternest tyrant ever dared to dream of. In countries in the state in which our islands, and Germany, and large parts of Gaul were from A.D. 250 downwards for some four centuries, skilful steady tillage was one of the great needs of society. Fancy the difference between a Thane trying (even if he knew how) to teach his unruly ceorls, or to get a little steady work out of unwilling theows, and a swarm of monks settling down on some wild Yorkshire valley or Highland strath, and digging with a

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will—the weakling who should presume to ask for a little *animal* help being rebuked by the stern yet cheery words, "Everybody here must be his own ox, brother." On the subject of the monastic life we recommend the reader to some remarks in Professor Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*. As usual, we cannot wholly agree with him; yet we heartily acquiesce in the general truth of his picture, as his chorus of novices walks in procession, singing,

> "All without is mean and small;
> All within is grand and tall."

o o o o o o

That was one charm; the other was the delight of belonging to a society which is giving visible evidence of success. We are sure that this, far more than the sensual life, is the grand attraction of Mormonism, just as it is the grand attraction of the republican form of government, and accounts for the immense energy which republics so constantly display at the outset. This principle of association, this fondness for taking a share, first hand, in the work of the society to which we are attached, is strong in a very large class of minds, and has scarcely scope enough under the conditions of modern society. Many men have in all ages rebelled against the notion of merely filling their place like pegs in a machine, and are ready to welcome any system which gives room for individual action. We are sure this is one cause of the strength of Methodism—it makes its members "lively stones," gives all who seek it a real part in its work; it has been, too, one great source of weakness to the Establishment, that its "iron rule" has prevented any development of the kind. The moment the Evangelical and High-Church movements gave life to the Established Church, we began to see Sunday-schools, district visiting, sisterhoods, guilds—"lay agency," as it is called, utilised in ways which the old-school parsons never could have dreamt of. The fault we find with M. de Montalembert is, not that he exalts this principle overmuch—it has surely been underrated in the modern world—but that he tacks on to it as essentials the mere "accidents" of celibacy and subjection to Rome. What we said six years ago of the Benedictines, we repeat now of all the monastic corporations which arose in these isles:—

> "Our country owes much to them. . . . We are not blind to the true evils of the system, but we cannot refuse to acknowledge the benefits which Providence bestowed on Christendom through their agency."

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We feel that they were the pioneers of civilisation—to them we owe high-farming, sacred music, window-glass, a much larger number of useful arts than many of us think; to them, too, we owe the first efforts against that slavery on which both Celtic and Saxon society was based. But with all this good was mixed evil, just because of those very practices which M. de Montalembert thinks "essentials"—such as the compulsory vow of celibacy, the corporate tyranny, and, by-and-by, the abject subjection to Rome. The way in which decay settled on the splendid Italian foundations (such as Monte Cassino) when the Popes had managed to become real masters instead of abbots freely chosen by the communities, is well pointed out by M. de Mazade in a recent paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.** It is true of England as it was of Italy; the great men who, in our author's estimation, were doing God's work by forcing every brotherhood to adopt the Roman rule, were really preparing that state of rottenness which tempted the finger of Henry VIII. to break it down with a touch. The Moravians have shown us that a community need neither be celibate nor anti-Christian. Would that those who feel so strongly moved to adopt a cœnobite life that they must either be monks or American fanatics, would calmly consider the scope which the tenets of that interesting body give to its members.

As to the biblical ignorance of monks in later days, we do not think this can fairly be laid to the charge of the members of Celtic or Saxon monasteries. St. Columba devoted his whole leisure to transcribing the Scriptures: he is always magnifying the Word of God. Of Aldhelm we shall have something to say on this subject hereafter. And Ceolfrid, Abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, had two copies of the whole Bible made and placed in his two churches, that all might read and study them (ut cunctis qui aliquod capitulum de utrolibet Testamento legere voluissent impromptu esset invenire quod cuperent).†

It is necessary to state clearly what we hold to have been the truth respecting monasticism; that there was connected with it some seasonable and precious good at the first, as well as from the beginning deep, essential wrong and evil, the curse of which ate like a canker, and grew from age to age.

But it is time to return to our author. After completing his picture of Columba and Iona by a glowing tribute to the wonderful missionary spirit and missionary successes of this

* La Question religieuse en Italie, 15th April, 1867.
† Bedæ, Appendix, vita Ceolfridi.

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Scotic (Irish) Church, he passes on to Augustine of Canterbury and the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons. Of this part of his work we need say less, because the subject is so much more generally known among us. We are struck at once with the way in which the radical difference between the free, loosely organised Celtic churches and the compact Roman system makes itself seen at the very outset. As soon as Augustine announces his first successes, Pope Gregory gives him "and his successors on the archiepiscopal throne" the right of wearing the *pallium* at mass, and makes him metropolitan of the twelve bishoprics into which he bids him divide the south of England. We are no fervent admirers of Augustine. He was appointed to do a great work, but how sadly the way in which he did it contrasts with St. Patrick's kindly allowance for others! So great was his pride, that Gregory writes to beg him not to be puffed up by what God had wrought through him, nor by the miracles which He gave him power to do, and quotes for his warning the Master's words: "At this rejoice not, that the devils are subject to you, but that your names are written in heaven." We all know the differences between the Welsh Church and Augustine—differences as trifling in themselves as any of the nothings on which the ritualists insist now-a-days—matters like the time for keeping Easter, the right form of tonsure, &c. These, combined with national hatred, were enough to make the Welsh ill-disposed towards the converter of the Saxons; and when, at the second conference, seven bishops and seven of the wisest doctors of the great Monastery of Bangor came to argue with him, they found the Roman sitting ("More Romano," says Henry of Huntingdon), and he does not rise to receive them. Hence still deeper discontent, and a peremptory refusal to concede any of the moot points—"not (our author gratuitously informs us) because they wished to reject the supremacy of the Holy See, but because they would have none of St. Augustine—of the man who was devoting himself to the conversion of their hated foes." Hence, a little later, the murder of the Bangor monks, with Augustine's approval; "for if," said King Ethelfrid, "these men pray to God for my enemies, they are just doing me as great a mischief as if they were to take up arms against me."

Augustine's successor, Laurentius, is milder in manner than his predecessor, but he is not less firm in asserting the pretensions of Rome against the Irish clergy. It was probably this determined "Ultramontanism" which was the ruin of most of the churches planted by these Italian monks. M. de

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Montalembert is right in saying that English Christianity is wholly due to the monks; but then he has at once to add that Celtic monks did more towards the work than the Italians. Paulinus failed, and Christianity was ruined in Northumbria; the same happened in East Anglia—everywhere, in fact, except in Kent. And so scanty was the supply even of individual converts of merit, that, while the first twenty-eight archbishops of Canterbury were all monks, more than a century elapsed before an Englishman was found fit to be made even an abbot.

In Northumbria and elsewhere, the Celts succeeded where the Romans had failed. Oswald, exiled among the Scots, and baptized according to their usage, plants the cross in his kingdom as soon as he is restored to it. He sends to Iona for missionaries; and, after getting one incapable, secures Aidan, a man whose real greatness wins honour even from the most bigoted Romanisers. Bede, no friend to the Celtic Church nor to the Celtic race, is loud in praise of Aidan. His life at Lindisfarne, where he sought to establish an Eastern Iona, his relations with Hilda, the famous abbess of Whitby, whose herdsman was Ceadmon, the divine poet—on all this our author enlarges. Aidan is the grand figure here, as Columba was awhile ago in the North and West. We almost forget that James, the deacon, still upheld the Romish rite in Deira, of the consequences of which act we shall hear more anon.

Then comes Wilfrid, the great champion of Rome, the first Anglo-Saxon who ever visited the Holy City. Young Wilfrid was one who "won golden opinions from all sorts of men." As he is going to Rome he stays at Lyons, where the archbishop is so charmed with his calm beauty that he offers to give him his niece in marriage, and to make him governor of a whole province. But he has other work to do. He goes his way, receives the tonsure, and, returning, argues against the Celtic monks at the synod of Whitby with such effect that Bishop Colman gets angry, gives up his see, and goes back to Iona with the bones of his predecessor St. Aidan. Wilfrid's life is a chequered one. The question of Rome *versus* Iona is by no means settled. It becomes political. In vain Wilfrid, determined to have the full advantage of the apostolical succession, goes over to France, and is consecrated by the Archbishop of Paris. A Celtic reaction takes place, and King Oswy removes him, and puts Ceadda, an Irish monk, in his place. The appointment of Theodore the Greek (A.D. 668) by the Pope to the see of Canterbury is an era for English churchmen; for Theodore was made Primate of all England, and one of his first acts

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was to reinstate Wilfrid in the see of York, and to transfer Ceadda to Mercia, where he is still held in high honour as St. Chad. Theodore, too, was the author of the division into parishes; and he too held the first Anglo-Saxon council at Hertford. Bede becomes enthusiastic in his praise of Theodore; and undoubtedly a great impulse was given to art and literature, as well as to ecclesiastical unity, during his life in England.

Wilfrid, who loses in middle life his power of winning men, quarrels with Theodore, or rather Theodore is gained over against him by King Egfrid and his Queen Ermenburga. Egfrid was his implacable foe, because, marrying the Princess Etheldreda, he found (like Clothaire) that he had married a nun and not a wife, while Wilfrid, when appealed to by the king, strengthened the lady in her resolution not to break her vows. The second queen hates Wilfrid as much as the first had loved him; and so Theodore is persuaded that the Archbishop of York is getting too wealthy and powerful, and is moved to divide his see into four—York, Hexham (where Wilfrid had built the finest church yet seen north of the Alps), Mercia, and Lindisfarne—which last, the poorest of all, he leaves to the mortified prelate. Wilfrid appeals to Rome, and is reinstated in his archbishopric; but the division into separate bishoprics is maintained, the appointment to them being placed in Wilfrid's hands. But he is not to rest yet. He is put into prison by the Northumbrian king, then he is driven from his see for the second time, and has to appeal again to Rome, where his case drags on through four months; and when he does return successful it is to find that King Aldfrid will not recognise the decision of the Roman Court, and (worse than all) to be driven out in a week by Aldfrid's successor. Of course Wilfrid is a saint in the Roman calendar, though strangely enough his opponent Theodore is so none the less. M. de Montalembert naturally enlarges in glowing language on his character and position.

"His motto was, 'Dieu et mon droit.' He is the first in that noble line of prelates at once apostolic and political, champions both of the Roman unity and of the independence of the Church, among whom are to be reckoned Dunstan, Lanfranc, Becket, Langton, and many more down to Reginald Pole. Such a set of men is not to be found out of England."

Next to him stands St. Cuthbert, whose special friends were the eider ducks ("St. Cuthbert's geese"), which used to swarm on Fern Island; and next to him comes Benedict Biscop,

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"who represents science and art, as Wilfrid did public and Cuthbert spiritual life." Our author closes his fourth volume with an eloquent summary of what Christianity had done for the England of the eighth century:—

"See what these savage men have been brought to. Not all of them, doubtless, but the foremost, the most powerful, those among whom the abuse of power and wealth was likely to give birth to the greatest excesses. . . . Christianity has shown them peace, and gentleness, and truth, and holiness, and diligence; it has taught them to love one another and to love souls."

And now comes that enormous development of the monastic life which doubtless weakened the Saxons in their struggle with the Danes, and, eating away, so to speak, the life of the nation, unfitted it for any prolonged contest with the Normans. The number of kings and royal personages who became "religious," is exceedingly edifying to M. de Montalembert, who gives the record of their pious doings in his fifth volume; but we are sure it was not for the good of their people.

We have not left ourselves much space for this fifth volume, and yet it is in some respects the most interesting of the three. Less borne along by the stream of incident, the author has more time to work out his peculiar views on the social effects of monasticism. Here, of course, we join issue with him. We feel the force of his triumphant remark that, in the century and a half between Augustine and the creation of a second metropolitan see at York, the whole of Great Britain had become Christian, and the earlier churches had submitted to Papal rule, "and this great victory was wholly won by the monks." Yes, the monks have the very doubtful credit of destroying the independence both of the Columban and of the Cambrian churches. The Picts are the first to give in; with no great love for their Scotic neighbours (possibly, as Pinkerton thinks, they were of Teutonic race), they adopted the Roman usage, about A.D. 710, under the guidance of Abbot Ceolfrid. The monks of Iona were more stubborn; they gave up their monastic colonies rather than conform; they even refused to listen to Adamnan, Columba's biographer, "the last great man (says our author) in the Celtic church." Egbert, the Anglo-Saxon, succeeded eleven years after Adamnan's death in bringing them over; and now the only "dissenters" were the Welsh, whom their hatred of the Saxons kept firm in their peculiarities. St. Aldhelm makes great efforts to bring them over; but it is only after his death, at the instance of one of their own bishops, Elbod, of

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Bangor, that about A.D. 780 they submit to the Roman form. Aldhelm, by the way, was fond of circulating the Scriptures. A story is told that when a ship came in from Gaul, as soon as he heard of the arrival, down he came expecting to find some valuable books among the cargo. One book he fixed on and tried to buy. "Oh, that's too dear for you by a great deal," said the sailors, looking at his rough poor garb. By-and-by a storm came and threatened to drive their ship on the rocks. Aldhelm put out in an open boat to help them, and by his prayers the waves were calmed, while by his efforts the ship was towed into a sheltered place. The sailors begged him to accept the book, which was a copy of the Bible. So again, Bede during his last illness is always copying the New Testament, "that you may not read lies, my children, and may not when I am gone give yourselves up to unprofitable works." Of this fondness for Holy Writ our author makes a great point: "How wicked (he says) to say, in the face of evidence like this, that the Church denies God's Word to her children." He forgets that her having given up her good old rule in this respect is one of the grounds of our Protestant controversy with his church.

The whole chapter on Bede is very interesting. It will amuse most of us to hear that he was currently accused of heresy. He rejected the current belief that the world was only to last 6,000 years, and he did not satisfy the orthodox in the date which he assigned to the Incarnation. We cannot say whether Colenso and the Essayists and Reviewers have got into the ballad literature of our day; we fancy in these degenerate times both the buyers and the makers of halfpenny ballads are alike innocent of any acquaintance with heresiarchs, and utterly careless of dogmatic questions in general; but in those days it seems poor Bede's heresy was sung of by the peasants. He complains about it to Wilfred II. of York: ". . . me audires a lascivientibus rusticis inter hæreticos per pocula decantari." This seems to have nettled him more than the strictures of his brother ecclesiastics. Anyhow, it is worth while to note that scriptural knowledge and an interest in polemics do not necessarily keep pace with what we call civilisation. We are very sure that the Bible was more deeply read, and its argumentative portions more appreciated by the masses in Puritan days than by the same class of people now. This is less strange, because those were days of questioning and upheaving, and yet at the same time of thorough reverence. But it is a little startling to find Saxon boors in the first half of the eighth century discussing over their cups questions which now would send

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a congregation to sleep if introduced into a sermon. M. de Montalembert does not note this contrast between England then and England now; between the inquiring spirit of freshly-awakened hearts eager for the truth, and the spirit of Mammon which has so nearly killed out among our masses what we may call the intellectual part of religion, so that even godly persons are in general content if they can be tolerably satisfied that they are saving their own souls, and cannot "spare time" even to think of the great questions which have exercised men's minds in all ages; but he does take occasion from Bede's death to contrast the state of the Northumbrian coal-field then with its state now. And we must confess that, all allowance made for his naturally preferring for stately abbeys and "sanctuaries of prayer and virtue and moral and intellectual life" to "industrial progress," the present condition of the district is not one which we can contemplate with unmixed satisfaction. Let us thank God for what has been done, and let us take courage much has been done. Our author fully admits* the value of Lord Shaftesbury's noble efforts in the cause of our poor miners; but still, as he tells us in his picture of Wearmouth as it is,† there are there, as alas elsewhere, too many victims and ministers of Mammon-worship, living without hope, without ordinary decency, a standing menace to the blind and routine selfishness of the materialists of our day. We may well pray in our author's words—though not exactly in the sense in which he uses them—that

> "The day may soon come when, as of old, we shall see lighted up, amid the marvels and the dangers of this restless modern life, new fires of charity, and light, and peace, like so many heavenly beacons to guide souls, and to draw them upwards to life eternal."

From "the coal country as it is," the transition is easy to a view of the social good wrought by Anglo-Saxon monachism. We have already given our opinion that (other evils apart) there was far too much monasticism in the country. The system sapped the life of the people, and prepared the way for that strange collapse which came in the reign of Harold II. M. de Montalembert is very fair. He records the services rendered by the monks to agriculture (especially in the Fen country) and the part they played as landlords: ("that word *landlord*, which connotes along with the feeling of territorial ownership a tutelary and almost fatherly care for those on the land, seems, as

* iv. 457 *ante.* † v. 103.

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well as the word *improvement*, which is so closely connected with it, to have been invented on purpose for the monks. They were the best of *landlords*, the first who understood that property has duties as well as rights"). He shows how, in politics, they greatly helped to form that national unity which was so strong in England at a time when France was still but a collection of discordant parts. He enlarges on their zeal for the enfranchisement of slaves, and their efforts for education;—so that by the close of the seventh century the English monasteries had become, like those in Wales and Ireland, centres of instruction, where crowds of young laymen spent a merry* and (we believe) a by no means useless time of study. But at the same time he warns us that "the age of gold is a chimera, in the history of the Church as elsewhere." Saxon kings indeed thronged to Rome, filling the *Vicus Saxonum*, while not one Merovingian ever made his way across the Alps. Saxon monasteries brought light and culture into the dark corners of the land; but there were false monks and false nuns, who founded sham monasteries, and, when they went abroad as pilgrims, scandalised the faithful in France and Germany by the looseness of their lives. The picture drawn by Boniface, the great apostle of Germany, is a dark one, but our author does not hesitate to transfer it intact to his pages.

"Perpacæ sunt civitates in Langobardia vel in Francia vel in Gallia in qua non sit adultera vel meretrix generis Anglorum: quod scandalum est et turpitudo totius ecclesiæ."—*Epist. ad Cuthbertum Archiepiscopum.*

M. de Montalembert adds some very pertinent remarks of his own, which the Jesuits, and others so fond of hunting after legacies and inheritances, so given up to the maxim that "Money is power," would do well to take to heart. "Deadly riches," he exclaims,† "child of faith, of charity, of generous and spontaneous virtue, mother of covetousness, envy, spoliation and ruin;" and then he goes on to deplore the prodigal munificence of the Anglo-Saxon nobles and its results, and the abuses which councils (like that of Cloveshove, A.D. 747) vainly strove to put a stop to. Many of these establishments soon became lay, many were formed by laymen who pretended for the nonce to be monks, and gathered round them some monks and nuns expelled from the true abbeys; with what results we can well imagine. The same thing went on, in fact, which Mr. Burton notes in the case of the Culdees—lay

* Witness the story told (v. 165) about their love of horse-racing.
† v. 216.

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impropriation, or rather appropriation of by no means an honourable kind.

We wish we had space to follow our author through his chapters on female saints, and on the influence and position of woman in the English monastic system. He admits that in "emancipating woman by means of the ideal of Christian virginity," the Church was superadding to the virtues of woman-kind something unthought of among the Jews—something, in fact, he hints, rather heathen than biblical in idea. We quite agree with him in this. We think this "transformation of the little isolated groups of vestals, sibyls, and druidesses, into a splendid and immortal host,"* was a mistake in many ways. Our forefathers of the Reformation felt it to be so. The false notion that virginity was the highest state degraded marriage, and led inevitably to consequences like those which we see where it has been carried out "to its logical results," as in our "logical" neighbours across the Channel.

Not that we believe for a moment that Anglo-Saxon nunneries were the nests of pollution which some suppose. There were (as we have said) loose livers among the pilgrims (like Chaucer's *Wife of Bath* of a later day). There were false nunneries, answering to the smaller houses at the time of the suppression. But in nunneries like Coldingham (the only one, by the way, where any "disorder" is complained of) the scandals were about the breach of small matters of convent rule, and the wearing of fine linen and "scarlet and violet tunics, and hoods and sleeves lined with silk or fur;" and it is notable that these same Coldingham nuns, so fond of neatness and so careful in their toilette, cut off their own lips and noses in the hope of escaping the brutal outrages whereby the Danish plunderers usually made death more bitter to the inmates of a nunnery.

For pure and high-minded affectionateness the correspondence of Boniface with Eadburgha and Cynegilda and other abbesses, of Winefrid with Brigga, &c., will bear comparison with that of any holy women in any age. Not a Madame Guyon herself could express more plaintively the longing of the soul for God; not a Mary Hutchinson could have a stronger sense of right and determination to maintain it. But these were choice souls, such as must always be rare in all societies. To the mass of Saxon nuns we fear the culture of the cloister did not make amends for the destruction of the

* v. 240.

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purpose of their existence. And the stringent laws (*i.e.* those of Theodore of Canterbury and Egbert of York, as well as those of the Saxon kings, *e.g.*, Alfred's law *de concubitu nunnæ*) show that the weariness from constantly repeated routine and the unappeased longings which the young girl who adopted the celibate life perhaps had never at the time suspected, often led to public scandals. The system was bad in itself, and worse in that, indirectly (as we said), it threw a slur on married life, and therefore made married people content with a low standard. Very dangerous (one would think) must have been the double monasteries, formed after the Irish plan; for the Irish, "strong in that exceptional chastity which (says our author) belongs to their temperament," were fond of planting a monastery close by a nunnery, and *vice versâ*. Thus it was that at Whitby, Ceadmon grew up under the rule of St. Hilda; thus at Wimborne, Telta's nunnery of 500 nuns (who hated her so much, by the way, for her severity, that they are described as dancing wildly over her fresh grave till the earth gave way) had a monastery attached to it. M. de Montalembert compares the boys'-schools in the United States managed by female teachers, and seems to think that there was no more scandal in the one case than in the other. But instruction lasted later in those early days, and so dangerous did such establishments appear that they were forbidden by Archbishop Theodore, and Muratori is very anxious to prove (against evidence) that none of the kind ever existed at Rome. One thing we are ready to admit, the strong and intrepid character of many of the famous Saxon abbesses; but we cannot agree with our author that they drew this strength from their cloister life. It was natural to women of high rank, born and trained to command.

And now we have followed our author, carefully and conscientiously, through these long and most interesting volumes. "That old world has," he says, "passed away with all its belongings, except," he adds, "this very monachism whose wonderful work in England I have been tracing. Every day young men and maidens still sacrifice themselves—still give up all the hopes and enjoyments of life for the sake of the heavenly Bridegroom." We have not patience to follow M. de Montalembert through his (to our view) very feeble conclusion. After having told us so much that was new—so much in rejoicing at which we can heartily go along with him—he ends with a common-place dithyramb in praise of virginity, in which we cannot find a new thought—nothing but the old arguments which have been scores of times confuted. But

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we will not part from so pleasant and painstaking a writer on ground on which we cannot agree with him; rather let us turn back to what he says in three several places in his fifth volume about his own regard for truth :—

"I shall have ill succeeded in making people understand the history of these times, and I shall have sadly neglected the interests of truth, if my readers are not struck throughout with the singular mixture of good and evil which, from the first dawn of Anglo-Saxon Christianity, is apparent in all the relations of the Church with society. Good carries the day at last; but evil is powerful and multiform. Misdoers are always more numerous than saints."—Vol. v. p. 142.

And again :—

"We are tempted to exaggerate in past times no less than now-a-days the peace and sweet calm of the religious life, in the midst either of the storms of the old society or the frivolities and greediness of the modern world. . . . Heaven forfend that in any point I have deceived my readers. The further I advance in my laborious task, the nearer I approach my grave, the more do I feel myself overmastered by a strong and ardent love of truth, the more I feel myself incapable of betraying it, even for the sake of those whom I most love and reverence in this world. The bare idea of adding one more to the clouds whereby truth is still veiled causes me indescribable horror. Timid souls may think I have admitted too much, that I throw too much light on the Church's secrets; but 'Truth before everything' should be the historian's motto, and it has been mine."—*Ibid.* p. 324.

There, that is a noble speech, and we fully believe it. We think no one can read our author without being struck with his candour. Some things which we should wish to see more prominent he cannot help putting a little in the shade, and *vice versâ;* but, on the whole, we feel that a more full and satisfactory collection of facts it would be impossible to make. Though with the author's conclusions from his facts we differ, as we have shown all along, not once only, but continually, the facts themselves are clearly displayed; and, as we saw in regard to the miracles attributed to St. Columba, there is in M. de Montalembert's mind an undercurrent of common sense which preserves him from extravagance, and makes him, in all cases where the position of the Roman pontiff is not concerned, a thoroughly trustworthy guide.

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ART. II.—1. *The Church and the World: Essays on Questions in* 1867. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

2. *The Ritual Reason Why.* Edited by CHARLES WALKER. London: J. T. Hayes.

3. *Tracts for the Day; Essays on Theological Subjects.* By Various Authors. Nos. 1—5, edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

4. *The Union Review.* July, 1867. London: J. T. Hayes.

5. *The Charge of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.* 1867. London: Rivingtons.

6. *A Plea for Toleration in the Church of England, in a Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D.* By WILLIAM J. E. BENNETT, M.A. London: J. T. Hayes.

7. *Protestantism and the Prayer-Book.* By the Author of the "Autobiography" in the "Church and the World." London: Thomas Bosworth.

8. *The Church Times.*

THE progress of events has corrected many popular fallacies relative to the new Anglican movement. At first it was supposed that the Ritualistic extravagances, so offensive to the feelings of English Protestants, were nothing more than the eccentricities of a few young and hot-headed enthusiasts, influenced partly by a childish love of parade, and partly by a strong tendency to ecclesiastical æstheticism. The attention which was given to their proceedings was deprecated, as giving them an importance to which they were not fairly entitled, either by their numbers or by the weight and earnestness of conviction which they represented. Comparisons were sometimes made to their disadvantage between them and the Tractarian leaders, and by many they were regarded as the mere residuum of what had once been an influential party. It is now evident, that in all this there has been a serious mistake, and that we are in the presence of an earnest, powerful, and conscientious body of men, who have formed a distinct theory as to the true character of the Angli-

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can Church, and who have taken the course which they have adopted, as that most harmonious with their inner convictions, and best fitted to give them practical effect. They object themselves, and with some degree of justice, to the title of Ritualists, as "conveying a false impression, and misleading people into supposing that they are mere æsthetics, fighting for forms and ceremonies, and nothing more." We certainly cannot assent to their desire to be denominated "Catholics;" for nothing can be less Catholic than the exclusiveness of spirit which they cherish, the arrogance of the pretensions which they advance, and the intolerance which they display towards those who do not bow down to their idols. But we should be deceiving ourselves, as well as misrepresenting them, were we to suppose that they are the champions of a mere ceremonialism, valued and preserved solely for its own sake. They certainly magnify the importance of Ritual, even down to its most minute points, in a way which to outsiders seems extremely puerile; but their writers are never weary of telling us that "Ritualism without doctrine is mere formalism, and worse than valueless;" and that the whole controversy turns on the question "whether the religion taught by the system of the Church of England, honestly and consistently exhibited, is a sacramental or non-sacramental religion." They contend for the revival of certain practices, partly because they believe them to be "Catholic," but still more because they hold that sacramental teaching must be accompanied by a symbolic Ritual. All the outward and visible signs of their system are nothing more than the proper embodiments of its inward and spiritual ideas. The first feeling of a Protestant stranger, going into one of their churches, or visiting one of their extraordinary exhibitions of vestments and church furniture, would probably be one of extreme astonishment at the childishness of the promoters of such spectacles; and he might be disposed to indulge in that ridicule which is naturally so offensive to men who feel that they have an earnest purpose even in things which to others appear absurd, simply because they are not understood. Subsequent reflection, however, would teach a candid man to recognise the fact that, whether right or wrong, the system is something more than a mere piece of ecclesiastical millinery, and that vestments and incense, banners and processions, and all the other Ritualistic extravagances, become intelligible and natural enough when viewed in connection with the distinctive ideas of the system to which they belong.

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Strong yearnings after reunion with Catholic Christendom, exalted conceptions of priestly prerogative and power, a superstitious, not to say idolatrous veneration for sacraments, a tendency to exalt the objective above the subjective in religion, and to value symbolism not only for itself, but for the influence it is expected to exert over the popular mind, are the leading characteristics of the party. They would wage war against the power of sin in the heart by means of sacraments; they hope to provide a powerful counteractive to some of the greatest evils of our modern civilisation by the confessional; they seek to attract the masses of the ungodly to the worship of the sanctuary by means of gorgeous spectacle and imposing rites. Every subject is regarded by them in its bearings on the interests of the Church. Possessed with mediæval notions, they trace all the faults and follies of our modern social and political life to the decline of Church influence, and their daily labour is to revive it in all its old supremacy. In dogma they are Sacramentarians; in devotional sentiment, Mystics; in habits and tendencies, Mediævalists; in sympathy and aim, strong Romanists.

In this latter point, especially, there is a marked difference between them and the early Tractarians, who, despite their dislike to the principles of the Reformation, and their faith in many Romish doctrines, had but little sympathy with Rome itself. Methodism and Popery were classed together in the advertisement to the *Oxford Tracts* as "in different ways the refuge of those whom the Church stints of the gifts of grace;" and the editors express in the same document their belief that nothing but the neglected doctrines which they were undertaking to develop, would repress that "extension of Popery, for which the ever-multiplying divisions of the religious world are too clearly preparing the way." In one of the early tracts, designed especially for the enlightenment of the uninitiated and the correction of some popular fallacies into which they might be betrayed, it is said, "We acknowledge the Pope and his bishops in foreign countries to be, by station, ministers of the Church, *though we admit and lament the fact, that they have led the branches of it over which they preside, into apostasy and shame.*" In another tract, we have a list, conceived certainly in no very "Catholic" spirit, in which all the sects in England, who do not belong to the branch of the "One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ" in this country are divided into three classes, "Those who reject the truth," "Those who receive a part but not the whole of the truth," and "Those who teach more than the

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truth." In the third class are "Romanists or Papists," who are placed in the same category as "New Jerusalemites or Swedenborgians," "Southcottians," and "Irvingites." In the first of the celebrated tracts on the "Via Media," the writer protests that he takes stronger ground against Rome than do the Articles themselves, and states several distinct grounds of objection; among which, we may specially note, because of some points in the teaching of the present Anglo-Catholics, are, "That the received doctrine of purgatory is at variance with Scripture, cruel to the better sort of Christians, and administers deceitful comfort to the irreligious;" "That the practice of celebrating Divine service in an unknown tongue is a great corruption;" "That the direct invocation of saints is a dangerous practice, as tending to give, often actually giving, to creatures the honour and alliance due to the Creator alone." In all these respects, Ritualists have, as we shall afterwards see, departed from the ground taken by their predecessors, and it is, therefore, not wonderful that they do not entertain the same feeling towards Rome which was so frequently expressed by the Tractarians, who had no intention, at least in the earlier stages of the movement, of acknowledging the heretical character of the Anglican Church, and humbly seeking reconciliation with the Church of Rome. On the contrary, they regarded her as a "fallen sister," dwelling in "captivity;" and, with all the tenderness they were disposed to show her, did not conceal the fact that they esteemed many of her doctrines unscriptural and mischievous. Even Keble, in his oft-quoted verses, implies that before reunion, Rome must renounce her errors.

> "And oh, by all the pangs and woes
> Fraternal spirits feel,
> Speak gently of our sister's fall.
> Who knows but gentle love
> *May win her at our patient call,*
> *The surer way to prove?*"

Then it was Rome who had fallen, not England; it was the Anglican, not the Romish Church, which was walking in the surer way; and it was in Rome, not in England, that penitence and reformation were to be expected.

Very different is the tone assumed now. So far from being earnest Anglicans, priding themselves on the Apostolic character of their own branch of the Catholic Church, and determined to maintain its independence, the more advanced men in the present movement—those who are sure to stamp upon it the impress of their thoughts and

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purposes—plainly avow their desire for the reconciliation of the Anglican Church with Rome, and are prepared to make great concessions in order to secure it. A clever writer in the *Union Review*, the ablest exponent of the party, gives in a recent number a very interesting and suggestive *résumé* of the history of this "Catholic revival," which is entitled to more attention because penned by one who evidently speaks with authority. The story is told in the form of a letter to a Roman Catholic priest on the Continent, and one of its great objects is to make him understand the strength of the sympathy which these "Catholics" feel toward Popery, and to justify them for remaining in the Anglican Church, instead of at once joining that of Rome, with which they have really stronger affinities, and with which they might ally themselves, but for the hope of bringing about a reunion of the two communities—a consummation which would be hindered rather than advanced by the secession of individual Anglicans. The tone taken is apologetic in an extreme degree. The writer hopes that as the Anglican Church has the "Apostolical succession," and preserves, as he devotes great pains to show, a large portion of Catholic doctrine and practice, her condition is not quite desperate, but he frankly confesses that it is sad and melancholy enough. "Do not," is the spirit of this remarkable appeal, "be too severe with us. Our heart is with you; though, both for your sake and ours, we think it best at present to continue in the state wherein we are found. We wish to join you, but in a corporate capacity, not as individuals; and as our Church, though in a very pitiable condition, has not altogether renounced the truth, we believe this to be the wise and right course."

"For what is the Church of England to us? Not a religious 'establishment,' as some regard it—the mere creature of the State. No; she is our spiritual queen—dispossessed, indeed, of her rightful throne, imprisoned, insulted—yea, trampled under foot of those even whose very office it is to win back her crown and maintain her sovereignty; yet still she remains our queen. She is our Holy Mother, through whom we were born into the Catholic Church, in holy baptism, and from whose loving hands we have received the holy bread all the days of our life. To be severed from her is in a certain sense to be severed from the body of Christ. To leave her is, in a certain sense, to leave the Catholic Church itself. I say in a certain sense; for although we believe we are in a true sense a limb of the body of Christ, yet we admit it is a severed limb,—although we are a branch of the tree, yet it is a severed branch. This severance we believe to have been forced upon our Church, and to be in no way an

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act for which *she* is directly responsible. There *is* a schism, but *she* is *not schismatic.* And, therefore, through God's mercy, we believe the limb is still a *living limb,* and the branch *no sapless* branch. It is, moreover, although severed, the limb of the body of Christ, *to which, in God's Providence, we belong;* and, therefore, to leave this limb is, as I say, in a certain sense, to leave the body of Christ itself. This severance must and does bring with it several losses. These we regard as God's punishment upon our land for past sins. Yet have we no right to *anticipate* the removal of this punishment *for ourselves,* and to make our *personal* escape from it by *individually* leaving her communion for yours. No! all the members must suffer together, and we must all wait together God's time to heal the wound, so that the whole full, and unimpeded circulation from the heart itself may once more course through our veins."—*Union Review.*

He has sanguine hopes that this period is not very far distant. Already there are multitudes praying for the realisation of this end; there is a great society which seeks it as its distinctive object; it is intended to commence an order of "preaching friars," to diffuse these Catholic ideas among the masses; and thus, in twenty years, it is hoped "Catholicism" will so have leavened the Anglican Church that she will retrace her steps, and, without any conditions, return to Rome "in the spirit of love and humility, feeling sure that the chief shepherd of the flock of Christ will deal tenderly with us, and place no yoke on us which we are not able to bear." Such anticipations may be too highly coloured by the zeal of a zealous enthusiast; but the mere fact that they are entertained, and that a large party is earnestly seeking to give them practical realisation, is surely too significant a phenomenon to be lightly dismissed. Twenty years are a very short time in which to bring about such a revolution; but if Protestant supineness and divisions continue to aid the zeal of these Catholic revivalists, as has unfortunately been the case in the past, we may see results on which we little calculate. The present state of things, indeed, is exultingly pointed to as the harvest of seeds sown by the *Tracts for the Times,* and it is not unreasonably hoped that the greater work of to-day may be followed by still more abundant results.

The Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, who has worked and suffered in the cause with a thorough conscientiousness and hearty devotion which even his most sturdy opponents must admire, has, in the opening paper of the new series of *The Church and the World,* raised a pæan of triumph over the progress which has already been made. The view he gives of the "results of the Tractarian movement of 1833," is certainly staggering. It is

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not by observing the events of the day, as they pass before us, that we can form anything like a fair estimate of the strength and direction of the currents of thought at work around us, but by a careful comparison of the characteristics of two periods at some considerable distance from each other; and comparing 1833 and 1867 in this way, as Mr. Bennett has done, the contrast is very striking. No doubt his view is that of an eager partisan, and requires considerable qualification; while it is equally certain that, in the production of the results in which he rejoices, there have been other causes at work besides the Tractarian teachings. The party, indeed, owe not a little to that very spirit of liberalism—that disposition on the part of many to "think and let think," so characteristic of our times—which they so earnestly deprecate. Thus we observed that, at the recent meeting of the Congregational Union, there were one or two gentlemen—whose names are not known to fame, but who, if we may judge from their speeches, represent a kind of "Broad Dissent"—who were disposed to take exception to the earnest protest of the Union against Ritualistic teaching, because of their love of liberty. The two extremes have not unfrequently met in this way, and the Sacerdotalists, while strongly denouncing all latitudinarian tendencies, have yet themselves reaped the fruit of teachings against which they have constantly protested. Of course, between them and the Broad Church there is the most decided antagonism, and yet among the disciples of the latter school would be found not a few who, while seeking by honest argumentation to overthrow the errors of their system, would be among the very first to oppose any measures to restrict their freedom of action or to deprive them of their ecclesiastical status. Such proceedings as were taken against Dr. Pusey, or even against Dr. Newman and *Tract XC.*, would hardly be possible now; but then it would be absurd to infer that this is owing wholly or even chiefly to the growth of sympathy with "Catholic" opinions, for much more is due to an increasing indisposition to adopt any measures in restraint of liberty. The various suits in the Ecclesiastical Courts during the past few years, which have shown so clearly the difficulty of securing any positive judgment on controverted points, and revealed the disposition of the courts to discourage attempts to deprive incumbents on the ground of heresy, have still further helped the advance of this feeling. Each party has felt itself weak for aggression, strong for defence; and, under the shelter of this wide-spread conviction of the difficulty of employing the law for the repression of any new school,

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the "Catholics" have carried on their work with great boldness and determination. Still, when every allowance which can fairly be required has been made, we do not wonder that Mr. Bennett is gratified with what he sees, or should, as he compares the state of feeling in 1833 with 1867, ascribe the change mainly to the teachings of the *Tracts for the Times.*

Of the greatness of the change there can be no reasonable question. It is only twenty-four years since Dr. Pusey was suspended by the University of Oxford for teachings on the doctrine of the Real Presence, which were mildness and moderation itself compared with those which are set forth in the tracts and hymns and manuals of devotion of to-day. The reception with which *Tract XC.* met was one of the determining causes which drove Dr. Newman to Rome. "If he had but waited (says Mr. Bennett), what would he have seen? He would have seen that very tract, then so ignominiously treated, reprinted with honour, and made a second time a study in parallel lines with *Sancta Clara.*" As to the special point of reconciliation with Rome, he tells us:—"Dr. Pusey, who refers in 1841 to the fact that 'an union is impossible,' now writes an Eirenicon to show how it may be brought about, and reiterates *Tract XC.* without fear of the heads of houses. He quotes from all sides to show the loving spirit in which the men of former ages have made the endeavour to bring about a reunion. He urges that we may make it again."

These are certainly remarkable as indications of an apparent change in public sentiment—a change to which too much significance may be attached, but which cannot be treated as altogether unimportant. We are very far from supposing that the strong Protestant feeling of the English nation has been seriously weakened, but the familiarity with Romanist teachings and Romanist spectacles cannot be altogether without effect. The very fact that, in a certain number of churches — with St. Alban's at their head — the "Holy Sacrifice" is continually offered with all the pomp and parade of vestments and incense, has a tendency to break down the sentiment with which such observances have hitherto been regarded. The boldness, therefore, with which these Sacerdotalists carry on their work—their resolution to bow only to the authority of the courts, and then so far only as is absolutely inevitable—have stood them in good stead. We must commend the skill of their tactics, however we may deprecate the end for which they are employed. A more timid and tentative policy would very speedily have defeated itself. The strength they have has been gained largely by acting on the old

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maxim, "Nothing venture, nothing win;" and events hitherto have seemed to show that the counsels of a boldness so daring as to savour of rashness, were those of the truest wisdom.

One of the great dangers of the present time arises from the difficulty of making Protestants, who have given no special attention to the subject, realise the full extent to which the movement has already gone, and appreciate the earnest spirit by which its promoters are influenced. They have probably never witnessed a Ritualistic service, and, if they have, but imperfectly understood its real significance. They have not come into contact with the organs of the party; and their ideas of what these Catholics really mean are sufficiently vague and shadowy. The perusal of a few numbers of the *Church Times*, or of the *Church News*, would surprise many of these innocent souls, who are living on in perfect unconsciousness of the way in which the various practices of Popery are being introduced into the Anglican Church. They will there meet with phrases which, to Protestant ears, are so strange and novel as to be all but incomprehensible. They will read of the "Ferial Psalter," and the "Festival Psalter," of "Graduals" and "Processionals," and "Original Sequences;" of the "retable," the "corporal," and the "dossal," and innumerable other things, which as belonging to a Protestant Church will sorely puzzle them. They will read to their amazement of "High Mass" being celebrated in Protestant places of worship, and of the doings of sacred brotherhoods and sisterhoods; the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament;" the "Guild of St. Alban," or of "St. Joseph," or the "Brothers of St. Benedict," or the "Sisters of St. Martin's Priory"—orders which have suddenly sprung up within the Protestant establishment. They will come across extraordinary discussions as to the proper position of the priest at the altar, and similar difficult Ritualistic questions; they will be puzzled by descriptions of services, the terms of which they cannot accurately explain, but which, from first to last, savour of Rome and Romish usages. They will learn that, as might be expected, men with a keen eye for business are trying to make the most of the new movement; and that there are warehouses where all the requisites of the school are supplied — "ecclesiastical warehouses," where are prepared "designs for embroidery and appliqué work for frontals, chasuble sets, copes, hoods, &c.;" and where, among other requisites for this style of worship, are furnished "embroidery silk, floss, gold spangles, jewels," and a multitude of other things, forming altogether a catalogue that seems more fitted for a stall in

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Vanity Fair than for an ecclesiastical establishment. Last, but not least important, they will have advertisements of a great variety of literature devoted to the propagation of the peculiar doctrines of the new cult—tracts, tales, sermons, manuals of devotions, Eucharistic Litanies, and the like. The study of these papers is not particularly profitable; sometimes it provokes a laugh, more frequently it rouses a feeling of indignation at this miserable tampering with all that Englishmen have held most sacred and precious; but it is certainly instructive, as marking the growth of doctrines and usages which, unless arrested, threaten to revolutionise the whole character of the Anglican Church.

But a full impression of the character of the system can only be gained from one of its services, especially from what they term "High Celebration" or "High Mass." We have talked with some friends who had read a good deal of these doings, and afterwards have witnessed them, and they have always agreed that the reality far transcended all that they had pictured to themselves from the descriptions. In spirit, the services at St. Alban's, Holborn, and St. Mary's, Moorfields, are essentially the same. In the latter there is more calmness, less apparent straining after effect, more artistic finish; but in both the same ideas rule throughout: in both there is the same symbolism, the same love of show, the same subordination of the spiritual to the material, the same exaltation of the priest and his functions, the same prostration of the intellect and heart of the people. Of course in St. Alban's the prayers are said or intoned in English, but this employment of the vulgar tongue appears to be hardly consonant with the views of some of the party; for the Rev. C. J. Le Geyt, in his essay *On the Symbolism of Ritual,* in the present series of *The Church and the World,* says:—"The very language of Divine worship, lifted, in one portion of the Church Catholic, above the 'vulgar' tongue by the prevalent use of Latin, is, when the vernacular has been restored, as with ourselves, separated from that of common life by the prescribed musical recitation, commonly but incorrectly termed 'intoning,' and by the plain chant of the Church."

It is not necessary for us to repeat a bare description of the spectacle at one of these celebrations, as it appears to an uninformed spectator; but it will be useful, under the guidance of so able an interpreter as Mr. Le Geyt, or Mr. Walker, the author of the *Ritual Reason Why,* to study its character and point out the symbolic value which is ascribed to its rites. The celebration of the "Blessed Sacra-

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ment of the Body and Blood of Christ," the "Holy Sacrifice," the "Holy Eucharist," or the "Mass," as they variously designate it, is, we need hardly say, in their view the central act of worship. So great is the importance attached to the right observance even of the most minute rite connected with it, that we have a "Confraternity" associated for the express purpose of doing it honour.

"Its main object is to perform acts of reparation for the many dishonours done in our land to our Lord's sacramental presence, and to use all efforts to promote the payment of the honour due to Christ. It holds its anniversary services naturally on Corpus Christi day, and its numbers are, year by year, steadily increasing. To this agency we look for such work as helping poor parishes to provide the proper mass vestments and altar furniture, and spreading by its publications the Catholic doctrine of the Presence, and all other doctrines and practices necessarily developing out of it. *To it, for instance, we must in the course of time look for agitating the restoration of the Perpetual Presence, at present, unhappily, not provided for in our church laws and the establishment of a system of perpetual adoration of that Presence.*"—*Union Review*, July, 1867.

The question of the name by which the service is designated might, at first sight, appear to be of little importance; but when we note the evident fondness for the employment of the word "Mass," we may be quite sure that it is used with a purpose. No doubt the mere assimilation to the terminology of the Romish Church has an attraction; but even this would hardly have induced the Sacramentarian party to place themselves in direct collision with the declarations of the Articles of their Church if the word had not been distinctive and significant. The words of the Article XXXI. appear to unsophisticated minds clear and decisive enough. "Wherefore the sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." The ingenious sophistry, which evades the force of this emphatic condemnation, and contends that the Church, in thus repudiating the sacrifices of masses, had no intention of rejecting the idea which lies at their root, is a very fair specimen of the spirit of the school, and the way in which they deal with questions of this character so as to quiet the troubles of conscience which we may suppose the Articles may sometimes cause those in whom any sensibility is left.

"*Question.* Does not the Thirty-first Article condemn the mass by that very name? A moment's reflection will serve to show that this is not the case. For by the 'Mass' is simply meant the Sacrament

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of the Lord's Supper. A Roman Catholic theologian will tell you that all that is necessary (though more may be desirable for solemnity's sake) for the celebration of the mass is that a lawful minister use the words and gestures of Christ over the appointed elements of bread and wine, of which he afterwards partakes. Now all these conditions are preserved in the Prayer Book as necessary to a valid administration of the Lord's Supper. Hence the Church could not condemn the mass without condemning the institution of Christ. All that she could say would be that the Holy Eucharist, commonly called the Mass, was wrongly so called, because it was not a *Missal*, *i.e.* a sacrificial offering. But her best divines have ever taught the reverse. Thus Bishop Overall, who drew up the last part of the Catechism, says, 'It is a plain oblation of Christ's death once offered and a representative sacrifice of it for the sins and for the benefit of the whole world.' And Bishop Andrewes, 'The Eucharist ever was and by us is considered both as a sacrament and sacrifice.' And again, Bishop Cosin, who was chiefly employed by the Church in the last revision of the Prayer Book, 'We call the Eucharist a propitiatory sacrifice, both this and that (*i.e.* the sacrifice on Calvary), because both of them have force and virtue to appease God's wrath against this sinful world.' The doctrine which the Article condemns is the doctrine that the Holy Eucharist is a *Missal* in such a sense as to interfere with the unity and completeness of the sacrifice on Calvary, the great *missal nedaba*, or free-will offering of Himself by Christ —that it is an independent repetition, not a continued and renewed application of that sacrifice."—*Ritual Reason Why*, p. 214.

In reading this and other pleadings of a similar character in favour of a "Catholic" interpretation of the Articles, the first reflection that suggests itself is as to the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of so constructing a declaration of faith as to anticipate the evasions of men who desire to escape from its obligations. Here is an Article which has been read in one particular way for three centuries, and which unprejudiced men all read in the same way now, and yet we are invited to believe that all these interpreters have been mistaken and that the language really lends a tacit and implicit sanction to the very thing which it has always been supposed to condemn. We will not impugn the sincerity and conscientiousness of those who take this view, but we must say that though they may have succeeded in persuading themselves into a belief in this interpretation, they will find it very hard to persuade any one else. That the bishops, to whose authority they appeal, had strong Romanist tendencies, we do not doubt. But, as the Articles distinctly teach that even churches have erred "not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith," it is nothing very

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wonderful if individual bishops have erred also. At least, their private utterances are not to be set up in opposition to the clear language of the Church formularies, in the preparation of which they may have been greatly concerned, and yet have failed to mould them in exact conformity with their personal opinions. The Ecclesiastical Courts have unfortunately encouraged this sort of appeal from the authoritative doctrines of the Church to the teachings of prelates and illustrious divines, a course of procedure than which nothing could be more unsound in principle or more mischievous in its results, as ministering to that disposition to tamper with the plain meaning of language which is as demoralising in its influence as it is dishonest in its reasonings.

Of course, if the "Mass" were simply another name for the Lord's Supper, which might be used interchangeably with it as being exactly identical in its significance, the argument of Mr. Walker that the Article intended only to deprecate the term, not to condemn the thing, would be perfectly valid. But the "Mass" gives a special view of that sacrament—very important to be preserved, if true—but, if false, involving such serious error that nothing would have been more reprehensible than the retention of the term in which it was implied. The compiler of the First Liturgy of Edward VI. retained the term, describing the service as "the Supper of the Lord and Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass." But in the Second Liturgy of the reign the latter clause was dropped, and has never since been restored. Surely all this supplies strong presumptive evidence, at least, in favour of the natural interpretation of the Article, and against that restriction of its meaning which would deprive it of all point and force. What the creed of Pius requires the Romanist to believe on this point is, "that in the mass there is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead," and the belief in this appears to us perfectly compatible with the acceptance of the Article as understood by these new interpreters. In truth, if we are to follow these guides, we must credit the compilers of the Articles with singular ignorance and imbecility. They did not, in their theory, design to prepare a confession of faith at all, but simply to record their protest against certain errors of the Romish Church; but the errors against which they protested have never formed part of the true creed of that church, and the Articles are, therefore, reduced to a mere "brutum fulmen," which, we may suppose, the semi-Romanists among the editors agreed to adopt to humour the prejudices of their

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Protestant colleagues. That there were men who had to do with the preparation of the Articles, who regarded them as distinctly inculcating the Protestant doctrines which they loved themselves, cannot be doubted by any one who has studied the history of the period; and could we believe in the idea now set forth as to the "Catholic" sense of the document, we should only feel that they had been outwitted by those of Romanist proclivities, and that the whole affair was little better than a mere juggle. We cannot, however, acquiesce in this ingenious theory, but, on the contrary, hold that the term "Mass," as descriptive of the Lord's Supper, expresses an idea altogether alien both to the spirit and letter of the formularies of the Anglican Church. There is much that is questionable in these formularies on some points, but there is nothing in them to warrant Bishop Cosin's notion—which is, in our judgment, opposed even to the modified interpretation of the Article—that the Eucharist is a "propitiatory sacrifice," which has "force and virtue to appease God's wrath against a sinful world."

We have dwelt the longer on the question of the name because it is intended to express the idea that runs throughout the whole celebration. The type of the service is found in the wondrous vision of John in the Apocalypse, where, we are told, we find all "the apparatus of sacrificial worship," and a picture of the Liturgy we ought to observe on earth. There may be "Low Mass," that is a celebration "without the adjuncts of assistant ministers and choir," the priest being attended only by a server, who is there "partly in honour of the priest's office, partly to avoid the unseemly necessity of his leaving the altar to take the journey backwards and forwards to the credence-table." The "High Mass," which differs from the other only in the addition of more pomp and ceremony, is ushered in by a procession, designed to represent the progress of the Church. The celebrant closes the procession, carrying the sacred vessels under a veil, "from motives of reverence, for which cause also he spreads the corporal or fine linen cloth on the altar, and then deposits the chalice (still veiled) on it." He then returns to the steps of the altar and prepares himself for approaching it by certain prayers, said *secreto*. Nothing surely would seem to be more appropriate than this offering of private supplications by a minister of Christ before entering on his public duties; but if the "secreta" are expressive of thoughts and feelings altogether inconsistent with the spirit of the outward service, as laid down in the Church's formularies, nothing can be

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more objectionable. For what can be worse than that a priest while publicly reciting certain prayers should secretly be employing other forms of devotion which give an entirely different complexion to the whole? The sincere worshipper takes up the Prayer Book and rejoices that, at all events, there is nothing in the language of the Communion Service to countenance the notion that the priest is there offering a sacrifice. He may find many things which he would fain have altered, he may reasonably object to the form of consecration and to the words employed in the distribution of the elements, and regret the changes that have been made in the more simple formulary of Edward VI.'s Second Liturgy; but he congratulates himself on the assurance that the priest nowhere professes to be representing the sacrifice of Christ. But his satisfaction would be materially reduced if he knew that the secret devotions of the priest are so shaped as to compensate for the deficiencies of the public service. The Priest's Prayer Book is intended to furnish a help and guide in these private supplications, and it makes the most minute provisions for the requirements of every part of the service. It contains an "Office before Celebrating," "Secreta at the Celebration," and an "Office after Celebrating." There are prayers to be used while "Vesting for the Holy Communion," each separate vestment from the "amice" to the "chasuble" having its own distinctive prayer. There are prayers for every different change of position, and for each successive act at the altar, among which we find the following:—

On offering the Bread.

"Receive, O Holy Trinity, this oblation which I, an unworthy sinner, offer before Thy Divine Majesty, in honour of Thine all Holy Name* for mine own sins, and for the salvation of the whole mystical Body of Christ."

On offering the Chalice.

"We offer unto Thee, O Lord, the Cup of Salvation, beseeching Thy clemency, that it may ascend before Thy Divine Majesty as a sweet odour for our salvation, and for that of the whole world."

Just before leaving the Altar.

"May this Act of my homage, O Holy Trinity, be pleasing unto Thee, and grant that the Sacrifice, which I, a miserable sinner, have

* As an illustration of the rapid development of the system, we may note that in "Notitia Liturgica," one of the latest manuals, the priest is here directed to say "in honore tuo et Beatæ Mariæ, et Omnium Sanctorum Tuorum, pro peccatis et offensionibus meis; pro salute vivorum et requie omnium fidelium defunctorum."

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offered before Thy Divine Majesty, may be acceptable unto Thee, and through Thy mercy may be a propitiation for me, and for all for whom I have offered it."

The form prescribed in the Prayer Book is not only free from this idea of a representation of the sacrifice of Christ, but describes the Sacrament as "pledges of His love, and for a continual remembrance of His death, to our great and endless comfort," and in the Prayer of Consecration uses language, which, if words are to have any significance at all, seem altogether to preclude such an idea. "Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who of Thy tender mercy didst give Thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the Cross for our redemption; who made there (by His one oblation of Himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world; and did institute, and in His Holy Gospel command us to continue, *a perpetual memory of that His precious death, until His coming again.*" The question really is, whether a memorial of the death and a representation of the sacrifice are one and the same thing.

Be this as it may, the whole of a Ritualistic celebration is constructed on the sacrificial idea, and every one of its acts has some symbolism belonging to it. The priest must *stand,* not *kneel,* before the altar. Standing is the "position of sacrifice to signify his office as viceregent of and substitute for our Lord Himself, who in truth here offers Himself, and is offered by the hands of the priest." Were he to kneel, he would fail to "express the nature of his prerogative, and to exhibit, for the edification of the faithful, the due 'ministration' of the priesthood." Appearing, then, as the representative of the Lord offering up Himself, the whole ceremonial is designed to be a picture of the various scenes of the Passion; the desire being to develop to the utmost a "histrionic" element in Christian worship. The term is a strange one to employ in reference to a religious service, and especially one of so solemn a character, but it is the only one that is appropriate, and it is in exact accordance with Dr. Littledale's pleadings in the first series of *The Church and the World.* The priest is arrayed in vestments, each of which has some mystic meaning in connection with the sufferings of the Great High Priest there represented. The amice represents the linen rag with which He was blindfolded; the alb, the white garment in which He was arrayed by Herod; the stole, the girdle, and the maniple, the fetters with which He was bound; and the chasuble, the seam-

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less vest and the purple garment, the cross with which it is embroidered being, of course, emblematic of the burden which He bore so meekly up the hill of shame. In like manner are the separate acts of the priest symbolical. It would be impossible for us to trace them in detail without an undue extension of the length of this article, and we therefore content ourselves with two or three examples. The changes in position from south to north, and to the midst of the altar, are explained as representing our Lord's journeys to and from the tribunals of Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate. Water is mingled with wine (whether legally or illegally remains to be determined) to show the mingled tide of blood and water from the Saviour's side. The covering of the elements, after what is called the first oblation, is a sign either of the veiling of the Lord's divinity in the robe of flesh, or of His being clothed in the purple robe, while the covering of what remains after the Communion symbolises the laying of the body in the grave. Of the elevation, after the consecration, we will give the account in the words of Mr. Le Geyt, who himself quotes from Dr. Littledale on the "Elevation of the Host."

"Immediately on the Consecration of the Sacrament, in either kind, the priest kneels in acknowledgment and adoration of the Divine presence, then rising, 'takes into his hand' the paten or chalice, and lifting it fulfils the great object of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and 'shows forth the Lord's death' before God, as the 'One full, perfect, and sufficient Sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' The elevation is simply the suitable action accompanying the significant and sacrificial word, '*Do* this in remembrance of Me.' The most ancient liturgies express the belief of the early Church, that the act of elevation was observed by our Blessed Lord Himself at the institution of the Holy Eucharist. It symbolises exactly the lifting up of Christ on the Cross, and thus most fitly enters into the Liturgy, which is, among other things, a typical drama of the passion, and not merely a rite of communion.' It marks also clearly for the people, especially for such as cannot read or may be too far in church to follow the service accurately, the most solemn point in the Liturgy. The Eastern Church provides for this intimation by the gestures and words of the deacon; the Roman Church warns the faithful by the sound of a bell; but in the English Church, failing elevation they have no guidance, and are placed at a positive disadvantage.' Dr. Littledale's exhaustive essay on 'The Elevation of the Host,' from which the above extracts are made, will prove most valuable to any who are not well acquainted with its significance and unquestionable authority in the Church of England."—*Essays on the Church and the World,* Second Series, pp. 563, 564.

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This idea of a dramatic representation of the most solemn facts in the history of redemption, is sufficient to shock the reverential instincts of all who have not been trained in the strange notions of this new ecclesiasticism, which hopes to win the masses by these object lessons in religion, as Dr. Littledale calls them, and at the same time fancies that it is doing honour to God and the great mysteries of our religion by this outward pomp and show. We must never forget, however, that these "Catholic" practices are the natural results of "Catholic" doctrine, and that, while intently anxious on the revival of this symbolic Ritual, the chief object of these men is to represent Christianity as a system of sacramental grace. Nothing can be more unfounded, therefore, than the idea that Ritualism is finding sympathisers even among the ranks of Protestant Dissenters. It is perfectly true that there has been in Nonconformist communities, of late years, a growing desire for a more refined and even ornate style of worship, that the style of their architecture has been changed, and that often the character of the service has changed with it, that the chanted psalm has taken the place of the metrical hymn, that in a few places the Te Deum and similar compositions have been introduced, and that, even among Congregationalists, some voices have been raised in favour of the adoption of a liturgical element in public worship. We do not pronounce at all as to the wisdom or expediency of such changes, but, such as they are, they are simply æsthetical, and do not express the slightest tendency to Sacerdotalism. One of the writers of *Tracts for the Day* has discovered the "wonderful fact that the Dissenters find it necessary to make their worship more 'sacramental' in character, in order to keep together the more earnest of their flocks and prevent them from leaving their sect." A very wonderful fact, indeed, but like a great many other wonderful things which these "Catholics" have discovered, having no existence except in the writer's own fervid imagination. There are doubtless many Dissenters who think that the Puritans, in their strong recoil from Romanism, pushed their conclusions too far, and in their zeal against a symbolic Ritual eliminated from public worship much that might with advantage have been retained. They believe that the cause of truth has suffered by this mistake, and are desirous, as far as they can, to repair it, and do not think it wise to be deterred from the working out of such ideas even by the extravagances of Anglican Ritualists. They do not feel that the best way to contend against error is to ignore any element of truth and

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strength which may be in it, and to allow the prominence given to one extreme to force them into another equally false and mischievous. But as to any sympathy with the doctrines of sacramental grace, or any desire to make their worship symbolical, they are as innocent as the most sturdy Puritans of Commonwealth times. No doubt, could some of these old worthies rise again, they would be surprised at many of the changes which they would find in the modes of Nonconformist worship, but in intense opposition to Romanist dogmas and principles, they would find their successors as stern and uncompromising as themselves.

We say this much because great injustice is done by the failure to discriminate between mere questions of taste or feeling which simply affect the externals of service and those which have to do with dogma. It cannot be too often repeated that Ritualism is a creed and not a mere ceremonial, and that that creed includes the very dogmas by which Popery is distinguished from Protestantism. The great doctrine of justification by faith, which is the strength and glory of Protestantism, is, in the eyes of Catholics, nothing better than an abomination, against which they take every opportunity of protesting. The Protestant theory is that, through spiritual union with Christ, the Christian receives the blessings of salvation—theirs that, through sacraments rightly administered by priestly hands, the life of the soul is first given, and afterwards sustained, its diseases healed, its waste of strength and energy repaired, and the grace which it has lost restored. "God," we are told, "has adapted His provisions to meet the wants of man's constitution, and therefore that any wilful departure from such order, any attempt at communion with God than through these outward media, is not only contrary to His economy, but must fail of its end." In other words, man cannot enter into fellowship with God except by means of these sacraments. His personal trust and love, his earnest prayers, his struggles after holiness, all go for nothing. He may ask for mercy, but, unless he seeks it in God's appointed way—and that, according to these teachers, is by the observance of these sacraments—he cannot expect to find it; for "neither in the economy of Moses nor in that of Christ, are there any intimations that God deals with man in his own individual capacity, without reference to his belonging to the visible community of His appointing; nor that, as a member of such community, does He deal with him independent of outward and visible forms and signs. In other words, man has no

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inherent right to God's gifts and graces, except through such media as God has Himself ordained."

Here, then, is the fundamental difference of the two systems, and we need not say that it touches the very vitals of our faith. The Tractarians have on more than one occasion shown themselves zealous champions of some of the controverted doctrines of Christianity. They have vindicated the inspiration of Scripture; they have insisted on the reality and sufficiency of the Atonement, in opposition to some of the crude theories which have been prevalent in relation to it; and we have often felt how much strong sympathy after all there was between us. But that sympathy is evidently more apparent than real. They give us with one hand what they take away with the other; and, having first established a doctrine, then employ all their ingenuity to strip it of everything that gives it power and value. They are frightfully jealous of the scepticism which would undermine the authority of Revelation; but they themselves make it of none effect through their vain traditions. They repudiate the philosophy that fritters away the great doctrines of the Atonement; but they dim the glory of that truth and debase the character of the Gospel altogether, when they teach that the priest alone, through the medium of sacraments, can communicate its precious blessings to the soul. Protestantism teaches the soul to seek Christ Himself: this "Catholicism," that "Christ has ordained both priests and sacraments for our use, and woe be to us if we reject them." The contrast between the two theories is drawn at considerable length in the third of *Tracts for the Day*, a series intended specially to exhibit and defend the dogmatic basis of the teaching. "Some one," we are told, "must direct the would-be penitent to Christ, and tell him how he may find pardon. In each case, then, the penitent is, to a certain extent, dependent on the ministry of others." This attempt at an *argumentum ad hominem* is ingenious, but more ingenious than fair. In the first place, the Protestant does not insist on the absolute necessity of the interposition even of a preacher, but distinctly teaches that Scripture itself is sufficient to guide the soul into the knowledge of the truths that concern its eternal peace, and that all the preacher can hope to do is commend that truth to every man's conscience as in the sight of God. He lays claim to no special prerogatives belonging to him as one of an order; he has no mystic blessings to give or withhold; he aspires to have no influence over the souls of men, except such as may arise from his more perfect spiritual sympathy with the truth,

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and that clearer apprehension of its meaning which is the fruit of devout and prayerful study, and of that truer insight which personal fellowship with the Spirit of God alone can impart. Between him, therefore, and men who claim to act only as "Christ's agents," and who, "in accordance with His appointment, carry pardon to the penitent, because Christ is not in His own person visibly present to pronounce absolution," there is no resemblance. It is easy enough to say that in both cases alike the penitent is dependent "on the delegated powers of a human ministry;" but it can hardly need any elaborate argument to show that the difference between the Protestant preacher, who preaches pardon through Christ, and the "Catholic priest," who professes to stand in Christ's stead, and to pronounce the absolution of the penitent in the most positive manner, is something more than a difference in degree. Indeed, their own account of the difference, though far from being fair, is itself sufficient to indicate how wide is the gulf which separates them from us.

"The Catholic and Protestant ideas are wholly different on this point, consequently the treatment of the penitent is also different. The Protestant directs the penitent to rely wholly and entirely on his own internal feelings; he is not to go out of himself for pardon and grace. From the beginning to the end of the operation it is something worked out in the mind and consciousness of the sinner. All such expressions as 'going to Christ,' 'throwing yourself wholly on Him,' 'not trusting to your own works,' and many such like, mean simply this—that entire and implicit reliance is to be placed by the penitent on his own private feelings and the convictions of his own mind. He is not to seek Christ out of himself or apart from his own impressions. He is not to go to a sacrament specially appointed by Christ for this very purpose. He is not to go to the physician and drink the bitter but healing draught. All is to be transacted in the sinner himself—a solitary individual without the membership of the communion of saints. How different is the faith of the Catholic Church, and the practice of the Catholic penitent! 'Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, and open his grief, that by the ministry of God's Holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness.' Here the penitent is taught not to trust to his own feelings and mental convictions—for may they not deceive him? . . . It is a plain, incomprehensible, intelligent direction as to how the penitent is to go to Christ. He is to go to God's priest, and to confess his sins to him. The priest has a commission from Christ to pronounce his pardon; and that pardon, so pronounced, will convey not only peace to the soul, but also forgiveness of sins."—*Tracts for the Day*, No. 3, p. 60.

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Fully recognising the existence of this radical distinction in the teaching given to the sinner as to the way of salvation, we must protest against this representation of Protestant doctrine as being nothing more than a miserable caricature. The Protestant meets the anxious inquiry of the awakened soul, with the answer that Paul gave to one in like circumstances: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But in doing this he inculcates no reliance on the mere feelings of the soul itself. Christ is distinctly presented before it as the object of trust, and the man's salvation depends not on the strength of his own faith, but on the infinite grace and preciousness of Him on whom its confidence is reposed. It is perfectly true that this, like all other doctrines, may be abused, and that many may and do seek the ground of their assurance in their own experiences instead of in the love of the Saviour. But this is not the Protestant doctrine. It is one with the Catholic teaching in bidding a man look for his salvation from without and not from within. The difference is this: the Protestant sets Christ before him as the one object of his faith, and teaches that through personal faith alone he can be brought into spiritual union with Him. The "Catholic," on the contrary, sets before him priests and sacraments, tells him that he can be saved only as a member of the Church, and bids him seek spiritual blessings by submission to her authority, and the observance of the rites which she has ordained.

If this latter theory be true, the apostles must surely have been very deficient in the instruction which they communicated. The response of Paul to the Philippian jailor, as above cited, is open to even more serious objection, for its effect could only be to mislead. There is not a word in it about confession or penance, not the slightest reference to any sacrament, but simply a call to a faith which the soul itself was to exercise. It is easy to say that by believing on Christ was meant compliance with His requirements as made through his ministers; but in the absence of the slightest hint of the sacerdotal claims which are now set forth, we decline to accept such an interpretation of language which is clear and intelligible enough as it stands, but which is utterly misleading if we allow its Divine simplicity to be thus marred by the introduction of mere human fancies. According to these men, the Apostle ought to have taught that the whole of Christian life is spanned by a series of sacraments: that first in Baptism a new and grace-bestowed life is imparted; that, as the enemies to that new life seek to destroy it, and its

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inherent weakness becomes manifest, a sacrament of Confirmation is provided, strengthening it to overcome the evil and to cultivate the good; that when the tempter has triumphed, and actual lapses from the path of duty have come, the Divine mercy has ordained a sacrament of Absolution, by which, after confession and penance, the soul may be restored to the enjoyment of peace with God; that if the soul suffer from disease or weariness, there is a sacrament of Unction by which the Holy Spirit restores the suffering inner life to health and to God's favour; and finally that, throughout the whole of the Christian course, there is that most wonderful and precious of all sacraments, in which our Lord gives His own flesh and blood to serve for the nourishment which the daily wants of the soul require. If all this be true, it is, to say the least, strange, that the New Testament nowhere gives us any outline of this extraordinary arrangement. It sets forth the struggles and difficulties of the Christian life, it insists on the continued need of Divine grace and help to meet its varied demands; it contains "exceeding great and precious promises" as to the bestowment of grace; but nowhere does it even suggest the existence of these various sacraments, much less does it anywhere teach that, apart from these, the special privileges of the New Covenant are not to be obtained.

When, indeed, we ask for proofs of the truth of this sacramental scheme, we find them, as might be expected, meagre and unsatisfactory enough. First some general principles, about which it is impossible there can be any doubt, are laid down with great ease, and then in some singular fashion we find these taken as proofs of the very points needing to be established. Thus, for example, the undoubted fact that God has sometimes used material things for spiritual purposes, as in the institution of sacrifices, and the erection of the temple, and that our Lord did, in some of His miracles, redeem parts of nature from the curse of the Fall, and continually act by means of human agents, is laid down as the basis of all argument in favour of the Divine appointment of the "Seven Sacraments." The premises are true, but they have no relation to the conclusion. Granted that this Catholic dogma were true, we might find in the facts thus adduced a certain analogy to it, or we might go further and admit that they supply an argument against any who should assert that it was impossible for God to act in the way which this theory of sacramental grace supposes. But to those who, like ourselves, demur to these *à priori* arguments altogether, and who, confessing their utter ignorance of the modes of the Divine work-

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ing, simply demand proof from God's own Word that He has chosen to communicate His grace in this fashion, the analogy is of no avail whatever. However extraordinary such a conception of the Divine character and operations be, we do not refuse to receive it because it is contrary to all our preconceived notions. We simply ask for Scripture testimony, and instead of receiving it are met by a number of vague statements which may very possibly all be true, but whose truth or falsehood has not the least relevance to the point at issue.

In like manner an argument in favour of sacramental confession is sought to be drawn from the constant tendency of men to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think, to believe in the flattering tales of vanity or prejudiced friendship, to hide from themselves the true state of their own souls, and often to "go through life with the most perfect self-complacence, utterly unconscious of those faults and habits which form topics of censure or perhaps ridicule for their immediate neighbours." Undoubtedly all this is true, and it is equally true that we may wisely take advantage of the "experience and sagacity of another to point out how such faults and habits are to be amended, how such temptations are to be met, and how habits of a different kind are to be formed." To deny this would be to deny the benefits of true love and friendship altogether, to declare that the wisdom and experience of one man can never be made helpful to another, to push the idea of individuality to the point of complete isolation. But all this does not touch the question, which is not whether we may sometimes find benefit by confiding the secret sorrows and burdens of our soul to a friend, who may tenderly and wisely guide us into a fuller knowledge of ourselves, and by his sympathy and counsel strengthen us in the fight within, but whether God has ordained a certain body of men thus to act as "confessors" and "directors" to their fellows, and whether it is through them and them only that He grants that pardon for which the soul sighs. These are the only questions in dispute, and on them these very true and sagacious observations on human nature and its tendency to self-deception throw no light at all.

If scriptural evidence is not forthcoming in support of these views, it is certainly not through any unwillingness to eke out an argument from the most scanty material. We have rarely met a more extraordinary and unwarranted manipulation of biblical declarations than is to be found in some of these tracts. Thus the authority of the Church is deduced from

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the gracious declaration of our Lord as to the answer which He will give to the prayers of His people.

"From the context, where mention is made of two or three meeting together, and agreeing on anything done on earth, that it will be ratified in heaven, we are disposed to think that our blessed Lord referred to ecclesiastical councils, and the power of setting articles of faith and canons of discipline. It amounts then to a declaration on Christ's part, that He conferred on the priesthood the power to settle disputes in doctrine, to draw up forms of worship, and to ordain canons and decrees for the faithful. Each diocese has the power of meeting in regular synod to consider such questions; while it is reserved to the highest form of synod, the General Council, to determine the creed of Christendom. From this last there is no appeal; the whole Catholic Church is bound to receive its decrees and to believe its definition of faith."—*Tracts for the Day*, No. 3, "The Seven Sacraments," pp. 34, 35.

Such a system of interpretation is as deficient in reverence as in honesty, and destroys the value of Scripture quite as much as any assault of the unbeliever. The attempt to eke out authority for the threefold order in the Christian ministry from the fact that our Lord first sent out twelve apostles who are supposed to represent the bishops, and afterwards seventy disciples who formed the first priesthood, while the apostles ordained the deacons, is equally unconvincing. The argument to prove that confession formed an essential part of repentance, which is based on the single phrase in the Epistle to the Corinthians, "What clearing of yourselves," will satisfy none but those who are convinced already. But we need be astonished at nothing when we find Nathan pointed to as the director and confessor of David, the writer being driven, in order to maintain his point, to assert that the modern priest is the representative of the Prophet, Priest, and Judge of the old dispensation in one; and are gravely told, "if we adopt the doctrine commonly taught by the Fathers, that it was the Divine and Eternal Word, Who acted throughout as the agent of the Father in the whole transaction" (the union of Adam and Eve in Paradise), "we shall be enabled to say that He who afterwards became incarnate and the Great High Priest of His spiritual body, the Church, was *the Priest who united these two and made them one, and gave the Sacerdotal Benediction.*" We have often rebelled against the mere literalism of interpretation in which a certain class love to indulge, and which has robbed many passages of Scripture of their beauty; but infinitely better, even the hard and fast lines of a rigid biblical criticism, than

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that God's Word should be treated as a field in which the fancy is to disport itself and palm off its own wretched vagaries as the teachings of Heaven. Were such principles to be accepted, Brigham Young might find clear intimations of the advent of Joe Smith, and some foreshadowings of the constitution and privileges of Utah.

Equally ingenious and equally disingenuous are the special pleadings by which the "Catholics" endeavour to prove their conformity to the formularies of the Anglican Church. We shall not attempt to anticipate the decisions of the courts of law on questions which are at present subjects of litigation. We frankly recognise the sanction which these doctrines apparently receive from the language of some of the offices, and the extent to which many of the most objectionable practices are covered by the celebrated "Ornaments Rubric." But the more extensive our concessions and the more full our acknowledgment of the difficulties of the Evangelical position, the more earnest and decided must be our protest against the idea that this theory of sacramental grace is the doctrine of the Church of England. The semi-Romanising divines of the past have left the traces of their influence only too deeply marked; but they did not succeed in un-Protestantising that church altogether. The Articles especially are full of, what to ordinary readers seem to be, decided protests against the characteristic errors of Popery, and what have for centuries been universally interpreted in this sense. *Tract XC.* suggested another way in which they might be explained, and recent writers have improved upon the example thus set. If a man will only fairly and fully surrender himself to the teachings of these new guides, he will be astonished at the discoveries he will make. He will find that whatever is not distinctly prohibited in the Book of Common Prayer, is lawful if it can be shown that it had a place in the Liturgy of 1549, or even in some older office book. It is easy to see what a wide door is opened by such a principle, and how, if it be once conceded, all the practices of Romanism may be introduced wholesale. Considering the fullness of the directions contained in the Prayer Book, and the number of revisions through which all the offices have passed, we should have concluded that any formularies which it did not contain, and more especially any which, having had a place in the oldest Liturgy of the Reformed Church, had been omitted, were unauthorised. But then we have only the light of our own poor Protestant understandings to guide us, and must, therefore, defer to those who are so much more competent to judge, and who

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tell us that while they "have no right to alter one of the existing offices, or to substitute another in its place; they have a right to use an old office, where the present book does not provide a new one. The point is raised in relation to the "Sacrament of Unction," which the writer contends ought to be restored. It is true that the twenty-fifth Article includes it among the five "commonly called sacraments," which it pronounces "not to be counted for sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the Apostles," &c. But this will be no serious difficulty to those who have already found how a belief in seven sacraments is to be reconciled with subscription to an Article that declares there are only two. It is, therefore, hoped, the condemnation of the Article and the absence of any office for such a sacrament notwithstanding, that "the time will come when the bishop shall resume his proper functions in his own cathedral church, and solemnly consecrate the oil for this sacrament." Meanwhile it is suggested that "those parish priests who desire to use the oil shall request their own bishop to consecrate it. If he refuses, then let them go to another, *for there are two bishops, at least, in the Anglican Communion who have consecrated oil for this purpose.* Or let them follow the Eastern custom, and get seven priests to combine in the act of consecration. For while the *chrisma* or oil for consecration must be consecrated by a bishop, the eucheleon or oil for the sick may be consecrated by seven priests."

We have not space to follow this point further; but our readers will see for themselves how entirely all the supposed defences and barriers of Protestantism are broken down if once such principles as these be admitted, and men are allowed to play fast and loose with the authoritative documents of their Church. The universal consent of that Church for three centuries avails nothing; for owing, we are told by these writers, to the influx of Protestant refugees from the Continent, and the action of certain political influence, "Protestantism, both in faith and practice, established *itself in spite of our laws*, and formed a kind of uninvited code of custom of its own." They start with the idea that the Church has been in bondage for three centuries, and that though practically a more extensive reformation has been carried out, yet her design was to retain (with a few important exceptions) the doctrines and practices of the ante-Reformation period, and the endeavour is to conform everything to this theory. "We maintain," says the *Union*

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Review, "that all such protests that appear in our articles against Romish doctrine, refer not at all to the real and authoritative teaching of your (the Roman) Church, but to certain perversions and corruptions of it *then* very prevalent, but now unknown, and against many of which you openly protested at the Council of Trent." A most cheerful view of the doctrinal position of the Church of England certainly! and yet if we venture to question it, we are overwhelmed instantly by long "catenæ" of testimonies from the writings of Anglican divines to prove that they held "Catholic" and not Protestant views.

A flagrant example of the way in which the "word of promise is thus kept to the ear and broken to the heart," may be found in the treatment of the Article relative to transubstantiation, or "the change of the substance of Bread and Wine in the Supper of the Lord," which it declares "is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions." Of course in the face of this it will not do to teach transubstantiation by name; and therefore, while all that is essential in the doctrine is most earnestly insisted upon, the term, and a particular phase of the doctrine to which the term is restricted, are just as earnestly repudiated. An avowal, all too candid we should fancy for the parts of the policy adopted in this respect, is given by the lay writer in the *Union Review* already quoted.

"So again with regard to 'transubstantiation.' No more convenient word could be found for expressing the nature of the *change which we, equally with you, declare to be wrought by the act of consecration.* But as our Articles use the word in a wholly different sense, and as the Protestant thinks, however wrongly, that this is the sense in which you use it, we are compelled to avoid the obnoxious expression; nay, we even find it convenient to dwell *with emphasis*, as the Bishop of Salisbury has done in his charges on those formula, which deny the change of substance in this sense, for fear the Protestant should misconceive us, and accuse us of holding that doctrine of a carnal sensible presence which you, equally with us, repudiate."

We learn, then, from this remarkable passage—first, that the compilers of the Articles took the trouble of pronouncing an elaborate condemnation of doctrines which no Church held; and second, that the emphatic repudiation of the errors of transubstantiation, in which "Catholics," from the Bishop of Salisbury downwards, indulge, are really nothing better than tubs thrown out to poor Protestant whales. We are greatly indebted for the information,

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although with the strong statements on the subject of the "Real Presence," which we find throughout their writings, it was hardly necessary. Thus the Bishop of Salisbury, to whose words more importance must be attached, because of the position he occupies, and whom, therefore, we quote in preference to any other of the host of writers who are continually seeking to inculcate this doctrine in an even more pronounced form, says as to the results of consecration :—

"Through such blessing the oblation becomes a sacrament, and as such, has not only an outward, but an inward part. The outward part—the bread and wine—remains in its appearance, form, and essence, or substance, what it was before the act of consecration: but still by consecration it has been made the veil and channel of an ineffable mystery. The inward part is that which our blessed Lord took from the blessed Virgin—which He offered to God as an atoning sacrifice on the cross—which the Almighty Father has glorified, has, that is, endowed, 'not with the actual properties, but with the supernatural gifts, graces, and effects of Godhead;' and out of which, wells forth every blessing of the New Covenant. The inward part of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, is Christ's precious body and blood; and so, by virtue of the hypostatic union, Christ Himself. But here observe, my brethren, a distinction which I must make. This inward part of the Sacrament, this presence of the body and blood of Christ, and of Christ Himself, is not after the manner or laws of a body, according to which ordinary laws, our Lord's body is in heaven only; but a supernatural, heavenly, invisible, incomprehensible and spiritual presence. It is, in fact, the presence (to use the language of one of our Homilies), not of a carnal, but of a ghostly substance; or to state the doctrine in the language of St. Augustine, whose triple distinction is necessarily so familiar to every catechumen of the Church, it is the presence not merely of the virtus, but of the *res Sacramenti.* It is 'the body and blood of Christ.' Such, my brethren, is the effect of Christ's consecration of the elements through the action of His ministers. The gifts receive an inward part, even the presence of the *res Sacramenti*, the body and blood of Christ."—*Charge*, pp. 49—51.

We doubt whether the seriousness of the fact that a bishop has in this explicit manner addressed to his clergy such teaching as this—teaching which really involves everything against which we care to contend in the doctrine of transubstantiation—has as yet been sufficiently appreciated. It is of little importance to us to enquire as to the exact phase of doctrine which these divines believe, and which they appear unable properly to define themselves. It is not a corporeal presence, and yet it seems to be something more than a spiritual presence, at least as the term is generally under-

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stood. It is not carnal, yet it is the "real and substantial presence" of the body and blood. It is an objective presence "which does not in any manner depend on our faith," and yet it does not come under the cognisance of our senses. The sign is not changed into the thing signified—the bread and wine remain still, though the body and blood of Christ are there; and therefore the idea of transubstantiation is rejected. Yet there is no union of the symbol and the reality, and therefore the dogma of consubstantiation is still more decidedly repudiated. "The hand that feels it can feel nothing but what it touches; the eye that looks upon it can see nothing but the outward species—the veil which shrouds it." Yet the very body of the Lord is eaten as a "heavenly refection," a "ghostly substance;" and "so close is the union between the outward and the inward, that the sign assumes the name of the thing signified, and the soul absorbed in love and adoration loses the thought of the sensible, and dwells upon the transporting reality."* This, then, is not the Romanist doctrine—it is the "Catholic;" but wherein the difference between the "Catholic" and Romish view consists, and still more, what practical advantage is gained by the adoption of the former rather than the latter, it would require a subtler intellect than ours to comprehend and explain. Certain it is that the superstitions which the Article regards as one of the results of the Popish doctrine, have, as the *Directorium Anglicanum* or any other book of a similar character will show, developed themselves rapidly enough in connection with this Anglican Catholicism; and certain it is, that whatever be the name given to this new dogma, it is, to all intents and purposes, the same as transubstantiation.

We had intended, by extracts principally from their hymnals and books of devotion, to show how rapid has been the advance of the party towards other features of the Romish system, such as the cherishing of an excessive veneration for the Virgin Mary, and even a belief in her immaculate conception, a modified view of Purgatory, and the practice of prayers for the dead. We had also intended to examine at some length their teachings and practices as to confession; but for the present we forbear. If occasion offer we hope to return again to topics which are destined to engage very much of public attention. In one or two sentences, however, we must protest against the attempt of the Bishop of Salisbury to find in some

* *Tracts for the Day*, V. xxvii.

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Dissenting customs a parallel to the confessional. Nonconformist ministers are ready to act as friends and helpers of those members of their churches who may desire their counsel, but the man who should urge the practices of confession, or arrogate to himself any peculiar virtue in the quieting of disturbed consciences, would very speedily be taught the vanity of his pretensions. But, of all things, to find a parallel for auricular confession and priestly absolution in Methodist class-meetings is certainly the most extraordinary. The bishop has here been misled by one who tells us he was once a Dissenting minister; but if he will visit a class-meeting himself, we think he will hesitate before he quotes again such a proof that the "Dissenters, who profess to repudiate the confessional in our Church, virtually acknowledge and use it themselves."

A more graphic picture of the real character and tendencies of the system could hardly be given than that which is furnished by a description of the funeral of the Rev. C. or "Father" Lynford, contained in the *Church Times* of August 10th. After an account of the ceremonies on the day prior to the interment, which is too long to quote here, it thus proceeds :—

"All the congregation then dispersed with the exception of those who watched in the church during the night. From this time, as long as the body remained in the church, three mourners in surplices knelt on either side of the bier. They were relieved every hour, and all through the still, dark silence of the night, while the world slept, ever and anon rose up before God's altar the cry to the All-pitiful for mercy on the soul of him who was lying there so calm and peaceful; and again and again was heard the solemn chant of the *Miserere* and the *De Profundis,* the sweet Litanies, and the tolling of the death-bell. And, as the Matins and Lauds of the dead were recited, the grey morning twilight brake in the east, reminding one of the Resurrection morning, when we shall see our dear Father once more."

The issue, then, is now fairly raised, whether the Church of England is to remain Protestant or not. It has been thought by some that these "Catholics" have so much of honesty and high-mindedness that, if they be restrained in the exercise of their freedom at all, they will at once secede. But it has recently become quite evident that they have no intention either of bowing to the authority of the bishops, or even of the courts of law, and that if these should forbid any of their peculiar teachings or practices, they intend to maintain their position unless absolutely deprived of their pulpits. With all their sacerdotalism, there are no men who have treated the bishops with greater contempt if they

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have ventured to come across their path. One of their organs condescended the other day to the pitiable vulgarity of giving the Bishop of Carlisle the nickname of "poor Whalley," forgetting that a paper which professes to represent the priests of the Church ought certainly to eschew conduct to which even gentlemen of the world would not stoop. The Rev. W. J. E. Bennett asks, "Is there no higher authority which stands over both bishop and priest, and which the bishop disobeying, absolves the priest from his ordination vow?" A writer in one of the *Tracts for the Day* goes even further, and tells us "there is a wide difference between the deacon and the priest; but there is a very narrow difference only between the priest and the bishop." With such views of the authority within the Church we need hardly be surprised that there is little reverence for ecclesiastical tribunals, and that they hold "that, so long as the Church in *convocation* does not ratify its (*i.e.* the judicial committee's) decisions, we are not, as individual members of the Church, in the least degree committed to them." The case between the two parties is succinctly stated by the author of the very pungent and significant pamphlet entitled *Protestantism and the Prayer Book*, which all who are interested in this controversy ought to study:—"English Protestants have in times of ignorance and neglect, disregarded unchallenged one-half of the Church's teaching, and altered the sense of the other half; and now they accuse Catholics of trying to change her doctrines, when these latter are only bringing them back into accordance with her own standards. The two cannot really co-exist, we know. Our point once proved, it will also prove that the Church of England is not a body to which Protestants can conscientiously belong; but this is an after-subject for their earnest and prayerful consideration." We quite agree that the two ought not both to have an existence in the same Church; but it is for the people of England to decide as to which party shall continue to enjoy the privileges of the National Church. The question is now definitely raised as to whether that Church shall be Protestant or "Catholic," "Catholic" being in reality only another name for Romish; and when once this is thoroughly understood, we cannot doubt as to what the response will be.

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ART. III.—1. *The Philosophy of Freedom* [La Philosophie de la Liberté]. By CHARLES SECRETAN. Second Edition. Paris: Durand, Rue Cujas, 9. 1866.

2. *Reason and Experience.* An Inaugural Discourse delivered upon reassuming the Chair of Philosophy in the Academy of Lausanne, October 24, 1866, and published in the "Chrétien Evangélique," for November, 1866.

3. *Reason and Christianity.* Twelve Lectures on the Existence of God [La Raison et le Christianisme, etc.]. By CHARLES SECRETAN. Meyer, Lausanne. 1863.

THERE are in the world but three populations descended from ancestors of old Roman culture, and speaking a language mainly derived from Latin, of whom the majority are also Protestants, and all three occupy a very limited area. Their very existence disproves the axiom of one of our modern schools of unbelief, that religion is always fatally determined by the instincts of race, and it is natural to look upon them with feelings of interest as specimens of what the Roman world might have become if it had embraced Protestantism.

However, these three populations are not equally suited to serve the purpose of measuring the effects of evangelical religion upon general culture. One of them, inhabiting the department of the Gard in France, and now presenting a bare majority of Protestants, was, so to speak, decapitated by unrelenting persecution; its upper classes driven into exile, its skilled workmen scattered abroad, its ministers perishing in dungeons or broken on the wheel. It remained for several generations almost a people of outlaws, in a state of forced ignorance, not to say barbarism; and it is astonishing that, under the circumstances, it should have attained even the ordinary level of provincial French society.

The next field of investigation that might be suggested is under the sceptre of Queen Victoria, being no other than our own Channel Islands. Here is another little people of French Protestants; but they are few in number, and they have always been under English influence; insulars in the literal sense of the word, they have also been politically and socially isolated, so that their general education and material well-being cannot fairly be adduced as affording any decisive

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proof of the capabilities of the parent stock; the more so that the commercial policy of their rulers has been singularly favourable to their prosperity.

After all, therefore, the only country or province, the state of whose inhabitants may furnish us with the required standard, is the western corner of Switzerland, consisting of the cantons of Geneva, Vaud, and Neufchatel. Here is a French-speaking population, somewhat under 400,000, of whom seven-eighths are Protestants, whose civilisation is indigenous, and who are politically their own masters.

It must be confessed that when we contemplate this small corner of the Latin world, the place that it has occupied in history, its achievements in every sphere of thought, its original contributions to every branch of human science, the universality of primary education, the facilities afforded for more advanced instruction, the public spirit of its citizens, the many names of its children that are known over the world, the result is astonishing. It is such as might well make Englishmen and Prussians reflect very seriously on the possible consequences, so far as the equality of the nations is concerned, if France, and Spain, and Italy, had embraced the Reformation at the outset. We say at the outset, for, under God, the step taken by our forefathers has given us a start which we believe will never be lost in the race of nations.

Here are some 393,000 souls, hardly equal to the population of an average English county; primary instruction is obligatory, and the law in that respect is vigilantly enforced; every one can read and write, and has mastered a little elementary arithmetic, geography, and national history. Secondary education, classical and scientific, is provided for in public schools, which are gratuitous for the children of citizens, with very trifling fees for strangers. There are also industrial and superior schools for girls; the latter comprising diplomas of three classes. There are three academies, conferring degrees of bachelor and licentiate in letters, science, and jurisprudence, to which two of them add divinity; there are also three independent schools of theology. These six institutions present a staff of about one hundred professors, with more than six hundred students.

There are booksellers in every little town, of whom seventeen join publishing to the retail trade, some of them on a respectable scale, and there are two that confine themselves exclusively to publishing. There are three large public libraries, besides many belonging to special corporations;

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three picture galleries, and a permanent exhibition; several museums of natural history and archæology; various learned societies, publishing their labours in monthly or quarterly reports, or in a substantial annual volume. There are five monthly magazines, literary and religious, and an equal number of scientific or technical periodicals; ten, chiefly religious, appear once a fortnight; fifty-two political papers, appearing once, twice, or three times a week; *ten daily papers*, inferior in size to ours, but the news judiciously selected, the original articles well written, and the foreign correspondence serious. To complete this side of the picture, the expenses of these three cantons for educational purposes are about equal to their military expenses, as indeed is also the case with the Swiss cantons generally, though the whole population is trained to arms. At the Paris International Exhibition of this year, natives of these same cantons received the only grand prize of art alloted to Switzerland, and nine out of twenty-three gold medals.

This little corner has produced in the sphere of art, a Leopold Robert, Calame, Hornung, Gleyre, the two Girardets, &c.; in geology, natural history, and physics, Agassiz, the two De Saussures, De Luc, Huber, the De Candolles, father and son, Professor de la Rive, Pictet de la Rive; Vattel, in international law; Adolphe Pictet, in comparative philology; Sismondi and Merle d'Aubigné, in history; the reformer Viret, the statesman Neckar. In literature and general philosophy, it has produced Casaubon, Charles Bonnet, Benjamin Constant, Mdme. de Staël, Mdme. Neckar de Saussure, J. J. Rousseau, Vinet, Topffer, &c.; in metaphysics and Christian Apologetics, Vinet, Naville, and the author of the works before us.

If we compare with this array of names those that could be produced by any equal area in England, Scotland, Germany, or North America, we must confess the advantage is on the side of the *Suisse Romande*. If it be pleaded that this is a petted country; that the trial is like an agricultural experiment made in a garden instead of the open field, and so forth, we are ready to give full weight to every consideration that may save our self-love. It is true that this district, and the city of Geneva especially, contains a number of lineages descended from illustrious exiles and religious confessors, greater in proportion than any other part of Europe —greater even than Holland; and this fact has largely influenced both its material and intellectual development; but it must be remembered that the same advantage has been shared in some degree by all Protestant lands. The genius and

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moral courage of Catholic Europe were sown broadcast over Protestant Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We have avoided reckoning among the illustrations of French-speaking Switzerland, the strangers who helped to develop its institutions, or lived on the borders of its magnificent lakes, as Calvin, Beza, Farel, Voltaire, and Gibbon. It must be remembered, too, that the Canton of Vaud has been in possession of liberty and self-government for little more than half a century, and that it comprises nearly three-fifths of the population of this favoured district. The *Suisse Romande* advances like a promontory in the midst of an ocean of surrounding ignorance. French and Savoyards press upon it, and crowd into it, and it has to react against the weight. It is not a garden in this sense, but an unfenced cultivated patch on a common. Liberty alone has not created this oasis; for Catholic Valais and Fribourg, that join it, are at a far lower level. Berne, Basle, Zurich, come nearest, without however, in our opinion, attaining the same intellectual rank.

When the French mind has been brought under the influence of religion, it seems peculiarly suited to excel in the sphere of Christian Apologetics. The metaphysics of a French thinker are singularly clear, even when profound; and his literary instincts, if not vitiated by vanity, enable him to present truth in its most attractive forms, and argument in the shape which offers least hold to sophistry. The courtiers of Louis XIV. inspire so little sympathy that the majesty of Bossuet tells upon the modern reader less than it would otherwise have done, but Fénelon is as subtle as Clarke and more readable. There is no name among German apologists that can be mentioned in the same breath with Pascal, or even with good old Abbadie; and we have ourselves no representative for whom we can put in such a claim, except Bishop Butler, and for him only in his own peculiar line.

Such being one of the aptitudes of the French mind, we might naturally expect to find it largely developed in a country speaking the French tongue, and, however jealous of its political independence, sharing the general gifts and tendencies of the race. Nor are we disappointed. Alexander Vinet alone would have been enough to make his country illustrious; and Ernest Naville and Charles Secrétan belong to the same generation, being by about twelve or fifteen years the juniors of the great Christian moralist and critic.

Vinet never published any professedly apologetical work; but the *Discours sur quelques Sujets religieux*, which first

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appeared at Basle in 1831, revealed in him a most eminent master of the nominally indirect, but effectual, method of apology which consists in commending religious truth to every man's conscience by the simple manifestation of the truth itself (2 Cor. iv. 2). He showed in this and in all his subsequent works that the religion of redemption presents the heart with an object such as can satisfy its infinite cravings, and the conscience with the rule after which it aspires. He showed that the message of Divine forgiveness reaches man in the depth of his being, reconciling his instinctive love of happiness with the austere sense of obligation to pursue moral excellence for its own sake, and bringing all his powers and feelings into harmonious co-operation. Vinet could not deal with any problem of life, or touch upon any question of education, morals or politics, or analyse any masterpiece of literature, without having before his own mind, and suggesting to his readers, at once the glorious prerogatives of the human race, by original creation and birthright, the tragical realities of life as sin has made it, and the revelation of the resources of infinite wisdom and love in the process of recovery. Emphatically a Christian thinker, his last words, uttered about two hours before he ceased to breathe, were characteristic: "I can think no longer."

M. Ernest Naville's principal works have been the long and valuable preface to his edition of the inedited works of Maine de Biran; the life of the same metaphysician, with extracts from his journal; the biographies of Father Girard and of Professor Diodati; and the two series of lectures published under the titles of *Eternal Life* and *The Heavenly Father*. He has exhibited himself as an able, brilliant, devout, and Catholic defender of faith in God, and—more summarily, but with an equal efficiency—of the specifically Christian faith in redemption. Maine de Biran has been his principal master in psychology, and Professor Secrétan in the higher walks of philosophy; but the great French writers of the seventeenth century seem to be his favourite study, and he is comparatively little conversant with the German metaphysicians.

Less popular than Naville, less literary in his tastes and brilliant as a writer than either Naville or Vinet, Professor Secrétan is an eminently original thinker, and at the same time one who has passed through the most violent intellectual gymnastics practised in German schools of thought. He was a pupil of Schelling in his second period, and not uninfluenced by him, though claiming independence for the principal

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features of his philosophical system. He appears to have studied our modern English metaphysicians very little; and, except in the preface to this last edition of the *Philosophy of Freedom*, where Mr. Mill is sometimes mentioned in connection with Positivism, their names are not to be found upon his pages. His scheme is not the less a fortress commanding the field in which the disciples of Hamilton and Mansell, Mill and Spencer, McCosh and Calderwood are battling: it looks as if it had been built for that purpose, though really erected some years before these controversies opened.

But if our author does not seem to know much about Englishmen, may we not in our turn care to know little about him? Metaphysical speculation is not popular amongst us; it is one of the few stimulants which Englishmen are never tempted to abuse. May not the very title of this paper be enough to make some of our readers skip its pages as schoolboys do the moral of a story?

We are not without misgivings, but we must contend that none who are capable of entering into subjects of this order should turn away from them without some qualms of conscience, for if ever there was a day in which Englishmen stood in need of a sound philosophy it is the present. They who will not take the trouble are in danger of becoming or remaining all-unconsciously the disciples of a false philosophy; the fear of metaphysical discussion, as Dr. McCosh says, makes them fall into the net of sophistical metaphysics, "like those excessively cautious and suspicious persons to be met with in the world, who are so afraid of everybody cheating them, that they become the dupes of those more designing schemers who are ever warning them against the dishonesty of others." How often men profess to have no philosophy, but that of common sense, or of the Bible, while others can detect the injurious influence of the utilitarianism of Paley or Bentham upon their character or piety; how many minds, partially drawn into the vortex of positivism, are only saved from its conclusions by a sort of voluntary blindness. It is not altogether unjust of foreigners to accuse us of feeling less need of consistency with ourselves than they do. That Englishman is too often to be met with whose religion, and science, and metaphysics, or the conclusions which serve him instead of metaphysics, are hopelessly at variance with each other, and who gives himself no trouble on the matter except that of taking them up separately by a sort of instinctive precaution, like chemical elements that

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must be kept apart lest their contact should produce an explosion. He closes one drawer before he opens another; puts the glass stopper on the acids before he handles the alkalis.

Let us not be misunderstood. A hearty lover of truth with large views, and a reverent fear of trifling with facts in any sphere, may find himself for the present unable to reconcile beliefs which he is not the less constrained to accept as true when he contemplates them alternately; and in such a case he will wisely refrain from fastening precipitately upon some forced solution of his difficulties; he will wait in faith for the larger generalisation that is to make all clear—aye, and die in that faith, if Providence should so require. But this act of humble and believing self-restraint is not to be confounded with the mere indolence that tries to hide its repugnance to any kind of intellectual toil under the cloak of piety or common sense. The labour of which we are capable is part of our fealty to the truth, and he who withholds it will be punished by the narrowness of his piety, or by the bad conscience that hangs upon and clogs his science, or by both together; we are never wrong with impunity.

The fact is, man is a born philosopher; we may not all be dialecticians; we are not all capable of drawing out, ring after ring, the chain of adamant on which a general cosmic scheme is suspended; but every human being above idiotcy forms for himself some conception of the world as a whole, and of his own relation to it. He has no choice; the philosophy may be grand and true, or mean and false, but he cannot do without it, and it is invariably a practical philosophy. The scheme of creation entertained by a London rough may include little more than a certain sum of sensual pleasures, coupled with the contents of his neighbour's pockets and the disagreeable presence of the policeman at the corner; but his philosophy is not the less true to our innate tendency to a synthetic view of things, and, such as it is, it leads to prompt and cautious action. The world of a very frivolous young lady may consist essentially of articles of millinery at the centre, and possible husbands at the circumference; but her circle is shaped as mathematically as if it were bigger, and her philosophy is as practical. From Tom Coffin's standpoint, the final cause of the existence of land was that one might have a place upon which to dry one's fish, with mud bottoms for anchorage. The professional thinker tries to grasp in one system the whole known universe and his own place in it; his practical life may not be as immediately and

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as manifestly determined by his speculations, as is the case with those whose horizons are narrower; but it is so ultimately. He fixes for himself, and for those who take his opinions upon trust, the method that is to be followed in all inquiry, the frame into which all acquisitions are to be fitted, and the principles by which all conduct is to be judged; and these principles are sure to filter through the mass of society, and leaven the views of persons who have never heard of his name.

The fatal influence of materialism in the high places of philosophy at the time of the first French Revolution is an instance of the danger of thus poisoning the rivers and fountains of water, and we may soon become only too familiar with similar results in this country. The assertions of the sophist in repute become the common-place traditions of the crowd, and they tell upon conduct in directions which seem at first sight altogether independent of philosophical speculation, as when both materialism and scepticism are seen to make men submit more unresistingly to all shapes of despotism. Thus Hegel was in favour with the court of Berlin, because his fatalism was rightly held to be anti-revolutionary. But if the consequences of speculative error are felt in all spheres, they are especially destructive in the highest, because they fall in with those secret influences of our fallen nature which draw men away from the source of light and life. Doctrines upon which no one could profess to act in common secular affairs recover their credit in a sphere where the realities that should neutralise them are out of sight, and the tendencies that put them forward as a pretext are equally powerful and insidious. Nor should a half-cultivated public be allowed to suppose them unanswerable by argument.

People, happily, may be religious without being metaphysicians: there are many instances on record of people who have got rich without metaphysics,—nay, tastes are such that it is possible some may find other reading more amusing than metaphysics. But it is certain that the habitual abstinence of the great body of intelligent Englishmen from the higher walks of thought for some generations back has told most injuriously upon art, science, and theology—upon every intellectual and moral province of our national life. The great ice-fields of the Alps may wear a cold and forbidding aspect, and only be reached by arduous ascents; but the relief and volume of the glacier determines the direction and the force of the stream that is to lay waste or else to enrich the valley; and the waters *will* find their way down. The elements that are at

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work in these higher regions do inevitably act upon the daily life, the pursuits and interests of multitudes who never visit the lofty solitude.

However, let the reader be reassured; we do not want him to become a member of an Alpine club. He is only asked to follow with some interest from a distance the progress made by another up these giddy heights. This paper can be but a sketch,—an attempt to set forth results rather than the process by which they were attained. We believe that any trustworthy philosophy must be accessible to all cultivated capacities, and the system before us, though resolution and perseverance are required to master it, is pre-eminently a philosophy of common sense. The author does not trifle about *phenomena and noumena*, but sets out boldly with the assumption of the authenticity of the reports made by the several human faculties. Scepticism cannot be refuted by reasoning, he says, with quiet irony; so that it would be very embarrassing if it could exist, which happily it cannot.

The *Philosophy of Freedom* was a course of lectures first given in the Academy of Lausanne in 1844 and 1845. It was nominally but the *prolegomena* to a moral philosophy; but, as we shall see, it followed from the very nature of Professor Secrétan's views upon the universal constitution of things that the attempt to determine the place and the principle of morals led to the exposition of the whole theory.

The edition of 1849 consisted of two volumes. In the first, after retracing the various attempts to reach the absolute throughout the whole history of philosophy, the author set forth his own *regressive metaphysics*, reasoning upward from the visible world with the free agents upon it to its cause and principle. It was practically a vindication of Theism. The second volume contained *progressive metaphysics*, reasoning downwards from the character of God to creation and redemption, showing that, without the recognition of a Fall and of a Redemption, the facts of nature, of history, and of every man's personal experience would constitute an enigma equally dark and terrible; insoluble by reason and allowing the heart no refuge from despair and horror. It was at once a vindication of Christianity and a necessary complement of the previous exposition of Theism, because it proved that faith in God could not be maintained without faith in redemption; that he who would stop short in Theism must be beaten alike on the ground of speculation and on that of experience.

The volume before us is the reproduction of the first volume of the former edition, together with the four first lessons of

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the second volume, being the part of progressive metaphysics which concerns creation and the manifestation of the Divine character in it. This simplifies our task; for, if Professor Secrétan is remarkably sober in his language, seeming jealously to weigh every word lest he should go beyond the conclusions he is entitled to draw, he is equally distinguished by boldness and originality of thought. There is much in the second part to which we could not do justice except at a length inconsistent with our limits, and there are points on which we should have to reserve our judgment.

M. Secrétan is arrested at the very threshold of his inquiries by the various philosophies of nescience. He does not notice that of Hamilton and Mansell; but he introduces the present edition by a preface of eighty pages, defending metaphysics against Continental Positivists. Comte, Littré, and their followers set out with the fundamental proposition that the human mind is incapable of attaining absolute truth on any subject. We cannot seize, they say, the essence, the first cause, the final destination of anything; we are only cognisant of phenomena and their succession; there are no *à priori* affirmations of the mind constituting its native structure; there are no propositions of which the contrary is inconceivable according to the very laws of thought; the elementary truths of arithmetic and mathematics are but facts acquired by generalisation from particular observations. We know that two and two make four, because we have always found it to be the case, &c. It is easy for our author to show that writers of this school are perpetually inconsistent with each other and with themselves. As it is not in man to carry out effectually that suppression or mutilation of thought which is their passion, they are constantly trespassing upon the ground from which they have warned away others, giving explanations that transcend the mere registry of phenomena —that is to say, propounding metaphysics of their own which only differ from those of their adversaries by being false.

Observation tells us that animals see with their eyes, and it tells us no more. The unsophisticated mind, from its innate disposition to ascend to the causes of things, and to find order and unity in the world, concludes that eyes were made to see. The Positivist is indignant at this attempt to assume anything beyond the bare fact observed, and in the same breath he proceeds to explain that the faculty of adjusting itself to necessary functions is a property of living matter, and that the eye is therefore the product of this power of self-adaptation. Surely this proposition is as much a piece of metaphysics as

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that which it is intended to supersede. The Theist and the Positivist both go higher up than the simple phenomenon, the one accounting for it by a Divine purpose, the other by a self-created faculty of all animated nature. It is thus with all the other negations of the system; notwithstanding all his professions, the Positivist is unable to refrain from attempting to satisfy the instinct of causality that is in human nature; he owns its existence by the very attempt to feed it with trash.

The affirmations, as well as the negations, of the Positivist, betray his unconscious submission to *à priori* laws of thought of which he denies the existence or the legitimacy. Thus M. Littré speaks of the boundless universe: who told him it was boundless? Observation is limited. Where then is his authority for this jump from the finite to the infinite? Positivists are ever dwelling on the invariability of the laws of nature. We, too, believe in law, by virtue of that original constitution of the mind which prepares it to rise from a certain number of facts to the conception of a general law; but by what right does the Positivist assume that the facts he has observed will continue to be repeated in the same circumstances? It is true, indeed, he wants the doctrine of the continuity of nature to secure the world against any intrusion of supernatural power; but he can only attain the idea by a process which he has repudiated as illegitimate.

Every phenomenon naturally suggests two questions, continues M. Secrétan: how is it produced? and, secondly, *why?* The first question is to be resolved by observation; the second should not be allowed to interfere with it, and so far the exclusion of the search after final causes in physics is right; but when science has registered its answer to the question *how*, the human mind continues to ask *why*. Metaphysics appeared early in human history; the question children are ever asking was also that of the race in its childhood—*why?* but it will never lose its interest, and its suppression would be the suppression of reason. The distinction of the three ages, theological, metaphysical, and positive, expresses an incontestable historical fact; the present age is positive, in so far that in it alone observation has been allowed its due place; but there never will be an age exclusively positive; the true value of the increase in accuracy of observation is that it lays a foundation for sounder theology and surer metaphysics.

Positivism, according to the theory, should be neutral on religious questions; but its continental adepts at least are not so. Comte erected his personal antipathies into a system;

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his followers are ever assuming for their professed ignorance the rights of negative demonstration. Truth is but relative, they say; we know nothing about the absolute; and the very next moment it appears they know enough about it to deny its existence! They are as sure that there is no God as if they had visited all the universe, and ascertained that He was nowhere. The world, says M. Littré, "is constituted by matter and by forces—matter of which both the origin and the essence are inaccessible to us, and forces inhering in this matter." A little further on he pictures man as finding himself alone in the immensity of space "without other masters, sureties, or forces than the laws that govern the universe." How can a man who professes to know nothing of the essence of matter be so sure that the universe contains nothing else? How can one for whom the origin of the world is confessedly an insoluble problem, proclaim with such assurance that its laws are our only masters?

M. Secrétan freely admits that none of our ideas are formed independently of experience; but the history of the acquisition of an idea does not exhaust its contents. The mind brings its own *à priori* faculties to take cognisance of the revelations that sensation makes. The abstract notions of being and cause, for instance, which are awakened but not conveyed by sensations, enter as elements into all experience. "They form the essence of language, without which it would be impossible, not only to express our thoughts, but even to think. The notion of being is involved every time we use a substantive; that of activity or causality constitutes the very nature of verbs."

M. Littré himself lately confessed that a scientific moral system has not yet been constructed on the Positivist platform. A very serious want in the theory of a school that offers to undertake the guidance of mankind; and it is not accidental—the void can never be filled. From no conceivable amount of sensations can the feeling of obligation be distilled: on no possible theory of mere empiricism can the principle of obligation be explained. The word *law* has not the same sense in morals and in physics. The physical law gives me the simple fact as it takes place under certain conditions; moral law expresses that which ought to be, and which is too often the reverse of the fact. If I wish to do right, utilitarian considerations may direct me, but they cannot create the feeling that I *ought* to do what I know to be right; this *ought* is a primordial feature of human nature. It is all very well to have honourable and benevolent feelings,

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to find one's highest pleasure in respect for one's self, and in kindness to others, in lofty truthfulness, in serene superiority to evil and suffering, in self-denying charity; but, on the sensational theory, this noble stoicism, or this amiable epicurism, is but a matter of temperament. We are told that "reason judges between our personal and our impersonal impulses;" but on the empirical hypothesis reason can but *class* our feelings; to speak of its *judging* them, if the word is meant to have a meaning, is to recognise the moral sense. We do not experience the least scruple in repressing some of our feelings and contradicting our desires; whence then the feeling that it is wrong to repress our so-called impersonal impulses? Selfishness may be a great mistake; but whence the *obligation* not to fall into this particular mistake? Vice may be the ruin of body and soul; but why am I *bound* to respect my own being?

Ah, Comte knew what he was about when, to quote his barbarously pedantic language, he said that henceforth "personal morals should be radically withdrawn from the arbitrariness of personal prudence, and fully incorporated into the body of public prescriptions." That is to say, his God being society, the true sanction of his system is the penal code. It will be made to sanction more than personal morals; when man is understood to be a mere receptacle for sensations, the machine cannot be too strictly regulated; thus, when the reign of positivism comes, liberty of opinion in matters of science, politics, or religion will be reduced "*within its normal limits.*" There will be a new clergy and a new index of prohibited books. The congress of Liége, and that of social sciences at Berne, have given the thoughtful a glimpse of the sort of tolerance that is to be expected from Atheism, if it ever finds the secular arm at its disposal.

We now leave the preface and come to the *Philosophy of Freedom* itself. According to M. Secrétan, sensible experience alone can supply no philosophy whatever; indeed, rigorously speaking, it cannot exist alone. To take cognisance of any external fact, it is necessary to apply to the *data* of the senses those universal and necessary ideas of substance, cause, possibility, reality, &c., which constitute the mind itself. Of course it follows *à fortiori* that the simple spectacle of the external world would not lead up to a first cause, if we rigorously excluded the notions that we find in ourselves and that accompany us to the inquiry. We could not logically conclude from a *finite* universe, however immense, to an *infinite* Creator, nor from contingent to necessary being.

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He goes further still. The category of cause, if interpreted to mean simply this, "that everything which exists or happens has a cause," would not lead to a first cause, but to an infinite series, in which every apparent cause would prove in its turn to be only an effect; and so there would be no real cause after all, and nothing to satisfy the craving that had sent us forth upon this endless pilgrimage. No, the consciousness which finds an imperfect utterance in the rule, "Everything has a cause," should be expressed thus:—*Things which have their causes out of themselves oblige us to ascend until we find that which has its cause in itself.* There is an instinct in the mind that prompts us to feel after the supremely real Being, and to look upon everything that has not its conditions of existence in itself as a something but partially real, and in which we cannot stop short. The proper name of this instinct is *reason.* Our philosophy is based at once upon sensible experience and upon the necessary laws of mind. The former acquaints us with the limited and the accidental, and reason forthwith takes occasion from the limited and the accidental to aspire toward the unconditioned and the necessary. We may refuse to think, from indolence or fear of what we may find, but if we allow thought to soar heavenward, she cannot rest, she never pronounces herself satisfied, until she has found that for which she need seek no higher cause. But why are we to believe the consequences involved in this obstinate refusal of reason to content herself with effects? Because we cannot do otherwise. We may refuse to interpret our thoughts to ourselves, but we cannot help their existence. The common sense that believes in the reality of the external world is not more universal and ineradicable than the persuasion that the world has a cause behind it; and again, if this cause be understood as an effect not accounting for itself, that we must look behind it also. The word cause is used here in the most abstract sense. We are not yet supposed to know whether it is a personal Creator or an eternal system of things—some uncreated self-evolving law; all we know at this stage of the argument is that it is not chance, for chance is but a term to express our ignorance without honestly characterising it as such. Were any one, like Topsy in *Uncle Tom,* to say, "I never was made, I *growed,*" he would take an uncaused law of growth for the principle of his being, and, however mistaken, would not the less illustrate the mental law of which we speak.

Kant, finding himself unable to refute Hume's scepticism by reasoning, acted like the poor Russian mother who threw

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a child to the wolves in order to delay them while she tried to gallop away with the rest. He sacrificed the world of sense; allowed sceptics to make it, if they liked, but a well-regulated dream; and then took refuge in the sense of right and wrong, as the solid ground on which the truth of man's being and God's might both be safely rested. But his concessions betrayed him into the untenable position of one who holds a science which is not true, and a truth which is not known, and supposes a determining action exercised by that which is not upon that which is real. We have at bottom the same right to believe in our own selves through our consciousness, in the world through our senses, and in God through our conscience.

We cannot logically prove our own existence or that of the world to anyone who professes to doubt of either; but we know that such doubt is not serious: we cannot disbelieve in our senses. Our most elementary knowledge, then, begins by an act of faith. But we have the same reason to believe in all our faculties as in our senses; he who will believe nothing but his eyes or his five fingers is still far too credulous, for he has not left himself a right to believe in anything. The reality of the absolute cause of the universe has a higher voucher than that of the sun in the heavens, for we know the latter from the simple fact—the *accident* of its existence; but the unconditioned cause of all things is *necessary*. Imagination might picture to itself a world in which some other kind of agent filled the place of the sun, but no order of existence can be conceived which would not set the instinct of causality at work.

From all this it follows that the reality of the supreme fountain of being is not a thing to be logically proved, no more than our own or that of the external world. The idea imposes itself upon us, and the province of the thinker is not its demonstration, but its evolution; he has to draw out its contents. The truth he has reached as yet is common to the Theist and the Pantheist; and he must now choose between them. This absolute being, of which we have been speaking, this self-originated womb of all things—is it to be understood as a personal God and Creator, or is it a law acting fatally and unconsciously?

In one of the lectures comprising the second work in the list at the beginning of this paper, *Reason and Christianity*, Professor Secrétan deals with that popular form of Pantheism which makes it a religion of progress, as when M. Renan says he only asks for two things to explain the universe—an

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indefinite period of time, and the law of progress. Our author shows that the admission of a self-acting law of progress as an absolute principle, involves the absurdity of creation by nobody out of nothing! Look forward, indeed, and the sides of the angle of progress recede from each other; but look back through the countless ages which geology reveals, and the sides approach until they meet in a point. The doings of this law of indefinite progress followed backwards lead us through a succession of effects even greater than their causes, until we reach a time when there existed next to nothing, and then at last a time when there actually existed nothing, and *le néant même* proves to be the universal cause!

However, a Pantheistic theory may be propounded that does not fall into the metaphysical trap which this particular form of the doctrine digs for itself; and Professor Secrétan puts the great question between fatalism and freedom honestly, without trying to take the system to which he is opposed at any disadvantage. Physical science has a natural tendency to decide in favour of fatalism, it meets with law everywhere, it investigates the necessary operation of physical causes; to be able to predict future phenomena is its glory, whereas the acts of free beings lie without the sphere of scientific prediction. On the other hand, we feel ourselves free, or at least that we ought to be so, and we cannot conceive freedom to be the ideal of our own nature without also seating it upon the throne of the universe. If the world be the result of the necessary action of an infinite principle, there is no room in it for human freedom; we are what we are necessarily, and our particular acts can be but the manifestation of that predetermined essence.

It is not upon the simple consciousness of freedom that the author would have us found the persuasion of the Divine freedom; consciousness might be subject to illusions, and mistake for freedom a sort of spontaneousness that could co-exist with the absence of real control over ourselves. The final and decisive consideration is the sense of right and wrong; the feeling of obligation supposes me a free agent, and this is an authority I dare not question. Doubt on this point would be criminal. We have a Master then; the unconditioned Being whose existence imposes itself on our thoughts is a Supreme Legislator, infinite—but conscious and voluntary source of all order and of moral relation.

The controversy between Theism and Pantheism is therefore summarily decided by the existence of the conscience.

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We are not under obligation to ourselves, or we could release ourselves from it at pleasure. A stoic like Fichte may summon us to be true to the ideal of a lofty human character, and to all the better aspirations of our nature, but he is obliged to set out with begging the question that we are bound to preserve our own consistency and dignity. Every other attempt at a so-called independent moral system exhibits, in one shape or other, the same surreptitious introduction of obligation. No, the law of duty written in our hearts attests our dependence. We are not orphans, for there is One whose claim over us we cannot but recognise even when we rebel against it. As our existence leads up to the unconditioned, so our freedom requires the existence of unconditioned freedom. Professor Secrétan knows well that human freedom is impaired and practically lost, but the principle is maintained —the prescription kept up—even by the protestations of conscience.

He next asks if a counterproof for this immediate decision founded on moral motives may not be furnished by a longer, more strictly dialectical process. He undertakes to set out—not from a true definition of God, but from an elementary notion which everyone is obliged to accept. The common basis of Theism and Pantheism is this,—The universal principle is self-subsisting; the problem of metaphysics therefore becomes this,—How to conceive absolute Being so that its self-subsistence should involve no contradiction. In this argument the usual proofs of the existence of God are replaced by the demonstration of the personality and the absolute freedom of God. Hence the title of the work.

The principle of all existence has its cause in itself, or it would not be the first principle. It is well defined by Spinoza, *causa sui;* but he is not true to the definition, for he proceeds to reason as if the first principle were merely *uncaused;* whereas, if we rightly interpret the instinct which set us upon our search, it must be its own real and active cause. The source from all existence must be fed from itself. Experience shows us in organic beings substances that in an imperfect sense create themselves; their organs are produced by the operation of an internal activity; which in their turn they contribute to sustain. This double and constant movement from the centre to the extremities, and from the extremities to the centre, we call life; and the production and the maintenance of this living organism, is the end of its activity. This mystery is the shadow of a higher. If the first principle be its own active cause, it must not only be

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substance, but *life;* and it must be its own end, existing at once by itself and for itself.

But the idea of life is still inadequate, for the law of a living organism may come from without it, and we are required to conceive a life that proposes its own end, and gives itself its own laws. Here, experience again suggests an order of being that within certain limits complies with these conditions. *Mind* does really though partially determine the nature and direction of its own activity. Our characters, our convictions, our very faculties are to a certain extent our own work. Then the Supreme Principle is not merely a living being, He is a *Mind.* Substance, He is the author of His own existence; living, He is the author of His own substance; mind, He is the author of His own life.

We are proceeding by a legitimate method, for we are but applying the principle of causality to the general notion of being, until we can ascend no higher; but to do this there remains one step more. The first three degrees of being correspond to the different orders of finite realities; to inorganic nature, to organic, and to the human soul. But the minds with which we are acquainted are only partially self-determined; the finite mind is what it is by nature as well as by its choice; it is conditioned, and we are constrained to aspire to the unconditioned or rather self-conditioned; our problem is to represent the First Cause in such a way as to leave no room to question its self-subsistence in every sense. We are constrained, therefore, to believe that the Supreme Being is not only mind, or relative freedom, but *absolute freedom;* He is not only a free agent, but He is so by His own choice and gift: His character as well as His existence, His own eternal act. The Absolutely Free is the author of His own mind. The argument may be put summarily in this way—We find ourselves existing and encompassed with other existences; we are constrained to believe there must be a first *something* from which all the rest has proceeded; this must be of such a kind that no antecedent is required to explain it. Then this first something must be *Will,* and that will unlimited by any law or nature in itself or around it; for if such law or nature existed, we should have to ask for its cause in turn, and so on *ad infinitum.* The mind is satisfied when it reaches will.

It will of course be said that this is reasoning wildly above the clouds, with words that no longer represent definite ideas; the proposition that contains the very essence of our philosophy is altogether unthinkable. "So it ought," replies Professor Secrétan. Our distinct intuitions cannot rise

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higher than ourselves; man cannot by searching find out God. Reason obliges us to transcend reason. The sensible world is the only field of imagination, as well as perception; we can have no proper intuition of infinity and eternity, or of Him who is both infinite and eternal. All we can hope in such a sphere is to see clearly the reason of our ignorance; we have made the nearest approach to understanding the absolute when we are able to tell why it is incomprehensible. Our highest conception, according to the very *data* of the problem, must be that of a Being surpassing all that appears to us to be possible; it must be reason demonstrating the reality and the necessity of that which reason cannot grasp. That great law of our minds which forces us to seek for the cause of things can only be satisfied by the conception of a reality of which it is impossible to ask the cause; and if the weakness and weariness of the mind, when imagination has utterly broken down, would be a reason for stopping short in the last effort, it would have been as well not to have set out at all, nor to have asked the cause of anything. To say that there is One, the cause of His own being and of all existence, who is absolute freedom, is at once to indicate His essence, and to mark the impossibility of adequately representing it to ourselves. We contemplate from afar in silent adoration the summit on which human foot can never be set. We are out of our depth—we are swimming in the dark—but the united currents of both logical and moral necessity carry us along in the same direction.

The proposition, God is that which He wills to be, involves the creation by an Almighty *fiat* of all the general laws of the universe, metaphysical and moral, which seem to us necessary, and which we are unable to conceive other than they are. That which is eternal and immutable in our eyes, is so because God willed it so, and willed our minds to understand it so. He is the author at once of the real and the possible; and the impossibilities that we perceive are impossibilities that He has created.

We are conscious of relative freedom under restrictions and limitations independent of those that moral evil has created, hemmed in as we are by time and space. But when reason has constrained us to pronounce that the Self-existing must be free, we conceive His freedom as absolute—that is to say, altogether unlimited—and all His attributes are forthwith seen to be comprised in this idea. The very restrictions with which the *fiat* of the Almighty may be accompanied must be understood to form part of His will. The consequences of an

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act of finite will may be endless; but we have not willed nor foreseen them all, and the determination once put forth, the results are beyond our control; the consequences of Infinite Will, on the contrary, all that is and shall be, are contained and willed in one transcendent act. There is a necessity of things, but it has been freely determined upon; there are immutable laws, but they have been laid down. He that ordained the order of nature, included in the same act that organisation of our minds by which we recognise it as necessary.

In the higher mathematics, and even in simple arithmetic, we are perpetually dealing with quantities which the imagination is wholly inadequate to represent, and the mind can nevertheless satisfy itself as to the truth or falsehood of affirmations made concerning these inconceivable quantities. It is somewhat thus that we venture to speak of mysteries like self-subsistence and self-conditioning that are too high for us, and yet *must* be. The mount of God may be touched, though it cannot be scaled; and we are constrained to throw ourselves prostrate at its foot, though clouds and darkness are round about its heights.

The free beings that we are conversant with are so by nature, indeed they exhibit evident traces of having been meant by nature to be freer than they are; hence it is natural that metaphysical thought, in its first efforts, should fasten upon the conception of a Being infinitely powerful, wise, and good *by nature*, and that from all eternity. The conception is too vast for our capacity, imagination cannot realise it by any representation; but we are accustomed to it, and are not startled by its unthinkableness. Professor Secrétan would replace this conception by another equally unthinkable, and, from its very novelty, more startling—that of a first cause who has no *nature*, but a *character* possessed from all eternity by His own gift, who acts by laws that He has laid down for Himself. We pause, and ask if it is not foolish, presumptuous, perhaps impious, to speculate thus concerning the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, to pretend to know what is to be found behind the veil where we may not penetrate?

We are told that He who gave us being intended that we should trust our faculties, and that they should lead us up to Him. There is a golden altar before that veil. Again, of these two inconceivable propositions, one only has been reached by a legitimate method, and can be verified by its results. The idea of the *Uncaused*, necessarily perfect from all

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eternity, does not satisfy the instinct of causality in the same way as the idea of the *Self-caused*; the former leaves unanswered the last question we can ask, Whence this eternal perfection? The latter leaves us no question to ask, though the last answer be an inconceivable mystery—He is perfect because He has eternally willed it so. The former, by putting Nature instead of free choice at the summit of all being, has established the reign of necessity throughout the universe, has left itself no ground on which to resist the fatalist. The latter, by putting a mystery of freedom at the summit, has secured room for the mystery of creature freedom likewise.

The distinction of good and evil, then, has been established by the Divine will. To suppose moral order pre-existent and supreme would be to make moral order God. To suppose them eternally simultaneous, would be to divide the sovereignty of the universe between abstract law and the Being consenting to it. A being perfect by nature, and therefore ultimately passively perfect, would be less so than a Being who has freely said, "*Let there be perfection!*" and who has bestowed it upon Himself.

It will of course be objected that indetermination—mere formal freedom—is the lowest kind of freedom conceivable, and therefore that this philosophy sets out with an idea unworthy of its object. But the first known truth is necessarily the most naked and imperfect, that which must be recognised by every school, that will not do violence to the most general intuitions. The *minimum* logically precedes the *maximum*; indetermination precedes perfection; potential precedes real existence. It is not to be understood that this logical involves an actual chronological antecedence: eternity transcends time; we are not to suppose that there ever was what we should call a moment in the infinite past during which the Absolute remained undetermined — a moment during which He had not yet caused Himself in all the fulness of His being and attributes; His virtuality and existence must be co-eternal. The impossibility of pursuing thought independently of the relations of time is one form of our incapacity to grasp the Unconditioned.

Spinoza's God was thought without a thinker; his immutable substance, an abyss out of which nothing could ever have issued. Hegel's system has to be modified in order to become intelligible; his God was the logical process of ideas and the end in which they were to issue; he forgot that an end involves the intelligence that conceives and the will that pursues it. He made ideas create mind instead of the mind

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creating ideas. It has become a common-place of modern Pantheism that God is the notion of the ideal as opposed to the reality, so that to affirm the existence of a being is equivalent to saying he is not God. Personality is relative, they say, therefore there can be no personal God; they who taught so once unconsciously anthropomorphised; they only projected their own image upon the sky. Secrétan confesses in reply that the Theist does find in himself that idea of freedom which he proceeds to attribute without limit to the Author of his being; but he contends that the proceeding is legitimate: we must make God either greater or less than man, and Pantheists make Him less. What constitutes personality is the possession of the dignity of moral being, the consciousness and the assertion of will. We only come in contact with limited wills, and we awaken to the sense of our personality in presence of other persons; but that is no rational motive for contesting the reality of the Infinite Will, and the Divine Person. All persons in our experience have bodies: are we to conclude that a body is essential to personality?

Will is everything in heaven and in earth. The several stages of being are marked by degrees of will, or in the lower stages by a sort of foreshadowing of will. Moral being alone is real; all the rest is accessory, and only willed to serve as means; while moral being has its value in itself. We do nothing, we are nothing, but by our wills; and that which we do involuntarily it is not we who do. Will is the essence of mind, ruling our every power; indeed, all our other powers are but inferior states or transformations of will—it constitutes the unity of our being, making all our faculties those of one and the same person. Let it but fail or give way, and all the faculties of the man are no longer instruments he uses, but independent and hostile powers that rend him asunder. The perfection of our being is the perfection of will; the will is the measure of the man, since he is valued according to his conduct; our sovereign good is the sound direction and complete satisfaction of the will; nay, the very passions that carry men away, like blind and fatal forces of nature, originated in tastes and habits voluntarily allowed and cultivated; so that past determinations of the will can be traced even where freedom has been alienated.

"I Am that I Am," said He who appeared unto Moses at Horeb in flaming, but not consuming, fire. "God is Love," wrote John to his little children in the Gospel. The former utterance, with its awful reserve, became the Self-existing while not yet fully revealed; the latter suited the time when

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grace and truth had come by Jesus Christ. The formula of Professor Secrétan seems fitted to serve as a transaction between them: God is what He is by His own eternal choice, and He has chosen to be love. The mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity allowed room in Deity for the exercise of love without being dependent upon created beings for its objects: plurality and unity co-existing from all eternity, there could be a circle of mysterious and ineffable communion contained in God Himself before all worlds. Our author, however, does not touch upon this grand theme, except when giving an account of the opinions of Richard of St. Victor. He has to do with the lessons to be learned from our own consciousness and from nature, independently of revelation.

The metaphysical attributes of God—Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Omniscience—are evidently contained in the very idea of absolute freedom: our author supposes that this is equally the case with the moral attributes, so far, at least, as they designate the Divine character irrespectively of the shape in which it manifests itself towards created existences. We should have some criticisms to make upon the analysis of this subject, but we spare the reader who has had the patience to accompany us thus far, and, with Professor Secrétan, we pass from the sphere of metaphysics to that of theology.

God is love because He has made Himself love—first and supreme grace, containing in itself all other graces, and for which He is to be eternally adored. We bless Him for the perfections with which He has clothed Himself. The existence of the God of love is the eternal miracle—the cause of all that we know and that we are. Next, creation is to be understood as an act of free grace. God can have been constrained to it by no want in His being—not even that of being surrounded by creatures capable of knowing and loving Him: the absolute can feel no want. Creation must have been a perfectly gratuitous act of absolute freedom; creature existence was not necessary to the Divine felicity: it pleased God that there should be creatures bearing His image and sharing His bliss, and He is glorified in them; but He did not make them for His glory; He made them for their own sakes. The power, the wisdom, the goodness of God are indeed exhibited in creation; but the motive of creation cannot have been the procuring for Himself a glory He needed not; it was the good of His creatures; and, if He wills that His perfections should be known and celebrated, it is because the good of His children consists in knowing and in adoring them.

Happiness is but the consequence of goodness. It is the

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consciousness of the reality, the harmony, and the plenitude of being. God willed the goodness of the creature for its own sake as an act of free grace, and therefore mediately and indirectly willed its happiness also. Now, willing the goodness of the creature is synonymous with willing its resemblance to God, and therefore the creature was made free; it was placed in conditions that summoned it to confer upon itself the highest perfection of which it was capable; it was created under the obligation to realise its own freedom, and become voluntarily like God, as it was so already virtually, by the law of its being.

When a plant has passed through the various stages of its development, the seed from which it sprang is produced over again in the ripe fruit with which it ends. The path of the philosophy of freedom leads through a region of metaphysics, but it sets out from the moral instinct, and it issues in the reduction of morals to the all-comprehending principle that the fundamental character of man is the reproduction of the image of God, that his essential calling is to make himself by his own act the free and happy being that he was intended to become.

The idea of duty now stands out in all its majesty. Creature freedom involves in itself a law—the obligation to work out its own realisation, and to watch over its own preservation. The love that called us into existence, and seeks our highest possible perfection, alone makes it intelligible. Kant and Fichte were right in seeking the principle of moral law in our own nature; but their system requires as its complement the reference of our nature to God, without which the feeling of obligation remains an inexplicable phenomenon. Since the created will is free, it may alienate or destroy its freedom, but it is *bound* to retain and develop that freedom —aye, and to render it inalienable in fact as it is already by right. The moral law is the supreme law of creation; that for the sake of which all the rest was made; that of which all natural laws are the symbols and images. "Make thyself really that which thou art virtually, in principle, in substance: *become that which thou art.*" This is the sovereign and universal precept!

The creature will may constitute and assert itself in a relation of willing subordination, becoming its own master in order to give itself to God; or it may withhold its allegiance, and aim at becoming altogether its own centre in a state of selfish isolation. This last choice is self-destructive: it is an effort to break away from the principle of one's own being.

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Could it completely succeed, it would be annihilation; but this the creature cannot attain; it can only condemn itself to an inward and devouring contradiction, to an everlasting and ever abortive suicide. The only way for the creature will to take possession of its freedom, and put it forth, and accomplish its end, and retain it unimpaired, or rather to transform it into a higher and holy determination; the only way, is the freely loving God, and the willingly giving oneself to Him,—free and unreserved self-surrender. As absolute freedom made itself to be love, so our limited freedom must assert and put itself forth in a response to supreme and eternal love. The meaning of creation is love looking forward to love, and that, for the sake of the beings who are thus made to love.

By creating free beings, God consented to be no longer the only will in the universe. He limited Himself, contradicting so to speak the infinity of His nature, because He was greater than His nature. But when created wills lend themselves to be the organs of the Divine will, then the Supreme Being is once more absolute by the gift of His own creatures; in their love He becomes *all* as He was before. Wondrous condescension! He puts it in the power of the creature love to reinstate Him in His own place. Hegel's celebrated formula—affirmation, negation, and their common synthesis, the realisation of harmony by contrast—magnificent logical type as it is of all development, all history and all life—is but the pale reflection of the real relation between God and the world.

In the love of creatures for their God, the end of creation is attained. The universe explains itself as a moral reality, in which everything is ultimately resolved into relations of will. The mind is satisfied; it has no more questions to ask. The work of metaphysics is over. Morals, speculative and practical, are complete. On the hypothesis of such a state, the very sense of duty would disappear along with the temptation to revolt and isolation; it would be transformed and lost in the bliss of uninterrupted communion.

Had creature will resisted the first inevitable temptation to reign in its own name, to assert itself as sovereign, and not merely endowed with conditioned freedom, it would have found in the love of God its end, its reality, and the full satisfaction of its deepest cravings; nor could any power or seduction whatever have drawn it away and interrupted this blessed and supreme relation. Its love would not have been that of pure grace, like God's, but that of gratitude. It would have eternally renewed the miracle of its creation, and

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its own youth and beauty; for it would have found in God the truth of its being, and beauty is the splendour of truth.

"To love, is to live; to love, is to feel oneself live; to love, is to possess oneself; to love, is to give oneself; to love, is to double one's existence. To love God, is not merely to double one's existence, it is to emancipate one's being, in the truest sense, from the limits of finite existence, it is to give oneself the highest possible reality."

"And if feeling is but the echo of the depths within, if happiness is but the consciousness of power, harmony and truth, as wretchedness is that of emptiness, discord and falsehood; it is impossible that the love of God, the perfection of goodness, the plenitude of our being, should not also be fulness of happiness."

"Thus the soul that loves God is rich, free, happy; she is satisfied, moreover, and feels no further want. What could tear her from such a condition? Not lassitude or satiety; for *ennui* is but the feeling of a disproportion between the principle of our activity and the object with which it busies itself. If satiety overtakes us in the midst of our enjoyments, it is because our joys are but the parody of happiness. He who is happy needs no diversion. The love of God would leave no room for the desire of change; nothing could turn away from it the soul that had really tasted of it."

Such is the ideal that we construct, says Professor Secrétan, not from *à priori* science, because the acts of absolute freedom could not be anticipated, but as the consequence of the first truth of experience—the certainty that there has been a creation. The next question is, How far have creature wills answered the end of their being? This, too, is an appeal to experience, and to meet it we must consult nature, history, and our own heart. The second volume of the *Philosophy of Freedom*, which is not now before us, is devoted to this investigation.

The history of the search after the absolute principle in the various systems of philosophy from the Ionians to Hegel, occupies a considerable part of the first volnme. We have not attempted to condense it, but will only say that M. Secrétan succeeds in showing that the great current of metaphysical speculation has not been the mere random and sterile series of contradictions that we are wont to suppose it. His own intellectual predecessors were essentially—Duns Scotus, because he dwelled upon the idea of cause rather than that of being; Descartes, because he attributed to God absolute freedom; though the insufficient development of

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the idea of self-causation left the way open for Spinoza; Kant, because he felt the imperative character of the human conscience, and the solidity of the support it offers for any weight that can be laid upon it; Schelling, in his latest phase, though his notion of the Divine freedom was inadequate.

The work which we have attempted to sketch, as much as possible in the author's own words, has attained the honour of a second edition. It has, however, probably been known even by name to very few of our readers. The question may be naturally asked, how comes it that, while the names of Kant and Fichte, Schelling and Hegel are familiar to all cultivated Englishmen, even to those who have never studied them, little or nothing has been heard of a writer whose philosophy should be more to the taste of the Christian public, and is second to none as an earnest, original, and sustained effort of intelligence? The answer is very simple. Professor Secrétan would have been known to the world long since had he been a German, because his countrymen would have appreciated his labours, and made strangers acquainted with them. Unfortunately he writes in French, and he is not a Parisian. Even a native Frenchman and a Roman Catholic can have little hope of attracting attention, if a provincial; how much less, then, can he have who is a Protestant, and politically a stranger? Literary men in France have hardly as yet come to look upon Vinet even as one of themselves. M. Ernest Naville has yet to receive his letters of naturalisation, though his works are translated into English, German, Russian, and, we believe, also into Italian. Rousseau and Madame de Staël were so completely recognised only because they underwent the indispensable baptism of Parisian life.

Minds capable of following the foregoing argument, who are not already committed to some other metaphysical system, must feel that it leads us to higher ground than any occupied by the leaders of thought amongst ourselves. English metaphysicians seem in a state of confusion like hostile vessels in a fog; sailing, some of them at least, in directions that they do not mean, and confirmed in their wrong courses by the corresponding mistakes of their adversaries. How poor, and how artificial, and how untrue to human nature, does Mr. Mill's positivism look beside the philosophy of freedom. Here we have will in heaven, and real wills on earth, and reasons for things, and the principle of obligation justified, instead of reducing the *ego* to little,

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and the *non-ego* to less, and refusing ever to ask *why*, and extracting moral law from the association of ideas. And yet M. Secrétan could sympathise with all that is right and true in Mill's criticism of Hamilton and Mansell.

Mr. Mansell's position is the most remarkable illustration of the dualism that too often exists between an Englishman's science and his religion. His faith in revelation saves him personally from Pantheism; but his philosophy, taken alone, would but confirm the Pantheism of those who are not kept by faith in revelation. "A cause," he says, "cannot, as such, be absolute; the absolute cannot, as such, be a cause. The cause, as such, exists only in relation to its effect; the effect is an effect of the cause. On the other hand, the conception of the absolute implies a possible existence out of all relation." Here is an abyss out of which no existence could ever issue; but when it is suggested that the Absolute is His own eternal cause, the proposition may transcend conception, but the supposed inherent contradiction vanishes.

Again, the one and the many, according to Mr. Mansell, are alike incomprehensible if regarded as the beginning of existence. The absolute, as conceived, is not only incapable of a necessary relation to everything else, but it is also incapable of an essential relation within itself; "for if there is in the absolute any principle of unity, distinct from the mere accumulation of parts or attributes, this principle alone is the true absolute. If, on the other hand, there is no such principle, then there is no absolute at all, but only a plurality of relatives." We accept the former alternative. WILL is the principle of unity and the true absolute, and before it all these unhealthy subtleties disappear. The *Philosophy of Freedom* does but repeat with scientific rigour the process by which the sound uncultured mind rises from nature to nature's God.

If the infinite be but a fasciculus of negations, and the absolute the supposed subject of all possible predicates to an unlimited extent, of course these unmeaning abstractions are self-contradictory; but this cannot be affirmed of the positive idea of unconditioned and almighty will.

We share the indignation of Mr. Mill against the supposition that justice, mercy, benevolence in God, may mean something so different from the same terms when predicated of man, that we cannot reason from one to the other. Can man be asked to trust an unknown God? Can he be told to love with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, a Being whose feelings towards him are represented

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as something different and inconceivable? The Divine perfections surpass conception; but if we cannot measure their *degree*, we understand their *kind*. We cannot gaze upon the sun; but the light upon which we do open our eyes, and for which they were made, does not deceive us as to the nature of the direct solar ray. Our God-consciousness leads us in the right direction, though it cannot bring us into the very presence of Him who dwelleth in light unapproachable. The little child has no adequate and scientific knowledge of the mystery that constitutes paternity, and yet it is not mistaken when it looks up and says—father!

Vulgar Atheism at home and abroad is ever harping on the sophistical argument of Proclus, the neoplatonician, that the conception of a personal God is an anthropomorphism. Our highest conception of the Supreme Being must be taken from our own nature, because it is the highest we know. It is confessedly inadequate; but so far as it goes must be true; the highest creature must be the nearest image of the Creator. We are told that the cause of all things is inaccessible; that it is high out of the reach of our grovelling minds, and then the same teachers proclaim it a zero, a chemical molecule, or some blind and fatal force. In order not to make it like man, they make it immeasurably less than man. We know but one real cause—the human will, and it is from it that we rise to the conception of the first cause.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is not a *vulgar* Atheist. He is another Mansell, who is not kept from following his principles to their consequences by faith in revelation, and so, while sincerely desirous of reconciling the religious needs of mankind with the conclusions of science, he can attain no higher than the erection of an altar to the unknown God. After showing at length that an inscrutable power manifests itself to us through all phenomena, that the consciousness of absolute existence is the obverse of our own self-consciousness, that "in the very denial of our power to learn *what* the absolute is, there lies hidden the assumption *that* it is;" he refuses to represent the ultimate cause to himself as personal, because he repudiates the assumption that the choice lies between personality and something lower than personality.

"The choice is rather between personality and something higher. Is it not just possible that there is a mode of being as much transcending intelligence and will as these transcend mechanical motion? It is true that we are wholly unable to conceive any higher mode of being. But this is not a reason for questioning its existence; it is rather the reverse. Have we not seen how utterly incompetent our

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minds are to form even an approach to a conception of that which underlies all phenomena? Is it not proved that this incompetency is the incompetency of the conditioned to grasp the unconditioned? Does it not follow that the Ultimate Cause cannot in any respect be conceived by us, because it is in every respect greater than can be conceived? And may we not therefore rightly refrain from assigning to it any attributes whatever, on the ground that such attributes, derived as they must be from our own natures, are not elevations, but degradations? Indeed, it seems somewhat strange that man should suppose the highest worship to lie in assimilating the object of their worship to themselves."

Now we submit that the doctrine of an absolute will presents the character of transcendency which Mr. Spencer requires, while it meets other cravings more necessary and equally imperious. As we ascend the scale of creation, every new order of being exhibits an essential characteristic that did not exist in the preceding order; but it does not the less retain the character that had marked that preceding order, and all the others that had successively prepared for it. The agency of imponderable forces continues to subsist in the ponderable elements of the world; mineral molecules continue to subsist in plants, though conditioned by the higher principle of vegetable life, the previous element not being lost but carried up; vegetable life continues to subsist in the involuntary functions of animals; imponderable forces and chemical molecules, and vegetable life, and animal instincts and feelings, all co-exist in the microcosm man. Animals cannot understand man; his being is greater than theirs; but when a dog looks upon his master as another animal—a living creature like himself—he is not mistaken; the conception is true so far as it goes.

The conclusion is obvious: we reach in man the highest known order of creation, the end for which all the other orders exist—a being able both to appropriate and to understand the world. The transition from this highest creature to God is not a mere additional ascent in the scale of creation, as if God were a man with some unknown higher element superinduced upon humanity. There is no proportion between the creature and the Creator. The unconditioned cannot take any place, even the highest, in any conceivable series. We stand on the brink of a chasm of which we can neither fathom the depth nor measure the width. But experience has taught us that inferior orders of being contain characters common to themselves and to a superior order without being able to measure the superior. Then, may not the ultimate

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cause of all things contain in itself something akin to that which is highest in the noblest of creatures, without prejudice to its own transcendent superiority? This is but a surmise founded upon an analogy; but it is changed into certainty when the investigation of the universe shows it to be the work of a mind that our own can interpret; when we understand its laws so well that we can predict future phenomena; when the laws of thought constrain us to attribute all things to a cause which is itself an absolute beginning; when, finally, the sense of obligation holds us amenable to a Supreme Lawgiver. It is not our presumption, it is the adorable grace of our God, that enables us to trace the spiritual kindred of man with God.

We read, "In the image of God made He man." This, our relative divinity, is the strength of the argument for Theism; like is known by its like. This, our relative divinity, makes the incarnation credible; it was possible for the Eternal Son to make a human will concentric with His own. This our relative divinity made the atonement possible; for it was the reality of our Lord's humanity that gave Him the right to take upon Him the sins of the race. The same fundamental truth guarantees Theism and Christianity, faith in God and faith in redemption.

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ART. IV.—1. *Exposition Universelle de* 1867 *à Paris. Catalogue général,* 1re *Livraison, Œuvres d'Art.*

2. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts.* 1867.
3. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.* 1867.
4. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.* 1867.
5. *Catalogue of the Second Special Exhibition of National Portraits.* Commencing with the Reign of William and Mary, and ending with the Year 1800. On loan to the South Kensington Museum. 1867.
6. *Catalogue of the Works of the late John Phillip, R.A.* Sold by auction by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on Friday, May 31, 1867, and three following days.
7. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists.* Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. 1867.
8. *Catalogue of the Fourteenth Annual Exhibition in London of Pictures, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools.* Pall Mall. 1867.
9. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the International Society of Fine Arts at the Gallery,* 25, Old Bond Street.
10. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Works of Ancient Masters and Deceased British Artists at the British Institution.* 1867.

THE art of England has passed this year through a severe ordeal; and, unfortunately, has not passed through it with honour. We may entertain what opinion we will respecting the critical capacity of a tribunal which has awarded a medal of exceptional merit to M. Cabanel, and put off our own painters with a bare pittance of four inferior medals, distributed apparently very much at hap-hazard; we may take one by one the articles of foreign critics on our show of art at the Great Paris Exhibition, and alternately smile and wonder at the judgments pronounced.* But the fact still

* Take the following, as an instance among many: "The greater part of the paintings are so befurbished, polished, and made hazily dazzling in the attempt to reproduce indiscriminately everything, that they look like great moss agates." This is from an Art. in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* of the 1st July, 1867.

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remains, that at an international concourse of art treasures, our painting has excited but little admiration, and been treated with something very like contempt.

How is this to be accounted for? In 1855, when for the first time our artists collectively accepted a challenge from their foreign compeers, and broke a lance in Old England's honour, the result was widely different. Then there was but one voice of admiration for their prowess. They came, they were seen, they conquered. Now all is changed. And yet our critics are fond of assuring us that every year sees an improvement in the general character of our exhibitions; that the earnest study of nature which the Pre-Raphaelites introduced is bearing rich fruit, while the exaggerations into which the "Brotherhood" rushed in the first ardour of its neophytic zeal, are fast receding into the past. Why, then, does the foreigner of 1867 exult over our downfall? Is it that twelve years ago he was surprised into an admiration of which, now that he has had time to think over it, he rather repents? Is it that he has allowed national prejudice to warp the free exercise of his judgment, and wilfully lost the catholicity of mind which could recognise beauties he had not been educated to see? Is it that we have foolishly sent weaklings to the fray, and have thus suffered a defeat, because, through the want of a wise selection, the works sent to represent our art do not represent it worthily? And behind these questions looms the yet more momentous one: Is it—for here we must remember there is a possibility which we have no right to ignore—is it that the foreign critics are right, and that our school of art is indeed wasting its strength in the pursuit of crude and childish objects, and that, having followed wrong paths for twelve years, it is simply twelve years farther from the goal than it was in 1855?

Of these inquiries there is one which stands at the threshold of all further disquisition. If the pictures which we have sent to the Exhibition are not the best we can produce, and if our foremost painters are only represented by inferior or less important works, then the sting of the adverse criticism is extracted. We must readily forgive a wrong judgment if we omitted to furnish grounds for a right one.* And this, it must be remembered, is a point on which most foreign nations possess a manifest advantage over us. For abroad the State is the largest "consumer" of works of art. Its purse is long, and

* English sculpture is altogether unrepresented at Paris, our sculptors having one and all refused to exhibit on the established conditions. With whomsoever the fault may have rested, this result is greatly to be regretted.

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it purchases of the best: and, being naturally anxious to make a good appearance in a great international competition, the very cream of its best is sent up to Paris. But among ourselves things are managed very differently. Here, with the exception of a few immovable frescoes, the Government owns no modern works whatever. One and all are in the hands of private individuals, who may perhaps be forgiven if they hesitate to incur for their treasures the risk of a transport beyond the seas—to say nothing of some trouble for themselves. It cannot be very pleasant to see your residence stripped of its chief ornaments during several months; and this kind of claim on the liberality of the rich has increased very much in frequency during the last few years. It is a claim—be it said in all gratitude, for the boon is a great one—which has hitherto been very nobly met; but now, for some reason, a limit seems to have been reached. Certain it is that the representative collection of our school now under the world's inspection in Paris is not altogether such as a competent person, perfectly unfettered in his choice, would have made. There is Landseer, for instance. He is the one of our painters whose fame has travelled farthest beyond our shores. Could nothing better have been found than his "Taming of the Shrew" to sustain his great reputation? We remember—as who that has seen it can have forgotten—the "Man proposes and God disposes" of three or four years ago—the two white bears feasting in ghastly voluptuousness on the bones of our lost seamen, among great opalescent masses of ice. We remember, too, the exquisite prettiness of the "Piper and Pair of Nut-crackers," as Sir Edwin, in fanciful mood, called his squirrels and bullfinch. There is poetry, though of course of a very dissimilar order, in two such works. They linger in the mind, and find a place in that inward treasury of things beautiful which even the poorest may carry about with him. Why, then, when a man can paint like this—and as we write all our old friends, the dogs of earlier years, come crowding into our memory—why, then, we ask again, should so insignificant a production as the "Shrew" be the only forthcoming specimen of Landseer? We have too much cause to be proud of him as the most original, and, *longo intervallo*, the greatest of animal painters, to be satisfied with such treatment. England cannot afford the loss. Then there is Stanfield. He is scarcely better represented; and in his case, to the regret that one of our best artists has not been suffered to do himself and his country justice, is added a regret of a more personal kind, for Stanfield has but just

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departed from among us. His one picture, the "Skirmish off Heligoland," at the Academy—painted with tremulous touch that tells pathetically of the failing hand — is the last that we shall see from his easel. And what more fitting epitaph could we conceive for the painter whose firm and manly style has so long been one of the glories of our school, than such an exhibition of his works as would have displayed to the world at large the varied fulness of his power?

Why, again, should Herbert be utterly unrepresented? He *can* paint very badly, it is true, as is proved by his effeminate picture at the Academy of "St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, Praying outside his Tent." But he can also paint very admirably, as witness his fresco at the House of Lords of "Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law." Some of his religious pictures, moreover, are most beautiful. Or take an artist belonging to a totally different school, one of the chief leaders in the Pre-Raphaelite movement — Holman Hunt. His "After-glow in Egypt" is, in our opinion, a very able mistake. The subject is unworthy of the pains bestowed upon it. The copper-coloured Egyptian woman who completely fills the frame is unpleasantly and obtrusively near to the spectator. She looms down upon him, and brow-beats him. If he is to examine her—and she is not particularly well-favoured—with any degree of pleasure, she really must go a little farther off. We cannot quarrel with our French friends for regarding her as a product of insular eccentricity. But, then, could not some other picture by the same artist have taken her place? Without going back to the "Light of the World," already exhibited in 1862, might not the "Finding of Christ in the Temple," have been sent to Paris? It would have been a relief to come upon it after the sickly unreality of so much of the religious art in the French rooms. Possibly some of the foreign critics might even have been led wonderingly to admit that an attempt to reproduce a scene in our Lord's life, in some degree as it may have taken place, was not altogether childish and futile. Why, again, should no landscape signed by Creswick appear on these walls? It is no small thing that we have to look in vain for one of his clear peat-stained brooks, here sleeping in transparent indolence, here leaping merrily over a broad belt of pebbles, or picking its rapid way through

> "Boulder stones where lichens mock
> The marks on a moth, and small ferns fit
> Their teeth to the polished block;"

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while above wave and shiver the fresh green trees of old England; and these are trees, mark you—not the hazy splashes of dirty colour, which so many of the French painters mistake for those productions of nature. And Maclise? He is a hard colourist, it is true, but an excellent draughtsman; and men who can draw admirably are not so common that he should have been left out.

Of course we must not be understood to say that all our best artists are either absent from the Paris Exhibition or only represented by inferior works. Elmore never, to our knowledge, painted a better picture than the one of the infuriated mob surrounding Marie Antoinette and her children at the "Tuileries, on the 20th of June, 1792." O'Neil's "Eastward Ho!" unquestionably remains his masterpiece. Among Phillips' powerful scenes of Spanish life, there is none more full of truth and character than his "Wake." Martineau's "Last Day at the Old Home," notwithstanding a certain hardness of over-elaboration, is a very fine work; and, as the painter appears since he produced it to have rested on his oars, we can but pronounce it his best. Armitage's "Esther's Banquet," and Calderon's "English Embassy at Paris on the Night of St. Bartholomew," are paintings of which any country might be proud. They are well conceived, well drawn, and well coloured. So also Burgess' "Bravo Toro," and Hughes' "Home from Work," are most favourable specimens of the two artists. But as one swallow does not make a summer, so a few pictures that happen to be masterpieces do not make an adequate representation of English art; and our painters being generally restricted to one (or at most to three) works, if those works are unfortunately ill-chosen, there is no redress. The spectator's painful impression cannot be corrected. Now, contrast this with the French, Belgian, or Dutch gallery. There each artist of note has allotted to him space for the exhibition of all the more important of his recent productions. They are all hung together, so that the full scope of his art is at once visible. If one chances to be weak, the others are by its side to redress the balance. And thus a true judgment can be formed of his place in his own school, and in the general world of art. But as matters now stand, such a judgment respecting our own painters is impossible. We are running weighted and unprepared against men lightly equipped for the race, and must refuse to look upon ourselves as fairly beaten.

Is it quite clear, however, that, even if we appeared before them to every advantage, our foreign critics would withdraw

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their condemnation? We are afraid not. The fact is that we and the French pursue such different ends in art, that they and the larger portion of Continental Europe which follows in their footsteps can scarcely understand us. And the divergence is not merely accidental, or such as would yield to a few moments of good-humoured explanation. It springs from a radical difference of national character, and has its counterpart in the worlds of politics and literature. For the Frenchman is born with an innate love of authority. The form of government to which he has taken most kindly during the last hundred years is a despotism. He likes to see the hand of the State everywhere, and to feel that he is being directed. He has very little faith in the individual efforts of his fellow-citizens, but trusts implicitly to a paternal ruler, who shall arrange everything for him, from the fashion of his house to the manufacture of his tobacco. In literature he is the same man. He places great reliance in academies, and cannot forgive eccentricity. The beauties most conspicuous in his writings are a clear style, great neatness and felicity of language, and a well-balanced and harmonious arrangement of parts. The defects are all negative rather than positive. In art he follows tradition. It is repugnant to his sense of the fitness of things that every upstart should presume to look at nature through his own eye. Let him learn in some known painter's studio to look at it through the eyes of better men. Indeed, nature is a matter of which he need take very little heed. By the time he has arranged his grouping and "composition," and balanced his masses of light and shade, and fixed upon a key of colour that shall not be too high, he really will find that he can get on quite pleasantly without nature. Let him study the great masters instead, and endeavour to continue their traditions. Who is he that he should dare to be original? Now, how different in all this is our old friend John Bull, who hates all Government interference, and would much rather do a thing himself badly than let the State do it possibly much better. He won't read a book unless it is, or at least pretends to be, original; and would allow that one merit to cover any number of literary sins. And as to painting, if an artist can't see things for himself, what right has he to paint at all? Only let John Bull—who is a sturdy sort of fellow, with a strong love of truth—be sure that he is painting things as he actually does see them, and he may give free rein to his individuality; for individuality is the great *sine quâ non* of art, and may be purchased advantageously even at the expense of any number of blunders.

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Nor need our readers travel beyond the confines of the English language to study the French side in this controversy. There are several writers among ourselves—as Carlyle and Ruskin—who call loudly for the increased action of Government; and the rising sect of the Positivists, whose system is an ingenious combination of Atheism and Ultramontane despotism, throw such influence as they possess into the same scale. Matthew Arnold, amid much in his writings that is childish and affected, has done really good service in bringing prominently before our minds the advantages which the French literary systems, in many respects, unquestionably possess. And Tom Taylor has so belauded French art, at the expense of our own, that he now seems tardily to think that perhaps some little reparation may be due.

Another cause which, independently of national character, tends greatly to create a difference between the art of England and France, is the difference of patronage. There, as we have already said, the State is the painter's best customer. It purchases largely for the decoration of palaces, public galleries, and churches; and the kind of picture required for its purposes is that large style of decorative historical or religious picture, which French critics regard with such complacency. "Where," they ask, "are the works of your school that can stand side by side with the masterpieces at the Luxembourg and Versailles? Of high historical art you can scarcely be said to have any. You paint anecdotes, it is true, but seem incapable of treating great scenes on a grand scale." To this we answer that, unquestionably, there is much that is very admirable in the works to which we are referred. They mostly, however, have, to an English eye at least, the great defect of a want of verisimilitude. They do not look as if they were seriously meant to represent the scene as it actually took place. There is about them an air of "something ianism," to use an expression of Dickens', which detracts from their beauty and impressiveness. A great number of them, moreover, display an evident delight in bloodshed and violence that is rather repulsive.

The Luxembourg is the very sanctum of modern French art, and the proportion of paintings within its walls that appeal to strong and coarse emotions is large. And this, we may cursorily remark, is a very curious feature in any French work, and one that well deserves consideration. For what is the charge which foreign critics—even those who, like M. Taine, possess both knowledge and impartiality—are fond of

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bringing against our great national poet? That his scenes are barbarous, murder being piled on murder, and every kind of violent action freely displayed; whereas in the more decorous dramas of Corneille and Racine, if any action has to be performed that might disturb the flowing periwig of a gentleman, it takes place behind the scenes, and is only described to the spectators in a well-rounded period. The tables are turned now. French painters, though they do not, like Shakspeare, live in a time when every man's sword is ready to his hand, and a brawl an event of hourly occurrence, are fond of scenes of bloodshed. They spare you none of the ghastly details. Take Gérôme, whose works, notwithstanding a certain hardness and over-smoothness, are among the cleverest in the Exhibition. They include a "Death of Cæsar;" a duellist in masquerading dress pierced to the heart and sinking in the snow; a blood-stained Roman circus, with its little band of gladiators about to die; and the gate of a Mosque at Cairo, ornamented with the ghastly and grinning heads of certain beys decapitated by Salek-Kachef.* Pretty well out of thirteen pictures, two of which, moreover—the "Phryne" and "an Eastern Dancer"—are repulsive on other grounds. But our English painters, on the contrary, avoid bloodshed, and prefer showing you the effect produced by a thing to the thing itself. In Calderon's "English Embassy on the Night of St. Bartholomew" we witness the emotions of the little band of English Protestants, plucked like a brand from the burning, and looking down on the scene of ruin and hideous wrong below. That scene is kindly hidden from our eyes. So in Burgess' "Bravo Toro" we see the spectators only; and a French critic in the *Constitutionnel* called the picture "detestable," for no reason that he condescended to explain, except that the revolting details of the arena were not displayed.

Endeavour to disguise it as we will, however, we cannot but feel a certain sting of truth in the accusation brought against us. Our school might not be the better for taking the same delight as its continental rivals in scenes of carnage and violence; but it is true, unhappily, that our painters devote themselves rather to the anecdotage of history than to its grand and important scenes. Perhaps they do this in humility; perhaps because private patronage prefers the pretty story to the stirring national event; perhaps because failure may be less disastrous in the one than the other.

* A duplicate of this picture was exhibited at the French Gallery in Pall Mall.

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Whatever the cause, the result is deeply to be deplored. Our great past should not lightly be put to one side. We have need of all its memories. But if we take the exhibitions of the year, how few pictures shall we find in which any serious attempt is made to awaken them. Frith, however, is an honourable exception, and his "Last Sunday of King Charles II.," shows in our estimation a great advance upon all his former works. We cannot better describe the scene than in the words of Evelyn, who witnessed it:—

"I can never forget," he writes, "the inexpressible luxury and prophanenesse, gaming, and all dissolutenesse, and as it were total forgetfulnesse of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of. The king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me, made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!"

Here, thanks to the painter, the whole lives again. Again the quiet Sunday evening draws to a close, and the hues of sunset pale in the sky; again the "Merry Monarch," unheeding the sweet influences of the time, sits satiated and moody among his mistresses, while around the wine cup passes, the dice box rattles, and the courtiers flirt and buzz like the dissolute ephemeral beings they are. Again John Evelyn and his companions, conspicuous by their sober attire and bearing, survey the whole with the sorrow of honest men. And again the old story tells its old moral—a moral which preachers, and poets, and painters, have not yet worn threadbare—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Besides this picture, there is but one other at the Academy worthy of being called a great historical work, and that is, Poynter's "Israel in Egypt." It does not, indeed, portray any special event which the records of antiquity have preserved for us; but it is on that account only the more impressive. Not once, on a single occasion, but day after day, through long long years, as the Book of Genesis tells us, were the children of God's chosen race thus yoked like beasts of burden to the colossal monoliths that still form the wonder of the world. Day after day the sun burned over their heads with its cloudless glare, and the long lash of the taskmaster's whip quivered into their naked flesh, till they "sighed, sighed, sighed," by reason of the bondage. Amid much in this picture that is excellent, both for thought and execution

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—the latter especially—we are sorry to have to point to one serious mistake: the scale is an unfortunate one; for the eye cannot at the same time grasp the whole and do justice to the parts. The figures are too small for a composition of that size.

We have said that this painting and Frith's "Last Sunday of King Charles II.," are the only two at the Academy worthy of being classed as great historical works, and we must maintain that opinion, though Yeames' "Dawn of the Reformation," from the importance of the subject, and the happy rendering of some of the details, barely falls short of the same honourable rank. Nothing can be better than the group of "poor priests," who are listening to Wycliffe's parting charge, as he dismisses them on their errand of truth and love. There is fervour and individuality in all their faces, and yet they are priests still, with that peculiar and distinctive look which the Roman clergy seldom loses. But when we seek for what should be the chief figure in the composition, we meet with disappointment. Wycliffe's countenance is wooden and unattractive. Mr. Yeame seems in painting it to have followed too servilely some old portrait, and to have been unable to give life to his materials.* And this is perhaps natural. There are but few men who can impart the same spark of vitality to the creatures of their learning as to the creatures of their imaginations. Baron Leys does this unquestionably, and the collection of his works at the Paris Exhibition is a feast of rich enjoyment. He has evidently pored over the pictorial records of the fifteenth century till he might almost without anachronism be called the contemporary of the brave "Beggars" who freed the Low Countries from the yoke of Spain. But he is not the slave of those records. Beneath his fingers the dry bones live again, and the past rises up—not theatrically galvanised into a semblance of being—but acting, striving, thinking, in sober yet robust health. This is historical painting indeed—painting undertaken in a serious and earnest spirit worthy of all our praise and admiration.

Entertaining this opinion respecting the genius of the great Belgian artist, we were glad to perceive some traces of his influence in our own school; and notably in a picture by G. H. Boughton, showing the Early Puritans marching armed

* The landscape moreover is meaningless, and this is a great defect in a work of art where every accessory should be such as to add force to the general impression. Here is nothing of the fields white for harvest, the metaphor by which our Lord described the duties of such husbandmen.

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to worship through the snows of a New England winter. We shall be glad to look for Mr. Boughton's name in future catalogues, and hope he will then have selected some more distinct and important theme. For this class of subject, this peopling the past with imaginary figures, is, in default of nobler historical art, a very favourite practice with our painters. And it must be confessed that in this walk they meet with very considerable, if perhaps undeserved success. What can be better than Calderon's "Home after Victory"—a stalwart baron re-entering his castle in all the pride of winning some well-fought field, and hailed with joy by relations and retainers? The qualities of tone and colour in this work, and in the same artist's "Evening," are very rare. Equally admirable is Pettie's "Treason," where in the gorgeous gloom of an old tapestried hall, six eager conspirators mature their wily and secret plans. In Hodgson's "Evensong," we breathe a calmer, holier atmosphere; and the antique chapel, warm with the rich glow of evening, seems to echo again to the chant of the priests, and kindle the devotion of the long-forgotten worshipper. Prinsep's "Venetian Gaming-house in the Sixteenth Century," like all this painter's works, is very powerful if not very pleasing. The crafty gambler, who is reaching forward to collect his gains, is very happily rendered. Equally so is his victim, who not without suspicion of foul play, and goaded by the loss of his all, rises angrily, his hand upon his dagger. We confess, however, to a preference for the same painter's "Miriam watching the Infant Moses,"—in our opinion his most graceful work. The little bronze maiden in the very first budding of womanhood, her loins girt with a red cloth, lies peering through the tall brown reeds. It is a very pretty picture from which we turn with no pleasure whatever to contemplate the deliberate ugliness of Houghton's "Boy Martyrs"—two ill-favoured boy-monks, under examination by an assembly of villanous-looking clerical scoundrels,—torture and the stake being in perspective. There is no relief in such a work as this, not even in the colour, which is blurred and, if we may be allowed the expression, restless. Mr. Houghton has been admired as an illustrator of books; but, as regards ourselves, we will confess that his preference for what is ugly and coarse, and his apparent incapacity to produce beauty, have taken away any pleasure which his illustrations might otherwise have given us.

And now let us rest for a few moments in the midst of our severer historical labours, to take a glance at baby world, and

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contemplate those pictures which Mr. Ruskin, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, described as appealing to a loving, if not overcritical, public of mothers and nurses. Here our artists are unrivalled, and first of the first comes Millais. How exquisite are his "Sleeping" and "Waking" —a rosy little one that has dropped into his midday slumber, with the fading field flowers still in his hand; and a little one in the freshness and wonder of re-awakening. They are lovely faces that can keep their pre-eminence over such marvellously painted cots and counterpanes. We like the sleeper best. His pretty nestling has a grace, an *abandon*, for which his companion's open-eyed intelligence cannot compensate. What a noble piece of work again is "Master Cayley"—what full rich colour! His face and dark blue velvet dress are not so highly finished as those freaks of power, the quilted counterpanes, but in their sobriety there is perhaps more force—not that we have the heart to blame the counterpanes. When a man can render texture and substance like that, what wonder that his hand should revel, and almost run riot in its skill? But "Master Cayley" is one of the very few portraits at the Academy that might be placed side by side with those of the great masters at the National Portrait Exhibition or at the British Institution, and not fade in that dangerous presence. And the little lady in scarlet who is dancing "a minuet" so demurely—we would not forget her quaint formal attitude of olden time, and pretty face. We like these pictures, we confess, better than the more ambitious Jephthah. He, indeed, is excellent as he bows forward in agony; but his daughter has no beauty to recommend her, and the accessory figures add little if any force to the composition. Hayllar this year follows up the "Miss Lilly's Carriage stops the Way" of a preceding season, by showing us the same Miss Lilly being carried up to bed on her return from the ball. Very weary is the poor little thing as she lies a helpless huddled mass on her nurse's shoulder. One minute more, and she will be fast asleep. In another picture by this artist we see a younger member of the same family standing on the bottom step but one of the staircase, and crying in the *naïve* imperiousness of childhood, "Now den, all turn and see me dump." It would be ridiculous to maintain that there was anything very exalted in such works as these. They belong to that pretty inoffensive style of art on which engraving fastens with avidity; and so long as baby-worship prevails—and it does not seem likely that that form of religion will die out till mothers become extinct

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—they will be popular. Yeames "On Bread and Water," takes a higher flight. The poor little man sits ruefully at the end of the long oak table, and bites his finger as he surveys the signs of plenty at the other end. He seems lost in the big old dining-hall. Sant's children are nearly always admirable; and his colour, when he resists that temptation to haste and flimsiness from which so few fashionable portrait painters have had the strength of mind to flee entirely, is very rich and full. Sir Joshua himself would not have painted a handsomer lad than the "Richard Combe," and would probably have treated the subject in much the same manner. And the "Harry Preston," in purple dress and frill, might stand unabashed even by the side of "Master Cayley" himself.

These little ones are Fortune's favourites, born to all the happiness that wealth can bring. The rough winds of life are not suffered to come near them. As a poet has said,

> 'No carking care they know;
> Like lilies in the sunshine, how beautiful they grow."

But the children of the poor man—theirs is a different lot. And before we leave the realms of childhood we shall do well to stoop a little—for the picture is badly hung—to look at Holl's pathetic "Faces in the Fire." Poor little poet, seeking refuge from the surrounding dirt and squalor by peopling the glowing embers with the creatures of her imagination. There's a sad look on the little countenance for all its eagerness. Real as they are for the moment, the fire-faces are going out one by one, and the grey charred ashes will but too truly typify a life whose stern realities are destined soon to extinguish the flickerings of childish fancy.

This is an instance of what Mr. Ruskin, in the lecture to which we have already referred, called the "compassionateness" of modern art. And there can be no doubt that, apart from the merely picturesque side of poverty, there is among painters, as indeed among the rest of mankind, a greater sympathy with the toils and troubles of the poor than ever there was before. In the way of remedy for want we have still much, we had well nigh said *all*, to learn, it is true. The bitter anomaly of men starving in the wealthiest city of the world, in the city which, take it for all in all, has working in it the strongest leaven of Christianity—that anomaly still exists. And in our search for better things we wander perplexed and disheartened, too often reaping evil where we had thought to sow good. But in the very earnestness of our hope lurks the dawn of improvement. And loving sympathy between

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classes is a great step. All honour then to the painters, whatever their country, who work to bring the poor and the rich together. Nor is virtue here its own sole reward. There are no pictures at the French Exhibition more interesting than those in which the artist has condescended to delineate the actual life of the nineteenth century as he saw it around him; and among these the most excellent are the sketches from the humble dwellings of the poor. Often, in labouring through the long galleries, weary of great battle pieces, of historical scenes that looked unreal, and of nude studies with very little to recommend them, we have turned, always with renewed pleasure, to the pictures of Frère, of Jules Breton, of the Prussian Knaus, and of the Dutchman Israëls.*

Edouard Frère, owing in a great measure to Mr. Ruskin's eloquent encomiums, is very well known in England; and though we cannot agree with that great critic in thinking that his knowledge of light and shade will bear comparison with that of Rembrandt—his colour is nearly always dirty—yet we yield to no one in our admiration for the simple unforced pathos of his cottage scenes. It is but a small, a very ordinary thing which he shows you. You might see it yourself any day in a remote French hamlet. The saying of grace over the humble midday meal is his most ambitious effort. A little peasant child lost in a book, an infant's first tottering steps, a party of little ones gathered round a stove—these are his most habitual themes. But with what a gentle, serious, loving hand they are portrayed! We feel that every touch of the pencil has been guided by tender sympathy with the homely joys and sorrows of the poor and weak, and our heart goes out towards the painter and those he loves. The mistake to which our own artists are most prone when they treat similar subjects, is a tendency to obtrude some moral on the spectator. In their eagerness to teach a lesson, they miss the Frenchman's charm of simplicity. Nor has Faed, who is the painter we should most naturally oppose to Frère, always been free from this fault, though in "The Poor—the Poor Man's Friend" of the present year, it is rather perhaps the title than the picture which is "priggish." Jules Breton is not so well known on this side of the Channel as Frère, but he is in our opinion even a greater artist. There is in

* The Norwegian Tidemand, we are sorry to say, was only represented at Paris by two works, the "Administration of the Sacrament to Sick Persons," and the "Duel in Old Norway," both of which we had already seen, the former at our own Exhibition in 1862, and the latter at the Academy in 1864.

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his pictures of peasant life a largeness of style and an idyllic beauty which remind us forcibly of the best and purest of George Sand's works, *La Petite Fadette*,* *La Mare au Diable*, and *François le Champy*. Nor are these qualities gained at the expense of truth. The attitudes of his "Keeper of Turkeys," and of the women going to draw water in "The Spring by the Sea-side," are very noble; but there is nothing incongruous in them. And thus throughout his works there is a singular union of sober grandeur, the very opposite of theatrical, with vital homeliness. There is, moreover, a rare power of imagination. Each one not only tells its own story, but, like a pebble dropped in a pool, awakens in the spectator's mind an ever-widening circle of thoughts and emotions. Not alone for what it actually brings before the bodily eye is the "Recall of the Gleaners" beautiful—though that is much—but above and beyond this, in its sober pacing figures, and hues of the gloaming, are

"Borne inward into souls afar,"

thoughts of the time when the shadows of night will so close around us all, and we too shall be called homewards, bearing our sheaves with us, some perchance full and well-gathered, some, alas! testifying but too truly of the day spent in watching the toil of others. These thoughts of evening are the most habitual with M. Breton, and in this M. Israëls, of Amsterdam, resembles him. Perhaps some of our readers may remember a very impressive picture which the latter sent to our Exhibition of 1862—a sad procession bearing the body of a drowned seaman up the low sand hills of the shore. The pictures he has sent to Paris are, with the exception of the portrait of a Jewish Rabbi, and some children of the sea-coast, in the same mournful key. They are, a widow and her child; a simple, forcible, but unforced representation of a chamber of death; and the grey interior of a Dutch orphan house, with three little ones in white caps, sitting at work—very powerful all. Very powerful, yes; but is this the whole of life? "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," said one of Job's friends, and there is none of us whom sorrow in some form does not strike heavily and often. But yet the heart will rebel against so universally autumnal a view of human existence. If each day has its evening and night, it has, too, its bright midday hours of joyous toil. Every November has its June. And so we require a corrective to the Dutch

* Of whom, by-the-bye, there is a clever little fancy picture at the Academy by G. Pope.

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painter's gloom, and to the French painter's twilight—a corrective which we can nowhere find so well as in the works of our own Hook. There is a freshness in all he does—a freshness as of the open air, and the salt spray, and the boundless green horizon. There's rude health, and the enjoyment of health in those bronzed children who spend the livelong happiness of the day digging for sand-eels, or paddling about in an old boat, only too proud if they are taken out in one of the paternal expeditions, and suffered to hold the helm.* As to the father, there's no leisure for mournful fancies in his toilsome life. His face is brown and weather-beaten as the figure-head of an old ship, but it shows no marks of care. He loves the sea like an old friend. And as we look at its green expanse flecked here and there with snowy foam wreaths, we forget the terribleness of its wrath, and having started by requiring Hook as a corrective to Israëls, we end by requiring Israëls as a corrective to Hook.

Knaus' range is a wider one, and we are glad that by bestowing a medal of the highest class upon him, the Jury at the International Exhibition has shown that it could recognise as high art something besides historical painting.† His "Invalide," an old German pensioner, sitting leaning on his stick, has much character. Without having seen the old man, we can be very sure that he is life-like and real. Nay, we can even know that he is not a solitary individual, but the type of a class, and that his fellows are probably discoverable in any German village. There is the same kind of power in the priest who is lecturing two rather ill-looking peasants on their sins and enormities—the chief being a predisposition to a row, if we may judge from their battered appearance. In another of his pictures we have a pretty

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* See the fine little fellow in "Luff, Boy!"

† We confess that we like his works better than the ambitious cartoon of his countryman, Kaulbach—which, we say it in all humility, appears to us to be rather a learned treatise on the Reformation than a work of art. The figure of Shakspeare is quite a success in the way of misinterpretation of character. He is here depicted with a kind of countenance stern and almost fierce, usually given to Dante. Can anything be more hopelessly wrong? Tennyson, it is true, errs on the other side, when, describing the "choice paintings of wise men" that hung in his "palace of art," he sings of

> "Milton like a seraph strong,
> Beside him Shakspeare *bland and mild*,
> And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,
> And somewhat grimly smiled."

We might perhaps ask for something more in a portrait of the man who wrote *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* than "blandness and mildness." But this at any rate is far truer to what we know of Shakspeare's character from contemporary records, and, indeed, from his works, than Kaulbach's very German ideal.

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little lassie daintily picking the high meadow flowers, and floundering in the long grass. She is not unlike a wee English child, and painted more as English artists treat the same class of subjects than the generality of foreign pictures. Indeed, the realism of the meadow has attracted from the French critics the same kind of strictures which they lavish so freely on ourselves. But the best and most important of Knaus' works is the "Conjuror." In an old barn by way of theatre, and with an inverted tub for stage, he is performing his crowning trick. He has just brought three canaries out of the hat of a staid middle-aged countryman, who looks on bewildered. The whole place is filled with wondering faces. Some of the children shrink back in fear. The bolder ones are pleased as with a glimpse of fairy land. An old woman turns away, and holds up her withered hands in horror at the Satanic influences to which alone such marvels can be attributed. Two comely country lasses in the foreground, with a stout lad in attendance, form a pleasant spot in this pleasant picture. The village blacksmith, who is evidently also the village sceptic, alone disdains the vulgar pleasure of amazement. He peers incredulous behind the performer's back, and strives to surprise his secrets. Through many an ale-house vigil will he lay down the law to his simpler brethren, and scoff at their misty half-suspicions of occult powers and *diablerie*.

In this picture there is a quality very rarely discoverable in foreign works, and, so far as we are aware, quite unknown in the French school—viz. humour. And this, if we come to think about it, is very remarkable. There is no people whose sense of the ridiculous is so morbidly keen as the French, none on whom a jest exercises greater influence. Once get the laugh on your side, and the battle is more than half gained: and their caricaturists in the palmier days, when they could draw what they liked, were clever and admired. Gavarni especially was a man of first-rate genius. But in painting, unaccountably, they neglect the comical side of things. Whether it be from some exalted notion of the "dignity of art," or for any other reason equally futile, they leave these fields entirely free to our painters, who fortunately are not too proud to take their pleasure therein. We could ill spare Webster's pleasant sketches of humble life—so intensely comic, and yet so free from coarseness and vulgarity. There is nothing garish or "loud" about them. They are executed uniformly in a very quiet key of colour. They never seek effect by overstepping the bounds of the probable, and

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thus becoming caricatures. But they attract by a fund of irresistible drollery, and make you smile like a pleasant jest. You cannot help laughing at the "Domestic Medicine" of the present year. What a face the boy is making at the nasty compound! It's unsympathising, but you cannot choose but laugh. So, again, what quiet force and reality there is in the choir that is "Practising for a Village Concert." We know every one of these people, from the school-children, who are singing treble, to the farmer who, with his thumb stuck in his red velvet waistcoat, is shouting out the bass. We can almost hear the sounds they are producing—not very melodious, it must be confessed; but then, why affect an over-critical nicety? We wish the concert every success, and hope it will go off to the credit of all concerned. Nicol's comedy pleases us much less. It is broader and more forced. Yet there is great humour in his Irish sketches, and a good eye for character. He insists perhaps too strongly on raggedness and wrinkles, and garments all tatters, and patches, and seams,—as witness his "Country Booking-office," in the sister isle—but yet he *can* see more than these adjuncts; and his "Kiss and make it up" is pretty. Horsley, whose essentially sunny mind often leads him into a train of graceful pleasantry, sends two pictures to the Academy this year. One, "The Duenna and her Cares," is quite in his usual manner. Heigho, she has need of all her vigilance in the custody of this pair of pretty, saucy maidens, of whom those bowing gallants would so willingly relieve her. The other must be pronounced a failure, and shows that Mr. Horsley has hitherto wisely abstained from trying to become an historical painter. It tells again the old story how Roger Ascham found Lady Jane Grey reading Plato when her companions were following the hounds. But we utterly refuse to recognise this very ordinary, scarcely pretty school-girl, with no nobleness of form, feature, or attitude, as Lady Jane Grey. You cannot lightly touch one of the most beautiful characters in history. *Noblesse oblige;* and the great things of the past should be treated with a pencil at once reverent and powerful.

The little things of the past, however, afford scope for very different treatment; and one of our painters, Mr. Marks, deserves our thanks for discovering that there is a humorous as well as an heroic side to the lives of our ancesters. Others have followed in his footsteps, but none with anything like his success. T. Graham, for instance, sends to the Academy a picture of "Monks playing at Bowls," with the motto *Dulce*

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est desipere in loco; but it considerably overshoots the line that separates the caricature from legitimate art. Tourrier's "Matins," serious, with a slight dash of the comic, is much better. It may be something of a joke to us, but it is no joke to those serge-clad monks this bitter winter morning to trudge with sandalled feet, through the thick snow, across the middle of the cloister. Well may their noses be red, and their faces pinched and blue. We are afraid that if these were in modern times the conditions of attendance on family prayer, many would forego their devotions. But Marks, as we have said, remains the prince where he was the pioneer. He is king here by right of inherent superiority, as well as by right of discovery. His one picture this year, "Falstaff's Own," is a piece of rich humour. The fat knight surveys his band of pitiful recruits —ragged, bare, halting, drunken, worthless—with a look at once sly and jovial that is indescribable. "Food for Powder," he calls them. Food for the gallows, he means; and Mr. Marks has taken care to supply one in the distance, as a sign of the fate which is probably in store for the greater proportion of this rascally regiment.

But the mention of Marks reminds us that there are several of the year's historical works which we have left unnoticed. Some of these, indeed, need not detain us long. The incident of Charles II. knighting the loin of beef is not of any particular historical importance; nor does Mr. Crowe's treatment, which—so far as bad hanging will enable us to judge—is garish and unharmonious, compensate for the uninteresting nature of the subject. Lucy's "Intercepted Embarkation of John Hampden and his Friends, A.D. 1637," is also badly hung, and does not present any very striking feature. In Mrs. Ward's "Scene from the Childhood of Joan of Arc," the face and figure of the Maid herself are good; but the man in armour from whom she is listening to tales of battle might have stepped out of some neighbouring theatre. The picture, however, is better than Ward's flashy "Juliet in Friar Lawrence's Cell." There is no character about her whatever. She is dishevelled, and dressed with remarkably bad taste; and as to the Friar, like the man in armour, he is redolent of the stage. Painters should understand that if they wish to give us any of Shakspeare's scenes, they must create it anew, and not trust to their reminiscences of almost necessarily unidealised representations. Much better than all these is Wynfield's "Oliver Cromwell the Night before his Death." The great Protector—king in all but name by the

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right Divine of the gift of ruling—lies in bright light on his bed, with his hands clasped over the Bible, and his face composed as it may have been when he "used divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace; and, among the rest, spoke some exceeding self-debasing words, annihilating and judging himself. And truly it was observed that a public spirit to God's cause did breathe in him, as in his lifetime, so now to his very last." Two women —his wife and daughter, it may be—are praying in the shadow at the foot of the bed; and through the open door a group of Presbyterian preachers is discernible in an anteroom, also wrestling in prayer for the dying man. It is a solemn scene; solemn not merely with the usual solemnity of death, but because we feel the contrast between the strife of opinion that has waged, and still wages, over this great man's deeds, and the calm unerringness of the tribunal before which he is proceeding.

In striking contrast to this death-bed scene is Armitage's "Interview between Savonarola and Lorenzo the Magnificent." There is no peace or holy calm here. The dying Medici turns his face away in disdain from the exhortations of the great friar, and angrily grasps at the coverlid; and the latter's absolution remains unpronounced. This is a powerful, if not a pleasing picture. The colour, however, is very thin, a defect which makes itself even more painfully felt in the same painter's "Christ healing the Sick." This is a mere piece of academical grouping, and the face of our Saviour has nothing to recommend it. Stone's "Incident from the Life of Nell Gwynne"—her giving an orange in charity to a ragged and disabled veteran is very pretty; but that is all. Mr. Stone might do better things than this. We well remember, if not his earliest work, yet the work that first brought his name prominently before the public—the "Napoleon taking Refuge in a Cottage on his Way from Waterloo to Paris"—and from that picture as a starting-point, we thought he would have run a goodly race. But, unfortunately, he never seems to have got beyond the starting-point, and his pictures now are no better—indeed, they are not so good—as they were in 1863. Surely something must be wrong here. Mr. Stone must look to his laurels.

There is a class of subjects that seems to have a strong attraction for painters, but which they always treat at their peril. We refer to scenes from the lives of the great artists of old. Two instances occur to us—one, by O'Neil, "Titian's Evening Study," and the other, by J. Gilbert, "Rembrandt

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in his Studio." Now, on reading two names like these in courted connection with the work of any modern men, we confess that a feeling of surprise comes over us. Titian and Rembrandt! Why, the one was simply the greatest master of colour that has ever lived—the man whose tones, for fulness and rich harmony, have never been surpassed; the other equally matchless for command of light and shade, and for sheer power of brush. Is there not something of audacity in an artist entering the lists with them, and almost compelling the spectator to institute a comparison? For O'Neil especially the consequences of such a juxtaposition are most disastrous. Colour is not by any means his *forte*, and the Titian is more than usually hard and inharmonious. We have only to try to imagine how the mighty Venetian himself would have treated this gondola sailing amid the splendours of evening, with its freight of youth and beauty; how he would have bathed every face and garment in rich golden hues till they seemed to glow with some inner light; how perfectly he would have balanced his light and shade—we have only to do this to see how rashly Mr. O'Neil has acted. We say no more. He is an art-critic as well as an artist, and the sense of his own failure must be his worst punishment. The same kind of objection applies to Mr. Gilbert's "Rembrandt," with this difference—that, whereas the Titian is in itself a poor picture, the Rembrandt is a good one. And it applies again, though again in a less degree, to Linton's "Giorgione" at the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists; for that is a very good bit of colour, and shines conspicuously among the general run of mediocrities harboured by the Gallery in Suffolk Street. As, however, we have thus expressed our disapproval of O'Neil's "Titian," it is but right we should give a voice to our admiration of his "Incident in Luther's Monastic Life at Erfurt." We cannot do better than describe it in D'Aubigné's own words:—

"One day, overcome with sadness, Luther shut himself in his cell, and for several days allowed no one to enter. His friend, Lucas Edenberger, uneasy about him, took some young choristers, and knocked at the door of his cell. As no one answered, Edenberger, still more alarmed, broke open the door, and found Luther stretched on the floor. After vainly trying to rouse him, the choristers began to sing a hymn. Their clear voices acted like a charm on the poor monk, to whom music had always been a source of delight, and by slow degrees his consciousness returned."

The Luther of this "incident" is not the burly athlete of later days, who has wrestled with the Papacy and given it

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more than one shrewd fall. He is the emaciated monk, still anxiously searching for the truth, wasted by fast and vigil. It is a kindly, genial figure, that supports his drooping head, and the choristers are well rendered. The colour, too, is much more pleasing than in the "Titian," for it is in a lower key that renders harmony less difficult; and the whites and greys of the clerical garb are restful to the eye.

Several painters whose names we are accustomed to look for in the Academy Catalogue have exhibited nothing this year. Lewis is one of them; and we miss painfully his beautifully elaborate Eastern scenes, for which we are bold to challenge comparison with anything that the French school can produce, be it the boasted works of Decamps himself. Sandys, too, the most powerful of the younger Pre-Raphaelites, is among the absentees; and Stanhope — impressive, if eccentric. Bedford also sends nothing; and Mark Anthony's landscapes, in the increasing weakness of English landscape painting in oil, can ill be spared. MacCallum seems to be growing confirmed in his irritation with the governing body of the Academy, and only sends a study of a fine old leafless tree standing solitary amid the shadows of the gloaming in Windsor Park. He has apparently reserved the bulk of his forces to create a sensation at the French *Salon*,* where his peculiar style has excited a good deal of attention, and rather taken the foreign critics by surprise. Of this excursion we have no cause to complain, and we hope to see the day when the annual exhibitions of all the leading countries in Europe will include a fair sprinkling of works from other lands. For purposes of comparison and the enlargement of art ideas generally, such an international interchange of things of beauty would be invaluable. It has hitherto of course been impossible, as regards ourselves, owing to the inadequate size of the galleries in Trafalgar Square. But when the Academy migrates to its larger quarters in Burlington House, this obstacle will be removed, and our hopes may perhaps be realised. In the meantime we can but congratulate the Institute of Painters in Water Colours on having taken a step in this most desirable direction, and introduced into their gallery works by Gallait, Rosa Bonheur, and Henriette Browne.

But to return to our absentees, or *quasi*-absentees; for this distinction is necessary, inasmuch as Holman Hunt, though he has not refrained altogether from exhibiting, has yet done it in such a manner that his absence were better than his

* The French equivalent for our Academy Exhibition.

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presence. He may have fair grounds of complaint against the Academy. On that point we offer no opinion. But surely he consults his own fame and the dignity of his genius very ill by sending to the annual exhibitions only the least worthy productions of his easel. Of his two pictures this year, one—the "Festival of St. Swithin," a brood of pigeons seeking shelter from a midsummer storm—is unimportant, if clever. The pigeons with their prismatic wings, and the effect of wet, are well rendered; but that is all, and that is not much for a man like Holman Hunt. The other, styled "Dolce far niente," is coarse, hard, and ugly. We are sorry to use strong language, but no expressions of less force will describe the effect which this work produces upon us. It has not even the merit of being like its title. There is none of the sweetness of repose about this woman, who might have been carved out of wood, and painted for a ship's figure-head. In keeping entirely aloof from the annual gathering in Trafalgar Square, Ford Maddox Brown pursues a far more dignified course. We do not indeed consider that he is a painter whose exceptional power justifies his adopting an exceptional position among the artists of England; but, at any rate, he does not, like Holman Hunt, keep his good things for private exhibition and send his bad ones to the Academy. And Rossetti? That he will ever so far condescend as to allow the vulgar herd to take their measure of his abilities, is now, we suppose, past hoping for. Mr. Brown's works we have seen, and can therefore offer an opinion respecting them. But of Rossetti's we have been privileged to see so little, that we can form no opinion, and the great majority even of the educated public are in the same position. He seems content permanently to rest his fame on the admiration—very zealous and devoted, it is true—of a circle of friends, and to ignore the rest of the world. This we cannot regard as right. It is a sort of "giving up to party what was meant for mankind," which to us appears morbid and almost selfish.

If some of our painters show their eccentricity by hiding their light under a bushel, others show it by the quality of the luminaries which they place in the national candlestick. Whistler* is one of these. Indeed, his pictures are so extraordinary that, to the generality of spectators, they are incomprehensible and ridiculous. If the artist ever spends any of his leisure moments in listening to the remarks they excite,

* We class Mr. Whistler as one of "our painters," for, though he is, we have reason to believe, an American, yet his art-nationality is certainly English.

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he must hear very little that is complimentary; and it must be owned that the "Symphony in White, No. 3," with its affected title, slovenly execution, and general ugliness, *is* calculated to excite a smile, which the spectacle of a bank of sand distinctly visible *through* a man's body, in "Sea and Rain," is not likely to banish. But when we have enjoyed our own hilarity for a few moments—if we persevere in looking so long—we begin to perceive that we have before us something more than a hasty, blurred, incomplete sketch. The truth is Mr. Whistler possesses a marvellous faculty, that seems almost instinctive, for the exact rendering of the relative value of the tones of nature. You don't see this so easily in his figures, where it requires a great deal to compensate for ugliness and utter want of finish and of everything that is attractive. But take such a picture as his "Battersea," or, better still, the "Wapping," at the Paris Exhibition. Every gradation of hue is so perfectly reproduced, the effect of the special local atmosphere so happily caught, that the scene acquires a force and reality which are wanting in many works seemingly painted with a great deal more care. Take, by way of contrast, a water-colour drawing by John Callow, at the Exhibition of the Old Society. Where did he find all those blues and violets about "Limehouse Reach?" Is that at all like the atmosphere of the east of London? Does that river bear any resemblance to the turbid Thames? Henceforth we may reasonably entertain doubts respecting the truthfulness of any of this painter's sketches of places which we do not happen to know. We can have no confidence in him. But with Mr. Whistler the case is very different. We *must* trust him; though whether he is right to rest satisfied with his one attainment of perfection of tone, and to despise every other artistic quality, is a very different matter. We think not, and confess that we have derived more complete pleasure from his etchings, in which there is no opening for his favourite deficiencies, than from his pictures.

Another painter, who, latterly especially, has suffered himself to be too much absorbed in a single aim, is Leighton. Here, indeed, we have scarcely the heart to find fault; for the passion for delicate beauty of tint and form is not so common that we feel inclined to be severe upon it, even when pushed to excess. Truth, however, must be spoken, and Mr. Leighton, who is the very Sybarite of art, does carry his devotion to what is graceful and refined too far. In its pursuit he neglects stern truth, which is the necessary ballast of all painting, and his works consequently fail somewhat. His

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"Venus," for instance, exquisite as she is in pose, and beautifully moulded in form, would have been more lovely still if, shrinking apparently from the rude vulgarity of health, he had not made her so delicately pale. We miss the rich glow which Etty would have imparted to such a subject. The vermeil blood does not course beneath that morbidly white skin. She may, it is just remotely possible, be a goddess. She certainly is not a woman. The same kind of objection applies to his other works this year, and, moreover, the female head in his "Pastoral" is rather inane.

Another painter, who is attracted by the grace and sentiment rather than the stern and strong facts of life, is G. D. Leslie—the greater Leslie's son. Not that he is like Leighton in one respect, for he is quite truthful in what he does depict, only he selects his themes in a somewhat similarly exclusive manner. With a natural predilection for the period when his own spirit was most prevalent, he has gone back to the England of some eighty years ago—a peaceful, old-fashioned time, before the French Revolution had warmed the blood of Europe to fever-heat. He introduces us to the trim gardens of old days, with their clipped hedge-rows, moats, and formal walks, and peoples them again with the maidens whom our grandfathers and great-grandfathers courted. One sits in the evening shadows with "Ten minutes to decide" a momentous question. The propounder thereof and his horse are waiting the appointed time. Two others are receiving a visit from a London cousin. A third sits forlorn by a flowing stream, that murmurs of "willow, willow," as it rolls past, saddened by hues of autumn. All these are pieces of graceful and pretty sentiment.

But time would fail us to enumerate all the works of the year that call for comment. Suffice it to say, that Landseer's "Deer and Wild Cattle of Chillingham" are among what we may call medium specimens of his power; that Ansdell's animals are, as usual, the work of an able, conscientious man, on whom nature has not bestowed any great gifts of imagination. If Landseer is superior to all foreign animal painters, it must be conceded that Ansdell is inferior to Troyon, and even to Rosa Bonheur. Sydney Cooper may be classed—and it is scarcely a very high class—with the Belgian Verboeckheven. Maclise's "Othello" and his "Winter Night's Tale" please us little. His defects as a colourist are more apparent in works of that size and character than in larger and more tragic scenes. Both Goodall's pictures are very beautiful, though perhaps not more so than the "Femme Fellah," by

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Landelle, at the French Gallery, in Pall Mall.* There is, however, about the manner in which Rebekah is receiving the gifts from the hands of Eleazar, a sense of the greatness of the occasion and its importance to the human race, which gives the picture a superiority over mere transcripts from Eastern life. Hughes' "Enfant Lerdu" has the defect of being too much like his "Home from Work," and is, moreover, not so good. The woodman and the poor little weary child are well enough; but the mother is very unsatisfactory. His "Birthday Picnic" strikes us as hard, and neither particularly graceful nor infantine. Archer's three pictures, as usual, show a delicate feeling for colour. He need not, however, have told us that the "Children of the Time of Charles I." are portraits. The elder boy's countenance was never seen out of the nineteenth century. "The Introduction"—a young gallant, in butterfly gear, being presented to a fair lady all bows and maidenly self-possession—is pretty. In the same vein is Storey's clever "After You," two gentlemen holding back and protesting before an open door with the elaborate politeness of the olden time. As to Watts, he has unfortunately adopted a blurred and undecisive manner, which does much to neutralise his great gifts. His portrait of Dean Stanley, for instance, is marred by dirt and slovenliness. So is his "Lamplight Study of Herr Joachim, the Violinist." And the worst of it is that both are clever portraits and full of character. His "May" is a graceful female figure, and would be very beautiful but for the same defect. Long's "Drovers of the Campagna receiving a Certificate that their Cattle have been duly Blessed on St. Anthony's Day;" Walter's troop of "School-boys Bathing;" Wynfield's "Sign and Seal;" Watson's "Parting;" Hall's Dean Swift receiving the well-known lesson of liberality from the urchin who had brought him the game; and Pott's "Defence"—a little band of Cavaliers firing from the upper room of an old hall upon the Roundheads below, while the female portion of the family fearfully reloads behind an angle of the wall—all these deserve, at any rate, a passing salute, though we have not time to linger in our courtesies.

So far, however, we have omitted to pay a tribute, not of simple politeness, but of high and mournful admiration for a painter whose works had long shed additional lustre on English art, and who, within the last few months, has departed to his rest. John Phillip is not one of whom we can say, like

* There is a duplicate at the Paris Exhibition.

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King Henry, on hearing how Earl Percy was slain at Chevy-Chase, that

> "We trust we have within the realme
> Five hundred as good as he."

Far from it. His loss is irreparable, and there is none to take his place. It was not, however, at the Academy Exhibition that the greatness of that loss was brought most home to us, though the "Antonia"—evidently a portrait—held a very prominent position for vitality and expression among the portraits of the year. It impressed itself more strongly in surveying the collection of his works and sketches sold at Messrs. Christie's rooms—a legacy to be enjoyed by the public for one short week only, but certainly not therefore to be despised. Truly a sad and an instructive collection: sad, because there is always something sorrowful in the spectacle of large plans vigorously conceived—perhaps executed in part with equal vigour—and suddenly arrested by the inexorable finger of death; instructive, because we here surprised a master-hand in the midst of its toil, and could watch the work in every stage of development. Most of the pictures were in parts almost finished, and in parts only hasty and embryonic lines. But, whether finished or unfinished, there was vigour everywhere. Every stroke of the brush and line of the pencil was instinct with power. Indeed, this was the chief characteristic of Phillip's genius—a manly strength that despised all petty accessories, and went straight to its aim. There was no fumbling here, no halting. The man knew what he meant, and said it—said it so firmly and well that we can but mourn that the grave has prematurely closed over one so qualified to speak

> "With the large utterance of the early gods."

His "Antonia," as we have said, was among the best portraits of the year; and in very truth they wanted all the reinforcement they could get. You sometimes hear it urged, not very wisely, as a reason why photography, with all its cheapness and accuracy, will never extinguish this branch of art, that the painter possesses a power of flattery which the sun has not at command. If this be the only distinction, let the truth-teller prevail, and portrait painting perish from the face of the earth. But it is not so. The distinction lies in the fact that the artist, if he can and will, has the power of expressing far deeper and more enduring truths than the craftsman, that he can place the man's permanent living character on his canvas, whereon the photographer can only

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catch some evanescent expression of a moment, and generally, be it said, of a moment not calculated to call forth any nobler expression than that of boredom and discomfort. Alas, however, it is seldom that our painters take the higher view of their functions. Look, for instance, at Hodges' portrait of the Bishop of London, and Grant's Lord Stanley, which we select rather because these are two public men whose features are very well known than for any other reason. Now Dr. Tait has a most marked countenance — a countenance on which the anxieties of a terribly responsible position, and much work and great sorrow, are stamped in unmistakeable lines. But so far from trying to express anything of this, Mr. Hodges seems to have set himself to weaken what was individual and strong, and to reduce his subject to the dead level of ordinary middle-aged mediocrity. The same kind of remark applies to Sir F. Grant's portrait, though, of course, that is in every sense a vastly superior picture to the other. Lord Stanley is not a mere fashionable young gentleman, and it takes something more than the "local colour" of a red despatch box to express character. These are instances of flattery totally misdirected. There are quite enough, nay, considerably more than enough, of commonplace people about the world—people whom Carlyle describes as simple "clothes-horses and patent digesters"—without our striving artificially to increase the apparent number.

Compare these with Hogarth's portrait of Lord Lovat, exhibited among the national portraits. Here is the sketch given by the Catalogue of the old traitor's career. It is quite sufficiently full for our purpose:—

"Born at Beaufort near Inverness, 1668; educated at the University of Aberdeen; had a captain's commission in Lord Tullibardine's regiment; went to France and gained credit with James II., and his son, the Pretender; employed by them on a mission to Scotland, betrayed them, and on his return was confined in the Bastille; liberated, and took orders; entered the Jesuit College at St. Omer; returned to Scotland in 1715; by thwarting the rebels he recovered the estates he claimed, and became Lord Lovat; aided the rebellion of 1745; but said that his son, who led his clan, acted without his authority; concealed himself, was taken, tried, and executed on Tower Hill, 9th of April, 1747, continuing his jests to the last, though eighty years of age."

What light Hogarth's picture throws upon this tortuous life! The sly old fox is caught at last, and with the strong grip of a master-hand. Turn and double as he will, there is no escape. The painter has penetrated to his inmost heart,

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and laid it bare for all after times. The roguery of the man is there; and yet, as in the Reynard of another great artist, La Fontaine, there is besides so much of wit, so much of fertile resource and enjoyment of his own dexterity, that we half forget the roguery. Be sure you would have more than half-forgotten it, had you been ten minutes in the old man's company.

Perhaps, however, though it may be conceded that in likenesses of *men*, character and individuality are the chief things to be desired, it will be objected that in *women* beauty alone is to be sought for. Again we must answer, quite otherwise. Take Vandyke's portrait of a lady—name unknown—at that most interesting of exhibitions, the British Institution. She is beautiful unquestionably. There can be no doubt about that. But it is not a simple beauty of complexion and perfect passionless feature. She has a personality, a character, and without that the highest kind of beauty is impossible.

We must not be understood, however, to affirm that there was no good portrait work at the Academy. We have already spoken of Sant's children; and his "Lord Francis Harvey" is really admirable. Wells' portraits, too, are often excellent.* And if our own art in this respect is not in a perfectly satisfactory condition, we have at least the sorry satisfaction of knowing that Continental art is no better. Very few French portraits rise above mediocrity; in fact, we do not remember anything that calls for special notice except Flandrin's Napoleon III., of which there was a duplicate at the Exhibition of 1862. Those of M. Cabanel are not mirth-inspiring like his huge "Paradise Lost;" but that is about all that can be said for them.

Indeed, looking at the present state of portrait-painting generally, we cannot but feel a good deal of misgiving respecting the kind of figure which the great men of our own day will cut when their likenesses are gathered together by some curious future generation. Such gatherings are in the highest degree instructive, if the artist have proved equal to his task, and his portraits be realities and not vapid shams. The two "Special Exhibitions of National Portraits," held at South Kensington this year and the last, were a combined lesson in history and art for which the public cannot be too grateful; first, to Lord Derby, who originated the idea, and secondly, to the charitable owners of

* A portrait of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, late of Richmond, by Mr. Spanton, a young artist, shows considerable promise.

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the works exhibited. Though neither Lely nor Kneller, the fashionable limners of the earlier portion of the period comprised in this year's display, were in any sense great painters, yet their portraits, however hasty and meretricious, are still portraits. And of Reynolds and Gainsborough, much more might of course be said. The illustrious of our own day are neither less illustrious nor less in number than those who sat to Lely, Kneller, Reynolds and Gainsborough; and yet we greatly fear that when our grandchildren organise a "special exhibition" of their portraits, it will prove but a sorry one.

Another branch of art which unfortunately cannot be said to flourish among us at present is landscape painting—at least in oil colours. For this it is very difficult to assign a reason. England has been so pre-eminently great here, has so entirely borne away the palm from all competitors of past or present, that her partial decadence seems unnatural. Can it be that we love nature less than formerly, and are less anxious to do her homage? We hope not. We would rather trust that water colours have absorbed the talent which would otherwise have naturally flowed into this channel. Even this, however, would be an excuse leaving much to be excused. Water colour, admirable in its own place, cannot do the work of oil colour, and none of the artifices adopted avail to bridge over the difference. We wish our painters would remember this more. There are several of them whose works appear year after year at the rooms of the Old Society and Institute, though their place is properly elsewhere. A wrong vehicle is used to produce an effect more legitimately and durably attainable by other means; and thereby our oil-painting suffers, and our water-colour painting is not proportionately enriched.

Whether or not we accept this explanation, it is unhappily the fact that there were very few landscapes at the Academy that need detain us. P. Graham's "O'er Moor and Moss," has excited a good deal of admiration, but not more than it deserves. A great expanse of waste land and bog, a few trees, a distant line of hills, and the calm of night slowly settling down on the whole—yet not the lowland calm bringing with it thoughts of rest and prosperity and peace, but the calm of the hills and waste places of the earth; a calm of weariness after storm and warfare. It is a scene on which we feel that imagination has thrown her hues, and so it comes to us as a relief from the literal transcripts of nature which our painters are fond of producing. If this gift of photographic fidelity were enough to constitute a great artist,

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then none would have a better title to that name than Brett. His "Lat. 53° 15′ N., long. 5° 10′ W.," is indeed a wonderful piece of sea-portraiture. The pains bestowed have evidently been immense; and the result repays the toil. The great heave of the glassy ocean wave, flecked with a network of yeasty foam recordent of hard weather, is admirably drawn. And yet—we say this not in disparagement, but only as an illustration of the many paths by which art can reach its ends—and yet there is in Hook's "Mother Carey's Chickens" a big wave, painted as it would seem swiftly, almost carelessly, that lifts the boat with a splashing sportive force, and is certainly not less real than Brett's more laboured waters. G. L. Hall, whose clever sketches we have often admired, also exhibited a sea, or rather sea-side study, happily illustrating the lines:—

> "As when to land
> Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
> Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
> Torn from the fringe of spray."

Creswick's "Beck in the North Country" is one of his usual pretty bits of nature, and Cooke, equally as usual, contributes some prosy if conscientious pieces of work, one of them a glowing sunset as background to the skeleton of a whale cast ashore in Pevensey Bay. The skeleton is not a particularly interesting or beautiful object. Leader was scarcely up to his usual mark this year; and Lee, we regret to see, is becoming more and more clayey and lifeless in his colouring. The Linnells, against whom a too strong family likeness of subject and style may be objected, give us their customary glimpses of the rich Surrey country, with its fertile hills that never soar into barrenness, and valleys glowing with ripening crops. If merit always occupied its due place at life's feast, the father would long ago have been strengthening the landscape talent of the Academy. Two painters who, like the Linnells, are best known for their treatment of trees and cornfields, have this year, as we may metaphorically say, embarked upon the vasty deep; but an equal success has not attended them. Vicat Cole's outlying rocks vexed continually by the billows breaking into angry surf, is very satisfactory. Edmund Warren's ambitious "Battle of the Waters" at the Institute is a failure. We are sorry. It is always a fine thing to see an artist, especially a successful one, bestir himself to enlarge the scope of his powers; but in this case the result is not happy. Mr. Warren, whose tree-glooms flecked with bright play of sunlight are always pleasing, if possibly a little hard,

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has not mastered the difficulties of wave drawing. Neither the grace nor the power of the live waters is here.

To return to oil-colours, however: we must not forget to bestow a due meed of admiration on E. A. Pettitt's "Avalanche" at the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, a piece of Alpine scenery that has many excellent points; or on C. P. Knight's Indiamen rippling up the clear Avon, at the Academy. J. Peel's view of that glorious valley over which Moel Siaboa reigns supreme is also beautiful; and Miss Blunden's Tintagel is thoroughly good careful coast painting. J. S. Raven's "Shadow of Snowdon," thrown lightly upon the rosy hills opposite, is a beautiful sunset effect. The everlasting hills, worn and wrinkled in their long strife against the opposing elements, seem here flushed and irradiated with joy and brightness as of youth.

The French, a people not deficient, as our readers may be aware, in national vanity, are quite satisfactorily convinced that in landscape art they have crushed us. And, indeed, it must be owned, that if we look to oil-painting alone, they have one or two men whom we can with difficulty match. Among these Daubigny, who is a really great painter, stands pre-eminent. We must, however, confess that there are one or two points in which we think their landscape painters generally very deficient. And, first, they one and all shun full sunlight as if it were poison. To see their works, you would really suppose that the "sunny land of France" was an expression that only poetic licence could justify. Gloom of cloud, of twilight or of mist—occasionally, be it said, gloom of excessive dirt—but the clear light of a frankly fine day, never. Surely, surely there must be something wrong here. It is weak art that dares not grapple with one of the most beautiful things in God's creation, and the sunlight of France is so specially beautiful. If this is what theories of the harmony of colour, and necessary sobriety of tone, bring men of undoubted ability to regard as satisfactory, we can only say that a little less of æsthetics and a little more looking at nature seem desirable. Again, the younger school of French painters show an extraordinary predilection for slovenliness and dirt, for which nature really gives no warrant whatever. A gloomy landscape you may often see, though you narrow your art very much by forgetting that you may as often see a bright one. But a dirty landscape, all blurred and dingy, you cannot see at all, unless indeed you come to London in November, confining your studies to that or some other murky haunt of manufacture.

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In water colours the French themselves confess that they lag immeasurably behind us, a confession which in mouths so vain-glorious speaks volumes. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that this branch of our art is as inadequately represented at Paris as its fellows. From both of which facts it is easy to draw a conclusion satisfactory to our insular pride.

The water colours of the year, however, form themselves a very wide field for criticism, admiration, and discussion, though we must content ourselves with lightly skimming over it. If we would name the individual work that has most struck us, it is Boyce's "Where stood Bridewell Hospital and Prison." His other pictures—one of which is a very real portrait—have the same qualities of sober earnestness and force, but this stands pre-eminent among them, as among the other landscapes of the year. It brings before us a piece of waste London ground in all its prose of patchy leprous grass, cat-tenantry, dingy red-brick surrounding houses, and leaden sky. An ugly picture, you will say. Far from it. There is here a beauty of intense realism and of perfect harmony; a beauty of deep insight and unfaltering power. Prose blossoms sometimes into poetry, and this is such a blossom. We were also much struck with the imaginative feeling displayed in Powell's "Loch Gare," lying so peacefully asleep, and in his "Fishing Boats dragging Anchor," with its frowning shore of rocks that catch the trailing mists as they sweep up from the water. Nor must we omit a word of recognition for Hine's soberly forcible sketches from the Southern Downs—great green undulations broken here and there by the outcropping chalk. But if we once begin to particularise, where are we to stop? There is so much that might call for more than passing notice. How can we ignore Bennett, with whom the great traditions of water-colour art linger most persistently; or his fellow-labourers in the same field, McKewan or Dodgson; or T. M. Richardson, great in Italian scenes; or Rowbotham, who, with less of power, also revels in the happy atmosphere and blue waters of the south; or Danby, in whom a large amount of inherited poetry is discernible? We cannot altogether forget Brittan Willis' cattle, shaggy and bellicose; J. C. Reed's and A. P. Newton's massy rocks and mountain tarns; Vacher's Egyptian views, somewhat perhaps too persistently in twilight; Werner's similar views, remarkable by a happy rendering of the dry calcined stone surfaces; Samuel Read's glowing church interiors, and Louis Hague's interiors from the burgher cities of Belgium; Prout's gleanings from the picturesque old towns of Normandy, towns destined, too

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soon, alas! to be "improved" into geometrical monotony on the model of Paris; Birket Foster's pretty vignette pictures, wanting somewhat perchance in largeness of style, but very pretty; Shalder's truly English stretches of meadow land, dark green wood, and thick free-growing hedge and underwood; and—the contrast brings it to our mind—Carl Haag's scenes of Eastern desert stretching sea-like to an undefined horizon, mysterious and terrible. Then there are several who devote themselves chiefly to mountain scenery, as Penly, Rosenberg, S. P. Jackson, Pidgeon, and Alfred W. Hunt; the latter of whom seems so struck with nature's brightness and diversity of hue as to forget her other qualities, as unity of effect and largeness of mass. All these artists—and how many more might we not name?—send us the results of a year's toil in the shape of numberless works, over each of which we might linger in thought, praise, or blame, and the poor compliment of a passing mention is all we can pay them.*

A word, however, before we conclude respecting the figure painters in water colour. And first as regards Burne Jones. That he is a painter of power, of great power, is unquestionable. Unfortunately he looks at the world through a strange mediæval glass; and as the plain glass of those days was not altogether transparent, he seems to see often a distorted and discoloured image. We cannot otherwise account for the very extraordinary complexions, so brown and clayey, which his personages exhibit, and for other freaks of objectionable colour, and occasionally awkward drawing. There seems too, in all he does, to be a general craving for the eccentric rather than the beautiful. But there are, it cannot be denied, fine qualities of imagination in his Cupid and Psyche; and her restoration to life, not as a mere resurging of animal vitality, but a deep-felt quickening of the soul, is admirably rendered; and so is the gloomy scene of the old myth, by the dark shores of Styx. It would be useless to look for this kind of excellence in the work of Burton. But, on the other hand, he has a far keener eye for beauty. His "Shireen" is a lovely head. Gilbert is this year bold and dashing as he always is; and Absolon, whose painting has generally a chromolithographic look, the result of want of delicacy, is happier than usual in his "French Advocate for Woman's Rights," a

* It is not pleasant to find fault, but we cannot help observing that two or three pictures at the Exhibition of the older Water Colour Society—gallantry forbids us to particularise—were—well, not a credit to the society.

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young fisherwoman declaiming to a group of girls, who are evidently unconvinced, but unable to reply. C. Green's "Waiting for the Pantomime" is very clever, and Walter Goodall's domestic sketches in Brittany very pleasing. Jopling in our opinion has made a considerable advance on all his previous pictures, and, except in his "Third Volume," shot clear of that eccentricity and mannerism which so often marred his work. Though perhaps open to the charge of over-intensity of hue, his "Rosa" is a noble head; and his "Elsie Venner" is very fine and powerful. Perhaps, indeed, it was a mistake to endeavour to give visible form to one of those weird fantastic creations of the imagination in which one or two American writers, as Hawthorne and Holmes, seem to have taken refuge from the pervading dollar-talk and eager political partisanship of Transatlantic life. Such creations are best left to haunt the mind like shadows, dim and undefined. There is scarce enough of the snake's subtlety and malice in the eyes of Mr. Jopling's "Elsie Venner," or of the snake's litheness in her figure, which is strong and full; but her couchant springing attitude is excellently serpentine, and the picture altogether full of power.

From the tenor of the preceding pages, it may be guessed that we are far from agreeing with the foreign critics that the art of England has missed its way, and will continue to wander helpless and mazed till it consents, like the rest of Europe, to place itself under French guidance. When the man in the fable vauntingly pointed out to the lion that in statues men were always victorious, the king of beasts very pithily observed, that if lions practised stone-carving, the result might be different. And so, in estimating the value of the strictures passed upon us, we should remember that if our school has been pronounced inferior to that of France, it is by French critics, judging with French eyes, and according to French canons of taste. We have no wish to fall into a similar error. It is certainly not our intention to pronounce any equally trenchant judgment on the other side. The French school has done great things in the immediate past, and has still every right to bear its head very proudly. But the world of art is large. There is room in it for a Raphael and a Rembrandt, for a Turner and a Frà Angelico. There certainly is room for an English school as well as a French school. Nay, there is room for many schools besides; and we cannot but greatly regret that the other nations of the Continent should be moulding themselves so entirely to Gallic influences. Italy, whose former splendours have

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hitherto served her only for a gravecloth, is mostly French in such new life as she has. So are nascent Russia and resurgent Spain. Germany, with all her devotion to æsthetic systems—that might be philosophical, but were certainly not productive of art—is haltingly excursionising over the Rhine frontier. Thus also with Scandinavia. Belgium, too, notwithstanding the earnest protests of some of her masters, is abandoning her old traditions; and Holland is more than half won. We regret this, certainly in no spirit of narrow jealousy, but because in art, as in literature and politics, every nation is great, not by ingraftings from a foreign stock, but by natural growth and development. What an artist feels most, loves most, and knows most about, that will he best express. Leys, Tidemand, Breton, Knaus, our own Hook, dissimilar in all else, have in common a dominant spirit of nationality. The land of their birth is the land of their art. We do not mean, of course, that no painter should seek for subjects beyond the limits of his native land. It may happen that he is more at home elsewhere. Nor do we mean that he should resolutely refuse to learn from the principles and practices of foreign schools. That would be the very height of bigotry and intolerance. But as no country can boast of possessing the one absolute truth in art—as indeed it is more than doubtful whether such truth exist—we deem it far preferable that each should develop its own powers in a national spirit, and strive to perfect the gifts which nature has bestowed upon it, rather than slavishly imitate another. The one course, as we consider, leads to death; the other to health and life. And so long as England, painting what she loves and feels, paints with that stubborn individuality which is her peculiar characteristic, she is occupying a place in art which no other country can fill; and that place, with all our faults, is so high, that we need fear no just comparison with our Continental contemporaries.

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ART. V.—1. *Les Ruines de Pompéi.* Par F. MAZOIS. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1824.

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4. *Pompeiana: The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii.* The Result of Excavations since 1819. By Sir WILLIAM GELL, M.A., F.R.S., &c. In Two Volumes. London: 1837.

5. *Pompeii: Its History, Buildings, and Antiquities.* An Account of the Destruction of the City, with a full Description of the Remains, and of the recent Excavations, and also an Itinerary for Visitors. Edited by THOMAS H. DYER, LL.D. London: Bell and Daldy. 1867.

THE early history of Pompeii is shrouded in obscurity. Tradition assigns its origin, as well as that of Herculaneum, to Hercules, who is said to have chosen it as the seat of some triumphant celebrations. The value of the tradition is small; but the fact that the name of the city occurs among the hazy legends of mythology is important as establishing its claim to remote antiquity. The first inhabitants of the coast of the Sinus Cumanus (now called the Bay of Naples), of whom there is any authentic information, were the Osci, who appear to have been of Pelasgian extraction. They, however, were not the founders of Pompeii, for it was a city of considerable importance long before their arrival in the country. Having been held for some time by the Osci, it fell into the hands of the Etruscans. Its next occupants were the Samnites, who, about the year B.C. 440, overran the whole district of Campania, and took possession of all its towns. The first direct notice of Pompeii in credible history occurs in the year B.C. 310, when, during the second Samnite war, a Roman fleet entered the mouth of the Sarnus, and, proceeding up the river as far as Nuceria, ravaged the country around. When the Romans conquered the Samnites, towards the close of the

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third century before Christ, they conferred on the cities occupied by that people a municipal constitution. From inscriptions and other evidences, it would seem that Pompeii, though under a new *régime*, maintained many of its Oscan institutions, as well as the Oscan tongue. In the second Punic war, the citizens of Pompeii joined the standard of Hannibal, and shared in the Campanian revolt. Enervated by the luxurious climate, the soldiers of the great African general were driven from Italy, and the incensed Romans visited the Campanians with terrible vengeance. Capua was most severely punished; but Pompeii seems to have escaped. In the Social War, which broke out B.C. 91, the Pompeians again revolted. The Roman general, Lucius Sulla, laid siege to their city. Of this siege there are no historic details; the story of its severity may be read in the dilapidated state of the walls as they are found at the present day. Other cities in the neighbourhood were punished most rigorously by the conquerors. The people of Capua were driven into exile, and a colony was sent from Rome to take possession of their fertile country. Stabiæ, a town but a few miles distant from Pompeii, was entirely destroyed. But by some means, of which there is no authentic record, Pompeii, instead of being punished, received the Roman franchise. A Roman colony, however, was founded there by Sulla, with the name of Colonia Veneria Cornelia.

At the close of the Social War, Pompeii, like Baiæ, Puteoli, and other towns in the neighbourhood, became a favourite resort of the wealthier Romans. Cicero had a villa there. The Oscan tongue ceased to be spoken, and the Oscan institutions were gradually abandoned. The citizens shared the common fortune of the empire, and, in course of time, became assimilated in customs and government to their conquerors. In the year A.D. 59 a grand gladiatorial exhibition was given in the amphitheatre by a Roman senator, who had been banished from the capital. During the show, a quarrel arose between the Pompeians and the Nucerians. A battle ensued, in which the latter were worsted. They brought their case before the Emperor Nero, who adjudged that the citizens of Pompeii should not be permitted to enjoy the amusements of the theatre for ten years. A rude drawing of this squabble —scratched on the plaster of a house by some patriotic Pompeian—was found at an early stage of the excavations. On the 5th of February, A.D. 63, an earthquake threw down a great part of Pompeii, and did great damage to many of the adjacent towns. Vestiges of the injury done by this earth-

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quake may be seen at this day. Many of the mosaic floors are twisted and broken, and some of them show the repairs which were made by the inhabitants. The last historical notice of the ancient Pompeii is that of its destruction in the month of August, A.D. 79, during the memorable eruption of Vesuvius.

Although there are no extant records of any eruption of Vesuvius previous to that of the year 79, the ancients seem to have had some traditions of an earlier date. The fabled battle between the gods and the giants; the hurling of Jupiter's thunderbolts, by which the earth was scathed and blasted; the burial of the giant Typhon, "who threw stones to heaven with a loud noise, and from whose eyes and mouth fire proceeded," under a neighbouring island; and the evil repute in which the shores of the Cumæan Bay were held; all bear witness to some more substantial record of volcanic action than could be gathered from those traces of igneous processes in which the district abounds. But whatever may have been the previous history of Vesuvius, it must have had many centuries of repose. At the time when Strabo wrote, which was probably in the reign of Tiberius, the aspect of the mountain was altogether different from that which it now presents. Avernus, which the ancients regarded as the mouth of hell, because of the gloom thrown upon its waters by the shadow of trackless forests, was then surrounded by highly cultivated and luxuriant vegetation. The mountain itself was covered with verdure, excepting at its summit; and around it and upon its slopes were clusters of flourishing hamlets. A passing reference is made to it by Virgil, who praises the fertility of its soil. The fact that Spartacus encamped on Vesuvius with his army of gladiators and insurgents, and that it was the site of the great battle between the Romans and the Latins (B.C. 340), in which Decius devoted himself to death, shows clearly that the ancient appearance and condition of the mountain must have borne little semblance to its present character. Indeed, no early description of Vesuvius is at all applicable to it as it now exists. According to Strabo, the summit was for the most part level, whereas, as is well known, it is now capped by a cone of considerable elevation. This cone, which stands within a circular volcanic ridge, is evidently of comparatively recent origin. It is probable that the ridge is all that remains of an ancient volcano, which was formerly surmounted by a cone, "which, being subject to constant degradation, and requiring constant supplies of fresh materials to maintain its

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height, sunk down into the earth in the long period of inactivity which we know to have occurred antecedent to the Christian era."

After many centuries of rest, the volcano broke out with great violence in the year 79. Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, were destroyed. The younger Pliny, whose uncle perished during the eruption, and who was himself an eye-witness of the catastrophe, furnished an account of it in two letters to Tacitus, which have been happily preserved. The mountain, thus reawakened, seems to have had little repose since 79. Eruptions of greater or less violence occurred with frequency until the year 203. In that year the mountain broke out again with great force. There was a violent eruption in 472, and another in 512. In describing this, Procopius conveys the idea that it was accompanied by a stream of lava. The years 685 and 993 were distinguished by considerable eruptions. The first stream of lava of which there is an authentic record, broke out during an eruption in the year 1036. There was an eruption in 1049, and another in 1138; after which there was a pause until the year 1631. The next eruption occurred in 1666; "from which time to the present there has been a series of eruptions, at intervals rarely exceeding ten years, generally recurring much more frequently." The most notable of these occurred in 1776, 1777, and 1779. In his splendid work, entitled *Campi Phlegræi*, Sir William Hamilton, an eyewitness, has left a vivid and exhaustive description of the attendant phenomena. In the eruption of 1822 the vast mass of scoriæ and blocks of lava which had been accumulating within the crater for years was blown out, together with a large portion of the cone itself. The mountain was reduced in height by about eighteen hundred feet. There has been no eruption of any importance since the year 1861.

The celebrated letter of Pliny, the younger, to the historian Tacitus, furnishes us with a very vivid picture of the most memorable eruption of Vesuvius—that of August 23, A.D. 79. At the time of its occurrence the elder Pliny was in command of the Roman fleet off Misenum. At about noon of the 24th of August, his attention was called to a cloud of unusual size and shape. In figure it resembled a pine-tree, for "it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches." Anxious to command a nearer view of this remarkable phenomenon, Pliny ordered a light vessel to be got ready. Before he started, he received a note from a lady, whose villa was situated at the foot of Vesuvius, earnestly begging him

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to come to her assistance. He at once ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered for the point of danger. His approach was embarrassed by dense showers of cinders, pumice stones, and fragments of heated rock. Having rendered as much help as was possible to the inhabitants of the villas, which were thickly planted along the coast, he proceeded to Stabiæ, where his friend Pomponianus resided. His interest in his friend cost him his life. For on the following morning, the houses had begun to shake with such violence, and the showers of calcined stones and cinders had become so dense, that he determined to make an effort to gain the shore, and put off at once to sea. It was, however, too late. Suffocated by the sulphurous vapour, he fell down dead. In the meanwhile, the younger Pliny, his nephew, remained at Misenum. Successive shocks of an earthquake warned him that it was no longer safe to stay in the town. The chariots which he had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated by the heaving ground that they could not be kept steady for a moment. A black cloud, out of which rolled vast volumes of igneous vapour, covered the sea, the waters of which receded from the shore. Everything was mantled in darkness. Nothing was heard but the shrieks of women and children. It seemed as though the last and eternal night, which, according to Pagan notions, was to destroy the world and the gods together, had come. Lurid flashes of light, accompanied by heavy showers of ashes and stones, deepened the horrors of the day. At length the darkness rolled away. But everything was changed. The whole country was covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. The beautiful view over the bay from the island of Capri was entirely marred. The picturesque villas had vanished under heaps of cinders; and the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, lay buried in ruins.

During the period of 1669 years Pompeii remained thus buried and forgotten. There are traces of searches made among the *débris* immediately after the catastrophe. But these were inconsiderable, and were soon suspended. In the year 1592, an architect, named Dominico Fontana, cut a subterranean canal under the site of the city, for the purpose of conveying water from the river Sarno to the town of Torre dell' Annunziata. In constructing this canal, the workmen came often upon the basements of buildings; but no curiosity appears to have been excited, and no steps taken to prosecute further researches. Nearly a hundred years later fresh ruins were discovered, and an inscription with the word, POMPEI.

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But even this failed to awaken any practical interest. At length, when the accidental discovery of Herculaneum had drawn the attention of learned and scientific men to the subject, Alcubierre, a Spanish colonel of engineers, who had been employed to examine the subterranean canal, was led by the discovery of a house, with statues and other objects, "to conjecture that some ancient city lay buried there, overwhelmed by the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79." Having obtained permission from Charles III., the King of Naples, he commenced early in the year 1748 the excavations of the street, afterwards called the Strada della Fortuna. His labours were soon rewarded; for in a few days he discovered "a picture, eleven palms long by four and a half palms high, containing festoons of eggs, fruits, and flowers, the head of a man, large, and in a good style, a helmet, an owl, various small birds, and other objects." The next discovery of importance was the skeleton of a man, covered with the lava mud. By his side were found eighteen brass coins, and one of silver. Before the end of the first year of the excavations, the amphitheatre, which is capable of holding 10,000 persons, was laid bare. The operations, however, were carried on with deplorable dilatoriness, and the royal exchequer was by no means liberal. The excavators, who worked in chains, were chiefly condemned felons, or Mohammedan slaves. No stranger was permitted in the ruins. Accurate records of the discoveries were kept; the most important pictures were detached from the walls, after copies of them had been taken; and the buildings in which they were found were again covered with the rubbish. When some progress had been made in the excavations, strangers were admitted, on the payment of an exorbitant fee: but all attempts to take copies of mosaics or frescoes were rigorously discouraged.

The short period during which the French occupied Naples was distinguished by a more liberal and enlightened policy. Under the patronage of Caroline, the wife of Murat, the works were carried on with great vigour, and many remarkable discoveries were made. The amphitheatre, which had been filled up again, was recleared; the Forum was laid open; and the greater portion of the Street of Tombs was uncovered. The return of the Bourbons to favour was not conducive to the progress of the excavations. The revolution which drove them finally from Naples gave Pompeii another chance. Garibaldi was appointed Dictator. But however brave and patriotic as a general, he was scarcely fitted for the functions of administration. He gave the directorship of museums

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and excavations to Alexandre Dumas, the French novelist! The new director was quite alive to the dignity of his position, and kept it up with princely magnificence. But he had no notion of its responsibilities. It is said that he paid but one visit to the ruins. His rule was happily short-lived. For on the accession of Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Italy, Giuseppe Fiorelli, a distinguished antiquarian scholar, was appointed director-general of the works. The appointment has proved most judicious. Pursuing a regular system, noting "every appearance or fragment which might afford or suggest a restoration of any part of the buried edifice, replacing with fresh timber every charred beam, propping every tottering wall or portion of brickwork," the new *commendatore* has succeeded in exhibiting not a confused and undefined mass of crumbling ruins, but a town, in the integrity of its outlines, and the order of its arrangements. Street after street has been uncovered. Temples, baths, markets, tombs stand out just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago. The villa of the poet, the forum, the counting-house, the baker's shop, the school-room, the kitchen, carry us into the very heart of the Roman life in the brightest days of the empire. The jewellery of beauty, the spade of the labourer, the fetter of the prisoner, and the weapon of the soldier are all there, reproducing and realising the past with a vividness which can scarcely be conceived.

From venerable relics and ancient traditions it is possible to construct an ideal picture of the past. How far from the truth that ideal may be can be learned from the fact that no two antiquarians agree in their conceptions of a Druidic temple. With the elaborate details which are given in the Bible, and in Josephus, it is impossible to construct an accurate model of the Temple on Mount Zion. The ruins of ancient and now uninhabited cities fail to depict the manners of their former tenants, or even the scheme on which they were constructed. Inhabited ruins are constantly modified and adapted to the changing life within them. But Pompeii, overwhelmed, and, as it were, hermetically sealed in the very height of its prosperity, preserved from the ravages with which Goths and Vandals visited the ancient glories of Italy, and from the sacrilegious and almost as destructive pillagings of modern hands, brings the very past to our doors. Within its silent streets are "buildings as they were originally designed, not altered and patched to meet the exigencies of newer fashions; the paintings undimmed by the leaden touch of time; household furniture left in the confusion of use;

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articles, even of intrinsic value, abandoned in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the robber, or scattered about as they fell from the trembling hand, which could not pause or stoop for its most valuable possessions; and, in some instances, the bones of the inhabitants, bearing sad testimony to the suddenness and completeness of the calamity which overwhelmed them." There are the very ruts which were made by the wheels of chariots, flying perhaps from the impending ruin; there are water-pipes, in the cavities of which, sealed by the hand of time, the splashing fluid can still be heard; there are rude and grotesque inscriptions, scratched by some loiterer on the stucco, and as fresh as when they excited the mirth of the passer-by; there are egg-shells, bones of fish and chickens, and other fragments of a repast of which skeletons lying near them were partaking when the catastrophe overwhelmed them; there is fuel ready to be supplied to furnaces for heating the baths; there are the stains left upon the counters of drinking shops by wet glasses; there are the phials of the apothecary, still containing the fluids which he was wont to dispense; there are ovens, in which loaves of bread, carbonised, but otherwise perfect, may yet be seen; there are vases with olives still swimming in oil, the fruit retaining its flavour, and the oil burning readily when submitted to the flame; there are shelves, on which are piled stores of figs, raisins, and chestnuts; and there are amphoræ, containing the rare wines for which Campania was famous. The vividness with which the remains in the city recall the past is illustrated by M. Simond, from the Forum:—

"A new altar of white marble, exquisitely beautiful, and apparently just out of the hands of the sculptor, had been erected there; an enclosure was building all around; the mortar, just dashed against the side of the wall, was but half spread out; you saw the long, sliding stroke of the trowel about to return and obliterate its own track;—but it never did return: the hand of the workman was suddenly arrested, and, after the lapse of 1800 years, the whole looks so fresh and new that you would almost swear that the mason was only gone to his dinner, and about to come back immediately to smoothe the roughness."

Owing to its greater distance from Vesuvius, and its more elevated situation, Pompeii was not reached by the streams of lava, which at the time of the great eruption, and in after periods, flowed over Herculaneum. The latter city is buried under a hardened mass which in some places reaches a depth of from eighty to a hundred feet. The depth and hardness of

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this volcanic matter precludes the possibility of a complete excavation. Pompeii was overwhelmed by a shower of ashes and pumice stones, the bed of which seldom reaches a depth of more than twenty or twenty-four feet; and, being loose and friable in its composition, it is very easily removed. The basement storeys of the Pompeian houses are therefore perfect; the upper storeys, which were generally built of wood, were either broken by the weight of the *débris* which fell upon them, or were burned by the shower of red-hot stones. The materials under which the city is buried are pounded stones and ashes, of a whitish-grey colour. Over these there is a stratum, some four or five feet in depth, which is composed of stones and ashes of a greyish-black colour. This stratum is probably the result of subsequent eruptions. Pumice stones, of irregular size and shape, are mixed with the ashes; and above these there is "another layer, of an average depth of two feet, which appears to have been attended in its descent with an enormous fall of water, forming what the Italians call a *lava bavosa*." The uppermost layer consists of a fine mould, in which lupins, corn, and even mulberry-trees grow freely.

The great eruption was evidently accompanied by an earthquake, for many skeletons have been found, which were those of persons killed by the falling of walls upon them. Eight skeletons were discovered in 1787 under the *débris* of a wall, and in 1818 the bones of a man who had been crushed by the fall of a marble column were found in the Forum. The ruined appearance which the town presents is clearly traceable, to a great extent, to the effect of the earthquake; but for which, the denudation of the buildings would have discovered them in their original integrity. There are traces, too, of rough and destructive searches made soon after the catastrophe for hidden treasures. It is an ascertained fact that the Emperor Alexander Severus made Pompeii "a sort of quarry, from which he drew a great quantity of marbles, columns, and beautiful statues, which he employed in adorning the edifices which he constructed at Rome." The furniture of the Basilica, the columns of the portico of Eumachia, one of the chief buildings, and many other of the most valuable adornments of the city were thus carried away. Only on the supposition of previous and protracted researches can we account for the paucity of gold and silver articles, coins, and statues as yet discovered. Many of the more portable treasures must have been carried away by the inhabitants in their flight, for it is clear, that however sudden the final catastrophe

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may have been, such warnings were given as to enable the greater proportion of the citizens to escape. About one-third of the city has been disinterred. In this portion some six or seven hundred skeletons have been found. It is reasonable to assume that if the whole city were uncovered, the number of skeletons would be about two thousand. But Pompeii contained at least twenty thousand inhabitants. The eruption occurred at a time when the people were assembled by thousands in the amphitheatre. Very few skeletons, however, have been found there, and even these may have been gladiators already slain. The remaining skeletons are probably "those of the sick, the infirm, and the irresolute; of those who mistakingly thought that they should find protection against the fatal shower in their houses or their cellars; or of those who, from motives of avarice, and sometimes, perhaps, of affection, lingered in search of their treasures or their beloved ones till there was no longer time to effect their escape." One skeleton, however, bears witness to motives neither sordid nor selfish: it is that of a Roman soldier on guard, who was found at his post.

Pompeii is situated on an elevated plateau at the southern base of Vesuvius, about a mile from the sea. From the fact that shells and sea-sand have been found on the side of the city adjoining the coast, and that iron rings, intended, as it is supposed, for the mooring of vessels, have been discovered near the ruins, it has been conjectured that in the age before the memorable and fatal explosion of 79 the walls of the city were washed by the sea. The assumption that these rings were used for mooring purposes is simply gratuitous, and the discovery of shells gives little authority to the theory of a change of coast line. The remains of many buildings much nearer the sea, and outside the walls of Pompeii,—some of them being buried under white *lapilli,* such as were thrown out by the eruption of 79,—bear evidence to the fact that the position of the city in ancient times was identical with its present site. If anything more were required in proof of this conclusion, it might be found in the fact that Herculaneum and Stabiæ, the one on the north, and the other on the south of Pompeii, still lie on the margin of the sea; clearly showing that no alteration in the coast line was produced by the eruption. Seated thus, at a convenient distance from the bay, on the banks of a navigable river, at the entrance of a vast and fertile plain, and shadowed by the heights of Vesuvius,—not then the bare and rugged mountain it is now,—Pompeii offered not only the conveniences of a commercial

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city and the security of a strong military position, but the attractions of beautiful scenery and a delicious climate. It was the fashionable watering-place of the Roman aristocracy. The city itself was of somewhat limited proportions. But the more aristocratic villas were suburban. Indeed, the whole coast was so thickly planted with gardens and houses as to appear like one vast city.

Pompeii was surrounded with walls, the greater portion of which has been traced. The figure of the city, as defined by the walls, was nearly oval. The whole area was but one hundred and sixty-one acres, the circuit of the walls being nearly two miles. The greatest length was little more than three-quarters of a mile, and the breadth less than half-a-mile. According to the principle of avoiding sharp angles, which was prominent in ancient theories of fortification, the walls were curvilinear. From their present appearance it is impossible to judge of their date with any degree of accuracy. Certain characters traced upon some of the stones seem to point to a period antecedent even to the Etruscan occupation; while some portions, and especially the towers, point to a much later age. Probably the more recent masonry belongs to a period subsequent to the Social War, and was constructed in order to repair the damage done during the siege. The stones of the walls are large and carefully hewn. They are fitted together without mortar. The outer walls are about twenty-five feet high. Between them, and the inner walls, which are a few feet higher, there is an earthen mound or terrace. This was considered, in all ancient systems of fortification, to be proof against battering rams and every other method of assault. At irregular distances, ranging from eighty to nearly five hundred paces, are quadrangular towers. The walls and the towers are much dilapidated, owing partly to the effects of an earthquake, and to the siege under Sulla, and partly to the fact, that during the long peace which Italy enjoyed under Augustus, defences were held to be less necessary, and were either left to decay, or were pulled down to make room for the building of houses. Many large and handsome houses in Pompeii are built upon the line of the city walls.

The length of wall already traced is pierced by seven gates, besides the Porta della Marina, which is on the western side, where the line of the wall is no longer defined. The Herculaneum Gate, which is the most important, is double; so that assailants, who had succeeded in forcing the first doors, could "be attacked from a large opening in the roof, and

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destroyed while attempting to force the second. The outer defence was that of a portcullis; holes in the pavement show that the inner gate consisted of folding doors, which turned on pivots. There is a central archway, which is between fourteen and fifteen feet in width; the arch no longer remains, but was probably about twenty feet high. On either side of this there is a smaller opening for foot-passengers, between four and five feet wide, and about ten feet high. On the left of this gate, before entering the city, is a pedestal, which, from some fragments of bronze drapery found near it, seems to have supported a colossal statue in bronze. Possibly this was an image of the tutelary god of the city. On entering the Herculaneum Gate, the visitor finds himself in a street which leads to the Forum. On his right is a house formerly occupied by a musician; on the left is a shop for the sale of hot drinks; farther on is the house of the Vestals and the Custom House. Beyond this stands a public fountain. Three hundred yards from the gate the street divides; the left-hand turning leads to the Forum, the principal building in Pompeii.

The streets are paved with large blocks of lava of irregular shape, but neatly joined. The carriage-way, which never exceeds a breadth of ten feet, is composed of polygonal blocks, with their angles slightly rounded, the interstices being filled with pieces of granite, iron wedges, or flints forcibly driven in. Repairs in the roads were generally effected by thus filling up the holes. The streets, which, to the notions of these days, seem inconveniently narrow, were as wide as the traffic of the city required. The ancient chariots were so constructed as to drive safely within a width of four and a half feet. Nor is it likely that these conveyances were frequently used. The city was too small in its area to necessitate much driving. Indeed, when Mazois published his work in 1824 only two stables had been discovered, and these were probably used for mules and asses. The ancient Italians had a strong preference for narrow streets; and when, after the burning of Rome, Nero ordered that the new streets should be of ample width, many complained that the free admission of light and heat would be distressing and dangerous. The track of wheels is yet discernible in the carriage-ways, the ruts in many instances being an inch or an inch and a half deep. This depth seems to indicate that the traffic was mainly that of heavily-laden waggons. The foot-path is separated from the road by a kerb, from a foot to a foot and a half higher than the road. This path never

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exceeds three feet in breadth, and in some parts of the city it is only one foot broad. Numerous stepping-stones are placed in the centre of the streets to facilitate crossing. As there were no sunken gutters, the roadway, in wet and wintry weather, was like a stream, and it must have been a work of some little peril to pass from one stepping-stone to another. Horses, being loosely harnessed, could readily step over these stones, or pass by them.

The outward aspect of the streets of the city, even at the climax of its popularity, must have been severe and gloomy. As a rule, no decorations were ever given to that side of the house which was exposed to the street. The houses in most cases were low. The lower part consisted generally of a blank wall, sometimes pannelled in plaster, and painted in dull colours. The upper storey was pierced with small windows. No expense was spared in the interior, which was most elaborately decorated. But there is not a single house in Pompeii the elevation of which has any claim to architectural beauty. Not a house has been found as yet with a portico. On each side of the doorway of the villa of Diomedes there is a detached column, and this is the only pretension to architectural effect on the outside of any of the houses in the city. The only relief to the monotony and dreariness of the streets was the porch of a temple, the marble columns of a tomb, the plashing of a fountain, or the sign of a shop. Each shop appears to have been distinguished by an appropriate sign. Sometimes these were painted, sometimes they were moulded in baked clay, and coloured. A terra-cotta bas-relief, representing two men carrying an *amphora*, served as the sign of a wine-shop. A statue of Priapus indicated the workshop of the amulet maker. A goat, in bas-relief, reminded the passenger that he was in the neighbourhood of a milk store. A rude painting of two men fighting, with a third standing by with a laurel crown in his hand, denoted the establishment of a fencing-master, or a trainer of gladiators. Not less suggestive was the picture of a boy undergoing a whipping. The Pompeian truant was thus impressively warned that the schoolmaster was not abroad.

The most attractive site in the city is that which is occupied by the buildings of the Forum. In earlier times the Forum was simply an enclosure for public meetings and purposes of commerce. As the taste for splendour increased, it became the pride of the citizens, who lavished on it the resources of their genius and wealth. Within its area were gathered temples consecrated to almost numberless deities; basilicas

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for the administration of justice; courts for the local magistracy; tabularia where the public records were preserved; prisons, granaries, and all the appliances of public convenience and pleasure. The markets were held within appropriate enclosures; the money-changers had here their tables; and here and there were the *rostra* whence public orators were wont to address the crowd. The Forum of Pompeii was no exception to the general rule for size and splendour. The elevation, as restored, presents a picture of singular beauty. On entering the ruins, the spectator finds himself in an oblong area, measuring about 524 feet by 140 feet. Over this area are scattered the evidences of former magnificence—pedestals which once supported statues; columns divested of their marble casings; and fragments of white stucco clinging to shattered walls. A Doric colonnade, broken only in its continuous line by the portions of surrounding buildings, runs along the west, south, and east sides. The columns, in their perfect state, were two feet three and a half inches in diameter, and twelve feet in height, with an interval between them of nearly seven feet. They were either of fine white stone, resembling marble, of yellowish tufa, or of plastered brick.

On the north of the Forum stands a building supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. It is of the Corinthian order, and rests on an elevated basement. The columns, which are three feet eight inches in diameter, rise to a height of thirty-six feet. The whole height of the building was sixty feet. The interior of the *cella* was painted, the predominant colours being red and black. The pavement was formed of diamond-shaped slabs of marble, enclosed within a broad border of black and white mosaic. On this pavement, fragments of a colossal statue, supposed to be a statue of Jupiter, were found. A sun-dial was also found close at hand. The whole of the temple, which is constructed of stone and lava, is covered with a fine white cement made of marble. Connected with the temple by a low wall is an arch, conjectured to have been triumphal. But it is not stately enough for such a purpose, and was evidently the entrance to a court, in which were the public granaries and prisons. The fact of the granaries having been within this court is supposed to be established by the discovery of the public measures in the immediate neighbourhood; the site of the prisons is placed beyond all doubt, for the skeletons of two men were found on the spot, their leg-bones still shackled with irons. On the north-east angle of the temple there is a gateway, which was most probably an arch of triumph. Its massive piers, with portions of their

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columns, still remain. In the centre of the piers were fountains, the leaden pipes of which are yet visible. The arch was surmounted by an equestrian statue, fragments of which have been found close by. Near this arch was found a skeleton, clutching seventy-four small silver coins.

At the north-eastern angle of the Forum stands a building which for a long time was supposed to be the Pantheon. Round an altar in the centre of the area are twelve pedestals, which formerly were either crowned by statues, all of which have perished, or formed the base of columns, supporting a circular building. The area, which measures one hundred and twenty feet by ninety, is bounded by the back wall of shops, by a small shrine, and by eleven cells, supposed to have belonged to the priests. Facing the entrance is a large base of marble, on which stood a statue, only one arm of which remains. A small vaulted *ædicula* within the enclosure is decorated with a series of very beautiful arabesques. The colours of these designs are as bright as when they were first laid on. One of the figures is that of the painter herself, who holds in her hand an oval palette of silver. It is supposed that the medium employed for liquefying the pigments used in the ancient arabesques was wax mixed with oil. The secret of the process is quite lost. But if, as is probable, wax had some part to play in giving durability to the colours, the metal palette was used to retain so much heat as would liquefy the pigments, without inconveniencing the artist. The colours were for the most part dazzling; bright vermilion, yellow, jet black, crimson, and blue forming the groundwork, which was modified by a variety of mixed tints. The use of these colours was not always in good taste. Much of the fresco painting in Pompeii is decidedly vulgar.

The purpose of this building has been a subject of much ingenious speculation. The theory of the Pantheon is generally abandoned. Some have thought, from the style of its decorations, that it must have been the public *hospitium*, for the reception of ambassadors and distinguished foreigners. Overbeck, a very credible authority, conjectures that it was a temple of Vesta, dedicated not only to the worship of that goddess, but to hospitable entertainments at the public cost. Pompeii, however, was not important enough, as a city, for the maintenance of such an institution. The most reasonable supposition is, that the building was devoted to the worship of Augustus, and the use of his priests, the Augustales. The representations of combats of galleys on

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the walls refer probably to the battle of Actium, and the pictures of eatables recall the Augustalian banquets. In the adjoining shops have been found large quantities of dried fruits, preserved in glass vases, as well as scales, money, and moulds for bread and pastry. On the walls are pictures of "geese, turkeys, vases of eggs, fowls, lobsters, and game ready plucked for cooking, oxen, sheep, fruit in glass dishes, a cornucopia, with various amphoræ for wine, and many other accessories for the banquet." In the centre of the court is a sink, in which fish bones and remains of many articles of food were found by the excavators.

Among other buildings of importance connected with the Forum is a small temple, commonly known as the Temple of Mercury, and distinguished by a white marble altar, with an unfinished bas-relief descriptive of a sacrifice, and giving a very clear idea of the vessels and implements used on such occasions. The work of the whole building is incomplete; there is no stucco upon the bricks, and it would seem that the workmen were engaged upon it at the time when the eruption occurred. A crypt and portico erected by Eumachia, a priestess, are next in succession. This edifice had an admirably executed peristyle of white marble Corinthian columns. Only a fragment of one of these remains, the rest having probably been carried away by Alexander Severus. The Basilica, which is situated on the western side of the Forum, is the largest building in Pompeii. It is two hundred and twenty feet in length, and eighty in width. This was the court of justice; and as it bears marks of previous excavation, it is likely that search was made among the ruins, soon after the eruption, for records of important trials. Whatever else the excavators carried off, they made away with the pavement, of which only the bedding remains. Inscriptions traced by loiterers, and not remarkable either for sentiment or style, are yet to be seen on the walls. Next to the Basilica is the largest and finest temple in Pompeii. From the discovery of a statue in the style of the Medicean Venus, and from the fact that the altar is not adapted for sacrifices, but only for such offerings as were commonly made to Venus, it has been assumed that this temple was dedicated to that goddess. Bronze ornaments, resembling the heads of large nails, were found near the entrance, and had probably decorated the gates. The columns of the temple are coloured in blue, yellow, and white. The walls are painted in vivid tones, the ground being chiefly black. Figures of dancers, dwarfs and pictures from the story of the Trojan

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war may be seen in great abundance. In the priests' apartment there was discovered a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus, which has been transferred to safer quarters.

The most perfect, and in some sense the most interesting, of the temples outside the area of the Forum, is the Temple of Isis. From an inscription above the entrance it appears that this structure was restored from the foundation, after having been overthrown by an earthquake, by Popidius Celsinus. The building is small, but it affords a very valuable example of the form and disposition of an ancient temple. Two lustral marble basins were found attached to columns near the entrance, as also a wooden box, reduced to charcoal, which was probably used for the contributions of worshippers. A sacred well, to which there is a descent by steps, is covered by a small building within the enclosure, lavishly decorated with grotesque, though admirably executed designs on stucco. On the chief altar were found the ashes and parts of the burnt bones of victims, and the white wall of the adjacent building yet bears traces of smoke from the altar fires. A beautiful figure of Isis, draped in clothing of purple and gold, and holding in her right hand a bronze sistrum, and in her left the key of the sluices of the Nile, was found within the court. In another portion of the court there is a kitchen, on the stoves of which fish bones and other remnants of a feast were discovered. In the outermost room lay the skeleton of a priest, who was evidently suffocated while trying to make his way through the wall with an axe. The axe was found at his side. In an adjoining chamber another skeleton was found—that of a priest interrupted at his dinner. Near him were quantities of egg-shells, chicken-bones, and some earthen vases. Many skeletons were discovered within the precincts of this temple; probably those of priests whose vain confidence in the power of the deity, or whose blind attachment to her shrines, prevented them from seeking safety in flight. More interesting, however, than the skeletons of priests, are the many paintings which the temple contains, representing the priestly costume, and the elaborate ceremonial of the worship of Isis. All the implements of sacrifice, in bronze, have been found among the ruins.

It is not, however, among the remains of temples, halls of justice, amphitheatres, baths, and other public buildings, that the value of Pompeian excavations is to be measured. Among the ruins of other ancient cities are to be found many speci-

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mens of public architecture as perfect as those of Pompeii, and on a scale of far greater splendour. But the domestic life, the social habits, the private luxuries of the past have no such illustration in any other city as among the silent streets of Pompeii. The homes of ancient cities, being built of more perishable materials than the public edifices, have yielded to decay, and, with rare exceptions, have left no trace. The homes of Pompeii remain, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, almost as perfect as when the footfall of their last tenant echoed among their walls. The villa of the nobleman, the shop of the tradesman, and the rude dwelling of the labourer, reproduce, with incomparable exactness, the domestic life of the past. In the construction of Pompeian houses, the cheapest and least durable materials were preferred. Most of them were built of brick, or of "the rough masonry called *opus incertum*." It is because of this that they decay rapidly when exposed to the air. The mortar employed was evidently of bad quality. Copper, lead, and iron, in the working of which metals the Italians were highly skilled, were used; but rather for purposes of ornament, than solidity. Their lockwork, for instance, was coarse and rough; while knockers, door-handles, and bolts, were most elegantly wrought. Little skill or care is exhibited in their woodwork; the beams of houses in some places having never been squared. The outside of the house, as we have seen, was plain and gloomy. The internal decorations, though brilliant and often gaudy, were seldom of a costly nature, excepting in the case of mosaic pavements, which were frequently of great beauty. Little marble was used, even in public buildings; but its place was supplied by a singularly beautiful stucco, capable either of receiving paintings, or being modelled into bas-reliefs. For the flooring of the commoner houses a sort of composite was employed, which was occasionally inlaid with slabs of marble, in various patterns. Sometimes these marbles were coloured; and this style of decoration evidently suggested the first idea of mosaics. In the better class of houses mosaics were used. These were generally composed of black frets on a white ground, or *vice versâ*. But in some instances the patterns were more ambitious. In the house of the Tragic Poet a pavement was found which has been described as a picture in mosaics. It includes seven figures, conceived in much spirit and taste. The mosaic is composed of very fine pieces of glass, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of ancient art yet discovered. Another mosaic, in

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the villa of Cicero, is so delicately wrought of minute pieces of coloured glass, that the hair and eyebrows of its figures may be traced on close inspection. A yet more remarkable mosaic was discovered in the house of the Faun. It is about eighteen feet long and nine broad. The subject is supposed to represent the battle of Issus. The Grecian leader, charging in the midst of the fight, has transfixed one of the Persian warriors, whose horse has already fallen, with a lance. The agony in the face of the wounded soldier is wonderfully depicted. All the figures in the picture are wrought with unrivalled vigour. The border represents a river, with a crocodile, hippopotamus, and other animals. Not less striking than the mosaic pavements of Pompeii, are the arabesques and pictures of its walls. Of these, however, it is impossible to give a detailed account. A few bronzes have been found, remarkable for vigour of execution, and a few marble statues. Some of the latter show clearly that the ancients sometimes coloured their statues. A figure of Venus was discovered at an early period of the excavations, the hair of which was painted yellow, and the drapery blue. Round the neck was a gilt necklace, and the breasts were gilded. A small statue of Bacchus was found in the Temple of Isis, tinted and gilded in many parts. Traces of colour are discernible on many of the statues. From parts of another marble statue discovered in the Temple of Isis, it may be inferred that ancient sculptors used to dress their works.

In regularity of plan, and in extent, the house of Pansa is the most remarkable within the walls of Pompeii. It owes its name to the fragment of an inscription which was once visible near the principal entrance, but which has since been obliterated. It is situated in the centre of the city, and is completely surrounded by streets. Including the garden, which occupies a third of the whole length, it stands upon an area of 300 feet by 100 feet. The ground-plan exhibits a vestibule, a *prothyrum*, or inner porch, paved with mosaic, and an *atrium*, or public reception-room, roofed over, with an opening in the centre, towards which the roof sloped, so as to direct the rain-water into the *impluvium*, which was a sort of cistern sunk in the floor of the *atrium*. The impluvium was generally adorned with fountains, and the opening above it was shaded by a coloured veil, which, while diffusing a softened light, gave coolness to the apartment. The next room is the *tablinum*, a sort of more private appendage to the atrium, in which the family pictures, archives, statues, and other relics where contained. On either side of the atrium were smaller

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apartments for the accommodation of guests taking up their abode in the house. In a direct line from the atrium is the *peristyle*, which in ancient houses was the most splendid room in the suite. It was open to the sky in the centre, and surrounded by a colonnade. In the houses of the wealthier classes, the peristyle was decorated with shrubs and fountains. On the right of the peristyle is the *triclinium*, or dining-room. The prodigality of the Italians in matters of eating is proverbial; and, while they spared no expense in providing banquets, they carried extravagance to its utmost limits in furnishing and decorating their dining-halls. The Pompeians were not so lavish as the citizens of Rome, but the sizes of the rooms in the house of Pansa suggest the conclusion that their furniture must have been of corresponding magnificence. The ground-plan includes also the *æcus*, a hall or saloon for summer use, a winter dining-room, a library, several bedrooms, a servants' hall, and other smaller rooms. There was an upper floor, reached by a staircase, almost every vestige of which has perished. Attached to the house are four shops, which were let to tenants, one shop intended for the sale of the spare agricultural produce of the owner's estates, and two baking establishments. The houses of the wealthier classes were generally surrounded by shops, which were sometimes of the meanest character, and entirely marred the elevation to the street. On the opposite side to that on which the shops stand in the house of Pansa are three small houses, which were probably let to lodgers. In one of these were found the skeletons of four women, with gold ear and finger rings and other valuables.

In the kitchen of Pansa's house was found a curious painting, representing the worship of the Lares who presided over provisions and cooking utensils. On each side of the picture different sorts of vegetables are painted. There is a bunch of small birds, a string of fish, a boar, a few cakes—of the precise pattern of some which have been found in Pompeii—an eel spitted on a wire, a ham, a boar's head, and a joint of meat, which, in such company, may be fairly assumed to be a loin of pork. In the same kitchen there is a stove for stews, before which, when the building was first excavated, lay a knife, a strainer, and a frying pan with four spherical cavities, evidently intended for eggs. Some idea of a Pompeian meal in an establishment like that of Pansa may be gathered from a picture found in another part of the city :—

"It represents a table, set out with every requisite for a grand dinner. In the centre is a large dish, in which four peacocks are

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placed, one at each corner, forming a magnificent dome with their tails. All round are lobsters—one holding in his claws a blue egg, a second an oyster, a third a stuffed rat, a fourth a little basket full of grasshoppers. Four dishes of fish decorate the bottom, above which are several partridges, and hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. The whole is surrounded by something resembling a German sausage; then comes a row of yolks of eggs; then a row of peaches, small melons, and cherries; and, lastly, a row of vegetables of different sorts. The whole is covered with a sort of green-coloured sauce."

In the better class of houses, as for instance in the so-called house of Sallust, there existed a suite of apartments, carefully detached from the remainder of the building, and communicating only with the atrium, to which the name *venereum* was given. Some have concluded from this name, from the privacy of the rooms, and from the character of the pictures on the walls, that they were devoted to profligate orgies. But this theory is open to doubt. The rooms were very likely reserved for family retirement, and especially for the ladies of the establishment. The venereum in the house of Sallust was gorgeously decorated. A large painting of Diana and Actæon almost covered the walls. At each end of the portico was a cabinet, paved with marble, and lined breast-high with the same material. A niche in one of these was found to contain an image, a gold vase, a gold coin, and several bronze medals. Near this spot eight small bronze columns were found, which are supposed to have formed part of the supports of a bed. Four skeletons, apparently a female with three slaves, were discovered close by this apartment, of which she was probably the tenant. At her side lay a round plate of silver—a mirror, doubtless—with several golden rings set with stones, a pair of ear-rings, and five golden bracelets.

The house of the Tragic Poet, of the Great and Little Fountains, of the Faun, of Castor and Pollux, of the Centaur, and many others which have been excavated, exhibit more or less the same plan, and differ mainly in the style and extent of their decoration. The paintings in the house of the Tragic Poet are numerous and very fine. One of these, which represents the parting of Achilles and Briseis, is said to be the most beautiful specimen of ancient painting which has been preserved to modern times. When first discovered, the colours were fresh and transparent, with a tone reminding one of Titian. But, unhappily, the picture suffered much during the excavation, and very little of its former beauty remains. At the door of this house is the well-known mosaic of the dog,

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with the legend "*Cave Canem*" beneath it. In the house of Castor and Pollux two large chests were found, lined with plates of brass, and decorated with ornaments of bronze. Through the interstices of one of them forty-five gold and five silver coins had fallen, and were found at the time of excavation. The chests had evidently been rifled at an earlier date, for a hole had been cut through the wall of the atrium and another through the sides of one of the chests.

Space forbids any detailed notice of the beautiful suburban villa which lies at a little distance from the city, and is supposed to have belonged to Marcus Arrius Diomedes. It is the most extensive and complete of the private buildings yet discovered. From this villa alone it would be possible to form an accurate estimate of the style and elegance of a Roman gentleman's house. But the interest of the ruin is not only antiquarian; it is, in many respects, a more affecting and impressive reminder of the terrible calamity which overwhelmed the city than is to be found on any spot. Near the garden-gate two skeletons were found, one holding in his hand the key of the gate, while beside him were about a hundred gold and silver coins; the other lying near a number of silver vases. In the vaults of one of the rooms the skeletons of eighteen adult persons, a boy, and an infant lay huddled together in attitudes terribly expressive of the agony of a lingering death. They were covered by several feet of extremely fine ashes, consolidated by the damp. This substance is capable of taking most correct impressions, but unfortunately this property was not noticed until the mass had been broken up. One fragment was preserved, on which was the impression of the neck and breast of a young girl, displaying extraordinary beauty of form. The very texture of her dress is apparent, and by its fineness, shows that she was not a slave. Many jewels of great value were found with this group. To the skeletons of two children clung still their blonde hair, though they had been buried for seventeen hundred years. It needs not the pen of the romancist to fill up this picture. The father, in whom the love of life was stronger than parental instinct, fled from his home, accompanied by a slave, who carried the most precious movables, seeking to make his way to the sea. His daughter, his two little children, and his many household retainers sought refuge from the shower of cinders in the vaults, which were already stored with wine-jars and provisions for the winter. But, though they found shelter from the falling cinders, they could not escape the stifling sulphureous vapour which was charged with burning dust, and

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sooner or later all perished in protracted agony, of which their twisted forms convey too faithful a picture.

Many such tragic stories are told by the remains found in these silent ruins. In the house of the Faun was found the skeleton of a woman, with her hands lifted above her head. She had evidently endeavoured to escape from the house, but driven back by the ashes had taken refuge in the *tablinum.* In her extremity she cast her jewels on the pavement, where they were found scattered in every direction. The flooring of the room above her beginning to fall, she lifted her arms in the vain attempt to support the crumbling roof. In this attitude she was found. In a garden near this house the skeleton of a woman, who wore many jewels, was discovered, at a height of six or seven feet from the ground. She had evidently surmounted many obstacles, and was seeking to scale a wall, when her strength failed her, and she fell and was suffocated. Under a stone staircase was discovered the skeleton of a man, who had with him a treasure of great value, consisting of gold rings, and brass and silver coins. Almost all the skeletons found are those of men and women overcome by the vapour or falling ashes, while endeavouring to secure their property. Five skeletons, near the hand of one of which an axe lay, were discovered in a vertical position, nearly fifteen feet from the ground. These were evidently killed either by falling earth, or by mephitic vapours, while searching for treasures after the catastrophe. In the house of the Vestals, and in a room which, judging from its furniture and decorations, was the boudoir of a young girl, was found the skeleton of a little dog. On another spot was made the rare discovery of the skeletons of two horses, with the remains of a *biga,* or chariot.

The showers of pumice stone, by which the city was overwhelmed, were followed "by streams of thick, tenacious mud, which flowed over the deposit." When the objects over which this mud flowed happened to be human bodies, "their decay left a cavity in which their forms were as accurately preserved and rendered as in the mould prepared for the casting of a bronze statue." It occurred to Signor Fiorelli to fill up these cavities with liquid plaster, and so obtain a cast of the objects once enclosed in them. One of the first experiments resulted in the obtaining of casts of four human beings. Two of these, probably mother and daughter, were lying feet to feet; the former in a position of perfect tranquillity, the latter, who seems to have been a girl of fifteen, in an attitude expressive of frightful agony. Her legs are drawn up, and her hands

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are clenched. With one hand she had drawn her veil over her head, to screen herself from the ashes and the smoke. The texture and shape of her dress may be distinctly traced; and here and there, where her dress is torn, "the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble." The third figure is that of a woman of about twenty-five. Her dress, and the jewellery found near her, indicate that she was of high rank. One of her arms is raised, as if in despair; her hands are both clenched convulsively. The fourth figure is that of a tall, stalwart man, with coarse dress, and heavy sandals studded with nails. He lies on his back, his arms extended and his feet stretched out, as though, finding escape impossible, he had made up his mind to die like a man. His features are marked, some of his teeth yet remain, and a portion of his moustache adheres to the plaster of the cast.

A very imperfect idea of the trade of Pompeii may be gathered from the shops so far excavated. There are several bakers' shops, which, with their mills, ovens, kneading troughs, and vessels, some of which contain flour and loaves of bread in a carbonised state, leave nothing wanting to our knowledge of this department of business. There is also, near the house of the Tragic Poet, a building which was evidently used as a scouring-house. The pictures and implements found there give us a fair insight into the art of fulling and scouring cloth, an art more important in the days of Pompeii than now. These are the only trades of which the ruins afford adequate illustration. An apothecary's shop furnishes drugs, glasses, phials of singular form, and liquids, still retaining the pungent taste of former days. A variety of surgical instruments was discovered in another quarter, some resembling instruments still in use, and others of the purpose of which it would be vain to hazard a guess. Some instruments for use in obstetrical practice are said to equal in ingenuity and convenience the best efforts of modern cutlers. Almost all traces of other professions have vanished. A very interesting glimpse of the more private and domestic life of Pompeii is afforded by the inscriptions yet to be seen upon the walls. We do not refer to such as are cut in stone, or affixed to public buildings, but to those that are painted or chalked, or scratched on the stucco with a sharp instrument. Political advertisements were generally painted in large black or red letters, on a white ground, a coat of white paint always furnishing a fresh surface. Some of the political advertisements remind us of the electioneering tactics of modern days, and show that party spirit ran high among the Pompeians.

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Recommendations of candidates are often accompanied by a word or two of praise; sometimes they are signed by private persons, and sometimes by guilds or corporations. Indeed, there seem to have been trade unions at Pompeii. Occasionally the recommendation is a squib, and is signed by the *seribibi*, or "late-topers," or the *dormientes universi*, "the worshipful company of sleepers." The inscriptions scratched on the stucco are of more private interest. The writer informs society that he is troubled with a cold. Another denounces somebody who does not invite him to supper as a brute and a barbarian. Inscriptions on the inner walls are yet more domestic; having reference to the number of tunics sent to the wash, the quantity of lard bought, the birthday of a child, and even of a donkey.

Passing by the tombs, theatres, gardens, and other questions of interest, from want of space, it remains for us briefly to notice the literature of the Pompeian excavations. The work of Mazois, which contains nearly two hundred plates, and embraces the results of the excavations from 1757 to 1821, is on the whole the most able and exhaustive, though of course deficient in relation to more recent discoveries. Donaldson and Sir William Gell owe much of their material and some of their plates to Mazois. The work of Overbeck, which is written in German, is very learned, but embarrassed by theories which sacrifice probability to originality. The beautiful work of the Niccolini, now in course of publication at Naples, and containing some exquisitely coloured plates, is too expensive for the majority of readers. The work of the Commendatore Fiorelli, which contains records of the excavations down to 1860, every nail, bolt, and fragment discovered in the ruins being tabulated, is too diffuse for general purposes. It is invaluable, however, to the archæologist. Many important pamphlets and small volumes on particular buildings, inscriptions, and works of art have been published, but they are too numerous for popular utility. The best compendium of the history, buildings, and antiquities of Pompeii is that of Dr. Dyer, which is based on a small volume published nearly forty years since under the superintendence of the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*. The information contained in it is judiciously arranged, and with sufficient vividness to give interest even to the driest details. It furnishes records of the excavations down to the latest date, and is enriched by an admirable itinerary for the guidance of the traveller. To those who have no opportunity of personally visiting one of the most interesting sites of history, Dr. Dyer's book will prove a great benefit, and almost a compensation.

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ART. VI.—*Physiology at the Farm, in Aid of Feeding and Rearing the Live Stock.* By WILLIAM SELLER, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c., and HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., Author of the "Book of the Farm." William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1867.

"PHYSIOLOGY is the science of organised beings, in respect of their organisation. Animal physiology is the science of animals, or *zoology*. Vegetable physiology, the science of vegetables, or *botany*."* The work before us treats of both these departments of science, in relation to the produce of the farm, embracing the feeding of animals, the principles of nutrition, the comparative values of different kinds of food, and their action on the animal frame, both in imparting strength and producing fat. The book is divided into three parts. The first part gives a detailed anatomical account of the organs of nutrition, and their modes of action in the horse, the ox, the sheep, the pig, the dog, and poultry. The second part treats of the chemistry of food, and the nutritive values of each kind, so far as has been ascertained; so as to enable the farmer to act as his own adviser in respect to the choice of food for each kind of live stock. The third part directs the reader to the theoretic grounds for determining, from his own knowledge of physiology and chemistry, the kind and amount of diet necessary under special circumstances; and to ascertain how far the established usages of the farm, in the feeding of animals, correspond with the principles of those sciences.

The general theory of the sustentation of animal life is understood by most people. That a constant supply of food is required to replace the substance which is incessantly thrown off while the growing or fattening animal is increasing in weight, as well as that which working animals lose by the necessary exertion, is one of the simplest propositions in the economy of animal life. But, in order to effect these objects, and to promote the growth, or fattening, or to sustain the frame in efficiency for labour, all food must contain the elementary constituents adapted to these

* Webster.

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ends. There are fifteen simple substances, such as have resisted decomposition, in the bodies of ordinary quadrupeds, which must be supplied to them in their food to insure health and progressive improvement in flesh. The most important of these substances must be contained in the daily food, whilst others may be only occasionally imparted. A knowledge of this part of the subject implies at least a rudimentary acquaintance with chemical and physiological science, so far as the elements of the animal organisation is concerned. The work will direct the student in his choice of food to supply them.

The passage by which food is conducted into, and partly through, the body, is termed the alimentary canal, and includes the gullet, the stomach, and the intestines or bowels. By a series of convolutions, this duct is extended in length to many times that of the trunk which contains it. Thus, in man—an omnivorous animal—the intestines are six or seven times as long as the body; in the pig, thirteen times; in the mastiff, five times; in the sheep—a ruminant animal—twenty-eight times; and in the ox, twenty-two times. In the horse, which is not a ruminant, it is only ten, and in the wild boar, nine times.

The solid is separated from the liquid part of the food, after undergoing the action of the gastric juice, which acts chemically as well as mechanically upon it. This separation is effected in the intestines by means of thread-like appendages or vessels, termed *villi*, which convey it to the mesenteric glands. The changes which the food undergoes in order to prepare it for this separation are numerous. In the mouth it is masticated and mingled with saliva, itself a chemical agent. The mass is then passed through the gullet into the stomach, where it meets with the gastric juice—another chemical agent—which acts as a solvent, reducing the food by disintegration to a semi-liquid mass, in which state it is passed towards the outlet of the stomach, and thence to the upper part of the intestines, where it is immediately absorbed by the *villi*, which transmit it to the *lacteals*, and from these to the mesenteric glands, and, by means of the thoracic duct, to veins in the chest, where it mingles with the venous blood. In this process the liver acts an important part: first, as supplying the bile, which, being poured into the duodenum, prepares the nutriment for absorption; and secondly, by producing ulterior changes on whatever part of that nutriment afterwards comes to be transmitted through its substance along with the blood of the portal vein.

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"The venous blood of the liver, derived chiefly from the ramifications of the portal vein in its substance, passes to the right side of the heart; and the venous blood of the veins in the fore part of the chest, with which the chyle from the lacteal system is mingled, passes, by a course in no great degree longer, to the same side of the heart. Thus the venous blood, which receives the nutriment by the two channels just indicated, is brought at once to that side of the heart whence the blood is transmitted through the lungs. In the lungs, the nutriment, after new changes, is finally incorporated with the blood as it passes from the venous to the arterial state, whence the arterial blood arrives at the left side of the heart, reinforced by supplies of fresh materials, to be distributed by the arterial system of vessels all over the body, to renovate the solids and secretions concerned in the never-ceasing offices of life."—P. 9.

The organs of nutrition in the horse are the mouth, the teeth, the tongue, the salivary glands, the lips, the cheeks, the lower jaw, the pharynx and gullet, the jugular veins, the nerves. The action of all these is described, and has, in some measure, been already spoken of; but the formation of the teeth requires a special notice. The horse, like the man, has a temporary set of "milk teeth," which are gradually replaced by others; so that, between the first four or five years, the "mouth" is completed by a set of permanent teeth, and the colt or filly becomes a horse or mare. The former has forty and the latter thirty-six teeth, the fore teeth being the nippers, the hinder the grinders; and between these is an open space in each jaw and on either side, in which are placed the "canine" teeth, one in each space. But these four are wanting in the mare, so far that they do not appear above the gum as a rule. There are twelve incisors or nippers, and twenty-four grinders or molars; and it is by the appearance of the former that the age of the animal can be determined with certainty up to eight years. The formation of the teeth is curious, being composed of enamel, dentine, and cement. The latter is the outward crust; the dentine the body of the tooth; and the enamel, the hardest part, is placed between the other two. This construction of the molar teeth is well adapted for the trituration of the food, while the nippers or incisors, which are also furnished with a fold composed of cement and enamel, are equally well formed for cropping the grass and other verdure on which the animal feeds. The constant use of the incisors wears away the cement, so that the "mouth" being complete at five years old, the future age, until eight, may be ascertained by the condition of the incisors. The central ones first lose the cavity at six, the

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adjoining ones at seven, the outside ones at eight years old; after which, few persons are able to tell with certainty the age of the horse.

The salivary glands are larger in proportion to the size in the horse than in any other mammals, except the ruminants, and the secretion and flow of the saliva is proportionate. By it the starch in the food is rapidly converted into grape sugar. It is highly chemical, containing potash, soda, and lime, in combination with *ptyalin, sulpho-cyanide* of potassium, the potash salt of an acid of the butyric group, epithelium and mucous corpuscles, the chlorides of sodium and potassium, phosphates, alkaline sulphates (p. 21).

The mouth of the horse is furnished with veins and nerves; the former repair the living parts of the system, the latter regulate its sensibility and movements. The nerves of sensation are termed *afferent;* those of motion, *efferent.** The latter convey from the brain the stimulus by which the muscular fibres are called into activity. The functions of these two sets of organs are clearly described in the work, to which we must refer the reader.

Deglutition is the act of swallowing the food, and is effected by three operations. The food, being masticated, is formed by the tongue into a bolus; from the base of that organ it is jerked over the orifice of the windpipe, and then by the action of the muscles of the pharynx or throat, is passed into the stomach. As in man, when the food reaches the pharynx, the animal loses all control over it, the muscles of the gullet being thereby stimulated into activity. In this respect the act of deglutition in the horse is precisely similar to that in man; the bolus of the food is collected on the tongue, and passes backward to the posterior part of the organ. If, in the process, the larynx were to lose its action at the moment of swallowing, it would be followed by fatal consequences, technically termed "anxiety" (p. 33).

The digestive organs of the horse are minutely described; the stomach being the principal, as the receiver of all the food, by which it is prepared for absorption into the system. It consists of three coats; the peritoneal or serous, the muscular or contractile, and the mucous or villous; the latter lining the interior of the stomach. The functions of each of these are described in the work as preparing the fifteen elementary substances derived from the mineral kingdom, and which have not as yet been decomposed by

* The word *afferent* signifies "carrying to," and *efferent* carrying from, another organ.

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analysis. Every one of these is absolutely essential to the health of an animal, and must be supplied in the food as fast as it is ejected by exertion from the animal economy. The vegetable kingdom, however, is the intermediate channel through which these matters are obtained, for "no substance passes *directly* from the mineral kingdom to enter into the constitution of any part of the animal body. The vegetable kingdom belongs to organic matter as well as the animal kingdom. The organic substance of the vegetable kingdom, is as absolutely of mineral origin as the materials of animal bodies" (p. 43). The dependence of the latter upon the former is absolute and universal. The herbivorous lives on vegetables; the carnivorous devour the herbivorous; so that "were the vegetable kingdom to perish, the animal kingdom would quickly run to ruin; for though many animals are purely carnivorous, their prey could not long survive the extinction of vegetable nature. On the contrary, were the animal kingdom to perish, the vegetable kingdom indeed would not escape damage; yet, as a whole, it would flourish more prosperously than ever" (*Ibid.*).

Water, the drink "of both plants and animals, is classed with mineral substances by the authors. Plants contain a large but variable proportion of water; and in the animal body it is estimated at four-fifths, or eighty per cent. of its weight, the quantity varying in the several parts of the body. Thus, the blood contains the largest proportion of water, with a slightly saline impregnation." "The water of the blood constitutes a kind of liquid atmosphere to the vital solid atoms of that fluid, in which they can perform the special acts for which they are fitted, in the freest possible manner. . . . If the supply of water be withheld throughout the animal economy, all the movements of living action are suspended or extinguished." "If a horse weighs 1,500 lbs., the quantity of his blood will probably be about 300lbs., but the amount of water besides, diffused through his frame, will not fall short of 900 lbs." (p. 45).

The relation of milk to blood, with their points of difference, are minutely described, but we must refer the reader to the work for the argument. The gastric juice we have already spoken of. By it the food in the stomach is changed into chyme, a heterogeneous mass, composed of incipient albumen, fat and sugar, more or less altered, and substances which, as incapable of alteration, are finally expelled with the excrement.

The intestines of the horse are ninety feet long, and are

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divided into the greater and lesser, the former of which are but a small part of that length. The lesser are in three divisions,—the *duodenum*, the *jejunum*, and the *ilium;* the greater are also divided into the *cæcum*, the *colon*, and *rectum*. Like the stomach, they consist of three coats, and these are of similar character to those of the stomach. They are supplied with blood by arterial and venous systems, connected with the mesentery, which unites the intestines with the vertebræ.

The use of the liver in the secretion and distribution of the bile, requires too much space for us to enter upon it. The bile is considered by scientific men as of paramount importance in digestion, and the liver itself also contributes in other respects to the preservation of the health of animals. It is found to secrete sugar, which is supposed to be taken up by the blood of the hepatic veins and conveyed to the lungs, where being consumed in the respiratory process, it contributes to the generation of animal heat (p. 64).

We must pass over the description of the pancreas, the *spleen*, the *villi*, or fibres of the intestines, the duodenal digestion, the absorption of nutriment, as gums, starch, oil or fat; protein compounds, chyle, lymph, and other topics connected with digestion, and confine ourselves to the following recapitulation of the foregoing:—

"The several organs in which the crude aliment, such as grass, hay, oats, beans, successively undergo important alterations, are the mouth, the stomach, the duodenum, the jejunum, the ilium, with the aid of the bile and pancreatic juice, the villi of the small intestines, the mesenteric gland; after which the elaborated aliments reach the blood—partly by mingling with the blood of the capillary blood-vessels in the mucous membranes of the stomach and small intestines, and partly through the thoracic duct, the common trunk of the lacteal and lymphatic system of vessels. A great part of the blood, into which the elaborated aliment is poured, passes through the liver, and all of it through the lungs, before it is transmitted through the arterial system to repair the loss of the solids. The capillary blood-vessels are the immediate parts of the vascular system concerned in nutrition. The capillary arteries—that is to say, the minute vessels into which the arterial branches subdivide—most commonly form a network, or plexus, while from the same plexus the capillary veins take their origin. The capillary blood-vessels do not undergo any further division. Though not absolutely of the same calibre, even in the same parts of the body, they are pretty nearly alike. They have no open mouths, as was formerly supposed. Hence whatever fluid escapes from them, exudes through their coats, while whatever has not exuded, passes on to the

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venous capillaries, and returns through veins successively joining, into larger and larger branches, till it reaches the right side of the heart. The exudation from the capillaries for the purpose of nutrition, is the blood-plasma, called 'the liquor sanguinis'—namely, the serum of the blood, holding the fibrine in solution; while the red corpuscles are retained in the capillaries, to be sent back by the veins to the heart."—P. 81.

The organs of nutrition in the ox and sheep differ from those of the horse, in having no incisor teeth in the upper jaw. This is common to all the ruminating animals; they have twenty-four molar or grinding teeth, but no tusks or canine teeth, and the "mouth" is complete at five years old. The tongue, the roof of the mouth or palate, the salival glands, the lips, the cheeks, the lower jaw, the pharynx and gullet, also exhibit such difference from those of the horse as adapt them to the ruminating process, aided by the action of the first and second stomachs; for those animals have four stomachs, the horse having only one. The description of these is very interesting, but we must refer the reader to the work itself for the information. The precise mode in which the ruminating process is performed is, at present, the subject of controversy. The general process of digestion in these stomachs is analogous to that of the horse, the simple elements in the body of both being the same, namely fifteen in number. This holds good also in the sheep, whose anatomical structure is similar to that of the ox, and the process of nutrition in both is so in accordance with that in the recapitulation given above, that a repetition would be superfluous.

The pig differs in its organs of nutrition (with the exception of its pharynx and gullet) from both the horse and the ruminant animals. Its permanent teeth are forty-four in number, namely, twelve incisors, four canine, sixteen premolar and twelve molar. These are equally divided between the two jaws. The milk teeth, thirty-two in number, begin to be displaced by the permanent ones at the age of nine months, and the exchange is completed at three years old, when the age of the boar will be known by the growth of the tusks, which, in the old animal, acquire a large size. The snout exhibits a peculiarity common only to the few animals of the same family, namely, a hard semi-horny substance at the upper part, (which is elongated), by which it is enabled to plough up the ground in search of food, which its powerful sense of smelling enables it to detect in the soil, the natural food of the pig being roots; the power of this organ is

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astonishing. We have seen a whole floor of bricks, laid in cement, rooted up by them in a few hours when kept short of water; and no common masonry or carpentry will stand against their efforts under similar circumstances. The stomach is rounded in form, and is divided into several compartments. The intestines are from nine to thirteen times the length of the body of the pig; in other respects they correspond with those of the horse, &c., as do also the liver, the pancreas, and the spleen.

The dog, a carnivorous animal, is furnished with teeth adapted for taking and holding its prey, and afterwards tearing it into pieces. The incisors are six in number in each jaw, the two centre ones being larger and stronger than the rest in the lower jaw, and the corner teeth in the upper jaw are also larger and more powerful than the rest; in both jaws they are furnished with a cutting edge in the interior. The canine teeth—so called because of their conspicuous appearance in the dog, are of great strength, and of conical form. The molars or grinders are similar to those of all carnivorous animals, namely three false molars in the upper and four in the lower jaw; one carnivorous on each side of each jaw; and two triturating or grinding teeth also on each side of each jaw. The tongue of the dog is furnished with a tendinous cord on its under side, called "the worm," the use of which is still a subject of controversy with anatomists. When in full chase of its prey, and after it while the effect of exertion continues, a watery liquid flows freely from the tip of the tongue, at which this cord terminates; and this circumstance, perhaps, has given rise to the general belief that as the dog never perspires, *perceptibly* at least, in the usual way by the pores of the skin, its place is supplied by the worm from which this liquid flows. This cord, however, is also of use to the animal in drinking, strengthening the tongue to throw back the water to the pharynx. The liquid flowing from the tongue is the secretion of the parotid glands, and differs from the saliva in being limpid and clear, and incapable of being drawn into threads, falling in drops in rapid succession from the tip of the tongue. The rest of the organs of nutrition of the dog differ but little from those of other mammals. The stomach is large for the size of the animal, and is also thicker and stronger than that of man, but consists of three coats as described above, like those of other mammals. The intestines, also, are similar to those of mammals in general, but do not measure more than five times the length of the body; but the small are seven times

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the length of the great intestines. We must refer the reader to the work itself for the further description of the organs of digestion and assimilation in the dog, which, generally, correspond with what have been already described in other animals. Nor can we stop to describe the anatomy of the feathered tribes, which differ in many important respects from that of quadrupeds. The supplementary account of the acts subservient to nutrition in domestic animals (p. 194) is highly interesting, containing the extraordinary experiments on digestion upon a living subject who had a fistulous opening in the stomach and the wall or outer membrane of the abdomen. Dr. Beaumont availed himself of this circumstance to ascertain the action of the gastric juice upon food of different kinds, so long as the lad would allow it. As we have read the account, the latter disappeared after many experiments; whether from feeling any injurious effects from them in his health, or whether wearied out by the tedious process, is not stated; but much information had already been elicited on the uses of the gastric juice and the time required in digesting the multitude of substances introduced into the stomach through the artificial orifice, or into the gastric juice drawn from it and placed in a vial.

The section on "the outline of the assimilative functions less directly nutritive, as exercised in the higher animals," is an important portion of the book, but we must be brief in referring to it. The entire functions of these are divided into three classes—"1st, functions of assimilation; 2nd, functions of reproduction: 3rd, functions of relation." The first includes the circulation of the blood, respiration, digestion, secretion, and excretion; the second are those concerned in the continuance of the species; the third are those connecting the animal with the world without, such as knowledge and power, by which the animal becomes acquainted with external things, and acquires power over them. The account of the circulation of the blood is very interesting. We have already described the action of the veins and arteries.

"The great cause of the circulation of the blood is the muscular contraction of the heart, by which the capacity of its cavities is suddenly diminished, and the blood, more or less, completely expelled in a determinate direction. Some other causes concur, and the investigation of these has much engaged the attention of physiologists. The most striking of these is the effect of muscular exertion throughout the body. The veins in all the muscular parts of the body concerned in ordinary locomotion, are provided with valves, which permit the blood to pass in one direction only. Hence,

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when any one of these veins is momentarily compressed, the blood in it is sent more swiftly towards the heart. But in active muscular exertion, such veins are subjected to repeated strokes of pressure, so that the ordinary motion of the blood in them towards the heart, is very much quickened. When a man climbs a high hill, his pulse may rise from 70 in a minute to 150. Then the first effect is probably that just referred to," &c.—P. 249.

The circulation of the blood in the human body is very rapid.

"The left ventricle is assumed to throw two ounces of blood into the aorta at each stroke of the heart; the average number of strokes in the minute may be taken at 70, whence the ventricle throws into the aorta 140 ounces of blood per minute, or nine imperial pounds in that space of time. But the calculated amount of blood in the whole body does not exceed from 18 to 27 lbs., so that the left ventircle pours out a quantity of blood equal to the whole blood in the body in from two minutes to two minutes and a half. Now this period is plainly the average time which the particle of blood which performs the circulation a number of times, takes to complete one circuit."—P. 250.

The act of respiration involves both mechanical and chemical action. The air, a compound body, is, by the involuntary peristaltic motion of the bowels, alternately drawn into and expelled from the lungs, which are, in fact, bags divided into many millions of small vesicles, inclosed in an elastic cavity —the thorax—which it completely fills, both expanding and contracting as the inhalation and expulsion of the air are effected. In the lungs, by a chemical process, the air is divested of its oxygen, which is exchanged for the carbonic acid in the lungs. When these are diseased, the processes of respiration are assisted by the alternate elevation and depression of the shoulders, attended with great effort; but in a healthy subject, breathing is easy and regular, and the blood, being divested of its carbon, is purified and rendered fit for its offices in the animal economy.

"In proportion as the enlargement of the chest in a given time exceeds the measure of air which can enter the lung in that time, is the amount of rarefaction on the body of air already in the lung before inspiration begins, or previous to the addition of new air from without. Such rarefaction of the air in the lung, when inspiration begins, is retarded by the degree in which the lung or air-bag is elastic; and in proportion as such resistance is offered, is the amount of mechanical effort required to enlarge the chest."—P. 254.

The purification of the blood by the lungs is assisted by the liver and the kidneys. The first abounds in hydrogen, the

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second, or its urea, is made up of nitrogen. The intricate mode of its action on the blood of each of these organs is described at length by our authors.

The second part, on the chemistry of the food of animals of the farm, with relation to the composition of their bodies, opens with the proposition that organic nature is entirely built up of materials derived from the mineral kingdom, including "everything on the earth's surface that is not organic; that is, everything which is not at present an organic body, or that does not bear indications of having once been endowed with life" (p. 285). Some substances, such as coals, shells, marl, and the like, which manifestly once belonged to organic nature, are more conveniently spoken of as the remains of organic nature now mineralised. The mineral kingdom, with this reservation, includes not only the solid parts of the crust of the earth, but also the liquid parts, as water; and the elastic parts, as the air of the atmosphere and all gaseous bodies. Organic nature consists of the vegetable kingdom and the animal kingdom; and all the members of each of these kingdoms are regarded as being endowed with life. The functions or great offices fulfilled by the members of the vegetable kingdom are almost solely those of vegetation and reproduction; those of the animal kingdom, besides the functions of vegetation or nutrition and reproduction, almost uniformly possess what are termed "relative functions," namely, sensibility and locomotion. These latter, being exclusively the property of animals, are therefore termed "the animal functions" (p. 285).

Our authors lay it down as a rule, that there is no simple substance in the vegetable kingdom that is not to be found in the mineral kingdom; and that in the animal kingdom there is no simple substance which does not exist in the vegetable kingdom. In the elucidation of this principle their classification is opposed to that of all previous writers on chemistry, who include in organic matters the four gases—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. Their classification comprises also water as a mineral, which is a compound substance; an arrangement differing essentially from that of other modern chemists, who term the gases "the organic elements of animal and vegetable life. It alters also the definition of *mineral*, which has hitherto implied the solid substances found in or upon the earth. Water certainly is found in the earth as a compound body, and we admit that the four gases are termed organic to distinguish them from the twelve earthy and saline elementary substances derived by plants

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directly from the soil, and not as possessing any of the attributes of organic life; and with this observation, we quit the subject.

The ample provision in nature for supplying vegetation with food, is wonderfully simple. Take carbonic acid, for instance; small as is the proportion of this gas in the atmosphere, so vast in the aggregate amount, and so regularly is it diffused, that the quantity required for the supply to the soil is but an infinitesimal part of the entire stock. And that of the other simple gases—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen—is equally inexhaustible. Nor is the arrangement by which the plant feeds on those gases expelled by the animal less remarkable as providing a resource by which both are sustained in existence. Thus, the production of vegetation must keep pace with the increase of animals, because the latter—directly, or indirectly by preying on herbivorous animals—are supported upon vegetables. "Animals cannot multiply except by the multiplication of plants; and plants cannot multiply without purifying the atmosphere" (p. 290).

The ultimate elements of the first order are oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. Oxygen is found everywhere, and combines with all simple substances except fluorine. It supports combustion, but cannot originate it except under a high temperature. A splinter of wood, just ignited, burns and flames brilliantly if put into it. Combustion is a mere accident of chemical combination between two bodies—that is, such combination is called combustion where the heat extricated is sufficient to give light. Eremacausis, or slow combustion within the living body, converts free sulphur into sulphuric acid, and phosphorus into phosphoric acid. Animal respiration, as a chemical operation, is an eremacausis. The force of muscular action is due to the combustion of a portion of the muscle at each contraction, or to the combination of its carbon with the oxygen of the blood, by which carbonic acid is formed. Heat, so produced, is changed into motion, while the animal heat, in so far as muscular motion is its source, is merely that portion of heat which remains over, or is not changed into motion (p. 295). The carbonic acid thus formed passes into the blood, and is finally expelled from the lungs.

Hydrogen is the lightest of the gases, being only one sixteenth part of the weight of oxygen, and one-fourteenth that of nitrogen. The great source of hydrogen is the waters of the globe, of which it constitutes one-ninth part by weight. It is not present in the rocks of the earth's crust unless they

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contain water. It constitutes one-sixteenth of the weight of the tissue of wood, nearly as much of starch and sugar, and one-thirteenth by weight of dried muscle or flesh. The importance, therefore, of the hydrogen of water in the organisms of vegetable and animal life is manifest, it being an essential element in the nutrition of the former, and, indirectly, of that of the latter. It is universally present in the organic structure of animals, because it forms so large a portion of the vegetable food on which they subsist.

Carbon exists only in the solid state, not being subject to volatilisation by any degree of heat. It is the constituent of all substances termed organic; and the solid parts of shrubs and trees owe their form and solidity to this element. In the tissue of wood it constitutes nearly three-sevenths, and in dried muscular flesh, nearly one-half.

Nitrogen, or azote, is abundant in the atmosphere; and though it does not support life by itself, serves, by diluting the oxygen, to abate its too stimulating properties, which would otherwise extinguish life. It does not support combustion, but no organic structure destitute of it can increase or repair the animal frame, although it may support animal heat and help the accumulation of fat. It forms nearly five-sixths of ammoniacal gas. It is a question whether the generation of this gas can go on without limit in nature. If we are to judge from the constant progress of vegetation requiring an increasing supply of ammonia, we should be disposed to adopt the theory of our authors that it can, and that, independent of the supply arising from the decomposition of organic tissues containing nitrogen, a natural formation of ammonia is constantly going on. Ammonia, besides being of volcanic origin, exists in nature in the salts having ammonia for their basis, and which are a source of nitrogen.

The ultimate elements in organic nature of the second order, are chlorine, sulphur, phosphorus, silicium or silicon, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, and manganese. All these, more or less, and in variable quantities, form the constituents of vegetables, and are also found in the animal tissues. Chlorine combined with sodium in organic nature, is an essential ingredient. Sulphur is found in abundance in combination with metallic bodies, and is also an essential constituent in organic bodies. It is always distinguishable in the order of cruciform plants, such as the turnip and the coleworts; and however minute its proportion in such bodies may be, its absence would involve a failure of the vegetative energy. It is thrown off from the animal body in the form of

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sulphuric acid, and combined with the common bases, potassa, soda, and ammonia.

Phosphorus does not exist free in organic nature, but it exists abundantly combined with oxygen in all the three kingdoms of nature. In most of the rocks in the earth's crust it is found in small proportions; and the disintegration of these, furnishes a supply to the soil and the two organic kingdoms. Phosphorus is a more abundant element in organic nature than sulphur, and therefore ought to form an essential element in artificial manures. The ashes of red wheat contain, according to Liebig, 94·44 per cent. of phosphates, and those of white wheat, 91·47 per cent.; of peas, 85·46; beans, 97·05, &c. These proportions show that the ashes of these substances contain from 15 to 20 per cent. of phosphorus. The amount of phosphates in the living animal body, is said to be one-fifth of its weight; the bones are chiefly formed of phosphate of lime; and in the higher animals, it exists in the fluid and softer parts of the body, as well as in the bones.

Phosphate of lime is found in various forms in a concentrated state in many localities. Thus, the Norwegian *apatite* contains from 77 to even 90 per cent. of tribasic phosphate of lime or bone-earth. Estramadura phosphorite, procured in abundance near Truxillo, contains nearly 80 per cent. of the same material. In many other parts of Europe, both continental and insular, it is found in abundance in the form of coprolites, phosphorites, &c., containing from 50 to 60 per cent. of phosphates, or bone-earth. By all these discoveries of science and commercial enterprise, agriculture has been abundantly enriched.

Silicon is one of the most plentiful substances in nature, but it enters in only small proportions into the animal and vegetable organisms. The stems of gramineous plants contain a considerable proportion, which gives strength and stiffness to the plants. Where it is absent, or present only in small proportions, the straw is too weak to sustain itself, and the crop becomes "laid."

Potassium, in the form of potassa, is found in all fertile soils in a greater or less proportion, to which it is supplied from the clays, which contain from 3 to 4 per cent. derived from the disintegration of feldspathic or micaceous rocks; the former containing from 10 to 12, and the latter from 5 to 6 per cent.

Sodium is found in the ashes of sea-weeds and marine plants. Kelp is impure carbonate of soda. Barilla is extracted from the ashes of marine plants. Soda in the form

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of salts exists in immense masses in the mineral kingdom, and is therefore classed with the mineral alkali, being of the same nature with kelp and barilla. In sea-water it is found in the form of a chloride. In the animal economy, it imparts the alkaline character to the blood; and in various forms is found in the animal fluids.

Calcium or lime is a universal constituent of organic nature, both animal and vegetable. It is collected in masses in the bones of animals, in combination with phosphoric acid. Magnesia, or the oxide of magnesium, exists in less proportion than calcium, in the organs of plants and animals. It occurs in the form of phosphate in the ashes of grain and pulse, and also in the blood and in human bones. Iron, as an oxide, fills an important office in both vegetable and animal life. In the latter it is a universal constituent of the blood. Manganese is found by analysis in some kinds of wood, and in the human hair (p. 304).

The proximate principles of organic nature, are albumen, fibrine, caseine, proteine, gelatine, and chondrine. Albumen, the type of which is the white of eggs, is distinguished by a tendency, under heat, to coagulate. Various chemical substances, such as alcohol, creosote, metaphosphoric acid, tannic acid, &c., will precipitate and coagulate this substance. The vegetable kingdom contains matters analogous to the animal albumen as well as caseine, fibrine, &c.

Fibrine is the concrete body obtained from the coagulum of the blood, by the separation of the colouring matter, and it is also the chief constituent of the muscular fibre. It varies in its proportion in the former from 2·5 per 1000 in health, to 11·8 per 1000 in inflammatory disease. It is found in the fresh juices of vegetables in an uncoagulated state. In wheat, it is coagulated as gluten, and also in the seeds of other gramineous plants.

Caseine exists in milk, to the extent of about three per cent. It forms insoluble compounds with alkaline earths. Thus, if a piece of poor cheese, which is principally caseine, be reduced to a paste with water, and mixed with slaked lime, it forms a tenacious lute, which sets very hard, and may be used for cementing pieces of broken earthenware. Caseine coagulates with rennet. Dried peas are said to contain about one-fourth of their weight of caseine or legumine.

Proteine is considered by Mülder as a substance which, by its union with different proportions of sulphur and phosphorus, gives rise to albumen, fibrine, and caseine, all modifications of the albumenoid group. Liebig does not agree

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with this arrangement; yet he admits the alliance of these three nutritive principles. At the close of a chemical description of them, he says:—"The analysis of these three vegetable principles has led to the interesting result that they all three contain sulphur and nitrogen, and the other constituents in the same proportions; and what is still more remarkable, they are identical in composition with albumen, containing the same elements in the same proportion as that chief constituent of the blood."

Gelatine and chondrine are purely animal products, and are known as the gelatinous groups of substances. They are the result of the prolonged action of boiling water on the gelatinous or chondrine-producing tissues. Chondrine contains more oxygen and less nitrogen than gelatine, while the percentage of carbon and hydrogen is the same in both substances. Isinglass, obtained from the inner membrane of the swimming bladder of the sturgeon, is a good type of gelatine. Chondrine is prepared by boiling the cornea of the eye, or any of the permanent cartilages. It is generally understood that gelatine alone possesses no nutritive properties, and that if an animal were fed solely upon it, it would die of inanition.

Crystallisable, azotised, proximate principles. These are, urea, creatine, and creatinine, uric acid, and hippuric acid. They are all more or less generated in the urinary organs, and are expelled as excrementitious with the urine. The uric acid in guano is formed from the excrement of the birds by which the substance of guano is produced, and the goodness of the guano depends on its greater or less exposure to rain. The hippuric acid is extracted from the urine of the horse and the cow.

Saccharine or amylaceous group of proximate principles. This class or group of substances constitutes an important element in the vegetable kingdom, and comprises cane sugar, wheat and potato starch, gum, pectine or vegetable jelly, celluline, &c. The proportion of oxygen and hydrogen they contain is exactly the same as in water; and this peculiarity has led to their being called "hydrates of carbon."

Cane sugar is present, more or less, in all vegetables, but abounds most in the cane, the beet root, the sorgho, and the sugar maple. Grape or starch sugar is made by boiling the starch of wheat or potatoes in water, acidulated slightly with one per cent. in measure of sulphuric acid. The saccharine power of this sugar compared with cane sugar is as 60 to 100.

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Fructose, or sugar of fruits, is not crystallisable, nor is it at all made in the United Kingdom, but its presence constitutes the nutritive value of fruits. A table is given in the work (p. 319) of the proportion of saccharine principles in twenty-seven vegetables and fruits. These principles, in fact, constitute the chief nutritive properties of plants, and especially fruits, in some of which (the fig and the cherry, for instance—the former containing 62½ and the latter 18·12 per cent.) it is very abundant. By itself, however, sugar will not support life.

Starch, amylume, fecula, or farina—all terms signifying the same substance—is universally distributed throughout the vegetable kingdom, whether cryptogamic, endogenous, or exogenous, in the roots, stems, tubercles, fruits, or seeds. It is an organised substance, exhibiting under the microscope distinct but varied forms, as the elliptical, rounded, flask or mullar-shaped, or polyhedral. It abounds most in tuberous roots and the seeds of gramineous plants; and it was until recently the universal opinion that the absence or presence of starch determined the kingdom of nature to which any organised substance belonged, it being an axiom with physiologists that no animal contained it. This opinion has been shaken by more recent discoveries; but the point is by no means settled. The nutritive properties of starch are still the subject of controversy. Liebig considers it, like sugar, merely a respiratory food, while others think it one of the sources of fat in the tissues of animals. It is not considered nutritive unless boiled; and even birds, which appear to have a special digestive power of assimilating amylaceous substances, fatten faster on them when boiled or bruised.

Potato starch is obtained mechanically from the tubers, which contain from sixteen to twenty per cent. The potatoes are mashed or rasped to a pulp, and then washed in a sieve until the water runs off clear, when the milky liquid is put into vats to allow the starch to subside. When potatoes are low in price—say from 30s. to 35s. per ton—the starch is extracted and sugar manufactured at a profit. This is mixed with West India cane-sugar, which, while the colour is not injured, weakens the saccharine power. One hundred-weight of starch will produce one and a quarter hundred-weight of sugar through the moisture added to it.

Wheat contains about sixty per cent. of starch. By the old method of extracting it, much of the amylaceous matter and the whole of the gluten of the wheat was wasted; but the operation is now performed by a weak solution of caustic

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potash (one of the alkali to 350 of water), which separates the starch in twenty-four hours, while the old method occupied from fourteen to twenty-one days. The gluten, too, in the new method remains in the water, and may be obtained by saturation of the alkali with sulphuric acid.

Sago, tapioca, carraway, arrowroot, salep, are all modifications of starch, and are extracted from tropical plants. They are too well known to require further notice in a review.

Acid pxoximate principles of a dietetic character. These comprise the acetic acid, the tartaric acid, the malic, the citric acid, the oxalic acid, the tannic acid, and the lactic acid. The only kinds of acid commonly used in domestic economy are the common malt vinegar and the citric acid, the latter being the well-known concentrated juice of the lemon and its congeners. Oxalic acid is found in considerable quantities in the garden rhubarb, so much used in pies and tarts. Our authors say that having only been in general use thirty or forty years in the United Kingdom, it is not of sufficiently long standing to enable a cautious reader to determine its true value as an article of food. It was first introduced into England as an esculent about the year 1790 by Andrews of Royston, the compiler of Francis Moore's Almanac, since which it has gained ground gradually upon the public estimation, and it is now—in the metropolis at least—one of the earliest, cheapest, and most healthful of the garden products, and its use in the spring of the year is almost universal. It decidedly acts as a purifier of the blood (340).

The next section embraces plants employed to furnish articles of food, arranged in a botanical order, the first in the list being the dicotyledonous plants. The sub-class, *Thalamifloræ ranunculaceæ* (buttercup order) is first treated; but, though they abound in all pastures, very few of them are of any value as food for animals, and some are actually poisonous more or less. The *Cruciferæ* or *Brassicaceæ* (cabbage order) includes *Brassica rapa*, the common turnip; *Brassica campestris*, the parent of the Swedish turnip; *Brassica napus*, the common rape; *Brassica olearacea acephala arborescens*, cow cabbage, or Cæsarian kate, &c. Analyses are given in the work of the different kinds of field turnip—Swedes, rape, kohl rabi, &c.,—by Professor Voelcker and other eminent chemists, and the result arrived at by Dr. Voelcker is as follows:—

"A comparison of the preceding results with the analysis of Swedes, mangolds, and turnips, shows that, theoretically, kohl rabi is much more nutritious than white turnips, and fully equal, if not superior, to Swedes and mangolds" (351).

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Dr. Voelcker also asserts the excellence of the kohl rabi over the turnip as food for milch cows, the butter made from the milk being free from the disagreeable flavour imparted by the turnip (pp. 343 to 353). The analysis also of the drum-head cabbage proves it to be quite equal to the Swede in nutritive properties. Of linseed cake and decorticated cotton cake, the latter, on analysis is found to contain a much larger proportion of flesh-forming matters than the former, being respectively—cotton cake 41·25, and linseed cake, from 22·14 to 22·26 per cent.

Leguminosæ or *Fabaceæ* (leguminous order). First sub-order, papilionaceous section. *Faba vulgaris*, the common bean, of which there are many varieties, all excellent food for horses and cattle. To the former they are given whole or broken; to the latter, ground into meal and mixed with other food. On analysis, they are found to contain a large proportion of flesh-forming matters, and are consequently of great use in sustaining the vital energy of the working cattle.

Pisum sativum, the common pea, is cultivated both for the farm and the table. They contain less flesh-forming matters than the bean, but are valuable for fattening hogs. *Vicia sativa*, the tare or vetch, is adapted to all soils, and whether cut green or saved for seed, affords excellent food; in the former state for horses, and in the latter for poultry. The grain contains 97 per cent. of organic matters (p. 371). *Lupinus luteus*. Yellow lupin. The *Lupinus albus* is cultivated extensively on the Continent, and has recently been introduced into the United Kingdom as a forage plant. It grows luxuriantly on the poorest sand without any manure. This adaptation to soils that will grow scarcely anything else profitably is its chief recommendation. *Ulex Europæus*—furze or whins, bruised in the young and green state—is excellent food for horses and cattle.

The artificial grasses comprise the different varieties of clover, of six of which analyses, both in the green and dried state, are given. In the latter they contain from 12·78 to 24·60 of flesh-forming matters, and from 33·31 to 45·96 of heat-producing principles; the highest of the former being the *Medicago lupinus*, the yellow clover or nonsuch; and of the latter, the *Onobrychis sativa* or sainfoin. The *umbelliferous* plants include the different varieties of the carrot, the parsnip, fennel, &c. The analysis of the Belgian carrot shows that in its dried state it contains 51·628, and that of the parsnip 16·055 per cent. of sugar (pp. 388 and 392).

Corymbiferæ, chamomile order. *Achillaea millefolium*, mil-

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foil or yarrow; a perennial plant, fibrous rooted; a favourite plant with sheep, and adapted to light sandy soils. Mr. Way's analysis proves it to contain 10·34 of flesh-forming, and 45·46 of heat-producing principles. *Helianthus tuberosus*, the Jerusalem artichoke, a native of Brazil, but long acclimated in Europe, is extensively cultivated in France, under the name of *topinambour*, but in England is chiefly planted in gardens as a culinary esculent. In the dried state it contains 69·5 of sugar.

Solanum tuberosum, the potato, is too well known both in its history and valuable properties to require a description. The analysis of the dried tuber shows it to contain 64·2 per cent. of starch and 13·3 of sugar, but only 5·8 of flesh-forming principles. *Polygonaceæ*. Buckwheat order. Of these the *P. Fagopyrum esculentum*, buck or beech wheat—so called formerly because the seed is shaped like the beech-mast—is chiefly cultivated in England for fattening fowls or for ploughing-in in the green state as manure. In some parts of the European continent the grain is ground, and the flour used in cookery. The flowers contain much sugar, and are commonly resorted to by bees on that account.

Monocotyledonous Plants. These are chiefly of foreign growth, and possess little interest with the general reader, without a full description, for which we cannot spare room. We must except, however, the onion, *Allium cepa*, comprehended in the lily order, so much used in culinary operations. Well cooked by boiling and baking, it is a delicious dish; but eaten raw, its unpleasant smell is communicated to the breath, and even the person, of those who indulge with it.

Forage and Natural Pasture Grasses. *Agrostis* is the first genus in alphabetical order, and one of the last in value. Its varieties are termed bent grasses, none of which are otherwise than a troublesome weed on the land, and very difficult to exterminate. A full description of the most valuable of the natural grasses is given in the work, with analyses by Professor Way; but we find we shall exceed our limits by referring to them. We therefore hasten to Part the Third, which treats of the application of the theory of nutrition to practical use on the farm.

On this part of the subject, our authors preface their remarks by cautioning the practical reader against always expecting to witness in all cases a certain result from a certain method of feeding cattle; because, as in man, the inferior animals differ in their *physique* so much in some

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cases, as to render even a nutritious food hurtful. And on the other hand, portions of certain kinds of food may be injurious, which a healthy subject will throw off, but which a more delicate constitution would suffer from the use of.

"Besides, knowing what kinds of food suffice to nourish the horse, the ox, the sheep, the consideration is required of the particular circumstances under which the animal to be nourished is placed at the time. The race-horse, the hunter, the roadster, the coach-horse, the dray-horse, the farm-horse, demand each a special mode of feeding and management; and to carry such management to its utmost degree of perfection, the knowledge becomes necessary, not only of the kind of horses of the breed to which it belongs, and of the mode and degree of exertion to which it is at any time to be subjected, but also of its special temperament and constitution; and the same things are true of all other animals of the farm."—P. 483.

The first subject taken up is the *Theory of the Conservation of Energy applicable to show the difference between the Diet of an Animal at Rest and an Animal under Exertion.* This involves a consideration of the different proportions of the flesh-forming, calorific, and fat-giving proximate principles requisite for an animal at rest, or only moderately exercised, and for the same animal fully or excessively worked. In regard to the question of animal heat, the comparatively high temperature of the animal body depends on a slow combustion, termed eremacausis (or decay), chiefly between the oxygen of respiration, and the carbon of the blood, and of such solids as are continually decomposed in the actions of the living frame. The amount of this combustion corresponds with the quantity of carbonic acid thrown off in a given time. Dr. Playfair separates the functions of bodily activity into four kinds of work, namely, first, vital work; secondly, heat work; thirdly, mechanical work; and fourthly, mental work. Vital work is an unconscious exercise of the functions of the body, as the action of the heart, the blood, the lungs, the digestion, assimilation, secretion, &c., which go on whether man is at work or at rest, awake or asleep. Heat work is the slow combustion which supplies the heat to a living body, lost by the medium in which it lives being colder than itself. Mechanical and mental work explain themselves.

The proposition that the weight of the ingested matter in a given time must be equal to the egested matter—that is, that the food taken must be of the same quantity as the excreta, including the urea, the carbonic acid, and the feculent discharge from the bowels (to which may be added the insensible

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perspiration) has given rise to a controversial note of nearly eight pages. By this it appears that this matter has been the subject of a warm controversy between many of the foreign *savans*, and Messrs. Frankland, Laws, and Gilbert in England, carried on in the scientific publications of the day. The argument is too long to transcribe, (p. 487); but we may remark that while none of these scientific gentlemen deny that the effect of the mechanical energy is produced by the disintegration of compound parts of the living body, they assert that the chief materials for the production of muscular power are non-nitrogenous; and that the necessity for nutrition in the muscles is not greater after severe action, than after periods of quiescence. The precise point in dispute is stated by our authors as follows: "It is affirmed by one party, that muscular energy is the effect of, or is produced by, the disintegration of the muscular substance by its conversion into carbonic acid and azotised compounds, commonly thrown off by the kidneys. The other party deny this, on the ground that the urea and allied compounds in the urine are not uniformly in corresponding measure with the muscular exertion performed in the period of which note has been taken" (p. 489). Is not this accounted for by the excess of perspiration that accompanies exertion, by which the urinary action is materially lessened, and the elimination of the urine, and, consequently, the urea, is performed at much longer intervals, and in less quantity? Under this exertion the muscular system is sensibly diminished, as the experience of every one shows.

"The amount of the production of carbonic acid is the measure of the total force exerted in a living body." The demonstration of this proposition requires a knowledge of the quantity of carbonic acid daily thrown off by the lungs and other organs. Dr. Edmund Smith says on this subject: "It may be stated that the adult body requires an average daily minimum amount of carbon of 9½ to 10½ ounces in the middle and light labour classes, and of 12½ to 14 ounces in the ordinary hard labouring classes." Further, "he takes the weight of a man at 150 pounds, and states that the actual quantity of carbon contained in the food of English workpeople, according to the severity of the exertion, is from 30 to 38 grains per pound of body weight" (p. 501).

The principles here laid down are applicable to the choice of food for the horse; and a table is inserted of various kinds of compound food, showing the proportions of flesh-forming and heat-giving elements and carbon, as follows:—

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	Carbon, per cent.
Flesh-formers, such as albumen, fibrine, caseine, legumines, contain	53·80
Heat-givers, starch 44·44; sugar 42·10 . . .	86·54

COMPOUND KINDS OF FOOD.

		Flesh-formers.	Heat-givers.	Total Carbon.
Rye grass (dry) . .	per cent.	11·85	45·41	49·2
White clover (dry) .	„	18·76	44·42	43·7
Red clover (dry) . .	„	22·55	48·14	51·3
Oats	„	15·40	58·50	52·6
Beans	„	32·50	55·50	46·5
Pease	„	23·30	67·10	47·7
Turnips (bulb, dried)	„	3·50	75·80	46·5
Potatoes (dried) . .	„	5·80	80·90	45·9

Professor Playfair's system allows a horse the following amount of the elements which go to the constitution of muscle:—

Horse at rest . .	29·2 ounces of flesh-formers.	
Do. at work . .	56·2 „ „	
Difference . .	27 ounces.	(P. 507.)

For the calculations which conduct this conclusion we have no space; nor can we do more than refer to the abstruse rules for finding the number of "foot pounds" corresponding to the carbon in the diet at rest and at work, which, however useful, are the subject of warm controversy, and are more interesting to the professional man than to the general reader. The section on horse power is of the same character; and the learned professor's argument on the subject reaches from page 498 to page 534.

Much valuable information is given on rearing horses on the farm, the treatment of mares with foal, the *quality* of food to be given before and after foaling, their *selection to breed from*, the food of the foal, &c. In all these cases, the principles of the foregoing theories are applied. "The theory of feeding the horse throughout his life differs somewhat from that of feeding the animals destined for the food of man." The object in the case of the horse is, to select food in such quantity and of such quality as shall best promote, maintain, and repair, the full energies of health and strength. Even when a defined course of feeding is known to supply all the materials contained in his entire frame, a change is from time to time expedient. The usefulness of a variety of food is most probably dependent on the simple substances essential to the due composition of the frame, being extracted more easily in

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the series of digestive processes from one article of food than from another, though to appearance equally accessible in both (p. 546).

The next section relates to the feeding of the ox, in which similar calculations are made of the quantity, quality, and species of food to be given to it. The object of feeding the ox is not—in England at least—usually for labour, but for the butcher; the food, therefore, must be adapted to the increase of the animal in weight, with a due regard to the proportion between the flesh and the fat as represented in the elements of the food. The question of box, hammel, and open yard or shed feeding of oxen is amply discussed; the latter being rejected, *only* on the ground of the fights that usually take place when the animals are at liberty. We believe, with the authors, that otherwise, the open shed or yard is the most conducive to the health and the improvement in flesh of the ox. The feeding of the cow is different from that of the ox; and the effect of good food on the production and quality of milk and butter is well known. Experiments are given showing the difference of the amount of those productions between dry and moist food. In the first two cases, with dry food they produced respectively 19 lbs. of milk, and 0·969 lb. of butter; and 21·95 milk, and 0·9 butter. The next two cases, in which potatoes (24 and 30 pounds) were given, yielded respectively 23·22 milk, and 1·36 butter; and 25·38 milk, and 1·203 butter. The starch and sugar in the potatoes increased both the milk and butter.

The section on sheep and pig feeding, like that of the ox, illustrates the principle of increase of weight with reference also to the due proportion of flesh and fat: the latter being less attended to in the case of swine than we think it ought to be, judging from those fat hogs exhibited at the Christmas cattle shows in the metropolis. The feeding of dogs, fowls, pigeons, &c., wind up the text of the work, to which we must again refer the reader.

This first special treatise on agricultural physiology will be found a valuable addition to the farmer's and grazier's library. Hitherto but little, if any, attention has been paid to the specific chemical qualities of food, in regard to the formation of flesh and fat. But by attending to the instructions to be drawn from this work, the quality of the animals intended for the food of man, may be greatly improved; whilst the power of the horse and other animals of labour, may be both better sustained and increased by the application of the principles laid down. A copious glossary and index are added to the work.

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ART. VII.—*The Doctrine of Justification: an Outline of its History in the Church, and of its Exposition from Scripture; with Special Reference to Recent Attacks on the Theology of the Reformation.* The Second Series of the "Cunningham Lectures." By JAMES BUCHANAN, D.D., LL.D., Divinity Professor, New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1867.

WE cherish the hope that the "Cunningham Lectures" may ultimately render good service to the interests of Christian theology. In an age of excitement and stirring activity, when many who hold and love the truth are in danger of being satisfied with superficial views of it, instead of penetrating to its depths,—in an age, too, of restless and bold speculation,—it is eminently desirable that men of powerful and well-furnished minds, imbued with reverence and love for the Word of God, should take up some of the great doctrines of the Christian scheme, and present them in their profounder significance and their varied relations. Many of the ministers of the Free Church of Scotland, on whom, for the most part, the Lectureship will be devolved, are amply qualified for this service; and we anticipate that, as the several series of these Lectures appear, they will awaken attention among the Churches, and exert a considerable influence. Our fear is, that they may give undue prominence to some of the peculiarities of the Calvinistic theory, and fail to evince a just appreciation of the more comprehensive views of the economy of salvation which, we had fondly hoped, were beginning to prevail among evangelical communities.

No worthier or more important subject could have been chosen by Dr. Buchanan, as the theme of his Lectures, than the doctrine of *justification.* That doctrine has a direct bearing on our individual position and hopes; and it holds a distinguished place in the writings of that Apostle who, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, has most systematically unfolded to us the scheme of human recovery. In every age, too, the distinct and faithful announcement of the method of justification by grace through faith has been instrumental in bringing about great spiritual results; while those heresies which have assailed this truth, or obscured

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its simplicity, have enfeebled the Church, and impaired its spiritual life. Amidst the controversies of the present day, a distinct and firm apprehension of the Scriptural doctrine of justification is of the utmost importance. This doctrine presupposes and rests upon the great facts of the mediatorial scheme, and their relation to the principles of the Divine government. It is calculated, also, to counteract some of the most subtle and pernicious evils of our nature. It strikes at the pride which would triumph in our own supposed excellence, and assert, even before God, a lofty claim of personal merit; and it strikes equally at the disposition to rest in outward ceremonies and forms, as if these could avail to invest us with the Christian character, and to secure our highest interests. Dr. Buchanan, in his introductory remarks, has sketched, in clear and appropriate terms, the two tendencies of the present day which invest the faithful inculcation of the Scriptural doctrine of justification, and its allied truths, with overwhelming importance. There is the rationalistic tendency, characterised by want of reverence for the Divine Word, and by a presumptuous confidence in the sufficiency of the human mind to decide, of itself, the highest questions affecting the Divine government and the interests and hopes of man; while it overlooks, or makes light of, the great principles of holiness, and justice, and truth upon which, in combination with a comprehensive love, the moral administration of God is based. And then there is the Ritualistic tendency, which, though associated, in many minds, with a sense of religious need, and a craving for religious peace, is calculated to lead men away, further and yet further, from the faith of the Gospel,—to cast into the shade its beautiful simplicity, and its attractive though awe-inspiring spirituality,—and to hand men over to all the errors and delusions of the Papal system. As we contemplate these tendencies, we feel that now, as in the time of the Apostles, and at the era of the Reformation, that which is emphatically needed is a distinct and earnest setting forth, under the power of the Holy Ghost, of the method of gratuitous justification, resting on the work and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, and appropriated by a living faith in Him. But just in proportion to our conviction, that such a work as Dr. Buchanan has attempted is peculiarly opportune, is our regret, that he has written so as to repel, and even to grieve, many who are firmly attached to the principles of evangelical truth. We are prepared to contend that Evangelical Arminianism, of which he speaks so disparagingly,

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exhibits the doctrine of gratuitous justification through faith in all its fulness and glory, while it presents a barrier to that Antinomian perversion of the Gospel against which Dr. Buchanan's own teaching affords no adequate defence.

It is, however, only justice to Dr. Buchanan to acknowledge, that his work is, in many respects, valuable and important. It is divided into two parts, the History of the Doctrine of Justification, and an Exposition of that Doctrine as he conceives it to be unfolded in Holy Scripture. The former part will amply repay the careful attention of the student, though some remarks incidentally introduced require to be regarded with caution and distrust. It is an elaborate and comprehensive summary of the views which have prevailed on this great theme in successive periods; and we gladly linger on this branch of the work, as deserving almost unqualified approval. Dr. Buchanan has done well in commencing his historical review with the intimations of the doctrine found in the Old Testament. The earlier revelations of God contained the germs of all those great truths which, under the perfect Christian economy, are distinctly and fully unfolded. This was emphatically true of the method of gratuitous justification, to be received by a faith which simply embraced and rested upon the Divine counsel. It is a sentiment of which the Apostle Paul never lost sight, and which, in the powerful statement of the Divine scheme of justification with which he introduces his greatest doctrinal Epistle, he again and again makes prominent,—that "the law and the prophets" had borne *witness* to that "righteousness of God without the law," the *clear manifestation* and *full development* of which constitute the glory of the Christian dispensation, and evince its adaptation to universal man. This view of the subject has evidently awakened the interest of Dr. Buchanan; and he has brought out, very distinctly and fully, the teaching of the Old Testament Scriptures on the method of a sinner's acceptance with God. He has sketched, too, with the hand of a master, the erroneous views on the subject of justification which were prevalent among the Jews in the time of our Lord and His Apostles, when the spiritual lessons taught in the Sacred Writings were, to a large extent, overlooked,—when the deep, devotional feeling expressed in the sacred hymns of the earlier Church lingered only in a few hearts,—and when a haughty regard to national distinctions and outward observances was substituted for the great principles of faith, submission, and love. With equal clearness he has shown, how all the habits of thought among

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the heathen were opposed to the distinguishing features of the Christian scheme of justification; so that the Gospel, while pre-eminently adapted to the wants and aspirations of mankind, came into collision with their cherished prejudices and passions. But, notwithstanding this opposition, Christianity prevailed and triumphed. There was a power of the Holy Ghost accompanying it, which, in thousands of instances, produced a deep conviction of sin, and then led men onward to an apprehension of Christ, so as to rejoice in a "righteousness" which came to them "of grace," and in fulfilment of "the promise" that rested on the deepest arrangements of the Divine counsel.

Dr. Buchanan next passes to the history of the doctrine of justification in the times of the Fathers and of the Scholastic Divines; and he meets, in a satisfactory and conclusive manner, the charge preferred against the Protestant view, at the time of the Reformation, that it was a *novel* doctrine, unknown to the Church of God until the age of Luther. Few things are more interesting to the Christian student, than to trace the literature of our religion after the removal of its inspired and authoritative teachers. The publication of the *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*, by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, is calculated to foster that interest, while it affords valuable facilities for its gratification. We cannot refrain from citing a beautiful passage, in which Dr. Buchanan has forcibly expressed the sentiments which will arise in many thoughtful minds, on reading these precious records of early faith and devotion:—

"Perhaps, the first impression which is left on one's mind by the perusal of these early remains, is that of their great inferiority to the writings of the Apostles,—a fact with which every one must have been impressed on passing from the study of the one to the study of the other. It is sufficiently accounted for by the presence of inspiration in the Apostles, and the absence of it in their immediate successors. But there is another fact which is equally evident —the striking contrast which subsists between the writings even of the Apostolic Fathers, inferior as they are to the canonical Scriptures, and the whole contemporaneous literature of Greece, and Rome, and Judæa. We find there the lively expression of a faith such as was a new thing in the Roman world,—the faith of men who could rise above the sceptic's question, 'What is truth?' by feeling assured that they had found it,—so assured that they were ready to die for it; the lively expression also of a zeal which was kindled by the fire of love, and embraced the whole family of man,—of a hope which sustained them in every trial—a peace and joy which sweetened persecution itself,—and a new spiritual life,

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such as had heretofore been unknown among men; nay, more than this, we find all these—the faith, the love, the hope, the peace, the joy, the new spiritual life—having their living root, and their bond of union, in the Person and work of One, who died, and rose again, and whom they worshipped and trusted in as a Divine Redeemer. This is their peculiar character, and these are their distinctive features; and in passing from the pages which give expression to their simple but sublime piety, to those of the most accomplished and eloquent writers of the same age, we can hardly fail to mark the immeasurable distance which separates the two, or to feel that, inferior as the first Fathers might be to many of their classical contemporaries in point of genius and learning, they had inherited from their teachers, and transmitted to their disciples, a GOSPEL, such as none of the princes of this world's wisdom had ever conceived."—Pp. 81, 82.

We turn, then, to these earliest writings of the Church; and although we do not find in them a formal and carefully defined statement of the doctrine of justification,—such as was afterwards rendered necessary by the controversies that arose,—we do find the Divine scheme of gratuitous forgiveness and eternal life, to be received through faith in the crucified but risen Saviour, everywhere recognised and insisted on.

Our space forbids us to follow Dr. Buchanan through the Lectures in which he traces the erroneous views on justification which distinguished the theology of the Roman Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation, and the movements which subsequently took place in that Church, in order to conciliate those who had seceded from it, and at the same time to maintain unimpaired its fundamental principles. The Papal system, while it recognises the great facts of the mediatorial scheme, as lying at the foundation of the economy of mercy and salvation, confounds justification with sanctification, by making it to result from grace infused, instead of referring it entirely to the work and sacrifice of Christ appropriated by faith. Thus it sets aside the emphatic statement of St. Paul: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." The theology of Rome, also, presents to us a complete and perfect scheme of sacramental salvation, and teaches that all sins committed after baptism can only be remitted through sacramental confession and absolution; while the Gospel of Christ lays open the mercy-seat of God as accessible to every burdened spirit, and holds forth to it the promise of conscious acceptance upon its personal trust in the

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Crucified One. The two Lectures which relate to this period of the Church's history are written with great ability, and are well deserving of attention. Two more Lectures, devoted respectively to "The History of the Doctrine of Justification as a subject of controversy among Protestants," and to "The History of the Doctrine in the Church of England," complete the historical survey; and then Dr. Buchanan passes to the exposition of his great theme. In this Exposition, while we find much to admire, we find much also that is objectionable, and which, in our judgment, obscures the simplicity, and harmony, and beauty of Scriptural teaching. We propose to indicate, first of all, those grand features of the method of justification, in reference to which we agree with the lecturer, and then to show what are the views from which we dissent as erroneous and misleading.

In regard to the *nature* of justification, we accede readily to the general statements of Dr. Buchanan. We believe, with him, that the word is "a legal or forensic term, and is used in Scripture to denote the acceptance of any one as righteous in the sight of God" (p. 226). We accept his fourth proposition, though we cannot endorse *all* the remarks which he makes in illustration of it, that "the term 'justification' denotes, either an act of God, or a privilege of His people; and, in both cases, that which is denoted by it includes absolution and acceptance,—the full pardon of sin, admission into God's favour, and a title to eternal life." Most distinctly and emphatically does he set it forth as a change in our *relation* to God, as distinguished from that inward renewal which also belongs to Christ's people; and some of his observations beautifully illustrate the fulness of privilege which "the gift of righteousness" involves.

With equal clearness does Dr. Buchanan affirm the *gratuitous character* of the act of justification. This is a second essential point in the doctrine, as it is unfolded in the writings of St. Paul. That Apostle is never weary of calling attention to the fact, that our righteousness is "*of grace*," that no one can now establish a claim to it on the ground of personal merit, and that the direct preparation for that reliance on the Lord Jesus by which we receive it is, that our "mouth" should "be stopped," and that we should take our place as "guilty before God." In that comprehensive passage of his Epistle to the Romans, in which he formally states both the method of our justification, and the grand provision on which it rests, even the atoning death of the Lord Jesus, he *lingers* on the gratuitous character of the act: "Being justified *freely by*

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His grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness; that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." And in winding up one of those emphatic representations of Christian experience which occur in the Epistle to the Galatians, he says, "I do not frustrate *the grace of God*, for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain."

The next point in the Scriptural doctrine of justification is that, while it rests on *the work and sacrifice of Christ* as its *sole ground*, it is received on *our* part *by faith*. This is reiterated so often in the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles, and is, in particular, so distinctly brought out by St. Paul in his elaborate discussion of the subject in his Epistle to the Romans, that to deny it is to assail the entire system of evangelical Christianity. On this subject Dr. Buchanan writes clearly and strongly, and we accept his representation of that *faith* which has been constituted the instrument of our acceptance. Again and again he speaks of it as the act in which "we receive and rest upon Christ for salvation, as He is freely offered in the Gospel." He ever keeps in view the fact, that saving faith implies much more than an intellectual reception of the truth which relates to Christ,—much more than a firm conviction of its certainty and importance; that it includes the *trust* of the heart, directed to Him whom the Father hath set forth as our hope and refuge, while it involves a firm confidence in the fulfilment of the Divine promises. He gives not the slightest countenance to the error that saving faith is simply a belief that we are pardoned. The incautious or presumptuous assertions on this subject which some have advanced have cast a shadow over the great Protestant doctrine of justification by faith alone, and have enabled its enemies to caricature it and treat it with contempt. We remember that, many years since, when the Tractarian movement was first awakening general attention, one of its ablest advocates, contending for the practice of sacramental confession, used the argument: "Any shame, however feeble, any penance, however light, must, we should think, be so much gain in comparison with no shame, and no penance at all. Yet there are preachers among us, and they such as indulge in strong invectives against auricular confession, who will unblushingly tell their hearers that sin *is* forgiven, *toties quoties*, to those

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who have but faith to *believe* that it is so forgiven." Such, it cannot be too strongly maintained, is *not* the Protestant view. The faith through which we receive forgiveness is not directed to the fact of our pardon, as its immediate object, but to the atoning and interceding Saviour: it involves a renunciation of self-dependence, an humble and cordial acceptance of the Divine counsel, and a firm reliance on the promises of God, while it is specially a "receiving" of Christ, a "flying for refuge, to lay hold on" Him as "the hope set before us." It cannot be put forth by a heart that trifles with sin, or that is not anxious to renounce it. On these points the teaching of the volume before us is sound and good.

Still further, Dr. Buchanan has clear and correct views of *the relation of faith to justification*, and the *special ground* on which it has been constituted the condition and means of our acceptance. Too frequently a subtle form of error on these points has insinuated itself into the statements and reasonings of some who have professedly held the doctrine of justification by faith. It has been alleged that faith holds the high position assigned to it because it is, in itself, an eminently right and fitting act,—an act of obedience to the evangelical law; and because the principle of faith will naturally prompt men to universal obedience to the Divine will. But this, as it has been properly remarked, is only a refined theory of justification by works. The one reason, we maintain, why faith has been constituted *the condition* of our justification is that *it connects us with Christ*—that, in a most important sense, it *unites* us to Him. In no other way, we conceive, could our personal moral agency be brought into connection with our salvation, while yet the *perfectly gratuitous* character of the act of justification should be manifested, and the Lord Jesus—the crucified and risen Saviour—be set forth as the *one ground* of our acceptance. We gladly recall the thoughtful and well-chosen words in which a distinguished theologian of the Wesleyan Methodist Communion—the late Rev. Dr. Bunting—expresses this truth: "When God imputes faith for righteousness, He has respect, not to the worthiness and excellency of faith, but to the worthiness and excellency of that Divine Redeemer on whom our faith terminates, and who is 'the Lord our righteousness.'" And we endorse the sentiments expressed by Bishop O'Brien, in one of his sermons on *The Nature and Effects of Faith*:—

"God having, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, appointed that we should be pardoned and accepted for the sufferings and for the merits of Another, seems most fitly to have appointed, too, that our voluntary

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acceptance of this His mode of freely forgiving and receiving us, by putting our trust in Him through whom these blessings are to be bestowed upon us, should necessarily precede our full participation of all the benefits of this gracious scheme, and that nothing else should. . . . . If for our *justification* it be essential, and sufficient, that we be united to Christ,—one with Christ,—*found in Christ*—does not the act whereby we take Him for our defence against that wrath which we feel that we have earned,—whereby, abjuring all self-dependence, we cast ourselves unreservedly upon God's free mercies in the Redeemer, with a full sense of our guilt and our danger, but in a full reliance upon the efficacy of all that He has wrought and endured,—does not this act whereby we cleave to Him, and, as far as in us lies, become one with Him, seem the fit act whereunto to annex the full enjoyment of all those inestimable benefits, which, however dearly purchased they were by Him who bought them, were designed to be, with respect to us upon whom they are bestowed, emphatically free? With less than this, our part in the procedure could not have been—what it was manifestly designed to be—intelligent and voluntary. With more, it might seem to be meritorious. Whereas *faith* unites all the advantages that we ought to look for in the instrument whereby we were to lay hold on the blessings thus freely offered to us: it makes us voluntary recipients of them, and yet does not seem to leave, even to the deceitfulness of our own hearts, the power of ascribing to ourselves any meritorious share in procuring them."

The particulars to which we have now adverted seem to us to be essential to the Scriptural doctrine of justification; and surely all who agree in these views may well recognise each other, and stand together in the conflict which thickens around the fundamental principles of Christianity. On all these points we are at one with Dr. Buchanan. On these points Evangelical Arminianism, as represented by the system of Wesleyan Methodism, gives forth a distinct and certain sound; and we claim for that system that it sets forth the gracious provision of God for man's justification with beautiful clearness and simplicity, while by making prominent the truth, without any reservation, that the Lord Jesus died for *all men*, it places before all the firm ground on which their faith may repose, as they turn to the Crucified One to embrace Him as their own.

But we go beyond this. We are prepared to contend that the doctrinal system of Wesleyan Methodism exhibits the completeness and harmony of the teaching of Holy Scripture on this subject more fully than the system which Dr. Buchanan advocates, so far as this last diverges from it.

We instance, first of all, *the relation of repentance to faith*. It is the plain and obvious teaching of the New Testament,

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that repentance, considered as a conviction of personal sinfulness and guilt, combined with sorrow on account of sin and hatred to it, involving also sincere and earnest efforts to abandon it and resist its allurements, and leading the contrite mind to bow before God in lowly confession, must precede saving faith in the Lord Jesus. It is not that this repentance at all merits pardon, or is the instrument of our receiving it; but it is necessary to prepare the soul to rely on Christ alone, to seek justification as a blessing of inestimable worth, and to seek it as, of itself, ungodly and undone. But Dr. Buchanan confounds the repentance which is enjoined as necessary to forgiveness with *regeneration*, and regards it as *including faith;* and he contends that it is *because* it includes *faith* that repentance is required in order to the forgiveness of sins. We are anxious not to be misunderstood on these points. Let us not be supposed to hold that true repentance can exist apart from the grace of the Holy Ghost. In the state of mind above indicated, we recognise a gracious operation of the Spirit, whose province it is to "convince of sin," and to melt the heart that yields to this conviction into penitential sorrow. But it does not follow that the mind thus awakened and contrite is already regenerated. The Spirit has visited that mind in His gracious preparatory operations; and if His light and grace are cherished, He who has convinced of sin will go on to "convince of righteousness," to fix the gaze of the soul on Him who has wrought out our redemption, and has "gone to the Father," to make intercession for us, and to dispense the blessings of salvation. But the state of regeneration is a far higher one than that of contrition and penitence,—involving power over sin, and including love, filial love, to God, as the great spring and principle of obedience to His will. It is a strange confusion of thought,—and nothing but the exigencies of a system could have led to it,—to represent repentance as *including* saving faith. We admit that the sorrows of repentance are, from the first, in some degree relieved by an apprehension, often dim and indistinct, of the mercy of God in Christ; but to affirm that the repentance which the Scriptures urge as necessary in order to forgiveness is "a thorough change of mind and heart," and, as such, "*includes* that faith which unites us to Christ," and that it is *this* element of repentance which causes it to be insisted on as necessary to justification, is to confound things that differ, and to obscure the simple and beautiful teaching of the Divine Word. We confess that we read with astonishment the following passage, in which Dr. Buchanan advances this view:—

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"It is true that 'forgiveness of sins,' which is included in justification, is frequently connected, in Scripture, with repentance as well as with faith; as when we read of John preaching the 'baptism of repentance for the remission of sins,' and of 'repentance and remission of sins being preached in Christ's name among all nations.' 'Except ye repent,' said our Lord, 'ye shall all likewise perish;' 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted,' said Peter, 'that your sins may be blotted out.' But the repentance which is meant is not mere remorse of conscience, or sorrow on account of sin; it is a thorough change of mind and heart, and it includes faith, or 'a lively apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ.' Repentance, in this sense, is necessary to salvation; but it is the faith which is included in it that unites us to Christ, and makes us partakers of His justifying righteousness. This is the special and peculiar function of faith only. But the fact that it is connected in Scripture with repentance, and that both are declared to be necessary to salvation, is sufficient to show that they are constituent elements of that great spiritual change which is described as 'a second birth,' and 'a new creation.'"—Pp. 385, 386.

Intimately connected with this is another point, in which the theological system of Wesleyan Methodism stands forth in beautiful distinctness, in contrast with the mistiness that envelopes some of the views of Dr. Buchanan. We refer to *the connexion of justification with sanctification.* On this interesting subject the volume before us contains many valuable and important remarks. The lecturer clearly shows, that sanctification is not, in whole or in part, the ground of our justification; that it is not on account of grace infused,—though that grace comes to us through the work and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus,—that we are accounted righteous before God. He detects this error, which vitiates the Roman Catholic and some other systems, in the manifold disguises which it assumes; and he strenuously contends for the truth which St. Paul has expressed in the remarkable words, that God "justifieth *the ungodly,*" as an act of unmerited grace and favour. So, too, he properly affirms that justification and regeneration are simultaneous; that these blessings, though they are distinct in their nature, are never separated in the experience of the believer. But when he treats of the relation between the two, he seems to us to write with a degree of confusion. One of his propositions is, "Regeneration and justification are simultaneous; and no man is justified who is not renewed, nor is any man renewed who is not also, and immediately, justified." This last remark appears to imply that, in the order of nature,—though no perceptible interval of time separates the two blessings,—regeneration precedes justification; that the Spirit, renewing the soul, enables it to

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receive and rest upon Christ alone for salvation, and thus justification is obtained. Now we are perfectly agreed with Dr. Buchanan in referring the faith by which we receive Christ to the operation of the Spirit; but it is, we contend, *upon our receiving Christ*, so as to be accounted righteous in Him, and constituted the children of God, that the Spirit is given to us, to "shed abroad the love of God in our hearts," to produce the graces of the Christian character, and to "seal" us as the people of God. We will not enter here upon the doctrine of the direct witness of the Spirit, and the *relation* of that assurance of God's adopting love which it is the office of the Spirit to impart, to the principles of the new nature which distinguishes believers. Such a discussion would lead us too far from our immediate purpose. But the general position which we now assume is, that the gift of the Spirit *to dwell in our hearts*, and to assimilate us to the character of Christ, is *immediately consequent* on our justification, and thus results, in one sense, from the faith by which we receive the Lord Jesus. "Christ hath redeemed us," says St. Paul, "from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree: that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; *that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith*" (Gal. iii. 13, 14). And in another of his doctrinal Epistles, he affirms that, "*upon believing*" in the Lord Jesus, we are "sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, who is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of His glory" (Ephes. i. 13, 14).

But we come to the charge which Dr. Buchanan prefers against the theology of Wesleyan Methodism. While he allows that Mr. Wesley and his followers held a large body of evangelical truth, and that their teaching contained the "germ" of the doctrine which he himself maintains, he yet alleges against Methodism, that it does not distinctly set forth *the imputation of Christ's personal obedience to the believer*,—that it does not speak of the righteousness of Christ as the "*justifying righteousness*" which becomes ours upon our believing in Him. In his view the essence of the doctrine of justification is, that as the Lord Jesus, in the character of the Representative of mankind, both fulfilled the law in their stead, and endured in their stead its penalty, so, upon their receiving Him by faith, His active obedience, as well as the merit of His vicarious suffering, is imputed to them, and that they are thus accounted righteous. What, then, is the teaching of Wesleyan Methodism on this subject? There is a sense

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in which we allow that the righteousness of Christ may be said to be imputed to us. We hold that, upon receiving Christ by faith, we are so *united to Him*, that we have *a personal and saving interest* in all that He is, and in all that He has done and suffered for our salvation; and that, upon the ground of what He has done and suffered, the Father accepts us, and admits us to the position and privileges of His children. We are thus "made the righteousness of God in Him." And what, we ask, is there in the language of Holy Scripture, that implies more than this? Can Dr. Buchanan seriously contend, that any passages of the New Testament teach that our Lord's active obedience, *in its own formal nature*, is accounted ours? The Lecture in which he treats of "the Imputed Righteousness of Christ, as the immediate and only ground of Justification," appears to us singularly weak in its interpretation of Scriptural phraseology. We are astonished to find, that he presses into the service of his argument the phrase, "the righteousness of God," as used by St. Paul in the earlier part of his Epistle to the Romans, as if even this were to be understood of "the justifying righteousness of Christ;" while he censures not only Mr. Wesley, but more recent writers, as Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, for regarding that phrase as equivalent to "God's method of justifying sinners." Let any one take the Epistle to the Romans, and study it apart from the influence of all preconceived systems, — if that be possible,—and no exposition, we are convinced, will appear to him more forced and unnatural than that for which Dr. Buchanan contends. To us it appears as clear as daylight, that the phrase in question cannot refer to righteousness considered as centring in Christ, but that it relates to righteousness, as opposed to condemnation, conferred on man. Were we to attempt to expound it, so as to indicate the precise shade of thought which was present to the mind of the Apostle, we should speak of it as equivalent to "the righteousness which God imputes to men, according to His own gracious scheme and counsel." This, we believe, is the grand conception indicated by the expression "the righteousness *of God;*" and the manner in which St. Paul dilates upon it beautifully accords with this view:—

"But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth

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to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness; that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 21—26).

Let it not be supposed, that Evangelical Arminianism, as represented by the system of Wesleyan Methodism, treats lightly *the active obedience of our Lord,* as if it had no relation to our justification. We are accustomed to regard the work of Christ as *one whole;* and we dwell, with lowly reverence and gratitude, on the unsullied purity, and the perfect righteousness, of Him through whom salvation flows to us. The Redeemer's whole course, from His earliest childhood, until upon the cross He bowed His head in mortal agony, was one of obedience to the Father. His death itself was *the crowning act of that obedience;* while in submitting to it, and to the deep and awful anguish of spirit connected with it, He endured for us *penal suffering,* and met the claims of the violated law. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." In the light of these considerations, we find no difficulty when we collate the various modes in which the *ground* of our justification is referred to in the New Testament, and especially in the writings of St. Paul. Within the compass of a few verses, we find this Apostle affirming that we are "*justified by the blood*" *of Christ,* and arguing, "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by *the obedience of one* shall many be made righteous" (Rom. v. 9, 19). We glory in the *mediatorial righteousness* of the Lord Jesus, resulting from the perfection both of His active and passive obedience; and we gratefully acknowledge that, as through "one offence" all men are involved in "condemnation," so through "one righteousness" the way is open to all men to attain "justification of life." There is a beautiful variety in the modes in which this subject is presented in Holy Scripture. Righteousness, we believe, now comes to man through *the entire redeeming work* of the Lord Jesus,—that work which was finished on the cross, and of the completeness and sufficiency of which His resurrection from the dead, and His ascension to His throne of glory, were the manifestation and proof. It is thus that we understand the words of our Lord Himself, which connect the righteousness which He bestows on His people with His departure to the Father: "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if

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I depart, I will send Him unto you. And when He is come, He shall reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on Me; of righteousness, because I go to My Father, and ye see Me no more" (John xvi. 7—10).

Before we leave this topic, we are anxious to show that the views which we have now set forth, on the subject of the imputation of Christ's righteousness to the believer—that subject on which Dr. Buchanan holds our teaching to be defective and erroneous—are sanctioned by the standard writings of Methodism. We take, first, a passage from Mr. Wesley's sermon on *The Lord our Righteousness.* After explaining the righteousness of Christ, as comprehending His active and passive obedience, and affirming that, as these "were never, in fact, separated from each other, so we never need separate them at all, either in speaking or even in thinking," he asks:—

"But in what sense is this righteousness imputed to believers? In this: all believers are forgiven and accepted, not for the sake of anything in them, or of anything that ever was, that is, or ever can be done by them, but wholly and solely for the sake of what Christ hath done and suffered for them. . . . And this is not only the means of our obtaining the favour of God, but of our continuing therein. It is thus we come to God at first; it is by the same we come unto Him ever after. We walk in one and the same new and living way, till our spirit returns to God."

We quote, also, with peculiar satisfaction, a passage from the late Dr. Bunting's Sermon on Justification by Faith,—a sermon the clearness, and accuracy, and fulness of which will secure for it, we hope and believe, a permanent place in theological literature:—

"Our Lord Jesus Christ is the sole meritorious cause of our justification. All He did, and all He suffered, in His mediatorial character, may be said to have contributed to this great purpose. For, what He did, in obedience to the precepts of the law, and what He suffered, in satisfaction of its penalty, taken together, constitute that mediatorial righteousness for the sake of which the Father is ever well pleased in Him. Now, in this mediatorial righteousness of Christ all who are justified have a saving interest. I do not mean that it is personally imputed to them *in its formal nature or distinct acts;* for against any *such* imputation there lie, I think, insuperable objections both from reason and from Scripture. But the *collective merit* and *moral effects* of all which the Mediator did and suffered are so imputed and reckoned to our account, when we are justified, that, for the sake of Christ, and in consideration of His obedience unto death, we are released from guilt, and accepted of God."

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There is another most important point, in which we dissent from Dr. Buchanan, and regard his teaching as liable to fearful perversion and abuse. He affirms, again and again, that justification is *irreversible*,—that it is an act which passes *once and for ever* in the Divine mind, so that although the believer may contract fresh guilt, and need renewed forgiveness, and be chastened, and that severely, for his unfaithfulness, yet he cannot need—he cannot be the subject of—a second justification. That we may not be supposed to misrepresent, or exaggerate, the sentiments of Dr. Buchanan, we will adduce two passages from these Lectures. Contrasting the Papal theory of justification with that held by the Reformers, he thus winds up his argument:—

"In opposition to these and similar errors on this point, the Reformers held and taught, that, as justification properly consists in the free pardon of sin and a sure title to eternal life, so it is the present privilege of every believer from the instant when he receives and rests on Christ alone for salvation,—that it is *a complete, final, and irreversible act* of Divine grace, by which he is translated, *at once, and for ever*, from a state of wrath and condemnation, into a state of favour and acceptance; and that it is either accompanied or followed, in the present life, by 'the assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end,'—while it is indissolubly connected with 'glory, honour, and immortality' in the world to come. 'For whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified.'"—Pp. 123, 124.

In the ninth Lecture, which contains an exposition of "the Nature of the Blessing," Dr. Buchanan says:—

"Justification is an act which is completed at once, and not a work which is gradually accomplished by successive acts; for although we read of the continuance, as well as the commencement, of justification considered as the privilege of believers, and of the renewed exercise of forgiving mercy as often as they contract fresh sin, yet there is no second justification, properly so-called, but a decisive and *unalterable* change in our relation to God, which commences with our union to Christ, and is continued by our remaining in Him; an abiding state of justification which is the effect of that indissoluble union. . . . The person of the believer is first justified, and then his services are accepted: and should he afterwards incur fresh guilt, *he is not suffered to fall again into condemnation*, but, as an adopted child, he 'is chastened of the Lord, that he should not be condemned with the world.'"—Pp. 251, 252.*

* The italics in this and the preceding quotation are *ours*.

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It would be well if they who hold this view would seriously consider *all* that it implies, and then place it in the light of the entire teaching of the Holy Scriptures. We are not assuming too much, when we affirm that it is *possible* for a man who has been justified to fall, through unwatchfulness, and neglect to cultivate the inward life of piety, into open and flagrant sin. Can it be held that such a person is, *at that very time*, actually justified, accounted righteous by God, and possessed of a title to eternal life? Let us take one of those affecting cases of backsliding which the Scriptures record. Can it be maintained, for a moment, that David was in a state of justification, while the guilt of adultery and murder rested upon his conscience? The essential principles of the Divine government—the very principles which lie at the basis of the whole mediatorial scheme—show us, that God cannot regard with complacency and favour that man who, though once accepted in Christ, yields himself to the power of sin, and in whose heart the faith that united him to the Saviour has become extinct. "Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him."

We admit, indeed, that a title to eternal life is included in, or, we should perhaps rather say, immediately and necessarily results from, our justification; and that the design of God is, that the state upon which we enter, when we embrace the Saviour, should issue in our eternal fellowship with Him, and our eternal participation of His glory. But we must close our ears against the most earnest exhortations, and the most solemn warnings, of the Divine Word, unless we are prepared to admit, that our state of probation does not terminate when we believe in Jesus, and that our final victory is not then absolutely secure. Rich and ample as are the Divine provisions for our stability and perseverance, there is a possibility of our "making shipwreck of faith," and "drawing back unto perdition." It would be endless to cite all the passages of the New Testament which imply this; but many such passages will readily occur to the thoughtful reader, which sufficiently disprove the sentiment against which we protest,—that justification can never be reversed, that it makes us at once and for ever the accepted people of God.

Such a sentiment cannot fail to open the way to Antinomian error and delusion. Dr. Buchanan, indeed, recoils from Antinomianism, with the vivid sensibility of a man who is concerned for the honour of Christ, and who appreciates and

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rejoices in the work of the Holy Ghost. "The doctrine of a free justification," he observes, in one place, "by grace through faith, is miserably misunderstood or perverted, if it be supposed to cancel that unalterable law of Christ's kingdom, —'This is the will of God, even your Sanctification,' and 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'"* In tracing the history of the doctrine, he points out various errors of the high Antinomian system; but his own cherished principle, that justification is *irreversible*, cannot be successfully defended against the charge of favouring—or, at least, sheltering—Antinomian corruption. It was not by such arguments as Dr. Buchanan urges, and such distinctions as he draws, that the Apostle Paul repelled the Antinomian perversion of the doctrines of grace. He distinctly and emphatically declared to every man who was under the power of sin, that he was exposed to eternal death; and, reminding believers of the obligations imposed on them by that gracious constitution which offered them freedom from condemnation in Christ, and assured them of the gift of "the Spirit of life," to make them "free from the law of sin and death," he says, "Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh. For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Justification, we maintain, though it is designed to issue in eternal life, may yet, through our unfaithfulness, be reversed; and it is only by *abiding* in Christ that we can at last triumph in Him. Never can we forget the solemn and emphatic words which St. Paul uses in his Epistle to the Hebrews: "But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul."

We deeply regret, that the excellences of Dr. Buchanan's work should be counterbalanced by the misleading sentiments to which we have now referred. We lament, too, that, in his zeal for his peculiar views, he should have so greatly misrepresented Evangelical Arminianism, as to intimate that a common error pervades this system with those of the Socinians and the Deists, though that error appears in a less offensive and injurious form. In the conclusion of his Lectures he says:—

"Numerous and conflicting as have been the speculations on this subject, all the various shades of opinion in regard to it may be reduced, in their ultimate analysis, to one or other of these two opposite systems; the system which ascribes our justification entirely

* P. 400.

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to the grace of God, through the righteousness of Christ, by faith only—and the system which leaves it to depend, in whole or in part, on the personal holiness and obedience of man. The latter system includes many distinct grades of doctrinal belief,—from that of the mere moralist, whether Atheistic, or Deistic, or Socinian, who thinks that he may depend on his virtuous dispositions, and his integrity in the offices of common life, without considering whether he discharges his duties in obedience to the will of God, or whether he is animated by the love of Christ,—up through that of the nominal Christian, who rests on his religious profession, and his regular observance of religious ordinances,—to the Evangelical Arminian, who trusts sincerely in Christ for the pardon of his past sins, but depends on his own inherent holiness, and his personal obedience, for his title to eternal life."—Pp. 409, 410.

As Evangelical Arminians, we utterly repudiate the charge which is here alleged. We are ever ready to avow that, from first to last, the ground of our acceptance is Christ alone; and, while we hold the necessity of personal holiness, affirming, as Dr. Buchanan also does, in the words of Holy Scripture, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," —our hope, as we look forward to eternity,—our only hope—is, to "be found in Christ, not having our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

These are not the times in which they who maintain the doctrines of original sin, of the vicarious and expiatory death of the Son of God, of justification by grace through faith, and of the gift of the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify the believing mind, should stand aloof from each other. These are not the times in which Evangelical Arminianism should be treated with coldness by any who love the distinguishing principles of Christianity. In the presence of the advancing hosts of the enemies of the simple Gospel of the Son of God, they who hold so many great truths in common should unite to diffuse them, and to leaven with them the mass of society. We gladly turn to the beautiful and impressive passage with which Dr. Buchanan closes the first part of his work; and we endorse most cordially the sentiments which it expresses. Alluding to the changes in theological opinion which have taken place within a period of seventy years, and glancing at the Rationalistic and Romanist tendencies of the present time, he says:—

"Looking at the progress which these systems have already made, and the actual state of religious opinion in this country at the present

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day, who will venture to say what will be the prevailing theology of our grandchildren, when the current cycle reaches its close? God may be pleased once more to pour out His Spirit on the Churches, and to raise up, perhaps from the poorest of His people, a band of humble but devoted believers,—men of faith and prayer,—as 'living epistles of Christ known and read of all men,' the noblest witnesses for Christ in the land. What we most need is a great spiritual revival, which, commencing in the hearts of our congregations, will work from within outwards, and from beneath upwards, destroying 'the wisdom of the wise, and bringing to nought the understanding of the prudent,' and making it manifest to all that the Gospel is still 'mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.' Our immediate prospects are dark and threatening, and men's hearts are beginning to fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. What course events may take it is impossible to foretell; but, looking to mere human probabilities, of two schemes one or other is likely to be attempted, or perhaps each of them in succession: either the Established Churches will be stript of a definite creed, if not by a legislative act, by the more insidious method of judge-made laws, and made so comprehensive as to include men of all shades of opinion, from semi-Popery, through the various grades of Pelagian, Arian, and Socinian error, down to ill-disguised infidelity; or, if the moral sense of the community revolts from the indiscriminate support of truth and error, then, the entire disestablishment of the Church in these islands, perhaps till the time when 'all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.' Of the Church of Christ there is no fear: she is 'founded on a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' Somewhere in the earth she will find an asylum, should it be only as 'the woman flying into the wilderness:' but for any particular church, or any particular country, there is no absolute security that her 'candlestick will not be removed out of its place, except she repents.' Let us pray that 'when the enemy is coming in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord may lift up a standard against him;' and that those young men, who are about to enter on the ministry 'in troublous times,' may have a banner given to them, 'that it may be displayed because of the truth'—a banner bearing this inspired inscription:—'I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST; FOR IT IS THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION TO EVERY ONE THAT BELIEVETH: FOR THEREIN IS THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD REVEALED FROM FAITH TO FAITH, AS IT IS WRITTEN, THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH."—Pp. 218, 219.

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ART. VIII.—*The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* Compiled, under the direction of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, by Lieut.-General the Hon. C. GREY. London: Smith, Elder and Co. Pp. xxxi. 469.

IT seems a very superfluous task to introduce this book to our readers. No publication of the day is so well known. The fact that it is substantially the Queen's work insured at once an immense circulation, and its intrinsic merits have won for it an imperishable fame. Multitudes who have never seen it are quite familiar with its contents, through the medium of the copious quotations which have enlivened the columns of almost all the newspapers. But, if any apology be needed for dwelling on a story so often repeated, we must plead the obligations of loyalty, and the desire to enrich our own pages with some pictures of a life and character surpassingly pure and noble.

We remember well the 10th of February, 1840. We were in the midst of an eager and excited throng, waiting the arrival at Windsor of our young Queen and the husband to whom she had that morning been married. We caught a brief but memorable glimpse of the bright and happy face of the royal bride; but our attention was chiefly attracted by the illustrious stranger on whom she had bestowed her hand. Tall, slender, his face betokening far more than ordinary intelligence and benignity, with a mien of singular dignity and grace, and with an absolutely perfect courtesy, the youthful Albert won the hearts of all loyal Englishmen on the instant, and fervent prayers and sanguine hopes as to the future of that august pair hallowed and made glad their union. How those prayers were more than answered; how the capacity and excellence of our Prince developed beyond the largest expectations of the country; how he came to be the honoured and trusted adviser of the Queen and the patron of every good and noble enterprise in the land; how, under his wise and loving influence, the court of Queen Victoria became a model of all virtue, and her family a proverb of domestic purity and bliss; and how, at his death, the entire nation wept as at the loss of a common friend and father, and gave its tenderest and deepest sympathies to the royal widow;—these things are known to us all. The monuments erected in his honour in every part of Great Britain testify how deeply his name has engraven itself

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upon the national affection and respect; and, while the English tongue endures, that name will be cherished as borne by one of the best princes that England ever knew. He was great in the possession of all the qualities that constitute a noble man. But his proud distinction among the royal names of which Englishmen delight to boast is that he was "Albert the Good."

In common with most of our fellow-countrymen, we have often regretted the protracted seclusion in which Her Majesty has lived since her husband's death. It would have been disloyal not to regret it. But we have had no sympathy with the lectures and reproaches which have occasionally been addressed to her by certain portions of the public press. We cannot speak too indignantly of the coarseness and bad taste which have distinguished some of these productions. And who can now regret Her Majesty's almost conventual retirement? Never did grief more worthily relieve itself. Never did widowed love build up a more beautiful and touching memorial than is contained in this admirable book.

It was not the Queen's original intention that her notices of the Prince Consort's life should be published; these pages were written for the private edification of her own children and family, with the addition, perhaps, of a very small circle of friends; but presently the very obvious suggestion that such a book might be pirated—"possibly in a garbled form"—led to the resolution to publish it "in substantially the same form as that in which it was first printed for private circulation." We by no means regret either the original purpose or the change. One of the great charms of this book lies in its simplicity and entire frankness. It has been suggested that this is due chiefly to the exalted rank of the author and the subject. We cannot think so. The tendency of court-life is surely in quite the opposite direction; and, had the Queen written or superintended this book with the British public in view, we doubt very much whether it would have been such as it is. This artless frankness, this undisguised disclosure of the innermost privacy, and even of the personal thoughts and feelings of our royal lady, is due to the fact that the widowed mother wrote for her children, and for them only. But it was a wise and generous after-thought to resolve that her subjects should be taken into her confidence. She laid aside her queenly state to give her children her estimate of their father, and to unbosom her own heart in all motherly confidence and tenderness; but in doing so, she claimed kindred with all that is true; and pure, and loving in humanity; and that "touch of

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nature" which "makes the whole world kin" has won for her book a universal welcome. It speaks to the heart of every family in England. We forget the monarch in the woman; and, as we read her artless story, we yield her the full homage of our sympathy.

It is perhaps presumptuous to speak of the royal authoress herself. For this is truly "the Queen's Book." General Grey has no doubt done his work of editing exceedingly well; but one hand may be traced all through. This is the widow's tribute to the memory of her lost husband. And how pure, and gentle, and chaste, and noble it is! The loftiest style of character is portrayed in it, and by one who knew how to appreciate it. And, if it be true that "a man never portrays his own character better than by the way and manner in which he portrays the character of another," we can only say that the perusal of this volume will enhance every reader's estimate of his sovereign's excellences, however high that estimate may be.

This particular volume is only the first of a series. It contains the story of a beautiful boy, born in a little German principality, singularly favoured in his ancestry, in the graces of his own person, and in his immediate connections. But there is a certain completeness in it, inasmuch as it extends to the time of his marriage and the birth of his first child. He came of the noblest stock in Europe, reckoning among his ancestors "Frederic the Warlike, first Prince Elector of Saxony; Frederic the Wise, the friend and protector of Luther; and John Frederic the Magnanimous." These princes all belonged to the elder branch of the great Saxon family, and were conspicuous for their attachment to the cause of the Reformation, and their valour in its defence. Their constancy and heroism cost them dear; for, on the defeat of the last-named Elector by Charles V., their inheritance was forcibly transferred to the younger branch of the family, whose descendants still possess it.

Questions of pedigree are generally both dull and perplexing, and there is no small confusion of detail in the genealogy of our Prince, a confusion aggravated by the minute subdivision of estates and titles observed by the Saxon dukes. His father was born in 1784, and became Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfield in 1806. By a series of complicated family arrangements he became Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in 1825. Our Prince had two uncles on his father's side—Ferdinand George, whose son became King-Consort of Portugal by marriage with Queen Donna Maria of that kingdom, and Leopold, King of the

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Belgians. His youngest aunt was the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother; the mother of our Prince was Princess Louise of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg. The Queen says of her:—

"The Princess is described as having been very handsome, though very small; fair, with blue eyes; and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her. An old servant who had known her many years told the Queen that, when she first saw the Prince at Coburg, 1844, she was quite overcome by the resemblance to his mother. She was full of cleverness and talent; but the marriage was not a happy one, and a separation took place in 1824, when the young Duchess finally left Coburg, and never saw her children again. She died at St. Wendel in 1831, after a long and painful illness, in her thirty-second year."—Pp. 7, 8.

The tale of their domestic unhappiness is not disclosed; but the Prince never forgot his mother. One of his first gifts to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her when a little child. She was separated from her husband and her family when Prince Albert was scarcely six years old. But, though thus early deprived of a mother's care, he was favoured with the attention and oversight of his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg. This lady is an ideal grandmother. She took the deepest interest in the family, and kept up the closest relations with it. Her letters form the most attractive portion of the earliest pages of the book. She thus writes to the Duchess of Kent, on the occasion of our Prince's birth:—

"Rosenau, August 27, 1819.

"The date will of itself make you suspect that I am sitting by Louischen's bed. She was yesterday morning safely and quickly delivered of a little boy. Siebold, the accoucheuse, had only been called at three, and at six the little one gave his first cry in this world, and looked about like a little squirrel with a pair of large black [blue] eyes. At a quarter to seven I heard the tramp of a horse. It was a groom, who brought the joyful news. I was off directly, as you may imagine, and found the little mother slightly exhausted, but *gaie et dispos.* She sends you and Edward (the Duke of Kent) a thousand kind messages. . . . . The little boy is to be christened tomorrow, and to have the name of Albert. The Emperor of Austria, the old Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, the Duke of Gotha, Mensdorff, and I, are to be sponsors. Our boys will have the same names as the sons of the Elector Frederic the Mild, who were stolen by Kunz Kauffungen—namely, Ernest and Albert. Ernest minor" (he was then just fourteen months old) "runs about like a weasel. He is teething, and as cross as a little badger from impatience and liveliness. He is not pretty now, except his beautiful black eyes. How pretty the May Flower" (Queen Victoria; born on the 24th of the pre-

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ceding May) "will be when I see it in a year's time. Siebold cannot sufficiently describe what a dear little love it is. *Une bonne fois*, adieu! Kiss your husband and children.—AUGUSTA."—Pp. 11, 12.

Here is the Queen's own account of this delightful woman:—

"The Queen remembers her dear grandmother perfectly well. She was a most remarkable woman, with a most powerful, energetic, almost masculine mind, accompanied with great tenderness of heart and extreme love for nature. The Prince told the Queen that she had earnestly wished that he should marry the Queen, and, as she died when her grandchildren (the Prince and Queen) were only twelve years old, she could have little guessed what a blessing she was preparing not only for the country, but for the world at large. She was adored by her children, particularly by her sons; King Leopold being her great favourite. She had fine and most expressive blue eyes, with the marked features and long nose inherited by most of her children and grandchildren. Both the Prince and his brother were exceedingly attached to her, and they lived much with her in their younger days. Of an evening, the Prince said, she was in the habit of telling them the story of Walter Scott's novels, and she used often to employ them in writing letters from her dictation."—Pp. 17, 18.

From the letters of this best of grandmothers, we obtain a very lively picture of our Prince's childhood. He had "large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, was bewitching, forward, and quick as a weasel." At two years of age he could "already say everything." He was "very handsome, but too slight for a boy; lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief." At three years of age, he was "much smaller than his brother, and as lovely as a little angel with his fair curls."

When only four years old, he was transferred, with his brother, from the care of a nurse to that of a tutor. Prince Albert, young as he was, heartily approved of the change, for he had a great dislike to being in the charge of women. The tutor to whose care the boys were intrusted, was admirably fitted for his work. He superintended their education for fifteen years, when they quitted the university of Bonn at the close of their academical career. He devoted himself with rare patience and zeal to his task, and the subsequent career of his illustrious pupils "gave indisputable proof of the skill and judgment with which he directed their studies."

The affection subsisting between the brothers was very beautiful; and it lasted without interruption and without diminution through life. Their characters and dispositions were indeed wonderfully different; but there was never even a momentary estrangement, though every now and then, as

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is the wont of boys, they indulged in the luxury of a good fight. Albert was "singularly easy to instruct;" showed from the first a thoughtful and intellectual turn of mind, a remarkable love of order, and great application and perseverance. He was, however, as ready for outdoor games as most boys, was the directing mind in most of the amusements which he shared with his friends, and very ready to use force when occasion seemed to call for it. Though delicate in appearance, and not robust in health, he possessed a constitutional endurance, and on the whole enjoyed a singularly happy childhood.

His precocity may be judged from the fact that he began to keep a journal when he was only six years old. That habit he afterwards abandoned, as most premature little men abandon old-fashioned ways. It seems to have been a wonderfully simple and truthful record of boyish experience; and one is instinctively moved both to smiles and tears while reading some of the entries. After a small critique on dogs and horses, the little fellow says, "Now I am sleepy, I will pray and go to bed." Again,—

"23*rd January*.—When I awoke this morning, I was ill. My cough was worse. I was so frightened, that I cried. Half the day I remained in bed, and only got up at three o'clock in the afternoon. I did a little drawing, then I built a castle and arranged my arms; after that I did my lessons, and made a little picture and painted it. Then I played with Noah's Ark, then we dined, and I went to bed and prayed.

"11*th February*.—I was to recite something, but I did not wish to do so: that was not right: naughty!

"9*th April*.—I got up well and happy; afterwards I had a fight with my brother. After dinner I went to the play. It was Wallenstein's *Lager*, and they carried out a monk.

"10*th April*.—I had another fight with my brother; that was not right."

How natural it is, and how beautiful, from the pen of a child only six years old! We cannot wonder that he was the delight of his playmates, and the idol of his father and the good old grandmother. His maternal grandmother took hardly less pride in him; and her letters, though by no means so vivacious as those of the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, breathe a beautiful spirit of piety and affection. The following is very sweet:—

"I will not let the dear children go without a line to recall me to your remembrance, my dear duke. God grant that the darlings

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may arrive safely at home. They leave this perfectly well and happy, Since the 24th they have been my daily guests in the morning and afternoon. I cannot say enough in praise of their good behaviour, and I shall feel the separation from them very much. To their great delight I have gratified their ardent wish to have another goat, which has been sent to-day. I entreat that they may be allowed to keep them all three. They have already arranged everything for two carriages. Albert wishes to drive the little goat. Happy children! how much are they to be envied for the power of being pleased with so little! I allowed them to go to the theatre several times as they were so delighted with it, and they had borne the confinement to their rooms so patiently. Do not let them take much medicine, nor hear much about their health; it only makes them nervous. A well-regulated diet and mode of life is much better than medicine; and as much air as possible."—Pp. 53, 54.

The princes resided with their tutor at the Rosenau, where Albert had been born; but they paid frequent visits to the different towns in their father's little duchy, and among their numerous relatives. One of their most intimate companions was their cousin, the Count Arthur Mensdorff. This nobleman, at the Queen's request, drew up a brief memorandum of his recollections of her deceased husband's boyhood. It is exquisitely touching, both in its account of the Prince, and in its expression of sorrow and sympathy on the occasion of his removal. We cannot insert the whole of it; but it abounds with beautiful passages, which are not more honourable to the subject than to the writer of the sketch. Thus:—

"How many noble and beloved beings has it pleased the Almighty to call into His kingdom, leaving us behind—alone and deserted! But what a dreadful trial God has sent *you*, my broken-hearted cousin! And yet it is through His mercy and loving-kindness that you have found strength to support the burden of this joyless life with such beautiful, such exemplary resignation."

He decribes his cousin, as of a mild and benevolent disposition; only angry at what he thought dishonest or unjust. He was quiet, very fond of study—especially of natural history; and began with his cousins what afterwards formed a valuable collection.

"Albert thoroughly understood the naïveté of the Coburg national character, and he had the art of turning people's peculiarities into a source of fun. He had a natural talent for imitation, and a great sense of the ludicrous, either in persons or things; but he was never severe or ill-natured; the general kindness of his disposition preventing him from pushing a joke, however he might enjoy it, so as

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to hurt any one's feelings. Every man has, more or less, a ridiculous side, and to *quiz* this, in a friendly and good-humoured manner, is after all the pleasantest description of humour. Albert possessed this rare gift in an eminent degree. From his earliest infancy he was distinguished for perfect moral purity, both in word and in deed. . . . Whilst still very young, his heart was feelingly alive to the sufferings of the poor. I saw him one day give a beggar something by stealth, when he told me not to speak of it; 'for when you give to the poor,' he said, 'you must see that nobody knows it.'"—Pp. 57—60.

The next year or two were spent at the Rosenau, alternated with visits to Gotha. Their life was very sunny. Surrounded by the sons of the principal people of Coburg—who were invited *on Sundays!* and holidays to share their amusements, the brothers were fond of assuming the characters of the most distinguished worthies of old times, and of making the most remarkable incidents in bygone German history the subject of their games. The extracts from the Prince's journal show how keenly he appreciated these entertainments, and breathe besides a beautiful spirit of consideration for those around and beneath him. At this period, occurs a letter, written by the dear old grandmother of Coburg, which is too beautiful to be omitted. The Queen had just completed her eleventh year, and her mother the Duchess of Kent is thus congratulated on the occasion:—

"My blessings and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet blossom of May! May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the dangers that will beset her mind and heart! The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into that young soul can be kept pure and untarnished. How well I can sympathise with the feelings of anxiety that must possess you when that time comes! God who has helped you through so many bitter hours of grief will be your help still. Put your trust in Him."—Pp. 75, 76.

How great an influence for good this admirable woman must have exercised on her grandsons, who spent much time with her, and were objects of her unceasing solicitude and care! Albert was now in his twelfth year, a warm-hearted little fellow, full of love for his father and his home; and, as he says in a letter to his father, "working hard to become good and useful, and to give you pleasure." In 1832, shortly after the accession of their uncle Leopold to the Belgian throne, they visited Brussels; and, although their

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stay was short, the young princes saw enough of the liberty and independence which had been so recently and bravely won, and which were used with such rare moderation and good sense, to produce in both of them a profound attachment to liberal and constitutional principles. Here, too, the love of art which so much distinguished Prince Albert in after-life, was wonderfully stimulated.

Arrived at his fourteenth year, our Prince rapidly developed into a most earnest and methodical student. We have a copy of the programme of study drawn up by and for himself at this time. The hours of study were, from six to nine in the morning; then from ten to one; and from six to eight at night. Prominence is given to the study of modern languages, of history, of the natural sciences, of music, "and generally of those accomplishments which serve to embellish and adorn life." Less than an hour a day was devoted to Latin; Greek does not seem at this time to have at all occupied his attention; and he only gave three hours a week to mathematics. Such a programme is very defective according to our English notions; but that a mere school-boy should impose upon himself a course of study for eight hours of every week-day, argues an intense love of learning. True, his capricious and indulgent father often tempted him from his books to open-air breakfasts and so forth; but even in these pleasant digressions, our Prince was careful to cultivate habits of observation. His tutor supplies us with most interesting "recollections" of his childhood and early youth. The exquisite beauty of his childish person, joined to the sweetness of his disposition and fine mental qualities, woke the enthusiastic interest of the worthy pedagogue; who was nobly sustained by the confidence which the parents reposed in him. The mother of the boys, although possessing high qualities, failed sadly in her maternal duties, making it conspicuously apparent that Albert was her favourite. All danger from this source was, however, soon averted, by her separation from her husband and family; and nothing was allowed to come between the tutor and the conscientious fulfilment of his duty to his interesting and important charge. A most entire and intimate confidence sprang up between them, which not only lasted unimpaired, but continued to increase till the close of their university career. The tutor adds:—

"Nor did the regard of Prince Albert for me cease with the termination of his studies. I was ever honoured with the proofs of his goodwill. The last memento of his affection was given to me but a

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short time before his death, and I stand daily before the picture which he then sent me, to weep for my beloved pupil and friend."—P. 94.

The Prince was subject to frequent attacks of slight fever. His instructor tells us that at these times he displayed a temper and disposition "perfectly angelic," and seemed to delight chiefly in forming noble and benevolent projects to be executed after his recovery. Here are two good stories, relative to his love of fun, and of the rough reprisals which he occasionally brought on himself.

"On one occasion he drew down a scolding from his father, by getting his instructor in chemistry to fill a number of small glass vessels, about the size of a pea, with sulphuretted hydrogen, which he threw about the floor of the pit and boxes of the theatre, to the great annoyance and discomfiture of the audience, at whose confusion he was highly delighted. But the joke was not always on his side. The Princess Caroline of Reuss Ebersdorff, a clever witty person, at that time resident in Coburg, and very fond of the young Prince, whom she took under her special protection, resolved to avenge herself for some trick he had played her. For this purpose she took advantage of an aversion he had formed, under the following circumstances, for frogs. He was always fond of natural history, and lost no opportunity of collecting specimens, showing no timidity, even as a boy, in his pursuit and seizure of animals of all sorts. One evening, while tea was going on in the garden at Oeslau, Prince Albert occupied himself as usual in searching the hedges and pathsides for objects of interest to him, and hit upon a large and very pretty green frog. Seizing it in both hands, he ran with his treasure to the tea-table; to his astonishment, he was received by the ladies with a general cry of horror; and their fright extending to himself he threw down the frog in a panic, and from that time conceived the most unconquerable aversion for every animal of the kind. Princess Caroline knowing this, took advantage of it to retaliate on the Prince for the many little tricks with which he loved to torment her. Amongst other tricks he had played her, he had one evening, during a party at the palace, filled the pockets of the cloak left by the Princess in the cloak-room with soft cheese, and helping assiduously to cloak her at the conclusion of the evening, he was delighted at the horror with which she threw the cloak away, and turned upon himself as the perpetrator of the joke. For this the Princess took ample revenge by collecting a basket-full of frogs at the Rosenau, and having them placed in his bed, to the destruction of his night's rest."—Pp. 103—105.

The good tutor's "Recollections" close with an emphatic testimony to the Prince's eager desire to do good and to assist

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others; and to "the grateful feeling which never allowed him to forget an act of kindness, however trifling, to himself."

We must pass over the description of the beauties of the Rosenau, our Prince's birthplace, to which he clung with the fondest attachment to the day of his death. Here were fostered that love of nature and of the country, and those pastoral and agricultural tastes which he displayed to such advantage after he became the husband of Queen Victoria. Here, too, under the influence of plenty of fresh air and active exercise, he gradually overcame his early delicacy of constitution, and grew up "a healthy and active boy." The Princes were confirmed on Palm Sunday in 1835, Prince Albert being about sixteen years and a half old:—

"The profession now made by the Prince he held fast through life. His was no lip service. His faith was essentially one of the heart, a real and living faith, giving a colour to his whole life. Deeply imbued with a conviction of the great truths of Christianity, his religion went far beyond mere forms, to which, indeed, he attached no special importance. It was not with him a thing to be taken up and ostentatiously displayed with almost Pharisaic observance, on certain days, or at certain seasons, or on certain formal occasions. It was part of *himself*. It was engrafted in his very nature, and directed his every-day life. In his every action, the spirit—as distinguished from the letter—the spirit and essence of Christianity was his constant and unerring guide."—Pp. 118, 119.

Immediately after the confirmation, the Princes undertook a tour by themselves, visiting Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Pesth, and Ofen. They were everywhere received with enthusiasm, and created the most favourable impression. On returning to Gotha, our Prince devoted himself to philosophical studies. He prepared the framework of an essay on the history of German literature. The following extract from a letter to the director of the High School at Coburg will be read with interest. It was written from Brussels in 1836:—

"Here, where one is only surrounded by foreign literature, lives only in foreign literature, one learns to appreciate our own at its real value. But it is painful to see the mean idea which the French and Belgians, and even the English, have of our German literature. It consoles one, however, to find that this undervaluing proceeds from an utter incapacity to understand our German works. To give you a slight idea of this incapacity, I add to this letter a French translation of Goethe's *Faust*, which, in the most literal sense of the word, makes one's hair stand on end. Certainly from such productions foreigners cannot understand the profound genius of our literature,

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and they explain why so much in it appears to them weak and ridiculous."—P. 127.

In the summer of 1836, the Duke brought his sons to England. During their stay here, they were lodged at Kensington Palace, the residence of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. It was now that he and the Queen saw each other for the first time. In a letter descriptive of his mode of life, he speaks of the great kindness of his aunt, and adds, "our cousin also is very amiable." But there is no hint of that deep attachment which was so soon to ripen into marriage. The climate, the late hours, and so on, made him ill, and he suffered from a constitutional tendency to sleep in the evenings. Nevertheless the Queen tells us that "nothing could exceed the kind attentions he paid to every one—frequently standing the whole evening that no one might be neglected."

We find the young Princes next at Brussels, where "in a small but very pretty house, with a little garden in front, and though in the middle of a large town, perfectly shut out from the noise of the streets," they pursued their studies under excellent masters, with the utmost diligence, and with marked and rapid progress.

In April 1837, they repaired to Bonn, and entered on their university career. They had for fellow-students the present Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince William of Löwenstein-Werthheim, and Count Erbach, a relation of Prince Leiningen's. Soon after their settlement here, King William IV. died, and Queen Victoria, only just eighteen years of age, ascended the throne. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following letter to Her Majesty from the Prince—the first which he wrote to her in English:—

"Bonn, 26th June, 1837.

"My dearest Cousin,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life. Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects. May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now? Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant, Albert."—Pp. 147, 148.

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Truly this is a noble and princely letter, and indicates qualities which made the writer worthy to become "the father of our kings to be."

The young Queen bore herself so as to win all English hearts; but she was surrounded by "a network of parties and cabals;" and, as her marriage seemed likely to be made a party-question, King Leopold advised his nephews to visit South Germany, Switzerland, and North Italy, evidently for the purpose of withdrawing attention from them. Of the incidents of this little tour we need not speak. They returned to Bonn in November, where they studied Roman law, State right and political economy, the principles of finance, and anthropology and philosophy. It transpired now that the Queen had resolved to offer her hand to the younger brother; but "did not wish to marry for some time yet." The Queen says of herself,—

"She thought herself still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his first appearance in England. In after years she often regretted this decision on her part, and constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds."—P. 165.

The time had come when these brothers, who had never been a single day away from each other, and to each of whom the other was as his second self, must part. Ernest, the elder, went to Dresden, to enter on a military career, and our Prince for a tour in Italy, preparatory to taking up his permanent residence in England. The separation was most painful, and is alluded to in several of the Prince's letters with the most touching expressions of affection and regret. Beautiful is the contrast between the fresh, pure, and unselfish love of these young hearts, and the mean and paltry jealousies for which royal families have too often been remarkable. Indeed, the simple all-confiding love that ruled in the ducal household, and that breaks out continually in word and deed through the first half of this volume, is unspeakably refreshing and delightful. What a privilege for our Prince to have breathed through all his childhood and youth that atmosphere of simplicity and unselfishness! No circumstances could be more favourable for the formation of a noble character; and we must add that no finer nature could be brought under the influence of such circumstances.

Prince Albert's immediate connection with his tutor, Herr

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Florschütz, terminated at this time. He was accompanied to Italy by Baron Stockmar. Always fortunate in his companions and advisers, the Prince was especially so in the case of this most admirable man, who was his immediate attendant from this time until advancing years compelled him to retire from His Royal Highness's service. He was the intimate friend and counsellor of the royal pair after their marriage, and beloved by the entire household of the palace. He combined cleverness, discretion, goodness, and judgment, in a degree which Lord Aberdeen said he had never seen equalled, and the Queen expresses her grateful remembrance of "the assistance given by him to the young couple in regulating their movements, and general mode of life, and in directing the education of their children." He survived the Prince for a short time; and one of the most affecting and pathetic passages in the whole book is the Queen's account of her visit to him in 1862. We give the passage entire:—

"Once again, in 1862, did the Queen see the good old man, to weep together over the sore affliction that had fallen upon them since they met only two short years before. But ere another year had come round, and while the Queen, in 1863, was looking forward to another visit to Coburg, in the hope of once more seeing the dear Baron, the intelligence arrived that his health had suddenly given way, to be followed, in a post or two, by the news that this kindest, best, and most devoted, as well as most disinterested of friends, was no more. On the 9th of July, 1863, the Baron followed his beloved Prince to the grave.

"And thus was fulfilled the anticipation in which he had himself indulged, when during the last visit to Coburg, 'the crushed and heart-broken widow, speaking to him of their beloved Prince, and showing him the pictures and photographs of him which covered the table, the Baron exclaimed,—"My dear, good Prince,—how happy shall I be to see him again! And it will not be long!"'"—Pp. 190, 191.

At Florence the Prince was joined by Lieutenant Seymour, who, at the request of the King of the Belgians, had been appointed his travelling companion. This gentleman, now Major-General Seymour, supplies the following interesting memorandum of the Prince's life in the gay Italian city:—

"The Prince was staying at the Casa Cerini, Via del Coromen. He rose at six o'clock. After a light breakfast he studied Italian under a Signor Martini, read English with me for an hour, played on the organ or piano, composed, sang till twelve o'clock, when he generally walked, visiting some gallery, or seeing some artist. He

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returned home at two to a simple dinner, which he hurried over as much as possible, giving as a reason that 'eating was a waste of time.' His drink was water. After dinner he again played and sang for an hour, when the carriage was announced, and he usually paid some visits. The visits over, the carriage was dismissed, and the great delight of the Prince was to take long walks in the beautiful country round Florence. This he appeared heartily to enjoy. He became gay and animated. 'Now I can breathe—now I am happy!' these were his constant exclamations. He seldom returned home till seven o'clock, his hour for tea; and, if not going to the opera, or an evening party, he joined in some interesting and often amusing conversation with Baron Stockmar, when the latter felt well enough to come to tea. At nine, or soon after, he was in bed and asleep, for he had been accustomed to such early hours in his own country, that he had great difficulty in keeping himself awake when obliged to sit up late."—Pp. 194—196.

The love of the country was a perfect passion with this pure and healthy minded man. "How sweet it smells! How delicious the air is! One begins to breathe again!" he would say, as he was borne away among the fields from the smoke and dirt of London; and the Queen tells us how in the woods at Osborne he would listen for the nightingales, "whistling to them in their own peculiar long note, which they invariably answer." Who can withhold his sympathy from the royal widow, when she adds, "the Queen cannot hear this note now without fancying she hears him, and without the deepest, saddest emotion!"

The Prince's own letters, dated from different Italian cities, give a very lively account of all he observed and felt. He was at Florence during the carnival; and tells us that he dined, danced, supped, paid compliments, was introduced to people, and had people introduced to him, spoke French and English, never returned home till five in the morning, and indeed, "emptied the carnival cup to the dregs." But he was far better and more seriously employed for the most part, saw all the objects of interest, ancient and modern, in the principal cities, walked through miles of picture-galleries intoxicated with delight, and thoroughly enjoyed and profited by his tour. He ventured once to break a lance with Pope Gregory XVI.

"Last Tuesday I had the honour of an interview with His Holiness. The old gentleman was very kind and civil. I remained with him nearly half-an-hour, shut up in a small room. We conversed in Italian on the influence the Egyptians had had on Greek art, and that again on Roman art. The Pope asserted that the Greeks had taken their models from the Etruscans. In spite of his infallibility,

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I ventured to assert that they had derived their lessons in art from the Egyptians."—Page 200.

We have now arrived at the period when the negotiations for the marriage of the Prince with Queen Victoria began. He had been told by his nurse when only three years old, that he would marry Her Majesty, and "when he first thought of marriage at all, he always thought of her." The marriage was strongly opposed in certain quarters, especially by our own "Sailor-King" William IV., who tried hard to bring about a union with the brother of the present King of Holland, and strove, though ineffectually, to prevent the visit of the Duke of Coburg and his sons in 1836. The Queen thus speaks of her first impressions of the Prince:—

"The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterwards. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry; full of interest in everything; playing on the piano with the Princess, his cousin; drawing—in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the Queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached in St. Paul's, when he and his father and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the Princess there, on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity-schools. It is indeed rare to see a prince, not yet seventeen years of age, bestowing such earnest attention on a sermon."—Page 216.

Nothing on the subject of marriage passed between the Princess and her cousin during this visit; but the thoughts of all the parties interested were henceforth occupied with it. The matter was brought under the Prince's notice by the King of the Belgians, who testified that his nephew looked "at the question from its most elevated and honourable point of view." The youth of the cousins was felt to be an obstacle to an immediate or even early marriage; and the Queen herself was disinclined for the present to accept the bonds of wedlock. Prince Albert was willing to submit to any reasonable delay, provided only he might have some certain assurance to go upon. But he objected to a merely tentative courtship, say for three years, since, if at the end of that time, Her Majesty should change her mind, his prospects would be ruined and his whole life marred. It seems, however, that she had made up her mind even now to have the Prince and no other; and nothing can surpass the womanliness, simplicity, and artlessness of the following confession:—

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"Nor can the Queen now think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects in life, until she might feel inclined to marry. And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her that, if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

"The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen-Regnant at the age of eighteen put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents. A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."—Pp. 220, 221.

What an insight does this simple confession, wherein the hesitation of a girl of eighteen to be married out of hand to the man of her choice is spoken of almost as if it had been a sin,—into the character of both! How pure and deep must have been their wedded love, how elevated and ennobling all their association!

The critical visit to England, which was to decide our Prince's fate, was made in October, 1839. On the 10th of that month the Queen received him and his brother most cordially and affectionately at Windsor, and conducted them at once to the Duchess of Kent. The first few days passed pleasantly away. The brothers visited the Queen each morning after breakfast, lunched with her and her mother at two; rode out with them and the staff-officers in attendance in the afternoon; attended a great dinner every evening and a dance after dinner three times a week. But on the 15th the Queen told Lord Melbourne that she had made up her mind to the marriage; and, receiving hearty encouragement from her Prime Minister, she sent for the Prince. He found her of course alone, and was presently informed why she had sent for him. It was indeed a delicate and trying position for so young a lady; but, that lady being a sovereign, there was no help for it, and so

"She told her love with virgin pride."

The Prince received her offer without any hesitation and with much pleasure, at which Her Majesty seems almost to wonder, considering the sacrifice she was asking him to make! We

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fancy few of her subjects will agree with her here. But let her tell her tale in her own inimitable way, as she told it on the same day to her uncle Leopold:—

"My dearest Uncle,—This letter will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him MORE than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such, in my opinion, it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact—a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all, that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel so very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered otherwise neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

"Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way highly desirable.

"Lord Melbourne has acted in this business, as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets—about the beginning of February.

"Pray, dearest uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secresy, and explain these details, which I have not time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert."—Pp. 227—229.

The good old King of the Belgians was much delighted with the news. He had "almost the feelings of old Simeon: 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'" He speaks in the most exalted terms of his nephew, and thus wisely and tenderly alludes to the "sacrifice" which the Queen thought she was exacting from her cousin:—

"You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much—I may say *all*—will depend on your affection for him. If YOU *love* him, and are *kind* to him, he will easily bear the bothers of his position; and there is a steadiness, and, at the

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same time, a cheerfulness, in his character, which will facilitate this." —Pp. 231, 232.

It was determined to mention the marriage in the first instance to the Privy Council; and in the meantime the young couple saw much of each other, discussed together the Prince's position, and settled that, whatever might be his title, he should take precedence of every one else.

That the young Prince would fully justify the Queen's choice was confidently predicted by all who knew him; and his own letters written at this time to his German friends must have filled them with gladness and hope. Thus he writes to Stockmar:—

"An individuality—a character which shall win the respect, the love, and the confidence of the Queen and of the nation, must be the groundwork of my position. This individuality gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions, and, even should mistakes occur, they will be more easily pardoned on account of that personal character; even while the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring that confidence.

"If, therefore, I prove a 'noble' Prince in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessings.

"I will not let my courage fail. With firm resolution and true zeal on my part, I cannot fail to continue 'noble, manly, and princely' in all things. In what I may do, good advice is the first thing necessary, and that you can give better than any one, if you can only make up your mind to sacrifice your time to me for the first year of my existence here."—Pp. 235, 236.

What might not be expected from a prince who took so high and solemn a view of his position and its responsibilities? And how, while mourning over his premature removal from us, do we thank God that his after-life did not

"Unbeseem the promise of his spring!"

But we must not linger any more over this story of "the betrothal." The Prince tells it in letters to his stepmother, his grandmother of Coburg, and his college friend, Löwenstein. These letters are naturally written in some strain of exultation; yet beautifully is that strain toned down and softened both by affection for the friends from whom his marriage would separate him, and by his own serious appreciation of the responsibilities which it would bring. These letters show his character to have been of the most exalted kind.

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On the 23rd of November the Queen declared her purpose of marriage to the Privy Council. Lord Melbourne had told her of a stupid attempt which had been made to make out that the Prince was a Roman Catholic; and, though the reverse was emphatically true, the temporising Prime Minister was afraid to say anything about the Prince's religion, and therefore the subject would not be alluded to in the proposed declaration;—a great mistake, which afterwards provoked severe criticism. Of the eighty-three councillors who met to hear this declaration, upwards of sixty are now dead. Most of them departed full of days and honours; but he whose selection as the Queen's husband was the occasion of their assembling, passed away "in the full vigour of his age, ere more than half his race was run—the goal scarce yet in sight—his work of good—thus far how nobly performed!—still incomplete."

After the Prince's return to Germany, a constant correspondence was kept up between his royal mistress and himself, and the Queen keeps his letters written during that time as "the greatest treasures now in her possession." She records with true wifely pride and scorn her annoyance that, in searching for precedents as to his household, none could be found but "that of Prince George of Denmark, the very stupid and insignificant husband of Queen Anne." That prince was made a peer and became Lord High Admiral of England—a precedent which our Prince wisely and nobly refused to follow, even when pressed by the Duke of Wellington to become Commander-in-Chief. "He had determined, even before his marriage, to accept no English title that should be offered to him."

We have spoken of the strong attachment subsisting between our Prince and his elder brother Ernest. The following letter from Ernest to the Queen is honourable alike to both:—

"If you could only know the place you and Albert occupy in my heart! Albert is my second self, and my heart is one with his! Independently of his being my brother, I love and esteem him more than any one on earth. You will smile, perhaps, at my speaking of him to you in such glowing terms; but I do so that you may feel still more how much you have gained in him!

"As yet you are chiefly taken with his manner, so youthfully innocent—his tranquillity—his clear and open mind. It is thus that he appears on first acquaintance. One reads less in his face of knowledge of men and experience—and why? It is because he is pure before the world, and before his own conscience. Not as though he did not know what sin was—the earthly temptations—the weakness of man.

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No; but because he knew—stills knows—how to struggle against them, supported by the incomparable superiority and firmness of his character.

"From our earliest years we have been surrounded by difficult circumstances, of which we were perfectly conscious; and, perhaps, more than most people, we have been accustomed to see men in the most opposite positions that human life can offer. Albert never knew what it was to hesitate. Guided by his own clear sense, he always walked calmly and steadily in the right path. In the greatest difficulties that may meet you in your eventful life, you may repose the most entire confidence in him. And then only will you feel how great a treasure you will possess in him!

"He has, besides, all other qualities necessary to make a good husband. Your life cannot fail to be a happy one!"—Pp. 260, 261.

Negotiations were going on during this time as to the rank of the Prince, and the persons who should compose his household. In the case of his uncle Leopold, the husband of the Princess Charlotte, precedence had been accorded to him before all but princes of the blood. It was argued that as husband of the Queen, Prince Albert should take precedence even of them, as otherwise the father would have to walk behind his own children. After a slight demur on the part of the Duke of Sussex, all the members of the Royal family, except the King of Hanover, consented to this proposal. But the Duke of Wellington threw his all-powerful influence into the opposite scale, and the suggestion was abandoned. Nor was the point ever settled by the Legislature. The views of the Prince himself as to the members of his household were every way worthy of his noble character. Bearing in mind the maxim, "Tell me whom he associates with, and I will tell you who he is," he decided that the choice should be made without regard to politics; that the members should be "of very high rank, or very rich, or very clever, or persons who have performed important services for England.

"Above all do I wish that they should be well-educated men, and of high character, who, as I have already said, shall have already distinguished themselves in their several positions, whether it be in the army or navy, or in the scientific world."—Pp. 266, 267.

The Queen announced her intended marriage to Parliament on the 16th of January, 1840. The debates which followed embraced two or three points of both personal and public interest. In the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington found great, and as it seems to us, most reasonable fault with the omission from the declaration to the Privy Council of all reference to the Prince's religion. Lord Melbourne feebly

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defended the course pursued, and Lord Brougham rushed to the rescue of his chief with characteristic and trenchant rhetoric. "I may remark," he said, "that my noble friend (Lord Melbourne) was mistaken as to the law. There is no prohibition as to marriage with a Catholic. It is only attended with a penalty; and that penalty is *merely the forfeiture of the crown!*"

The Duke, however, carried an amendment by which the fact that the Prince was a Protestant was recorded in the Address. For ourselves, we believe that subsequent events have fully justified the jealousy of the Conservative party on this point. The King of the Belgians said at the time, while acknowledging that probably any course adopted would have been cavilled at:—

"There is only this to say, however, the Ernestine branch of the Saxon family has been, there is no doubt, the real cause of the establishment of Protestantism in Germany, and consequently in great part of Northern Europe. This same line became a martyr to that cause, and was deprived of nearly all its possessions in consequence of it. Recently, there have been two cases of Catholic marriages, but the main branch has remained, and is, in fact, very sincerely Protestant. Both Ernest and Albert are most attached to it, and when deviations took place, they were connected more with the new branch transplanted out of the parent soil, than with what now must be properly considered the reigning family."—Pp. 273, 274.

On the question of the allowance to be granted to the Prince, a fierce and angry war of parties was waged in the House of Commons. The Government of Lord Melbourne proposed £50,000 per annum, a sum which, all things considered, appears to us to have been eminently reasonable and moderate, and which the Legislature of this great nation should have ungrudgingly acceded to. Lord Melbourne and all his Cabinet reckoned confidently on a general agreement to this proposal. But, as the event proved, they reckoned without their host. The sum proposed had been granted to the Queen-Consorts Caroline, Charlotte, and Adelaide. Mr. Hume, with characteristic penuriousness, was the first to propose a reduction of the amount; but his proposal to reduce the sum to £21,000 was negatived by 205 votes to 38. An amendment by that House of Commons buffoon, the late Colonel Sibthorpe, met, however, with more favour. He proposed that the sum should be fixed at £30,000 a year; and was supported, strange to say, by almost the whole force of the Conservative party. Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Mr. Goulburn, Lord Eliot, and others, spoke in favour of the amendment, arguing

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that the status of a Queen Consort was recognised by the Constitution, that she had an independent station and independent offices; and that from her sex, it was indispensably necessary that a large female establishment should be maintained by her; whereas, these considerations did not hold in the case of the Prince. These arguments, or rather (as we cannot but think) considerations of party, prevailed, and the smaller amount was carried by a majority of 262 to 158. We do not hesitate to condemn this decision, as involving a parsimony wholly unworthy of a great and generous nation. And it is the more to be regretted, as there is little doubt that it was due to party spirit rather than to any high-principled guardianship of the national purse. The Queen herself was bitterly mortified and exasperated; but the Prince rose far above all personal considerations, and his subsequent relations with the great Conservative leaders "showed how little his conduct was influenced by what now passed." In those days, unfortunately, the violence of party spirit prevented communication between the Government and the heads of the Opposition; but subsequently, and mainly through the Prince's influence, it became the rule to avoid public scandal, by coming to some mutual agreement beforehand when the subject was personal rather than political.

We must pass over the details of the Prince's investiture with the Order of the Garter, of his journey to England, and of the marriage ceremony itself. An elaborate account of that ceremony is given in the Appendix. He was introduced to one of the most splendid, but at the same time one of the most onerous and responsible positions that earth could offer. He dedicated himself fully and without reserve to the promotion of the best interests of his adopted country. For four years, in spite of his intense love for the home of his childhood, he did not pay it even a flying visit; and, though exposed to constant and most ungenerous misconception and misrepresentation here, he did not for a moment "relax his efforts, or allow his zeal to flag, in seeking to promote all that was for the good of the British people." He bore all sorts of public assault without a murmur, accepting them as the inevitable shadows attendant on his brilliant position. His uniform principle was

"To sink his own individual existence in that of his wife—to aim at no power by himself, or for himself, to assume no separate responsibility before the public, but continually and anxiously to watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult

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questions brought before her—sometimes political, or social, or personal —as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs; her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government."—P. 318.

After much and earnest consultation, all parties in the State agreed that the Queen had the right to give to the Prince by Letters Patent whatever rank and precedence she pleased; and, accordingly, on March 5th she conferred on him precedence next to herself. This ought to have been done by Parliamentary legislation; and the factious opposition of the Tories strengthened the Queen's already strong antipathy to that party. What a commentary is it on the high-mindedness of our Prince that the gradual extinction of such feelings in Her Majesty's mind was chiefly due to his influence! We have not space to speak of that happy first year of wedded love in London and at Windsor. The chief discomfort arose from late hours ("the Queen's fault," says Her Majesty); but this was rectified afterwards. The Prince set an example of simple piety to his household, and spent the time immediately prior to each communion in devotional retirement, playing such airs as Mozart's "Requiem," and reading such works as the article on Self-Knowledge in *Hours of Devotion*. All his tastes were at once simple and elegant. He set himself moreover to raise the character of the Court; and in his own life presented an example of irreproachable purity.

Here we must, for the present, take our leave of this truly princely man. We leave him rejoicing over the birth of his eldest daughter—England's daughter—the amiable, pious, and devoted Princess Royal; and proving himself a very model of a husband. He sat by the Queen in a darkened room, read to her, wrote for her, lifted her from her bed to the sofa, wheeled her on her bed or sofa into the next room. He did this on similar occasions all through his subsequent life, often at much inconvenience to himself, but "ever with a sweet smile on his face." What wonder that she gave up her whole heart to him while living; what wonder that she mourns his death with a sorrow which time cannot heal. May our merciful Lord bind up that broken heart!

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BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Studies in the Gospels. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Macmillan. 1867.

THESE are sixteen brief essays on some of the prominent events in our Lord's life. Those who are familiar with the author's works on the "Miracles" and the "Parables" will find this to be a counterpart volume; the same in its style of thought, the same in its quaint and somewhat affected diction. It is also the same in the felicity with which the salient points of a theme are viewed and exhibited, while its depths and difficulties are, if not evaded, yet with too much ease passed by. The first essay is on the "Temptation," and it is the best. A few sentences on a most important subject we must quote; they will illustrate the dignity of theological tone which is sustained throughout the volume, and at the same time the dexterity with which a subtle difficulty is dismissed.

"In the scholastic theology of the Middle Ages the discussion was carried on with considerable animation whether a possibility of not sinning (a *posse non peccare*) or an impossibility of sinning (a *non posse peccare)* should be ascribed to the Lord. The first had been, in the patristic period, the notion of Theodore of Mopsuestia, and of as many as, not being Nestorians, had yet theological tendencies, which inclined them to advance as far as might be in that direction; while the second had been maintained by St. Augustine. It was with this, as with so many of the earlier discussions, which were resumed and carried out yet further in the period of the mediæval revival of theology; Abelard, as was naturally to be expected, taking up the position of Theodore of Mopsuestia; Anselm and others upholding the Augustinian teaching. This question could never have been so much as started, except in a Nestorian severance of the Lord into two persons, and thus in the contemplation of a human person in Him as at some moment existent apart from the Divine. When we ascribe to Him two natures, but these at no time other than united in the one person of the Son of God, the whole question at once falls to the ground. And such is the Church's faith. Christ was perfect man in the sense

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of having everything belonging to the completeness of the human nature; but the person is the Son of God; His human body and soul were also united with the Eternal Word, so that there is not, nor ever has been, any human person to contemplate, or in regard of whom to put this question; while in respect of the Christ, and in the manhood after it was taken up into the Godhead, even Abelard does not ascribe to Him the possibility of sinning.

"When it is asked, and continually has been, Where is the worth of an evidence which could not have been rendered? Where is the glory of not sinning on the part of one who could not sin? The question has its rise in the confusion of a moral and a physical necessity. God cannot lie, God cannot do evil; but shall we therefore cease to praise and glorify Him for His holiness and truth? He cannot, because He will not. The angels now cannot sin; they have so drunk in the glory of God, that, as we believe, they are lifted above the possibility of falling. But does it therefore follow that their obedience then, when they might have followed those who 'kept not their first estate,' had a worth, which now that they cannot, it has ceased to possess? There is something better and higher, as Augustine and Anselm have taught, than the *liberum arbitrium*, even though that should on each separate occasion of choice choose the good; and that better is the *libertas*, the *beata necessitas boni*. When two antagonists enter the lists, our moral certainty that one will overcome, may take away the breathless expectation and interest with which we might otherwise mark the several stages of the conflict, but cannot affect the real excellence and merit of the victor."

This is all true, and deserves to be carefully studied. But it leaves out of view some of the difficulties which have been troubling many minds since the days when the Archbishop's essay must have been written. The same may be said of his reference to the "Forty Days:" "His fast as the true Israel, as the fulfiller of all which Israel after the flesh had left unfulfilled, the victor in all where it had been the vanquished, was as much a witness against *their* carnal appetites as a witness against Adam's. It was by this abstinence of His declared that man was ordained to be, and that the true man would be, lord over his lower nature. In this way Christ's forty days' fast is the great counter-fact in the work of redemption, at once to Adam's and to Israel's compliances with the suggestions of the fleshly appetite. For forty days that arrest of the sense of bodily need had continued; but at the expiration of these, the need suspended so long, made itself felt in its strength. *He was afterwards an hungred.* The Tempter sees, and thinks to use his opportunity; and the temptation proper, dividing itself into three successive acts, begins." What does this word "proper" mean? What a depth of mystery, what a depth of truth as to the forty days' temptation does it evade.

But while we often notice marks of superficiality in these studies, we cannot read them without intense interest. We have no doubt of their being exceedingly popular.

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The Romish Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Traced from its Source. By Dr. Edward Preuss, Principal of the Friedrich Wilhelm's Gymnasium at Berlin. Translated by George Gladstone. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1867.

Bullam "Ineffabilis" ad Veterum Romanorum Pontificum Judicium Revocavit Robertus Car. Jenkins, A.M., Presbyter Anglicanus, Ecclesiæ SS. Mariæ et Eadburgæ in Lyminge Rector. Londini: Excudebant Whittingham et Wilkins. 1867.

Dr. Preuss has done his work admirably, and so has his translator. A dry, repulsive subject is here made animated, interesting—often even picturesque. The whole history of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is traced out from the beginning. The student of church history or of the Roman controversy will find this book most opportune and valuable.

The learned Rector of Lyminge has sent forth a tract, in beautiful Latin, which may be taken as a very serviceable companion to Dr. Preuss's volume. Having first given an abridgment of the Bull *Ineffabilis*, retaining the words of the original, he proceeds to take up in order point after point, and to show how, in thirty-eight instances, the Bull contains statements opposed to the determinations of the early Popes, of the Fathers, or of Councils, and to the authority of the eminent Romanist divines.

There are few English clergymen so learned as Mr. Jenkins; fewer still who can write such Latin; still fewer, let us add, from our own knowledge, who are so distinguished by most genuine and thorough catholicity of spirit and liberality of conduct, both in his parish, and in all relations with the clergy and churches of other denominations.

A System of Biblical Psychology. By F. Delitzsch, D.D. Translated from the German. By the Rev. R. E. Wallis. T. and T. Clark. 1867.

This learned and complete work deals with a subject that meets with comparatively little attention in England, but has become the centre of a large circle of literature on the Continent. It is not limited to a description of the constituent elements of human nature, but considers those elements in their relation to the Divine Being, the creation and redemption of man, and the entire processes of human salvation. Much in it is too profound for the general reader, and involves speculations bordering too closely on theosophy for universal acceptance. But it is a book of deep learning, sound orthodoxy, and, as a work of reference, one that considerably enriches the library that contains it.

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The Church and State Question, as Settled by the Ministry of Our Lord and of the Apostles. By Robert Vaughan, D.D., Author of "Revolutions in English History," &c., &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

It is no wonder that the veteran and distinguished Nonconformist, whose name stands on the title-page of this portable volume, should have felt the present to be a favourable time for coming forward with a manifesto on the subject of Church and State. Dr. Vaughan is a Dissenter of moderate although decided views. He insists that Church and State must be separated, but he disclaims any thought of ecclesiastic "spoliation."

We have ourselves for some time been convinced that what needs to be done is to rectify what is wrong in the Church of England, point by point, and let this process guide us to the right issue. The autonomy of the Church, on principles of equitable representation, both of clergy and of laity, must be provided for. Church courts, parochial, diocesan, provincial, and national, must be organised. Patronage must be done away. Direct political interference, in the way of appointing bishops or otherwise, must be brought to an end. When all this is done, few, we suppose, would continue to contend for the status of the bishops—the number of whom before that time the Church, through its courts of representation and legislation, will have greatly increased; and, in reality, the Church will have come to be completely separated from Parliamentary control, and from political subservience, by a series of Parliamentary enactments. We have little hope that any comprehensive measure, settling the whole question wisely at one stroke, could ever be carried in its integrity in Parliament, or accepted by the country. Still less have we any belief that any wise, comprehensive, and equitable adjustment of the whole question, once for all, could ever be devised by an English ecclesiastico-political statesman. Meantime, to set the Church of England free from State control, as things are, and at the same time to leave to her the bulk of her tithes and endowments, would be the merest folly and injustice. It would be to hand over the national property to Convocation and the bishops in council.

If Nonconformists walk from step to step in the light of equity, of Christian principle, and of patriotic duty, all things will unfold in due order, and for the best results.

On such grounds as these we think that Archbishop Whately, although in theory almost as much an Anti-State-and-Churchman as Dr. Vaughan, was justified in accepting the Archbishopric of Dublin. We, therefore, cannot join in Dr. Vaughan's condemnation of Whately on this point.

In our notice of Mr. Binney's *Micah*, three months ago, we referred to the social ostracism which Nonconformists have to endure. On this point Dr. Vaughan expresses himself strongly. "It is not a small matter," he says, "to find penalties of this sort attending you in all

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your social relations; to see that they are more or less inseparable from all your connections in public life; and to observe how a hireling press, such as a wealthy establishment never fails to have at its service, is schooled to ignore your existence, or to watch for opportunities to punish your heresy in religion by assuring the world that you are a pretender in everything else besides. The social schism thus generated is all but omnipresent. The caste of India is hardly more offensive. All Nonconformists of position have this ostracism to bear."

In America, and in many of our Colonies, no such ostracism exists. It is strong or it loses power just in proportion as the principle of a Church establishment prevails.

If a man like Dr. Vaughan thus writes, whose merits and position have long been recognised by such literary organs and authorities as have too much principle to decry a Dissenter merely as such, and who was long ago honoured with the friendship of such a man as Sir James Stephen, what wonder if others of inferior position should utter the same complaints, or only not complain because to do so would be to confess their own weakness. Dr. Vaughan, however, must have found of late years that the injustice of which he speaks has begun to yield to the force of public opinion, and to the irrepressible energy of the Nonconformist mind.

The Water of Life, and other Sermons. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. London: Macmillans. 1867.

Mr. Kingsley has not abandoned his special views. They come out in this volume, especially in one sermon respecting which much was said in the newspapers at the time it was delivered, more indeed than the text of the sermon warrants. But withal there is about his teaching and preaching, as is shown in the present volume, and as was shown in his recent sermons on the character of David, preached at Cambridge, a depth, an earnestness, a tenderness and gravity, of tone and sentiment—there is especially a truth and searching reality in all that he says about the terrible evil and the cleaving curse of sin—which cannot but go to the heart of all who have any desire to be good and right, to avoid wrong and shame and misery, misery for themselves and for others. Mr. Kingsley's violence is repressed without any abatement of his strength, and the bitterness which at times seemed somewhat strongly to flavour his early sermons appears to have passed away. We should wish him, however, to understand that, much as we value such clear and powerful preaching of most needful truth as that contained in his sermon on "The Wages of Sin," he is quite mistaken if he supposes that evangelical preachers, at least all the best and most thoughtful of them, do not preach precisely the same doctrine. That death is the present wages of sin, the daily food, the rations, ὀψώνια, served out by sin to its slaves, is by no means a special doctrine of the Maurice-Kingsley school, any more than that eternal life is the present gift of God. And, as regards Mr. Kingsley's special and at present

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somewhat qualified form of universalism, we should like him to weigh what he may read in Mr. Wright's volume, *On the Fatherhood of God*, noticed by us three months ago. Mr. Wright, it is plain, has read as much and as variously on this subject as Mr. Kingsley. For variety and suggestiveness Mr. Kingsley has published no volume of sermons equal to the present, except perhaps his first volume, *Village Sermons*. The first sermon, from which the volume takes its title, is by no means a fair specimen. Though preached in Westminster Abbey, it is rather poor and feeble.

The Keys of St. Peter; or, the House of Rechab, connected with the History of Symbolism and Idolatry. By Ernest de Bunsen. London: Longmans. 1867.

Mr. de Bunsen is the son of the late Baron, and, like his father, is full of learning and of ingenious and unbridled speculation. His book on "Hidden Wisdom" contained some happy suggestions, mingled with an extraordinary amount of mere wild rationalism. The present volume seems to us to contain less of what is valuable and suggestive than the former, and quite as much heresy. Mr. de Bunsen, however, has done good service in bringing forward, with whatever exaggerations, the truth, that besides and before the Sacred Scriptures, there was an unwritten revelation. There were doctrines of morality and of immortality, which are assumed by the Holy Scriptures, so that the written revelation is but the foreground behind which the unwritten revelation must always be understood to stand. No doubt, also, in this connection some of the books contained in the Apocrypha are not only interesting but valuable, as throwing light upon the traditional doctrines current among the Jews and, to some extent also, among other early Eastern nations. This is a subject which has been too much neglected. Hence the common fallacy as to the ignorance of the patriarchs and early Israelites respecting the divine government and a future life.

But, whilst Mr. de Bunsen has done service by directing attention to a truth so important, which has been far too much lost sight of, he has woven round about it a tissue of wild and far-fetched fancies and speculations, which no one is likely to believe in but himself.

The History of the Litigation and Legislation respecting Presbyterian Chapels and Charities in England and Ireland, between 1816 and 1849. By T. S. James. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1867.

Here is a large and closely printed volume of 872 pages, such as could only have been produced by a lawyer, who is also an earnest, orthodox Dissenter. The writer is the son of the late venerated Angell James, and, beyond any other man, has been familiar, from the first

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and throughout, with all that appertains to the very important controversies, the history of which is here recorded. He has prepared and published this volume, with an assured expectation of pecuniary loss, but from a sense of duty to Christian truth and orthodoxy. The veteran champion of orthodox Dissent, Mr. Hadfield, the well-known member for Sheffield, who had so much to do with promoting and sustaining some of the chief lawsuits to which this volume relates, has both assisted Mr. James very materially in its preparation, and undertaken to bear half the expense of publication.

Among the matters reviewed and described by Mr. James are, the erection of the old Presbyterian meeting-houses in England, and the parties asserting a right to them; the Exeter controversy, and the Salter's Hall Assembly; the rise and prevalence of Arianism in England, both in the Establishment, and especially among the Presbyterians; the rise of Socinianism, chiefly through the influence of Dr. Priestley, and its spread among the English Dissenters; the doctrines and opinions of the early English Presbyterians; the Wolverhampton Chapel case; the case of the Hewley charity; Presbyterianism in Ireland; the Clough Chapel case in the Presbytery of Antrim; the Killinchy Chapel case in connection with the Remonstrant Synod; the case of the General Fund in the Synod of Munster; the case of Euston Street Chapel, Dublin; the Strand Street Chapel, also in Dublin; the claims made by the Scotch Presbyterians to the entire benefit of the Hewley charity, with a summary of all the proceedings in Parliament, and a full view of the main arguments set forth on both sides, given in the words of the great lawyers who were concerned in the litigation.

The students of church history, especially those who wish to understand recent controversies and outstanding questions, are greatly indebted to Mr. James and to Mr. Hadfield for this volume.

Mr. James, indeed, regards Calvinism as the only thorough orthodoxy, and Arminianism as a half-way house to Arianism, if not to Socinianism. On the other hand, we were taken to task some time ago in a mild and Christian fashion by the *Weekly Review*, because in an article on the Plymouth heresy we were tempted to show how, by way of reaction, or of logical consequence from genuine Calvinism, various forms of heterodoxy, including Arianism and Socinianism, not unfrequently take their rise. Now perhaps we were hardly right in giving our endorsement to the views respecting Calvinism complained of, on the one side, but surely the fact that, in self-defence, evangelical Arminians are able to point to at least an apparent deduction of Arianism and Socinianism from high Calvinism, as in Ireland, in Holland, in Switzerland, and in France, ought to prevent excellent Calvinistic Dissenters of the old school, like Mr. James, from hazarding such assertions on this point as he has made in his preface. We suspect that Mr. James is not profoundly versed in ecclesiastical history, and has not the philosophy requisite in order to the mastery of what may be learnt from the "History of Doctrines." Very heartily, however, do we thank him for his solid and valuable volume.

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Night: a Poem. By George Gilfillan, M.A. London Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

Mr. Gilfillan has the fire and fancy of a poet, as all must acknowledge who have read his writings, and as many beautiful passages in this volume testify; he is very familiar with the masters of song; he has long practised the vocation of a critic of poets and poetry; and yet we fear that he will never himself be a poet; at all events, his present production will, we apprehend, be found wanting in the qualities of a true poem by all competent critics who may pronounce upon it.

No man can write a great poem who has not served a long apprenticeship to poetry. Pollock's *Course of Time* is not a poem, but a piece of theological rhetoric, at times degenerating almost into pulpit rant, although glorified here and there by some splendid passages — faulty indeed, but rich in poetry. Pollock, however, had the advantage of a clear, good plan. His "epic" was not wanting in unity, and the reader saw and felt that he was making progress as he went along. Mr. Gilfillan's poem has no more true unity, either in its general scheme or in its several parts, than the strong declamatory discourses, now happily falling fast out of fashion, of which it sometimes reminds us. It consists of a proem and nine books. The titles of the books, in succession, are—*Night and God; Night and Man; Night: a Revealer to the Eye* (descriptions of various night scenes); *Night: a Revealer to*—(through?)—*the Telescope* (a series of astronomical *tableaux* in verse); *The Joys of Night; the Terrors of Night; the Poets of Night; the Children of Night; Night Lost in Day.*

The poets of night are Homer, Æschylus, Lucretius, Dante, Shakspeare, Ossian (in connection with whom our poet gives us a description of the Massacre of Glencoe), Milton, Addison, Young, Byron, Wordsworth, and Shelley. Why all these are "poets of night," except that they have all somewhere described night-scenes; and why, on the mere ground of such description, they should be held entitled to receive from our poet an elaborate celebration, each and all, in his pages, we cannot imagine. As little can we understand why, if these are to be taken note of as "poets of the night," such brother-bards as Virgil, Spenser, and Cowper, should have been omitted. The omission of the last name, as of one who was indeed a singer in the dark, especially surprises us.

By the "Children of the Night," Mr. Gilfillan means, in particular, "The Suicide," "Danton," and "Swedenborg."

It is evident that, if all may be said in a poem on night which can any way be brought into association with the thought of night, understood literally or figuratively, there can be no proper form, nor any definite bounds, for the poem or its parts. A poem should be like a plant. It should have a root; should develope according to natural laws; should grow into full shapeliness, as a fair and impressive whole; and through it, from first to last, should be felt to circulate a common inspiration and life. Mr. Gilfillan's "poem" can hardly be said to

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fulfil one of these conditions; and yet, as we have said, there is much beauty, there is even poetical splendour, in some of its passages.

But Mr. Gilfillan has not, we fancy, the intellectual basis which is necessary in the case of one who aspires to build up a large and lofty poem. Lyric bursts and descriptive studies, we should think, are within his powers. But the steadfast wing of contemplation is not his. He has not the power of mastering a noble theme and setting forth in natural and adequate manner and measure all that is essential to its clear and full presentment, and nothing more. And it is certain that, whether he has the necessary intellectual basis or not, he has never trained himself for the life-work of a poet. No man can leap all at once into the chariot of high poesy, nor guide, at the first attempt, the fiery steeds. Because a man had amused himself with sketches in his waste-book, or in the albums of his fair friends, and had occasionally trifled with crayons, it would be mere madness for him to presume that he was equal to the work of painting a grand landscape or a large, broad, battle scene. So, because a gifted man, past middle age, has read poetry, filled himself with the love and the visions of poetry, and sometimes written fugitive verse, it would be foolish to expect that he might rise at once to the character of a poet, capable of conceiving and working out an elaborate poem on large and lofty themes. A poet may be "born, not made." But, before he stands forth as a poet, mature and mighty, he must have been long in growing, and he must have been perfected by sedulous, very various, and long-continued discipline. Years of preliminary schooling, in which he ascertains and trains his powers by individual studies—figures, groups, scenes, dramatic passages—by flights of lyric song, growing by degrees bolder and higher; by sedulous criticism of phrase and style, so as to acquire perfect truth and finish of expression; by the intellectual mastery of all that belongs to the high themes, in the contemplation of which his soul kindles the most brightly and happily;—must go to the making of the poet whose works and whose name are to live. Mr. Gilfillan has never learned even to finish his prose, which has about it what he himself attributes in this poem to Byron's poetry, a sort of "ragged glory," but "no calm, consummate finish—no repose." And if a man has not learnt to write the prose by which he gains his name as a writer, without waste of words, without haste and inexactitude, he most assuredly is not likely to take rank as a poet.

Oscar: founded on Schamyl, the Hero of the Caucasus. In Twelve Cantos. By J. H. R. Bayley, F.C.P., Author of "The Drama of Life," &c. London: T. Murby. 1867.

The "Power" which gives men to see themselves as others see them, has never yet crossed Mr. J. H. R. Bayley's doorstep. It is a marvellous thing. Here is a member of a learned profession—and not a youth either—who writes and publishes, under the name of

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poetry, a mass of as egregious doggrel as ever made its way into the waste-basket of literature. Poor thought, coarse taste, and hopeless incapacity of writing English, are the claims of the author of *Oscar* upon public attention. As we have sat at the reviewer's desk, with this unmeaning book before us, we have several times asked ourselves, Is it possible that any human being, not belonging to our own unhappy class—the class whose business it is to read for the common good even such works as Mr. Bayley's—will ever travel the length of these weary, melancholy pages? There is only one possibility less possible, and that is already a fact—Mr. Bayley has been found capable of producing them. After this we may fairly ask, What cannot man endure and accomplish?

The New Creation; a View of the Divine Predictions of New Heavens and a New Earth, as having a Progressive Fulfilment in the Christian Dispensation, and a Complete Accomplishment in the Period of the Millennium. By John Mills. London: Elliot Stock. 1867.

This work deals with questions of deep interest to the Church of God. The writer is strongly opposed to the doctrine of the pre-millennial advent of the Lord Jesus, and to the theory that after the general conflagration this earth, in its purified and exalted condition, will be the home of Christ's people. He contends that the new heavens and the new earth referred to by Isaiah and St. Paul, form a prophetic representation of Christ's kingdom on the earth, in its commencement in the time of the Apostles, its continuance through successive ages to the present time, and its completion in the glories of the millennial reign. Some of his reasonings are worthy of attention; but the work is not likely to contribute, in any considerable degree, to the settlement of questions which have divided many of the profoundest and most devout students of Christian truth. The style is loose, and for the most part destitute both of beauty and power; nor is the exposition of Scripture marked by that comprehensiveness and depth which are necessary to render any work permanently influential.

Three English Statesmen: a Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith. London: Macmillan and Co. Manchester: Ireland and Co.

In their immediate aspect these lectures may be considered as belonging to the literature of the Reform question. The fact of their being delivered in the Manchester Free Trade Hall—the stage which political agitation had reached at the time—and the well-known name of the lecturer, will give to this volume both the advantage and disadvantage of being associated in most persons' minds with a manifest political purpose, while the internal evidence of the lectures themselves will be found to justify this notion. Waiving for a moment the precise applications

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which Mr. Goldwin Smith has made of the histories of Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt, it may not unreasonably be asked to what extent the polemic use of history is to be defended. We readily admit that there are dangers attending it, and that a pretence of historical impartiality may be the very thin disguise of thorough-going partisanship. But this need not be the case, and, upon the whole, it is likely that a man will be more, and not less, candid and honest, even as a party-politician, from having studied political history. By far the commonest error on this subject is to read the history of a past age with the mind in unconscious bondage to the spirit of our own. With this fatal hindrance to a right understanding of the past, it need not surprise us that many persons appeal with equal confidence to history to support their opposing political opinions, when in fact those very opinions have been the coloured glass through which they have read history. The result of a historian being also a politician might be instanced in the case of some well-known works, but with the converse of this we are not so familiar; and yet, for the attainment of political truth, it makes all the difference whether we take our political opinions to interpret history or bring history to the formation of our political principles. The one may be called the self-satisfying, and the other the self-denying ordinance. If it be asked what are the characteristics of Mr. Goldwin Smith's lectures in this respect, we think most readers will acknowledge that, whilst he cannot expect all his parallels to be admitted, and his conclusions to go uncontested, he has made no unworthy use of his powers as a historian to explain and vindicate his views as a politician. Let it be remembered that the two periods of history which he has selected, are just those with regard to which it is most difficult for a writer to escape the suspicion, even if he has escaped the spirit, of partisanship. The English Revolution is the well-beaten ground of controversialists. No battles have been so eagerly fought over again. With no period of our history do stronger associations yet survive, which make it almost impossible for us to be other than impassioned in our verdicts. As the period whence modern political parties date their origin, an unusual amount of feeling mingles with our judgment of the men and the times from which, with almost more than the pride of ancestry, we boast our descent. Of another kind are the difficulties which are presented by the life of Pitt, but they are still considerable. Even with the gulf of 1832 between, the times of Pitt are near enough to cause special embarrassments to the historian, and multiply the chances of collision with his readers. Still, with all the difficulties of the undertaking, Mr. Goldwin Smith has made a valuable contribution to political literature. Thanks are due to any man who tries to liberalise and dignify the passing questions of the day by showing their relation to the great contests and accomplished eras of other times, and especially to him whose aim is, to use the language of Coleridge in the second essay of "The Friend," "to refer our opinions to their absolute principles, and thence our feelings to

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the appropriate objects and in their due degrees; and finally, to apply the principles thus ascertained, to the formation of stedfast convictions concerning the most important questions of politics, morality, and religion." We must, in concluding this brief notice, render our tribute of admiration to the style of these lectures. It is scholarly and elegant, and will add much to the pleasure with which any reader of taste will peruse the volume.

Essays and Discourses on Popular and Standard Themes. By T. W. Tozer, Minister of the Firs Congregational Chapel, Dudley. London: Elliot Stock. 1867.

THESE Essays and Discourses have evidently formed part of the work of a very earnest and practical ministry of Evangelical truth. They are pervaded by a healthy and vigorous spirit, which is eminently adapted to win attention and to command respect. We wish the estimable author great success in this endeavour to extend his usefulness.

Out of Harness; Sketches Narrative and Descriptive. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., Editor of the "Sunday Magazine." London: A. Strahan. 1867.

DR. GUTHRIE'S many friends and admirers will welcome this compilation of occasional papers. The title describes the book faithfully. The style is sketchy, though here and there a beautiful passage indicates the master's hand. The subjects are partly narrative,—recording some of the author's personal work and experience in connection with the Edinburgh Ragged School, the Cowgate, and with home mission work generally,—and partly descriptive of the various scenes through which he has more recently been passing. The spirit and purpose of the whole book indicate the unchanged attachment of its author to the cause of religious and social progress. May he long be spared to work for it, though "out of harness."

Man's Renewal; or, The Work of the Holy Spirit. By Austin Phelps, Author of "The Still Hour." London: A. Strahan. 1867.

FROM internal evidence we presume that this is an American work, which Mr. Strahan has deemed worthy of being reproduced in its present attractive form. We regret that we cannot accept it as an adequate exposition of the great doctrine it discusses. Among many things beautiful and true, we miss what we look for first, the clear and definite statement of the work of the Lord Jesus in our redemption. Nor do we find anything satisfactory in reference to the need of forgiveness for personal guilt, and the connection between pardon and renewal. It appears to us that the author has not sufficiently reflected on that word of Christ concerning the work of the Spirit: "He shall glorify Me."

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Nine Sermons on the Lord's Supper; with a Special Reference to the Controversies of the Present Times. By the Rev. Arthur Wolfe, M.A., Rector of Farnham All Saints, and of Westley, Bury St. Edmunds; late Fellow and Tutor of Clare College, Cambridge. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1867.

A SEASONABLE protest against the doctrines which are implied in the Ritualism of the day. Mr. Wolfe supports with great earnestness the old Puritan and Evangelical view of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It is a pleasure to welcome such a contribution to the defence of Protestant truth from the pen of a late fellow and tutor of Cambridge.

The Diamond Rose: a Life of Love and Duty. By Sarah Tytler, Author of Citoyenne Jacqueline, &c. London: A. Strahan. 1867.

IT is not long since we commended to our readers—and especially to our lady-readers—a series of stories by Sarah Tytler. We commended them for their purity, their good sense, and their unaffected simplicity of style. They breathed the fine, fresh, summer air of the north country, and were free from the miserable sentimentality and sensationalism, which are the curse of contemporary tale-writing. The "Diamond Rose" "was originally published in the first volume of *Good Words* under the title of 'Lady Somerville's Maidens.' It has now been so completely recast as to make a change of title necessary." The qualities of the work render it a meet companion to the previous productions of Sarah Tytler's graceful and serviceable pen.

Imaginism and Rationalism; an Explanation of the Origin and Progress of Christianity. By John Vickers. London: Trübner and Co. 1867.

A SUPERLATIVELY weak and coxcombical and impudent book. Mr. Vickers has caught the Christian, world, and indeed the human race, in the very act of perpetrating a gigantic piece of self-stultification; and he here stands forth—himself the impersonation of wisdom—and calls upon the intelligent creatures to make merry at the spectacle:—

> Come cat and dog and cow and calf;
> Come every one of you and laugh.

Mankind have been believing all these ages in the God of the Bible, in Christianity, in what is vulgarly called religion, in the supernatural, in good and evil spirits, in heaven, and in no one knows what besides. Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Vickers has found you out, you simpletons! you are *Imaginists*, every soul of you. There is not an atom of reality in a single object of your faith. It is all a castle in the air, the handiwork

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of imagination. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, beyond the sphere of the sensible.

It is true that, apart from consciousness and general persuasion, there have been occurrences in the history of the world, which seem to favour the imposture thus strangely and persistently played off on human nature by one of its faculties. There are the Old and New Testament miracles, for example—what do you make of them? Mr. Vickers will tell you. He knows all about it. Do not think that a man of his calibre is to be taken in by "revelators," "priestcraft," or any species of religious or ecclesiastical "stratagery."

Let Mr. Vickers lift the veil off two or three of the supernatural events recorded in Scripture.

"It is not unlikely that the burning at Taberah (Numbers xi. 1), and the miraculous fire which consumed Elijah's sacrifice (1 Kings xviii. 38), are instances of the early employment of the celebrated naphtha or liquid fire which Gibbon informs us was imported into Greece by Calinicus [*sic*], a native of Syria, and that to its destructive efficacy when thrown into a crowd in the manner of grenades, Constantinople twice owed its deliverance from the Saracens."—P. 273.

"The turning of water into wine at Cana is called by John *the beginning of miracles* which Jesus performed. . . . An apparent transmutation of liquids is a work of no great difficulty, and has been often effected both in ancient and modern times by magicians. The water-pots at Cana might have been artfully fitted, one within the another, so that while the upper vessel was filled with water, the wine could be concealed and drawn forth from below."—P. 337.

"It is highly probable that the same men who were left in charge of the young ass [near Bethany] were afterwards employed to cut through the bark at the base of the fig-tree which Jesus was directed [viz. by His confederates] to curse, and which, to the great astonishment of the simple disciples, was found on the next morning withered away." —P. 369.

We have taken these examples of Mr. Vickers' exposition of the scriptural miracles almost at random. Many more of the same quality may be found in his volume.

And this believer in Moses' naphtha-bottle talks about the credulity of orthodoxy, and sneers at Paley and Bishop Butler, and charges Mr. Mozley's *Bampton Lectures* with a "crooked purpose," and labours by elaborate argumentation to show that Jesus of Nazareth was a fool and a knave!

In the interest of Mr. Vickers' intelligence and modesty—we speak of nothing higher—we trust the time may come when it will be matter of boundless regret to him that he ever put into circulation this portentous specimen of infidel ignorance, conceit, and effrontery.

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The Book of Common Prayer, and the Lord's Supper and Administration of Baptism, with other Services. Prepared for Use in the Evangelical Churches. By Ministers and Members of the Established and Nonconformist Churches. London: W. J. Johnson, 121, Fleet-street. 1867.

The Introduction to the Book of Common Prayer, &c. By One of the Ministers engaged in the Preparation of the Book. London: Johnson. 1867.

It is certain that, so long as the Book of Common Prayer, with the Rubric, remains unchanged, in every season of earnest spiritual life and of awakened conscientiousness, Popish principles and tenets must spring up into activity. Hence the necessity, which every true Protestant admits, for purging the Prayer Book and the Rubric from the Popish "roots of bitterness" and strife which at present lie so thick in the soil. And hence the attempt at such a purgation—by way of sample of what might be—which is now before us, together with the *Introduction*, which is to serve as justification and commentary for the revised *Book of Common Prayer*.

The writer of the Introduction goes over well-trodden ground, and we shall not need to follow him with any remarks of our own. It affords an intelligent and complete conspectus of the whole subject, and is written in an excellent spirit. To say this is to say that it possesses high interest and importance.

To Wesleyan Methodists, whose own Service Book of Common Prayer and Book of Offices are adaptations of the offices of the Church of England, these publications cannot but have peculiar interest, especially as the Wesleyan Book of Offices is not regarded as having been brought to the form of ultimate success.

The alterations proposed are very moderate. "The design has been to remove or alter *only* the Romish ordinances and objectionable passages, and to make as little change as possible in the prayers or in the order of the services. There has been no intention of so revising the Liturgy and Forms as to bring them into precise agreement with all the opinions or forms of any particular church or number of persons. Such a formulary, it is plain, could not be a Book of Common Prayer, adapted to general use in any of the Evangelical churches which may be disposed to use it in whole or in part."

What is sought, as "the only sufficient remedy from responsibility and many most serious evils, is to be found in a legislative permission for such ministers and congregations as may be so disposed, to adopt a Liturgy freed from all Romish rites and persecutions."

Such a Prayer Book as is now submitted would then, it is hoped, come by degrees into extensive use.

It is also hoped that it might be adopted by some Nonconformist and Presbyterian churches, not without a due admixture of free prayer, and that it might also be used by American and Colonial Episcopal churches; thus affording a common and voluntary basis of union and

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sympathy in the public worship of Evangelical churches in general. The thought is very happy, whether it can ever be realised or not.

It will not fail to be noticed that ministers and members of Nonconformist churches have joined in the preparation of this Book of Common Prayer, a fact which *we* hail with pleasure, but which will insure for this revision of the Prayer Book the bigoted dislike of many Churchmen, not only High, but also (so-called) Evangelical.

The Decline and Revival of Religion. By the Rev. A. Langley, Author of "Christian Gentility," &c. &c. London: Elliot Stock: also at 66, Paternoster Row. 1867.

This is a good, sound, stirring book. Both ministers and people cannot fail to profit from reading it; or if they do fail, it must be their own fault.

Studies for Sunday Evening. By Lord Kinloch. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1866.

A series of short discourses founded on texts of Scripture, Evangelical in sentiment, easy in style, earnest and devout in spirit. Without endorsing absolutely every idea suggested, we heartily commend this book for Sunday evening readings. Many of our readers will fully agree with the opinions expressed in the following extract, and could conduct Lord Kinloch to places of worship where his suggestion has been many years anticipated.

"There are obvious advantages in a Book of Common Prayer. . . . But on the other hand, the very nature of a liturgy, as a prescribed form of worship, beyond which no one can go, involves a want of accommodation to special exigencies. . . . Why should there not be a combination of the benefits of either system: of the general supplication with the occasional prayer: of the worshipping assembly with the interceding pastor: of the fixed form with the varying aspiration: of the devout harmony of the congregation, with the sole earnest utterance of the leader in Israel?"

The Alpha and Omega; or, God's Eternal Purposes in Relation to Angels, Man, and the Earth, Typically and Prophetically Considered. By John W. Drake. Edited and with a Preface by Francis Drake, F.G.S., &c. &c. London: Elliot Stock. 1867.

The relations which modern science and modern Christianity hold to one another, are far from satisfactory. While really brothers, they bear themselves like sworn foes. On the one hand, there is distance, suspicion, and ill-disguised contempt. On the other, there is timidity, reserve, and indignant disdain. Each watches each with an eagle eye, as if any moment might tear the mask from a ravening infidelity, or an ignorant, brutal, and intolerant fanaticism.

Neither Christianity nor science, strictly so called, has anything to do with this state of things. On the contrary, they both protest

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against it with the utmost emphasis and energy. Christianity claims to be the whole, of which science is a part; and she has too much self-knowledge and too much self-respect to be divided against herself. What realm of the universe is not a province of her dominion? And where is the sphere of being in which mind does not dominate over matter, and the spiritual and divine take lead of the natural and creaturely? And science—true science—has never pretended to be, and, in the nature of the case, never can be, anything more than a member and appendage of the great system of Christian truth and fact; and, with Christianity before her, she on her part is as incapable of airs of superiority, as she is resentful of whatever would place her in even seeming antagonism to the absolute, ultimate, and all-comprehending jurisdiction of the authority which she reveres. Wherever the blame of the present discord may lie, it is an affront alike upon science and upon Christianity to impute it to either of these ancient and indivisible representatives of the glory of heaven and earth. The real authors of the mischief in question, with few exceptions, are those friends, whether of science on the one hand, or of Christianity on the other, whose eyes are not open to the proper character and prerogatives of the two great systems of truth, and who therefore imagine contrarities which do not exist, or else rashly and mischievously strive to bring about accommodations which are merely superficial and will never hold. It is greatly to be desired, that those zealous friends of Christianity, in particular, who are just now so forward to argue the perfect agreement of the scriptural revelation and the discoveries of modern science, should equip themselves with exact knowledge of such scientific facts and principles as may fall within the scope of their reasoning. On this ground at least it is not admissible that knowledge should be in the inverse ratio of religious chivalry and conviction.

The author of *Alpha and Omega* is not unaware of the existence of scientific objections to Christianity. They are adverted to in his work. But they are nothing to him—as indeed they will be practically nothing with all those who know what Christianity is, and who hold a right moral attitude towards it. Mr. Drake's view of Christianity and of the Bible legitimately and laudably carries him above all difficulties, whether scientific or literary. For him the Holy Scriptures have a self-evidencing divinity; and he gives himself up, without a moment's misgiving, to the sublime contemplations and anticipations which they seem to him to justify and encourage. We have not too many books of this class. We shall be the better for many more, provided only religion and common sense join hands in the production of them. Mr. Drake's work is posthumous; and we therefore wish to speak tenderly of it. We do this the more easily because of the modesty not less than the filial piety with which the editor of the MS. has accomplished his task. The title sufficiently indicates the general drift and purport of the volume. It is a series of meditations on the typical and prophetic meaning of the great facts of the Biblical and Christian revelation. And for devoutness of feeling

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and for general religious suggestiveness the meditations are admirable. On the whole, however, we cannot speak of Mr. Drake's book in terms of high commendation. It is cloudy, dreamy, dubious, loose, sometimes weak. It wants foothold and fibre. Strong men will not gain much from it. The editor concludes his preface with the following passage relating to the consummation of immortal man :—

"Then, unhurt amid all the elemental war, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, he shall stand serene, and with unclouded brow survey the amazing pomp that shall follow and display itself in every zone of the universe, through all the revolutions of eternity; and amidst the coruscations of Deific light, shall multiply the trophies of his godlike powers through all the regions of space."

The father's composition must not be judged by this example from the son. There is nothing in the *Alpha and Omega* to compare with the false sublime of this passage.

Joel. A Metrical Translation, with Notes and References. By Adam Clarke Rowley, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1867.

This is a volume for the drawing-room rather than the study. A quarto pamphlet of fifteen or twenty leaves, with toned paper, red-ruled pages, handsome type, and elegant binding—you could never consign it to bookshelves. The following selections will illustrate Mr. Rowley's manner.

He renders the first three verses of the prophecy thus:

Hear this, ye old men;
And give ear, all ye dwellers on the earth:
Hath this thing been in your days;
Or hath it even in your fathers' days?

Tell ye concerning it to your children:
Your children also to their children;
And their children to the next generation.

What the grub locust leaves, the locust eats;
The locust's remnant the wing'd locust eats;
His residue the full-grown locust eats.

The great Pentecost passage of the second chapter Mr. Rowley reads:

And it shall come to pass in the last days,
My Spirit will I pour upon all flesh;
Then shall your sons and daughters prophesy:
Your old men also dream portentous dreams;
Your chosen young men see prophetic visions.
And on the servants even and the handmaids,
Will I pour forth My Spirit in those days.

And wonders will I show,
In Heaven and on the earth:
Bloodshed and fire;
And columns of thick smoke:

The Sun to darkness shall be turned;
And the pale Moon to blood:
Before it cometh—that Day of the Lord,
The great and terrible.

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The "Paraphrase" ends with the words:

> And Judah shall remain to endless ages:
> Jerusalem to successive generations.
> And I will cleanse the blood I have not cleans'd;
> For ever doth Jehovah dwell in Zion.

These are fair specimens of the author's metres. We need not quote from his notes, for they are of the slightest and most ordinary texture, and add nothing to the weight of the translation.

We scarcely know what object Mr. Rowley can have had in view in publishing this volume. It has no value for the scholar or the poet; and we really do not see what advantage the general reader will gain from having a spoiled edition of the Authorised Version of an Old Testament Book put into his hands.

We have a profound respect for the memory of the late Dr. Adam Clarke. Whatever may be the faults of his Commentary, he was a man of real genius, and of wonderful learning, and he gave an impulse to Biblical scholarship in England beyond that which it received from any man of his time. But his grandson will need the full support of his great name, if his metrical paraphrase of Joel is to be read beyond the year which saw it born.

Wurzel-Wörterbuch der Indogermanischen Sprachen. Von A. F. Pott. Detwold. 1867.

Here are two thick volumes forming the *Erster Band* of a dictionary of the roots of the Indogermanic languages, itself a continuation and integral part of the famous *Etymologische Forschungen.* These same volumes, like their predecessors distressingly choked with learning, contain the roots ending in the vowels a, i, u, and the semi-vowel v. Dr. Pott draws heavily upon the patience, not to say the enthusiasm, of his readers; but for those who are philological geologists enough to be content to work where the strata are very much confused and jumbled, there is plenty to be gained from his pages. But it is a weary business for eye and intelligence alike—the reading of Pott. Would that Germany would remember that life is short, and that, in pity to human nature, art ought not to be longer than it can possibly help.

Lessons in Elementary Chemistry. By Henry E. Roscoe, B.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in Owen's College, Manchester. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

Mr. Roscoe is well known as an excellent chemist, and as one of the best laboratory teachers of his science in this country. He modestly says in the preface to the little volume here noticed, that in drawing it up it has been his endeavour "to arrange the most important facts and principles of modern chemistry in a plain but scientific form, suited to the present requirements of elementary instruction." This programme

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he has carried out in a very able and pleasing manner; and we commend his work to the attention of young men preparing for the matriculation examination in the London University as an efficient guide along the chemical course which that examination requires them to follow. We may add that Mr. Roscoe's volume is one of a very beautiful and valuable series of elementary books, with which the press of Messrs. Macmillan is just now enriching the contemporary scientific literature of Great Britain.

"Our Constitution." An Epitome of our Chief Laws and System of Government. With an Introductory Essay. By Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A. London: Frederick Warne and Co.

This excellent little Dictionary of the Constitution of England will be found very useful, as a book of reference, by a large class of the general public, as well as by those whose pursuits or tastes more immediately necessitate the use of such a handbook. There are many, besides magistrates and Members of Parliament, who will be glad to obtain, in a brief and concise form, that kind of legal information which bears upon the transactions of every-day life, together with a general view of the leading features of our political system and our constitutional history and development. Mr. Ewald's book is fairly complete and exhaustive, without being harshly technical, and without entering into wearisome details and minutiæ; and it has the advantage of being presented to the public in a remarkably compact and convenient, as well as elegant form.

Gallus; or, Roman Scenes of the Times of Augustus. With Notes and Excursuses illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans. By Professor W. A. Becker. Translated by the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, M.A. London: Longmans. 1866.

Becker's *Charicles* and *Gallus*—the one an elaborate but highly effective *tableau* of the domestic and social life of the Greeks, the other a similar *tableau* of that of the Romans—have long been in use under their English form in the colleges and higher schools of this country. The volume here advertised is a reprint of the second English edition of the *Gallus*, as published by Mr. Metcalfe in 1849. Respecting this second edition, Mr. Metcalfe, writing in 1849, informs us: "At the period of his too early removal, Professor Becker was engaged in collecting the materials for a second improved and enlarged edition of the *Gallus*, the task of completing which was consigned to Professor Rein, of Eisenach, and the deceased's papers placed at his disposal. Besides interweaving in the work these posthumous notes," he goes on to say, "the new [German] editor has likewise added very much

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valuable matter of his own, correcting errors where they occurred, throwing new light on obscure points of criticism or antiquarian knowledge, and, where the explanations were too brief, giving them greater development. He (Professor Rein) has further adopted the plan of the English editor, whereby the excurssues were thrown together at the end, so as not to interfere with the even tenor of the narrative; and the woodcuts removed from the end to their proper place in the body of the text. Much matter has also been extracted from the notes and embodied in the appendix. These changes have given a unity, consecutiveness, and completeness to the work which must materially enhance its literary value. Indeed, so great have been the alterations and additions, and there has been so much transposition and remodelling, that this English edition (the second) has required nearly as much time and labour as the preceding one."

With what ability and soundness of judgment Mr. Metcalfe executed his task of reproducing Professor Rein's reproduction, the scholars of England are generally aware, and we gladly welcome this third and very beautiful edition of the result of his labours. The *Charicles* and *Gallus* of Becker are almost as necessary pieces of furniture for the table of the student of classical literature as is the Dictionary of Antiquities, or that of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, by Dr. Smith.

Elementary Treatise on Physics Experimental and Applied. Translated and Edited from Ganot's "Eléments de Physique" (with the Author's sanction) by E. Atkinson, Ph.D., F.C.S., Professor of Experimental Science, Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated by a coloured plate and 620 woodcuts. London: H. Baillière. 1866.

Mr. Atkinson's *Ganot* has already made for itself a deserved name, as being the most comprehensive, convenient, and trustworthy handbook of physics to be found in the English language. It is a little thing to say that the youth who is master of the contents of this volume might have taken honours with *éclat* in the stiffest examination ever held at Memphis or Heliopolis. He will stand abreast of the maturest physical science of Europe in this nineteenth Christian century, so far as all that is substantial and principal, whether in doctrine or fact, is concerned. Matter, force, motion, liquids, gases, sound, heat, light, magnetism, frictional and dynamical electricity, with the elementary outlines of meteorology and climatology, all come within the circle of Messrs. Ganot and Atkinson's plan, and are all treated with surprising mastery, fulness, and precision. The definitions and descriptions of the volume are marked by a characteristically French clearness of statement: nothing that sharpness and variety of type or admirably drawn illustrations can accomplish in the way of rendering the eye the

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minister of the mind is wanting to it: altogether it forms as charming and direct an approach to the mysteries which it throws open as is at all compatible with justice to truth and to the minds of its disciples. Mr. Atkinson states in a preface, that "the additions and alterations" which he has made in this second edition of his work "represent about fifty pages of new matter, including fifty-six new illustrations." We strongly recommend this very thorough and satisfactory book.

Methodism in Scotland. By Thomas L. Parker, Wesleyan Minister, Knottingley. Hepworth, Aire Street. 1867.

Methodism in Scotland is an exotic. There are, however, some made soils even in Scotlnad, where in a population largely impregnated with English and Irish elements, Methodism flourishes vigorously. Mr. Parker, moreover, is of opinion that the soil and climate of Scotland are not in themselves unkindly to the Methodist plant, although it was of so distinctively English origin, and although it is so unlike the ecclesiastical products of Scotland. Furthermore, Mr. Parker is of opinion that changes have been taking place in the ecclesiastical and religious temperature and tendencies of Scotland during the last thirty years, which make the present time decidedly favourable to the spread of Methodism in North Britain. Mr. Parker's views are very intelligently set forth in the little publication before us. He sketches the religious state of Scotland when Wesley first visited it; he gives an outline of the history of Methodism in Scotland; he shows what have been the reasons which have prevented its greater success; and he discusses the proper policy for the future. Mr. Parker has been long in Scotland, although he has now received an appointment in England, and knows thoroughly well what he is talking about. We commend his little essay to all who are interested in the subject.

Progress of the Working Class 1832—1867. By J. M. Ludlow and Lloyd Jones. Alexander Strahan. London.

The authors of this volume are eminently fitted for the task they have undertaken in writing it. They are men of high character; "advanced liberals," but not mere flatterers of working men, not demagogues; nor are they ashamed to write as men of earnest Christian faith.

The volume is divided into parts. The first part sketches the condition of the working class in 1832. The second shows the progress of legislation, from 1832 to 1836, as respects the working classes; and gives a summary of the Protective Acts—such, for instance, as the Factory Acts, with their extensions; of the Enabling Acts—such as those which relate to savings' banks and loan societies and friendly societies, to industrial and provident societies, to co-operative partnerships, and so forth—and those also which relate to the physical and

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social well-being, and the educational necessities of the working man and his family; of measures of general benefit, including much recent fiscal legislation, the Press and Postage Acts, the Public Libraries and Museums Acts, much Municipal Legislation, Sanitary Measures, the County Courts Acts, and other laws of a beneficent character; and finally of Political Enactments in favour of the working classes, so far as these had gone—which was certainly but a very little way—previously to the portentous leap which has just been dared by the party which had heretofore been consistently opposed to any advance in the direction of lowering the franchise. Part III. treats of the "influence of the working classes on legislation and policy, 1832—1866." In Part IV. the authors review the "use made by the working classes of improved legislation." They state some of the results of protective legislation, especially of the Factories Acts and the Mining Acts and Merchant Shipping Acts. They sketch the results of enabling legislation, in regard to savings' banks and friendly societies, building and land societies, and co-operative societies and partnerships of industry. They show what has been the spread of general education in regard to science and art, in connection with public libraries and the penny post, with Sunday-schools, mechanics' institutes, with working men's colleges, reading rooms, working men's clubs and institutes, &c. They show what has been the marvellous spread of newspapers and cheap literature, and insist that, on the whole, in this department there has been great improvement as well as amazing advancement. They show what are the recreations of the working classes, and argue that, on the whole, and taking the country throughout, these recreations have been elevated in character as well as greatly increased in number and variety. Part V. relates to trade societies and arbitration in trade disputes, under the general title "What the Working Classes have done without the Law." Part VI. relates to the "General Moral Progress of the Working Man," under the following heads—"The Temperance Question," "The Workmanship Question," "The Religious Question," "Indications of Positive Moral Progress in the Working Class," "An Instance of Moral Progress beginning amidst Diminished Prosperity." Part VII. "The Conclusion," sums up the whole.

The following are the views of the authors respecting the "Workmanship Question":—

"A complaint is heard well-nigh from all parts of the kingdom that the working man does not work so well as he used to do. To put it in the words of a Derby friend already quoted, there is a 'difficulty in getting work fairly and honestly done. . . . Men do not stick to their work with that stedfast industry which used to mark the British workman. . . . The masters in many trades here are sick of their work. . . . Small masters, I know, are getting out of their trade where they employ a few men, and either living on their means or taking to working for others for wages.' A Liverpool friend, very favourable to the working man, speaks of the difficulty now of getting 'a day's

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work for a day's wages.' An architect of the highest character contends that one great secret of the enormous rise in the cost of building lies in this, that the men do not work as they used to do. The blame of this alleged deterioration in the industry of the country is generally laid on the men's trades' unions; and so far as one can judge from the hitherto printed evidence before the Trades' Union Commission, almost the sole object of one or two members of that Commission seems to be to fix its stigma upon them.

"But it remains to be seen, 1st, How far the reproach is true; 2nd, how far, if true, it is peculiar to the working man; 3rd, how far he is responsible for incurring it.

"We must say, in the first place, that we do not believe the reproach to be by any means so generally true as it is alleged. England's proud prerogative of solidity of work has surely not quite departed from her. In the valuable volume already referred to, of reports by the French working-men's delegates to our Great Exhibition of 1862, we meet continually with such judgments as these on the part of our rivals: English work 'offers generally greater guarantees of solidity,' says the shoemakers' report. English sewing is of 'incontestable solidity and perfection,' say the glove-makers. 'English goods . . . are generally well made, better set up than ours, and leave very little to be desired," say the harness-makers. The engineers are struck with the 'perfect workmanship' of Penn's engines, 'the finish, the polish of the pieces leaving nothing to be desired,' all of which they find to be equally characteristic of the ordinary trade machinery of the firm; they praise the good quality of English cast iron, &c. The tinmen speak of the superiority of English tinning; the lithographers, of the 'fine and solid' English workmanship, which allows the printing off of very large numbers of copies. The cabinet-makers say that English furniture is made 'very neatly and solidly,' well finished outside and in; the printers, that English printing is careful even in the most trivial works, and particularly in newspapers. The jewellers only go so far as to admit that English workmanship 'is incontestably equal to our own:' and the cases are few in which superior solidity is claimed for French in any department. These criticisms are indeed now five years old; but if any similar report be published as to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, we have not a doubt that its conclusion will be similar.

"The credit of English workmanship, then, does not stand quite so low as might be supposed. Grant, however, that it is falling; that—to generalise an expression well known in the tailoring trade—slop-work is becoming more and more common. Is this peculiar to our handicrafts? Is there no slop-journalism, no slop-literature, slop-art, slop-science, slop-education, slop-law-making, ay, and slop-religion? Are not all these growing upon us? Has 1867 seen no slop-Reform Bills? Does the working-class deserve more than its proportionate share of blame for that weakening of national morality which no doubt is manifested on all sides, in the tendency to substitute the crude, the showy, the dishonest, for the mature, the substantial, the conscientious? Has the most careless of working men any chance of surpassing the

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carelessness of a set of Unity Bank directors? or has the most fraudulent anything to teach the promoters, solicitors, chairmen, managers of many another corporate body, dead, dying, or yet alive? No doubt every working man is morally responsible for every wasted minute, for every piece of consciously bad workmanship, still more for every direct fraud. But who are his instructors? When the Merchandise Mark Acts made penal both the use of false trade-marks and the marking of false quantities, weights, measures, &c., was this directed against the tricks of workmen, or the tricks of employers—many of them, it is well known, wealthy and influential? Was the Act for preventing the adulteration of articles of food and drink aimed at the worker, or at the class which claims to be above him in the social scale, and almost to keep him out of political power? As a matter of fact, what is the main, direct cause of bad workmanship in every branch of human activity, but the excessive pressure of competition, whether that pressure exhibit itself in the contract system, or in purely speculative production,—economic phenomena in many respects very different, but in both of which everything comes to be subordinate to time and cheapness? Nothing can be more instructive, as an instance of the evils thus generated, than the evidence before the Trades' Unions Commission of Mr. Edwin Coulson, Secretary of the Operative Bricklayers' Society, who, after detailing various kinds of frauds practised for the benefit of foremen and contractors, declares that a century ago work was better than it is now, not because there are not men capable 'of doing superior work to what has been done in the olden times,' but because 'we often have no encouragement to do it as well as it might be done.'

"And so far from Trades' Unions causing the deterioration of work, if there is one thing more axiomatically certain than another, it is that the worst work is and must always be done by others than the members of such societies. For the worst work must always receive the worst wages; and the worst wages cannot admit of the exercise of so much providence as the putting by of a few weekly pence in a trade society. The cases in London, for instance, are many, in which, in a given trade, the only society or societies which maintain themselves are those of the West End; the East End workers being either entirely without organisation, or their attempts at organisation proving repeatedly abortive through the lowness of their wages, and the demoralisation thereby produced among them. It may be true, no doubt, that in some cases,—many fewer probably than are supposed,—trade societies do tend to discourage pre-eminent excellency of work, to keep workmanship to a certain level. But in all cases it will be found that the great difficulty of every society lies in the inferior workers,—those who are not capable of earning enough to be worth having as members, but are capable of damaging the members by the competition of their inferior but cheaper workmanship.

"We believe, then, that trade societies, although not by any means likely to carry workmanship to its highest point of excellence, offer

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yet the most powerful barrier still existing against mere slop-work in every branch of trade. But behind the trade society stands another form of organisation, which does tend to promote the highest excellence of work. Such is, beyond question, the character of co-operative production. Such must be, in proportion to the extent in which the workers of the establishment are interested in the undertaking, that of every partnership of industry.

"We venture to think, therefore, that a careful investigation of this question will show:—1. That, admitting the falling off in many cases of English workmanship, the working class cannot be justly charged with having done more than share in the general lowering of tone in what may be called the morality of production. 2. That bad work is the necessary result of excessive competition (fostered indeed itself by the maxims of a buy-cheap and sell-dear plutonomy). 3. That the working-man's trade-organisations are the main obstacle to the prevalence of mere slop-work. 4. That his co-operative associations, and his admission to profits in other establishments, afford the best hope as yet open to us of raising anew the standard of English workmanship."

There is much that is true and suggestive in the section on the "Religious Question." Mr. Ludlow refuses to accept the statements of working-men at the Conference lately held in London on this subject as authoritative evidence on behalf of the working men of England at large.

"Without wishing in the least to undervalue the weight of the testimony afforded by the Conference as to the indifference of many of the more intelligent working men to public worship, it must now be pointed out that there is also another side to the question. It is far from true universally that such indifference prevails. The Conference, it must never be forgotten, was held in London, the head-quarters of English *poco-curante*ism—the place where a man of any class may most easily float through life without having to exercise any earnest effort of intellect or of conscience, where a fickle and soon-sated curiosity too often takes the place of all deeper interests and higher purposes. And although the example of London is more or less followed by our larger cities generally, there are very many important towns—whole important districts—where attendance at religious services is the rule and not the exception among the educated working men. Nay, thank God! so far from religious faith and growing intelligence being incompatible, the very reverse is proved to be the case by daily experience. The records of almost every religious organisation will tell of minds awakened, intellects steadied and enlarged, by the reception of religious influences; every one who has taken part, however humbly, in any work of a religious character, *knows* of such instances. One only testimony to this effect shall be quoted; it is that of a minister for many years largely acquainted with the working class:—

"'I spent my youth, as a minister's son, among the manufacturing population of the West of England. I visited their homes with my

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father, and knew their characters. I have myself been a minister nearly thirty years, and chiefly in agricultural and suburban districts. I have seen that the common religious meetings, and especially the great Sunday-schools, were powerful educational agents, intellectually as well as morally. If you have ever noticed the utter stupidity of a farm-labourer of middle age, and then marked the wakening up of his whole being when he began to read (or began learning to read) his Bible, to attend religious meetings, to repeat hymns, and to think of God as his Father, and of Jesus as his Saviour, you have seen something very wonderful. And yet that wonderful thing has been continually occurring, and very extensively, indeed, in this land of ours. You will see thus,' he adds, 'that I have observed a rapid improvement in the working classes, and that I ascribe that improvement chiefly to religious agency, and to the various educational agencies connected with it.'

"And indeed, so far from its being generally the fact that hostility or indifference to Christianity among the working class is increasing, the very reverse is, the writer of these pages believes, more and more frequently the case. Many districts could be quoted in which open hostility to religion formerly prevailed among working men, and has been replaced by a friendly feeling,—various towns in which the leaders of the working class were formerly infidels, and are now devout, God-fearing men. Christ's Gospel, let us be assured, has not lost its power over the masses since the days when it was said of its First Teacher, that 'the common people heard Him gladly.' If the churches are deserted by the working men in any quarter, it is because they have no 'good news' to tell him. But they *are* learning that they have good news to tell him, as well as to hereditary pew-holders and paying seat-holders; and he is hearing, or at least opening his ears to catch, the message. Indeed, the probabilities are, not that we are on the eve of an era of greater religious indifference than in the past among working men, but of a great religious awakening among them."

Such a testimony is cheering from one so well acquainted with working-men as Mr. Ludlow. At the same time London, and many more of our large towns, remain as a very terrible difficulty—colossal, abysmal, stupendous. Doubtless there is great truth in what is said on p. 277: "On the other hand, the restoration of public worship needs something deeper yet in ministers and people—the re-awakening of the sense of fellowship as the very ground of Christian life." Yes, fellowship with God and fellowship with man; a mutuality of glowing brotherly sympathy, intercourse, life, always kindling afresh in each heart and anew in some newly joined hearts. This is old Christianity — ideal Christianity—and is the only sort which is likely to spread triumphantly among the working-classes.

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1. A Short Practical Grammar of the Tibetan Language, with Special Reference to the Spoken Dialects. By H. A. Jaeschke, Moravian Missionary. Kye-lang in British Lahoul. 1865.
2. A Compendious Grammar of the Egyptian Language, as contained in the Coptic, Sahidic, and Bashmuric Dialects. By the Rev. H. Tattam, D.D. Second Edition, revised and improved. London: Williams and Norgate. 1863.
3. Grammatica Syriaca, quam post opus Hoffmanni refecit Adalbertus Merx, Ph.D. Particula Prima. Halis. 1867.

The first-named of this *trio* of grammars is a curiosity in several respects. It was published at a place unknown to maps on the borders of High Asia. It is written in English by a foreigner. And it is a lithograph. Tibetan is not only interesting to the student of language; as the custodian of a vast Buddhist literature, it has special claims upon the attention of those Christian scholars who wish to acquaint themselves with the religious history of mankind. Mr. Jaeschke apologises for his broken English and for the uncouth form under which his Grammar appears. He may easily be pardoned on both grounds. His work is executed with admirable exactness and clearness of arrangement, and contains in a small space a large amount of information such as only a person having oral communication with native Tibetans could possibly furnish.

Dr. Tattam's Egyptian Grammar is what he styles it—a "revised and improved" edition of a work which has been for many years before the public. It is written in a loose, slovenly manner. Egyptian and English are jumbled together like so much *chow-chow*. There is no visible distinction made—such as might easily be effected by difference of type—between the phenomena of the Coptic (*i.e.* the Memphitic) and the other two dialects. Altogether the Grammar is very inferior in scientific precision to the works of Peyron and Schwartze, though these also fail to present the differences of the dialects with adequate impressiveness to the eye of their readers. Still Dr. Tattam's book is a good elementary one to work with, and Englishmen generally will find it better suited to their purpose than either of the more elaborate Grammars—the one in Latin, the other in German—just named.

Dr. Merx's republication of the well-known Syriac Grammar of Hoffmann promises to be a very valuable addition to the grammatical apparatus at present in the hands of students of Syriac. Great as are the merits of Hoffmann, he has been left behind by the researches of later scholars, and it is time that his work should be rehabilitated, if not altogether built over again. Dr. Merx is taking the right course in freely recasting Hoffmann's labours, and we rejoice that so important a task has fallen into hands well able to execute it. The transliteration of the Syriac words as it appears in this edition is unpleasing to the

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eye, and a brief apprenticeship will be needed to learn its mysteries; but the student will be thankful for the help which is thus afforded him in acquiring the pronunciation—a help the want of which has stumbled not a few who have endeavoured to make their way into the language of the Peshito and of Ephraem Syrus.

Abel Redevivus; or, The Dead yet Speaking. The Lives and Deaths of the Modern Divines. By Thomas Fuller, D.D., Author of the "Worthies of England," &c. &c., assisted by several able and eminent men. A New Edition, with Notes by William Nichols. Illustrated with forty-three Portraits. In two volumes. London: William Tegg. 1867.

Abel Redevivus was published originally in 1651, and has not until now been reprinted, although, as Mr. Nichols says, "it is a book which well merits that honour."

Here are presented in the quaint literary fashion which charmed the readers in the age of the Stuarts—a fashion which was not peculiar to Thomas Fuller, but in him is seen to the greatest advantage and in its most brilliant play—sketches of the lives of those who in Fuller's time were signalised as "the modern divines;" that is to say, Berengarius, Wickliffe, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Luther, Erasmus, Zwinglius, Colet, Œcolampadius, Frith, Bilney, Tindale, and thirty-eight more worthies, including Carlsdadt, Bucer, Justus Jonas, John Rogers, Saunders, Hooper, Bradford, Ridley, Latimer, Melancthon, Calvin, and Jewel, with others scarcely less eminent.

Of these lines some are from the pen of Fuller himself, the others are by Dr. Featly, by Gataker, Bedell, the famous Bishop of Kilmore, and other men of equal mark in their day. All were edited by Fuller. "The whole mass of matter," says Mr. Nichols, "has an intrinsic worth, which has been rightly appreciated by the succession of lovers of good books down to the present day. Complete copies of the old edition are rarely to be found on sale, and can be obtained only at a very high price."

Mr. Nichols has given an accurate reprint in these two compact volumes, in which, however he has judiciously modernised the old spelling. We regret, however, that he has not, on the same principle, corrected the spelling of the title. *Redivivus*, he says in a note, "is the correct form; but I have retained the spelling of the original title-page." Therefore we have for the modern title also *Redevivus*, which is incorrect.

Mr. Nichols is an excellent editor. His explanatory notes and his bracketed interpretations are very valuable. The ordinary reader would hardly have discovered without the editor's learned help that Rottomag means Rouen; or Tigirsum, Zurich; or Argentoratum, Strasburg.

Altogether, Mr. Tegg and Mr. Nichols between them have presented us with a cheap, interesting, and valuable reprint.

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Voices of the Prophets; or Faith, Prayer, and Human Life. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster. Third Thousand. London: A. Strahan. 1867.

ANOTHER of those thoughtful, wise, manly, tender, and most Christian books, by which Dr. Vaughan has of late been talking to his generation. We are among his admiring and grateful hearers. We do not care to inquire whether Dr. Vaughan holds precisely the same doctrinal views with ourselves. On all points affecting the substance and soul of the Gospel we are entirely at one with him; and we have little doubt that our subordinate differences would most of them resolve themselves, on explanation, into various modes of presenting the same truth. Nothing can be more admirable, nothing more exactly suited to the needs of the times than much of the quiet, searching, earnest, practical preaching, which these Scripture meditations of Dr. Vaughan address to the intelligence and conscience of his contemporaries. There is no pedantry in them, no affectation, no sentimentality, no grotesqueness, no rant. They are the dignified, gentle, sympathetic utterances of a spirit familiar with the things which eyes do not see nor ears hear, and yet intensely human in its attachments and yearnings. Dr. Vaughan is a finished scholar. He has studied with success the manifold history of human nature. He has seen the world under numerous phases—phases that are and phases that have been. Purity and nobility of charity reveal themselves in every part of his writings; and his Alpha and Omega is Christ. No wonder that his words are thrilling and mighty. We trust these "Voices of the Prophets" will be listened to as more than the witchery of a skilful player on an instrument.

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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1868.

ART. I.—1. *Report of the Education Commissioners*, 1861.
2. *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.* 1866. Paper by Mr. HARE.

THE poor we have always with us. Unfortunate, or lazy, or vicious, there has always been a large class of the community unable to maintain its place in the great exchange in which we buy and sell our labour or our goods, and appealing by its misery to the benevolence of the rest. Nor are we, as yet, within sight, or even plausible conjecture, of an age in which it will be otherwise. The more highly organised society becomes, the more liable will it become to disease. In a simple condition of life, where the modes of employment are few and the population sparse, place is more easily found for the destitute; wants are limited, and poverty is not, comparatively, so poor. But in the frame of modern civilisation, while the faculties of the active members of society are, by artfully managed co-operation, far more perfectly developed, and the increase of work throws more wealth into their hands, the standard of solvency is proportionately raised; the number of those who fail to reach it grows larger, and the degradation of the destitute becomes more conspicuous. The richest places are also the poorest. Poverty, indeed, so mainly comes of vice, that we are bound to hope for its gradual mitigation through the improvement of morals; and it is so quickly affected by knowledge, that education will do something to lessen it; but there remains on our hands, for all time for which we can frame schemes, the task of keeping alive and trying to raise

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to independence a heavy mass of paupers. Indeed, when we come to the conscience and the mind, the objects of benevolence extend over a much wider area of society. Education and religion are most needed by those who crave them least; the poor in these have first to be persuaded of their poverty; there is in them no standard of pauperism; and their charities seek out objects in every rank. But even here the higher classes of society are less in need of such charity as subsists upon money; and, though they share in the advantage of the foundations, their enjoyment is felt to be in some measure a usurpation, and to demand of them an adequate compensation for the benefit of those who, even when their taste for moral benefits is aroused, have not, of themselves, the means of gratifying it. The community so largely consists of poor, that a gift for a public purpose is very like a gift for a charitable purpose. Religious and educational institutions are, therefore, in a reasonable sense charities. And in former times the piety of the rich undertook a multitude of labours for the public good, which are now the accepted tasks of the State. Not only was it left to the benevolent to keep destitute persons from starvation, but works of ordinary utility, which tended directly to preserve life or limb, were equally remitted to private hands. If highways were to be made, bridges to be built, harbours constructed, lighthouses fixed upon dangerous coasts, it was surely a Christian act to save poor travellers from the perils of the road, the river, and the sea. The Pont-du-Gard over the Rhone is one instance of such an application of collected alms. But as civilisation advanced, charity could not overtake the public wants. When the voluntary system failed, the State must step in, and undertake, from less simple motives, but with superior resources, the first duty of keeping its members alive, and, if possible, in working vigour. The growth of population, property, and trade also transferred many labours from the list of disinterested charity to that of successful enterprise.

In such ways the objects of charity are continually diminished by the enlargement of the functions of government. When the State comes in at the door, charity flies out of the window. Poor-rates and education grants, though bred of a universal spirit of benevolence, are "strained," and so lack "the quality of mercy." They bless, to a certain extent, those who take, but not, individually, those who give. It is not in human nature to pay a tax with a glow of enthusiasm, or to rest happy in the conscious virtue of having done a good action which you could not help. Charity is the exer-

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cise of private and spontaneous mercy; and, therefore, can adopt without misuse the title of the peculiar grace of our religion. And there is abundant room for its powers in leading the way and in supplementing compulsory measures. A new form of relief is sought out, tested, defined, preached by private persons, and then we are ready to decide whether it can be effectively undertaken as a public duty or not. Perhaps it turns out more hurtful than useful; perhaps it requires so special an adaptation to circumstances as to be unmanageable by paid officials. If it be shown to be a practicable obligation on Government, still the State can only partially accomplish it. The State can only administer simple relief to needs of very ordinary occurrence, very easy to define, very difficult to counterfeit; and its relief must be as scanty as possible. The severity which exacts the rate must be shown in distributing it. Christian charity will be tied to no such rules. Whatever danger there may be in over-giving springs rather from indiscriminate carelessness than from real excess of alms. Pains—the kind labour of prudent men—are just what no government can command; money it has, but not men; and that is why its power for beneficence is so limited. Voluntary works of mercy alone can overtake the variety of human misfortune, or can deal with it generously. They teach society its higher duties, and gladly relinquish to public hands what they will accept; but always keep in advance, and by the example of more noble free-handedness alone prevent even the slender relief of workhouses, rates, and parish doles from sinking into decay.

Between the established system of State relief and the daily impulses of individual benevolence, stand charitable associations and foundations. Charity, like every other work, tends to organisation. Generous designs, above all others, unite men in their task. Appeals to natural affection make the whole world kin. And association immediately brings organisation. One man has money, another has time, a third has skill. Guilds of this kind, like all others, acquire property and grow in power. Large accumulations give them confidence. Labours can be undertaken on the security of certain revenue which could not be trusted to the fluctuating subscription list. Donations and legacies fall in which are of the nature of capital, and cannot be usefully expended at once. Grants of land are permanent in their nature. The fraternity believes in its labours, and desires to leave to posterity a good example, backed by a good endowment. Sometimes a single benefactor

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will perpetuate his name by a lasting foundation. He desires, with the rest of mankind, to be remembered, and would rather live by keeping his dead hand perpetually open than by doing something to preserve his name in books. In one way or another funds devoted to charity are constantly on the increase. With the private wealth of the country also grows the quasi-public wealth.

There are many who think that it is too great. They mark the inevitable decay of all fixed institutions which are not often reformed, or, indeed, are not incessantly changing with the times. They scoff at the grotesque or obsolete purposes to which the folly or the want of foresight of donors has abused good money. They deny the right of a man to dictate to a remote age the use of any property whatever. They extol the vigour of living charity, and exaggerate the mutation of human necessities. They look at the history of the Church, and point to the necessity under which former ages have found themselves of despoiling it again and again. They think the world hampered by reverence for the past or lazy acquiescence in its provisions. Some even sigh for an absolute freedom from bias or education. These theories we do not propose to pass over without notice. But they derive their force not a little from the abuses which they propose to do more than remedy. It will be better to defer our speculative remarks for a while, and occupy the main part of our space in glancing at the history of charitable endowments, especially in our own country, the restrictions which have been laid upon them by our law, the present state of that law, and the condition of the charities which have escaped its repression but are subject to its administrative authority.

Among the ancient peoples charity does not seem to have assumed any special form. Personal benevolence was inculcated as a duty by all religions, and practised as a private habit. The patriarchal form of society kept down destitution; the laws of hospitality provided for much distress. Slavery absorbed the poor—a universal workhouse. The love of man for man, as such, was not understood. Agrarian laws from time to time assisted the poor of Rome for the moment; and almost the whole city descended at length into a vast system of outdoor-relief. But it was left for the Founder of Christianity to lay down the universal duties of beneficence, and from the working of His golden rule sprang the doctrine that no man is to be left to meet misfortune alone, and the communities which provide for the more common kinds of distress. In the East, indeed, society has to this day failed to display

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organising power enough for such a purpose. Charitable institutions are a product of Latin Christianity—of Western civilisation.

The Christian Church followed up her preaching of universal charity by special arrangements for its most ordinary duties. Her first officers were appointed for the distribution of alms. Widows and orphans were the peculiar care of martyr-times; but the spirit of love soon overflowed the bounds of the Church itself, and, as in the days of the Master, the feeding and healing of the unbelieving poor accompanied and supported the promulgation of the truth. In the Western churches, in spite of the precautions of the Roman laws of mortmain, property destined to objects so pious and so extensive rapidly accumulated in the hands of the clergy. Artifices have in all ages been found to evade the law; and, as the Church grew in worldly, and decayed in spiritual, power, superstition and priestcraft had full play. St. Jerome was as sharp upon the clerical legacy-hunters of his day as Juvenal upon their heathen predecessors. The conversion of Constantine gave validity to their holding; and under the subsequent legislation of the Christian emperors, donations to the Church, whether during life or by will, enjoyed peculiar favour and grew enormously in value. The Christian State at first deemed the support of the poor a civil duty; but before long the claim of the ecclesiastical authority prevailed, and both powers concurred to establish in the chief cities of the empire poor-houses, hospitals, orphanages, and other institutions of public charity, which fell under the management of the clergy. Thus, throughout Europe, the Church of the middle ages not only assumed, but was held responsible for, the care of the poor. The bishop was the relieving-officer of every diocese. It was this great public duty that enabled the clergy to obtain the vast possessions, the abuse of which drew down upon them so much odium, and, in our own country, so signal vengeance. To give to the Church and to give to the poor were synonymous expressions. What a clergyman had, beyond what was necessary to his support, must, in theory at least, be spent in alms. Fines upon offending clerics, penances, indulgences, all went into the same chest; and it was this plausible object which gave colour, first to the preaching and then to the enforcement of tithe. Monasteries seemed especially pledged to the duty. Each one had its almshouses attached, and an almoner, charged not only with the picturesque distribution of doles at the convent gate, but with the visitation of the paupers of the neighbourhood. This vast system of relief, if system it

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can be called, is best known to us by the scandals of its decay. But its firm hold on the mind of Europe is shown by the fact that, in spite of centuries of gross abuse, and of the growth of a mass of pauperism which even the most faithful administration must have failed to overtake, it was not until the sixteenth century that the several States awoke to the necessity of public civil measures for the relief of the destitute. To this day the poor of most European countries do not depend upon compulsory rates.

It will not, however, be forgotten that the more rigid social system of the middle ages did not permit such swarms of poor to gather as we are accustomed to deal with—or to despair of dealing with. Of course the population was far scantier. In one sense, society was more highly organised; at least, it was more fully so. The lower classes in the country were serfs; and serfs are not paupers. The landowner must look after them. In fighting ages mere unskilled and lazy muscles and sinews were always worth their keep; and those who were of little use in the field might, at all events, look well in livery and make a goodly show in a procession of retainers. More callous the times were, doubtless, to suffering; but actual starvation is found, even now-a-days, rather in town than country. The middle-age towns were not, as ours are, the open refuge of nameless and unknown wanderers. The villains who fled thither were the best of their class. Strictly confined by charters, the municipal power often took from the feudal a pattern of tyranny. The persons who had a right to live were recognised members of guilds, their workmen and dependants. No doubt this will not account for the whole population of a town, but it removed large classes of the citizens from the rank which feeds pauperism. For, as the large brotherhood of the Church had felt itself responsible for the support of its members, so the particular tradesmen's fraternities made it a point of honour to keep their indigent comrades from the disgrace of beggary. It is familiar to us that the London companies, for instance, hold at their disposal vast sums devoted to charity. Almshouses and schools are thickly scattered about the City and its immediate suburbs. So it was in various degrees throughout Europe. The charities of the guilds supplemented largely the charities of the Church.

Indeed, in one respect, they were greatly superior: they were not so liable to abuse. For, in spite of the frequent revivals of the monastic spirit, wealth constantly corrupted its

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clerical stewards. The higher clergy coveted social and political influence, and they found broad lands one of their most powerful resources. Monasteries could not keep their pious trust. The abbot first corrupted and then expelled the monks. Instead of ascetic discipline came luxury, and a host of warlike retainers maintained the rank of the spiritual barony. From early times we find traces of the necessity of restraining the increase of Church lands. The Capitularies of Charlemagne attempted to check the process: the English statutes earnestly aimed at the same object. But in vain. At the time of the Reformation, it is estimated that half of the soil of England was in ecclesiastical hands; and England by no means afforded the worst specimen of the abuse. The Reformation applied a stringent and effectual remedy in the countries which welcomed it. Confiscation alone could break the clerical power, and it was vigorously applied. In many of the German provinces the ecclesiastic was practically sovereign, and the State simply threw off its spiritual character. Vast estates were secularised as they stood. Saxony took the whole of its Church lands, and has ever since applied them to promote education.

Turning to our own country, in which we have more interest, we find its peculiar political condition reflected in its legislation for Church lands and charities. Here, as on the Continent, there are traces of early charitable foundations: but in the main they are bound up with the history of the Church and the guilds. The lands of the Church were, in theory, a trust. By the laws of Ethelred one-third of the tithes belonged to the poor. The parish was, up to our own day, the district, and its officers the guardians, of the destitute. A canon of the thirteenth century fixed upon the benefice of an absent rector a certain charge for his poor parishioners; and a similar provision was the common condition of dispensations for non-residence. The peculiar tenure of ecclesiastical lands is called "frank-almoigne," or "free alms." As in theory—not in practice. Where our Constitution makes its great starting point, there also we find the avarice of the religious houses counted among the principal maladies of the State. Land was passing into their hands to an alarming extent. But as legislation was in the power of the barons, baronial grievances were mainly insisted upon. The feudal lord received from his free vassals not only the protection of military service, but occasional payments of a substantial kind. When his eldest son attained to his knighthood, when his daughter married, he expected liberal presents. If the

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vassal desired to sell portions of the land, or when he died and his heir succeeded, the privilege, in the one case, was purchased, and the benefit, in the other, acknowledged, with money. If the tenant left an infant heir, the lord took the land and its owner until he came of age, and accounted to no one for the profits. If daughters succeeded to the inheritance, the lord sold them in marriage. It was therefore of immense importance to him that his land should remain in the hands of private persons. If it were granted to a corporation or perpetual owner, lay or ecclesiastical, it was more or less lost to him. So, passing by a statute of Edward I. directed against the secular clergy, we find the guilds attacked under Richard II. Whatever removed the soil from the occupation of a responsible owner was said to lock it up in "mortmain," —a word of obscure origin, but which has been interpreted to apply to the hold of a hand that is dead and can therefore yield no service in return for its holding. It has been suggested that the danger to the feudal rights of property completely accounts for our early legislation. But there seems to have been also a more public reason of State. The owners of land had civil duties; and if in a particular district too much land became what was called "amortised"—that is, deadened for ordinary purposes—there was a lack of persons to attend at assizes and serve on juries and fill suchlike offices. It was made as necessary to procure a licence to turn land into a park as to give it away to a monastery; and the licence was not granted without a general enquiry whether any mischief would be done by withdrawing so much from the land yielding public personal service. And, beyond all this, there was great political jealousy both of lay corporations, lest they should gain too much power in the State, and also, especially, of the growth of clerical influence. In many parts of the Continent the great barons, secular and clerical, united to shake off the yoke of the central authority; and, free from that, were absolute. Our happier circumstances provided a power which could in the long run reduce the barons to landed proprietors, and do battle with the Church itself.

Besides the laws of mortmain, another difficulty stood in the way of the grasping clergy. Their field of influence was the death-bed. Plenty of worldly motives counteracted their exhortations during life: the world to come was in their hands. But the feudal system did not, in the earlier times, permit the owner of lands to dispose of them by will—unless, at least, with his heir's consent. Unable to change, the churchmen evaded, the law. Their legal skill, fed on the

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Roman jurisprudence, gave them the command of the Court of Chancery; and the clerical Chancellors fostered a nice distinction between the strict legal ownership of land and the right to enjoy the profits of it, which escaped the effect of all established restrictions. In Henry VIII.'s reign a vigorous attempt was made to destroy the system of trusts: it failed: but the very attempt brought about an enlargement of the power of giving land by will.

The laws of mortmain are referred to because they have been erroneously supposed to have to do directly with charities, while their action is really only remote; and the error has led to much confusion. Hampered only by those laws, and by the want of a testamentary power, the Church inculcated boldly the duty of pious gifts and bequests, and the Court of Chancery consistently upheld them when made. A gift to individual trustees, escaping the incapacity of corporations to take land without licence in mortmain, might be effectually saddled with a trust for charitable purposes; even a gift for pious uses, without any named trustee, might be laid hold of; and the Court enforced or carried out the public trusts as much as if they were for private persons. Over personal property, and wills relating to it, the Church always had jurisdiction, and always took care of its own objects. The records of early proceedings in the Courts are scanty; but they contain sufficient instances of the establishment of charitable trusts. In those days charity affected to follow its objects beyond the grave, and bequests were very common for masses for the soul of the donor, his relations and friends; and even where the purposes of the giver were indistinct, or impossible, the gift nevertheless maintained its character. "Once a charity, always a charity," has been the fixed principle of the Court certainly since the Reformation; and has given rise to some curious perversions of the will of the founder at the discretion of the judge. "*Cy pres*" may be old law-French for a bonâ-fide effort to come as near as may be to a testator's design: it is certainly modern English for some very fanciful diversions of property. It has been considered a sound piece of judicial administration to apply funds left by a Jew for the special education of Jewish children in their own faith—once an illegal purpose—to the training of Christian foundlings in the principles of the Church of England.

The Reformation came, and brought three changes which affected the charities. Of the mere change of Catholic for Protestant rectors and fellows of colleges we need not speak.

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The dissolution of the monasteries carried away not only a great part of the support of the poor, but a vast number of special endowments which were under the management of the regular clergy. Those superstitious charities which survived had to be reformed. Protestantism relied on knowledge: monasteries fell and education rose. Edward VI. founded his grammar-schools all over the kingdom. The poor of London he dealt with specially by establishing at one stroke Christ's Hospital to teach the young, St. Thomas's to cure the sick, and Bridewell to correct the vagrant. But it was not until the reign of Elizabeth that any general movement took place, or any public attention awoke to the necessity of fostering and drawing out the benevolence of the rich.

The fall of the monasteries only aggravated the evil. It had sprung from far more general causes. Society had been shaken by the gold of the New World. The feudal system had given way. No longer in need of retainers to fight for him, the landlord sought only for profitable rent-paying tenants. Serfs were a burden to him; and as the personal ties of allegiance fell loose, the personal responsibility of caring for the old and disabled labourers ceased also. Pasture often paid better than ploughing, and the small farms were cleared away from time to time to make way for large tracts of grazing land. Wars, foreign and civil, had not failed of their pauperising effect. From whatever causes, the statute-book shows that vagrant poverty was felt to be a serious and growing evil, and was dealt with, after the manner of the times, by the severest measures of repression. The workhouse of those days was a penal settlement. At the same time the course of legislation shows a gradual progress from spontaneous and irregular alms to a compulsory rate. Henry VIII. and Edward VI. provided for regular collections to be made by parish officers from the benevolent. A collection by authority from house to house soon tended to a voluntary rate,—for where all are asked to give to a common burden, it is natural to judge whether people give as they seem able or not. One step more led to an Act empowering the collectors to bring churlish and contumacious persons before the bishop to be admonished;—that came to something more than even a voluntary rate. And then the general poor-law in 1601 converted the semblance of charity into an acknowledged public tax.

But Queen Elizabeth's Parliament did not trust entirely to the new system of compulsory relief. There remained from the old times a habit of charity which, checked in its super-

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stitious channel, might well be diverted into an even larger course of wiser beneficence. The monastic piety was not cooled by the Reformation. An Act almost contemporaneous with the poor-law empowered any person to found hospitals, *maisons de dieu*, abiding-places, and houses of correction, without special licence from the Crown unless the income was to exceed 200*l.* a-year. The licence for larger institutions was not difficult to obtain; and from this time we see, by the side of the penal workhouse, the semi-monastic hospital and the collegiate school rising on all hands to aid the meritorious poor. The period between the reigns of Elizabeth and George II. forms the second era in the history of English charities. In it were founded the great bulk of our most useful institutions. The widest range was given. A new power had been lodged in the Lord Chancellor, by the well-known statute of the 43rd of Elizabeth, to reform abuses of charitable trusts; and a description was given of the proper objects of charity which is still the accepted law of the land.

The Act sets forth in its preamble that gifts have been made—

"Some for relief of aged, impotent, and poor people; some for maintenance of sick and married soldiers and mariners, schools of learning, free schools, and scholars in universities; some for repairs of bridges, ports, havens, causeways, churches, sea banks and highways; some for education and preferment of orphans; some for relief, stock, or maintenance for houses of correction; some for marriages of poor maids; some for supportation, aid, and help of young tradesmen, handicraftsmen, and persons decayed; and other for relief and redemption of prisoners and captives, and for aid or ease of any poor inhabitants, concerning payments of fifteens, setting out of soldiers and other taxes."

Poor relief, general and special, public works, education and religion—all come within this wide scope. And the Court of Chancery seconded the intentions of the Legislature by giving every favourable construction to charitable gifts. The different ecclesiastical parties followed each its own bent. While the High Churchman would be naturally inclined to restore as far as possible the fashion of unreformed England to imitate the monastery by the hospital, and distribute to the poor from the Church, as once from the convent, the stout Puritan relied more firmly upon the blessings of education from the school and the pulpit, and provided free grammar or still freer lecturing. Endowments took the place which is now occupied by societies, and the money which we are accustomed to gather year by year for the manifold objects of a

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searching charity, had to be left in the hands of a body of governors, of a clergyman or churchwardens, or charged upon the successive owners of a private estate.

But an end came to the policy of encouragement. The eighteenth century cast a cold shade over the charity as well as the piety of our forefathers. The Parliament of George II., headed by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, took fright, apparently, at the moderate success of Queen Anne's Bounty—an institution which had obtained, for church-building purposes, a general licence to acquire landed estates. And so, for reasons which are to this day very obscure, they passed a law, vexatious and inconsistent, which the Chancellor, in his Court, expounded to be even more vexatious than it seemed when he proposed it from the wool-sack. The debates of that period are very indistinctly reported, but the feeling of the peers is vigorously summed up in a sentence:—

> "If a man happens to fall into that delirious ambition of erecting a palace for beggars and having his name engraved in gilded letters above a superb portico; or if he grows ambitious of having his statue set up in the area of any charitable place already erected, cannot he give some part of his estate in his lifetime for that purpose, and reserve a sufficient estate for supporting himself?"

It is conjectured that the sarcasm was levelled at that most useful of foundations, Guy's Hospital: but the more powerful argument—an instructive specimen of political prophecy—seems to have been, that the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty must necessarily, in process of time, by continually acquiring and never selling, become masters of all the land in England. This new law, which is still in force, imposed upon the charitable severe fetters. No land can be given to charity by will; and if it is given during life, it must not only be given out and out, without power of revoking or remodelling the gift, and without reserving any interest at all, but if the founder dies within twelve months afterwards, his gift goes for nothing. That the deed of gift should be specially attested and registered in Chancery, is perhaps not unreasonable. But some of the restrictions apply to actual sales of land which are not gifts at all. These checks, however, are nothing when compared with the harassing and unreasonable interpretations which the Court of Chancery has put upon the statute. Although the Legislature neither said nor meant anything about money gifts, the judges have extended its provisions to every kind of personal property which could be said to have anything to do with land. It might be consistent

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enough with the new policy to disallow a gift of money to buy land with; but if a man directed his land to be immediately sold and gave the money to a charity, why should that be thought prohibited? If the legacy were simply money, but happened to be invested on mortgage of land, what rational pretext could there be for holding that circumstance to infect the gift with a taint of earth? But lest any means should be omitted of intercepting the stream of mercy, though there be among the assets of a testator ample funds of a most unexceptionable nature, the indulgence is persistently refused to charities which is conceded to other claimants, of taking their legacies in full from such property as they can be paid out of, instead of losing the proportion which would fall upon such property as they cannot have. The results of this most vexing law have been far more extensive than the mere checks which it has imposed on founders. Litigation without end has exhausted the savings of the would-be Good Samaritan. Whether his directions necessarily involve the buying of land, or only building on land already devoted; whether his will intended the bequest to come out of all his money generally, or out of some special part savouring of the realty; what remote heirs are to contest the matter, and where they are to be found;—questions like these have devoured their subject, and have placed the relief of poor lawyers at the head of the list of good works.

It was from no motives of judicious public economy that this prohibitory measure was passed; for while the Peers were endeavouring to prevent new charities from absorbing the soil, they were suffering the old ones to fall into utter decay. Towards the close of the century, however, their condition attracted notice; returns were obtained from the parishes, and digested by a Commissioner into a report. It is comparatively easy to get any public question as far as a blue book: but the country had other things to think of, and the matter slumbered for another quarter of a century. Lord Eldon pronounced a solemn opinion that great abuses existed: but he did nothing. Then two great names appear. Sir Samuel Romilly provided a cheaper means of reform in Chancery: but it was quite inadequate, for who was there with sufficient interest to go to law at all? Lord Brougham at length started the movement which is still in progress. First he obtained the reprinting of an abstract of the former reports. Then he procured a Committee which reported in 1816, and again in 1818—this time with effect. For in 1819 the Committee was followed up by a gigantic Commission

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of Inquiry, which, renewed from time to time, with larger and larger authority, continued to sit down to the year 1837.

The results of these nineteen years of labour appeared in thirty-two volumes of Reports. They gave accounts of 28,840 different charitable foundations; and yet, not to mention the large institutions which were designedly excluded from inspection, numbers escaped by oversight. The Board of Charity Commissioners which has been sitting since 1853, has, in the course of its inquiries, come upon more than 3,000 charities unnoticed in the former reports. The total income of these nearly 30,000 foundations was estimated to reach 1,200,000*l.*, including the rent of nearly half-a-million acres of land, but was distributed in very unequal sums. Of the whole number nearly one-half came under 5*l.* a year each, but accounted together for 60,000*l.* What with downright misappropriations and bad management, the income by no means gives a just idea of the real amount of the charity property. It was estimated by an Edinburgh Reviewer that the capital value in 1846 was between 75 and 100 millions sterling. About one-fourth—more than 300,000*l.*—belonged, at the time of this Commission, (say an average date of 1825—30) to educational charities, in the sums (using round figures) of 150,000*l.* for classical grammar schools, 140,000*l.* for non-classical schools, and 20,000*l.* for other educational purposes. 167,000*l.* was actually distributed in money to the poor of favoured districts; perhaps 50,000*l.* destined to paying apprenticeship fees. The remainder came under miscellaneous heads. It is estimated by Mr. Erle, the Chief Commissioner for Charities, that to these large sums, one-fifth must be added, in order to allow for the increase in the value of property since the date of the old Commission. Mr. Gladstone is not content with so moderate an allowance. In his famous speech in 1863, on the taxation of charities, he places the present income at three millions sterling. His calculation is based on the returns of claims for exemption from the income-tax, and may be fallacious: it would prove that the endowments of charities increase faster than the general wealth of the country; but it must be remembered that charities are a growth of towns, and it is likely that their lands improve at a more rapid rate than the average. The great bulk of these charities date back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and if historical evidence of their period were wanting, it would be indicated by their distribution. Wherever, in those times, population was thick and wealth accumulated, there

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the charities are closely gathered. While in cities such as Bristol, Coventry, London, York and Exeter, endowments abound, needy districts close at hand are almost entirely destitute of them. London has always been conspicuous for its benevolent enterprises. The London hospitals were found to be worth 128,000*l.* a-year, its chartered companies to dis-distribute 85,000*l.* a-year, its parochial charities to reach 88,000*l.*

From time to time, many of the larger charities, whose wealth was equal to meeting the great expense of an old-fashioned Information in Chancery, had been subjected to revision, and their more obvious scandals redressed. Funds which had totally outgrown their prescribed objects were applied to analogous purposes. But the reign of Lord Eldon was not favourable to any liberal reform. The fault of settled endowments is that times change and deeds do not change with them; so that even if they do not become positively mischievous, the institutions are stranded and left useless. As in the deserts of Syria are found magnificent ruins of cities which once flourished in the highways of ancient commerce, so some of the monuments of the pious benevolence of our ancestors have stood empty and desolate, the haunt of solitary sinecurists, the object of pilgrimage to wondering Commissions. It wants a hand bolder than the judge's to transplant them to the seats of modern life. But whatever the Court of Chancery can do now, in its quickened days, and under more advanced and business-like judges, certainly the great Tory Chancellor was not the man to perform miracles of re-creation. Even he surpassed himself in his famous decision in the case of the Leeds Grammar School, when he ruled that the essential meaning of "grammar" was Latin and Greek, and, consequently, that when a deed of foundation contained that unlucky word, Latin and Greek must be taught, or at least paid for, whether scholars could be found or not. An Act of Parliament at length, in 1840, mitigated the force of this decision, and gave to the Chancery Judges power to extend the operation of grammar schools to such lower teaching as would be acceptable. But the bracing air of the Court could only be sought by patients of vigorous natural resources. The great bulk of the charities of all kinds remained untouched, while their reform was tossed about between contending political parties:—often talked of, often promised, often attempted, but always dropped. Lord Lyndhurst made a great speech, and brought in a bill again and again. Jealousy of central authority, jealousy of all reform, and par-

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ticularly the resistance of the City Companies, whose exclusive management was not to be inquired into or interfered with by a public officer, foiled him. Lord Cottenham, his strenuous opponent until he came into power, took up the cause with the Seals; but his bill shared the fate of its predecessors. Another Commission sat in 1849, to inquire further into the charities investigated by the Old Commission, but which had escaped reform in Chancery. They parted, recommending a permanent Board.

At last, after a few more years' debating, the present Board of Charity Commissioners was appointed in 1853. They were instructed to make inquiries into the management of all charities, and received power to insist on disclosures, to give authoritative advice to trustees and to remove officers. They could frame new "schemes" for the application of the funds, wherever the objects of the founder's bounty had failed, or were proved destructive of the independence or the morals of the poor. They had control over sales and leases of charity lands. They might recommend the Attorney-General to take matters into Chancery. But on the whole, their powers were rather of inquiry and suggestion than of compulsory central administration. By more recent statutes the Board have acquired a wider jurisdiction. They have reported upon a large number of charities, have well exercised extensive and wholesome powers for the management of estates, and have stretched their authority to the utmost, to save small foundations from the expenses of litigation. Within the limits of the ancient jurisdiction of Chancery, the whole administration of charities has vastly improved. But whenever a more sweeping change is necessary than can be brought under the *cy près* doctrine, application to Parliament is necessary; and the attention of Parliament cannot be aroused, even if it could be paid for. And for the great mass of small charities any judicial proceedings are too expensive. It used to be said that a charity worth less than 30*l.* a year was lost if it once set foot within the Court of Chancery. And though the hearing of small cases has been transferred to the County Courts, their action does not provide for the constant supervision which is found to be necessary.

The most recent information on the condition of our charities is to be found in the Report of the Education Commissioners of 1861; and we propose to draw from it some more detailed explanation of the abuses and mischiefs complained of. It will be confined to two classes of charities: those destined to education, and those devoted to the direct

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relief of the poor. Of the rest a large proportion falls under the head of hospitals for the sick; and it is notorious that these do not incur the censure which visits the maladministration of the rest. The Universities are a subject by themselves; their reform has been specially dealt with. The larger schools are also under public notice. The attention of the Commissioners has been mainly directed, first to the smaller endowed schools, and then to the class of charities for the poor, which they contend to be on the whole mischievous, and desire to transfer to the cause of education.

The endowed schools, classical and non-classical, were always intended for the poor. In some the children are clothed as well as taught; in some they are also lodged. The ostentatious taste of their founders led them frequently to prescribe marked dresses, which the change of fashion has rendered grotesque and vexatious, though they may occasionally have the effect of protecting boys from harm in the London streets. Though founded, like the universities, for the poor, the schools were by no means exclusively intended for popular education, in the modern sense. Their curriculum, insisting on Latin, as then the literary language of Europe, often gave the highest culture known. The wealthier classes, if at first excluded from the foundation scholarships, were permitted to share the benefits of the education. Gradually the teaching and the rank of the scholars rose together. The larger schools are now mainly the property of the rich, or at least the competent. The smaller ones have tended to decay.

Their faults arise rather from radical defects of constitution than from mere mismanagement. Masters and mistresses are improperly appointed, because appointed by improper persons. In a great many cases the master is all in all. He is a legal freeholder; there are no trustees, and he practically obtains the control of the charity, manages its estates for his own benefit, and by granting long leases contrives to spend even more than his life interest. Where there are trustees, they consist of a body of ignorant farmers; or, perhaps, a vestry of ratepayers exercise their skill in the choice of a teacher. Apart from influences absolutely corrupt, it is not from such persons that a proper appointment can be expected. And an improper appointment is almost irremediable. No one on the spot will undertake the invidious task of attempting to oust a neighbour from an office held during good behaviour. Nay, the tenure is far more secure. It is commonly a freehold; and only a judicial authority can remove its owner. In one case it cost the trustees 1,200*l.*

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out of their own pockets to remove an incompetent master, in another, 400*l.* The Charity Commissioners can now do it at less expense; but their powers are not of universal application, and, especially, do not affect the vested interests of present masters.

The effect of this rigid system it is easy to understand. The Commissioners found a prevalent opinion, among those who were interested in the education of the various districts, that these endowed schools do far more harm than good. A thoroughly bad education spoils the taste for a better, and by its mere existence prevents further efforts. Ignorant and immoral schoolmasters do hurt to the parish which can neither be remedied by education nor by anything else. It has been said that the greatest benefactor to Herefordshire would be he who should sweep away all the endowments and cut down all the apple-trees—the one pauperising the people and the other brutalising them. The inspector who went round the schools in a district of Cumberland, was told that in some of them it was quite usual, especially on a Monday morning, for the boys on their arrival to ask what state the master was in, or to wait for him awhile in the school-room, and then, if he did not come, presently to run off, shouting, "Master's on, and there are holidays for the week!" The parents only laugh. In Wales a master was found surrounded by fifteen or twenty boys, in a school-house with an earthen floor and a thatched roof, which in wet weather freely admitted rain. A few benches and a desk comprised the whole of the school furniture. The only lesson-book was the Bible, from which the children read, or essayed to read, in English, a chapter in Proverbs; but, on being questioned, did not understand one principal word in the several verses which each scholar had read. The Principality affords another curious specimen. One Madame Bevan founded a number of schools to teach Welsh children the principles of the Church of England. There are thirty or forty of them; but the peculiarity of them is that they are not fixed to one spot, but itinerate through the parishes, remaining for some six months to two or three years in each, at the discretion of the trustees. Whatever may be thought of the principle of economising education, like a scant water supply, by turning it on intermittently, the effect is that the schools are in the worst possible order, and the masters often little above the farm labourers in point of attainments. Such instances might be given to a large extent; they are characteristic.

But, however efficient the master, and however useful the

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trustees, it is of no use to offer teaching which is not suited to the district. So long as a classical school can obtain pupils to be sent into the front ranks of education, the mere lack of a lower training for boys of lower capacity, opportunities, and prospects, is not of so much consequence; it may be otherwise supplied. But the country abounds with schools, wealthy and well disciplined, or ready to be well disciplined, but which languish and waste their resources simply for want of persons to go to them. Either no boarders are allowed, and within the limits which can furnish day-scholars there are few who care to receive the higher education, even for nothing; or the benefit of the foundation is in terms confined to a particular district, and either from change in the population, or in the value of the gift, or through unfortunate misinterpretation of the deeds, completely misses its object. Where this is the case, not only is there waste, but positive injury. The few who come within the terms of the deed have no incentive to exertion; the benefit is not of grace, selecting the most worthy and profitable recipients, but of right, claimed and undervalued. A few instances may be noticed out of multitudes. There is a school at Midhurst, where, "grammar" being prescribed on 30*l.* a-year, the master has only to teach Latin and Greek. He is not underpaid, because there are no scholars at all. Reform would be too expensive. The National School has everything its own way, and receives 170*l.* a-year from Government, while the endowment is simply nugatory. At Warrington, the Foundation Free School can only procure one boy fit to place in the first or second class. Thirty-five names exhaust the whole roll of scholars, to effect whose primary education nearly 500*l.* a-year is spent. The Grammar School at Milton Abbey, in Dorsetshire, enjoys an income of about 200*l.* a-year, and has positively no scholars on the foundation. Plympton catches now and then a solitary youth to accept 220*l.* worth of learning in the year. Coventry is called a "leading case" on the subject of charities. It abounds with free schools and gifts and loans to the poor, enjoying a revenue of 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* One school spends 1,660*l.* a-year on fifty-two boys. Out of a population of 36,000, only 350 children in all are reached by the excessive bounty of the old inhabitants. In spite of these plentiful resources, the education of the town has to be otherwise provided for, and eight schools receive large parliamentary grants. A loan charity, a sort of alms which seldom can do any good, has accumulated 22,000*l.* for want of borrowers. Eleven hundred pounds a-year is given away in small

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sums of money to the poor of the dwindling town. It will be borne in mind that the six past years may have brought reform in some of these instances.

It is, of course, deceptive to pick out extreme cases of abuse of any kind; but these specimens are only given in order to present more vividly the truth of a common testimony to the enfeebled condition of the small schools. That testimony is most emphatic. The clergy, who naturally have the greatest interest in institutions, so many of which are attached to the Church of England, complain of their hindering effect, especially in the rural parishes. The Bishop of Carlisle says they are the curse of his diocese. Many go so far as to wish their extirpation. But wherever the hand of reform has touched them the testimony is changed, and they spring into vigorous and useful life. They must come down to their circumstances and find their level in society, give teaching which will be taken, go abroad and search for scholars. There is work enough for them if they will travel where they are wanted. If the slightest scruple could be felt in reforming such schools, lest the poor should be improved out of their heritage, it would be met by a reference to the class of persons who actually enjoy the benefit of them. Mr. Cumin, an Assistant Commissioner, upon whose Report we have already drawn, took special pains to inquire to what grade of society the parents belonged. His opinion is unhesitating that there is no appreciable difference between the rank of those who obtain for their children education in the free grammar-schools, and those who pay for it elsewhere. It is not the poor who are endowed. The poor, in the proper sense, seldom desire education; or at all events are not willing to forego for it the slight wages of their children's early labour.

Perhaps the most conspicuous instance of the gradual rise in the rank of a school is to be found in one which has always held the first place among educational charities—Christ's Hospital. Established originally for the poor, it drew for some time monthly contributions from the rich citizens, and scholars from the destitute classes of London. In 1601, the Poor Law removed the pauper and foundling children elsewhere; the subscriptions ceased, and the charity was left to itself. By degrees the scale of education rose, and at the same time the presentations, which were in the hands of official trustees, became desirable to the sons of the middle classes. A happy thought struck the governors, that

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by admitting, in a fashion which is now common, other governors who would contribute to the institution, they would benefit the charity, and distribute the labour of selecting objects. At least these reasons must be conjectured, for the modern system cannot be traced beyond the middle of the last century. A governor who paid for his place naturally expected patronage in return; and so presentations to the Hospital have long been bought and sold. For the addition of about 6,000*l.* a-year to a realised revenue of more than 50,000*l.* the charity has sold itself to 500 or 600 governors, who, for 500*l.* apiece, acquire a vested share for their nominees in about the best education which can be had in the country. A show of charity is kept up by fixing a limit to the income of the boy's parents; but the trustees doubt their power to refuse a child duly presented; and the limit has gradually risen, even of late, from 300*l.* to 500*l.* a-year. The same idea of proprietary right often injures the preliminary training of the boys. A recent rule faintly insists on their ability, on entrance, to read the Gospels in English: but it is told of a mother, herself the mistress of a National School, who brought her son at eight or ten years of age to the Hospital, and was asked how it was that he did not even know his letters, that she innocently replied, "We knew he was to have the presentation, and so did not think it worth while to teach him anything." The magnitude and reputation of the Hospital mark it out for special reform; and a new report upon it, presented to Parliament in 1864, may perhaps draw the attention of our new Legislature.

Passing, for a few paragraphs, to the consideration of charities for the poor, we find their great fault to be that gifts of money and small alms require, more imperatively than free education, or hospitals, or churches, an amount of personal service in their distribution which cannot be procured. For it is not everyone who is sick, or will be taught, or go to church; but if money is to be had for the asking, plenty of people will be found to ask for it. The majority of these charities are moreover confined to particular parishes, so that if they grow much in value, there is a positive lack of deserving objects. The result is that relief is given to almost all applicants. Trustees have not time to search out the proper cases—they must do their work at once, and wholesale.

"The hand of living charity is held out only to present need; it promises no periodical alms to indolence and importunity: and if it

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necessarily somewhat impairs the spirit of independence, it produces goodwill and gratitude. The 'dead hand' of the founder of an annual dole does not distinguish between the years of prosperity among the labouring classes and years of distress; in prosperous years it leads those who are not in need to represent themselves to be so; it holds out annual hopes to improvidence; it more frequently excites jealousy and ill-feeling than good will, both on the part of the recipients towards the distributors of the charity, and among the recipients themselves."—*Report of Education Commissioners.*

The favoured districts are sought out by the idle; even the industrious crowd into places where there is little work to support them, and pay away in enhanced rents the money which they receive from the fund. Poverty is often not only not mitigated, but actually increased.

This has been found to be the case at Bristol, where the parochial charities are in excess. A woman was found there who had taken lodgings in three different parishes for the sake of the charities. There is a famous charity, provided by one Jarvis in 1793, for the poor of three parishes in Herefordshire. It soon came to be worth more than 100,000*l.*, and the income equalled the wages of all the labourers within its range. The pauper population increased in ten years 20 per cent., in twenty years nearly 40 per cent., in thirty years 60 per cent. That of the surrounding parishes sank. There was no increase of work, and the landowners could not be expected to provide cottages for men who did not come to work. Overcrowding and idleness produced their natural result. The paupers lived in the most wretched condition, and in alternate want and excess. So bad had matters become, in 1852, that an Act of Parliament had to be obtained to divert a large portion of the fund to the purpose of education, and, in defiance of the express direction of the founder, to spend a good round sum in bricks and mortar. There is a fund distributed, in bread, in winter, to the poor of the parish of St. Martin's, in Salisbury. In the winter of 1854-5, some attempt was made to ascertain the really necessitous poor; and a number of ladies, visiting in districts, furnished the clergy and churchwardens with a list of the families who, they thought, were in need. This list contained the names of about 280 families, exclusive of those inhabiting the almshouses. But the distribution was not confined to this list. A great number of other persons claimed to participate on the ground, not of their poverty, but that they had formerly received a portion of the dole. The officers were not strong enough to carry out their reform.

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Amongst the claims yielded to were those of the families of men in constant employment at good wages. The bread was ultimately divided amongst about 1,500 persons—nearly two-thirds of the entire population of the parish.

It is not, of course, all charities for the poor which reach so unenviable a distinction. Almshouses are often of the greatest benefit; and pensions and allowances to decayed or suffering members of particular trades or societies, may well be distributed by officers who have personal knowledge of the applicants, have not too many to deal with, and take special interest in their work. It is routine and excess which lead to so great evils. But even the smaller charities of this kind have peculiar defects. It is of no great advantage to the religion of a parish that its poor inhabitants are classed into four sets, each of which goes to church on its one Sunday in the month to receive loaves, and, of course, as punctually keeps away on the other three.* It does not improve the morals of a town to apply its public charities to turn the scale at elections, as is said to be done at Coventry, Canterbury, and other places. It has been ascertained that of 500 recipients of "Lovejoy's Charity" at Canterbury, 145 are totally improper objects, 132 may possibly be fit persons, and 110 are; as to the remaining 113, nothing was discovered. At Manchester the Mayor's Charity distributes more than 2,000*l.* a-year among a population of 200,000. It is of course impossible for the town officers to do it personally. Tickets are distributed to the ratepayers; and that they reach deserving persons, or that the articles given ever get to the hand of the person named on the ticket, there is little or no proof. A woman who sold oranges at public-houses obtained three recommendations from the publicans, who knew nothing of her at all. And there is recorded a case of a son, a manufacturer and employer of labour, who recommended his own father. A movement was recently set on foot for establishing a ragged school out of this charity—a very good indication of the opinions of those who know its effects.

Even the most reckless distribution will not exhaust the funds of many charities. Their objects have totally failed. Often the kindred of the founder are specified, but are not to be traced. There are large provisions of this kind for families of the names of Grey and Smith. The property of the Smith's Charity, which dates from about the time of the Restoration,

* Lugwardine, in Herefordshire.

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is in land round the Kensington Museum and Brompton, which, it is calculated, will by-and-by be worth 50,000*l.* a-year, and ultimately far more. St. Dunstan's-in-the-East has surplus charities which will soon reach 3,000*l.* a-year. Loan charities, though much abused, seem to accumulate. Apprenticeship stands for 50,000*l.* a-year, while, in the towns where the charities are, the system of apprenticing is almost gone out. In St. Dunstan's-in-the-West only three applications for the apprenticeship fees had been made in six years; at Ravenstone in Buckinghamshire, only twelve in seven years; though the money for this purpose and for clothing exceeds 5,000*l.* a-year. An apprenticeship fund belonging to the parish of St. Antholin's, in the City, has had no object for many years.

We will not overtax attention by multiplying instances. Enough has been told to excite wonder why a practical and thrifty nation like ours should have allowed so much good money to be worse than thrown away. But the fact is, that a local charity, however bad, has the local support to defend it against general reform, and abundance of vested interests to repel any innovations from within its own district. And charities for the poor can always call in aid a popular sentiment far beyond the power of reasoning. The clergy know most about these evils; but how many rectors would risk their position by raising a parochial strife about a few pounds a-year, or to be branded as robbers of the poor man's bread? In a small society a little obstruction does a great deal of mischief. It is necessary to apply the moving power at a greater distance from the rough ground, and diminish the friction by driving with a large wheel. Moreover, not a few of the reforms which our remarks have indicated necessarily require the interference of some power which can look over the whole country and treat equitably the claims of all districts. In spite, therefore, of our natural repugnance to centralisation, the project is gaining ground of a new Board—perhaps a Committee of the Privy Council, perhaps the present Education Committee—which shall exercise a larger jurisdiction than either the Charity Commission or the Court of Chancery, and undertake freely to administer the charity property of the nation for the national benefit. It is not to be expected that such a scheme should easily be forced into law. No one could tell how far the equalising and varying powers of the Committee might go; they could hardly be defined, and Parliament could not undertake to consider separately all their schemes. Every important charity would

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dread interference; and to pass a bill against the influence of the large charities proved too mighty a task for Mr. Gladstone himself in the zenith of his reputation. But we believe that the public mind is becoming more alive to this waste of public money; that the necessity of a constant revision of the application of endowments is gaining a stronger hold, and that a new and more vigorous Legislature may reasonably be expected to throw off the dead weight of private and merely local interests, and assert the right and duty of the State. Not that it is a part of any one's creed that no preference is to be given to the homes of the old-established charities, no respect paid to the wishes of the donors, no regard to the reasonable expectations of the recipients. A local public is not the same thing as the general public; and it is a much bolder step to transfer the money of a parish to another parish, than, for instance, to re-distribute the funds of a national church, which, though subsisting even with distinct endowments in each ecclesiastical district, yet forms a whole, whose interest is superior to the interest of any part. But a charity, too, is a matter of national interest; and, at all events when the neighbourhood to which it is attached has drawn as much good out of it as can be had, the remainder may be dealt with freely. No municipality has a right to persist in pauperising itself; no hamlet to insist on its exclusive right to an education which it does not use, or from which it derives nothing but harm. The paternal care of the State may assume a wholesome guardianship over these prodigal or imbecile communities, stimulate them by privation to labour for themselves, or at least put their mismanaged goods under the eye of a public curator. The inertia of local bodies is always in excess; and we shall be glad to see a powerful central board made responsible for the general management of our charities, armed with large powers, and quickened by constant questionings in Parliament.

At least a totally new system should be tried before we give any heed to the suggestions of those tempters who invite us to a comfortable despair of the utility of all endowed charities whatever. To these theorists the abuses which move us to urge reform are comparatively a trifling argument; at most they but furnish an illustration of the just vengeance which follows all departure from the inexorable laws of society. They rise to general principles. Why, they ask, in the first place, should one age lay up stores of relief for the natural wants of the next? Each generation of men contains its proportion of crime, vice, and debility. It must be calcu-

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lated upon. It is an outgoing, a charge upon our life-interest in the accumulated wealth bequeathed to us, a tax on the profits of our industry, an allowance for wear and tear. Why should it be provided for beforehand? It is not a debt, extraneous and costly, but a perpetual working expense of society. Why should a sinking fund be established? Why should it be redeemed? Would not the money be better "fructifying in the pockets of the people?" Is it not wasteful to place in the hands of trustees funds which would be better employed by private owners? Charity estates can never be so well managed as the property of individuals, nor is it so easy to bring them into the market. The land is half locked up. Besides, there is a more sentimental reason. It is wholesome discipline for each successive rank of men to provide for its weak members. It promotes the kindly feeling of society; it restrains the excess of prosperous haughtiness, and it is not against this that the result of throwing the needs of the poor upon their contemporaries is a more vigilant economy. Relief ought to be economical. It is no kindness to the necessitous, as a class, to be lavish. To learn to do as far as possible without assistance is better than to be assisted.

Again, the experience we have dilated upon shows, more strongly than any reasoning, how unwise it is to endeavour to dictate to our successors. We can only judge, and benefactors do not judge too well, the special needs of our own days, those which the current manners and politics create, those which the current thought deems most important. How then can we tell what will be a judicious charity thirty years hence? We point at the absurdity of old charities, which prescribed what was once thought necessary and glorious—doles to all comers, loaves on condition of going to church, colleges of old bedesmen. Are we so much wiser? Will our children have so low a view of bread and beer, and so high a view of gratuitous reading and writing? Will they not take up unimaginable nostrums of their own, and want all the spare money in the kingdom to carry them out with? Will economy be their crown of virtues, and the highest charity a reduction of the poor's-rate? And here the lawyers come in. They ask, some of them, why perpetual entail, which all social reformers have for centuries been trying to restrict in private property, should be allowed in public? If we will not let a man tie up his savings for generation after generation of his own descendants, why do we let him fasten upon them an endless trust for the benefit of a long line of strangers, whom his self-

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propagating body of trustees may nominate to take the enjoyment, to them and their successors for ever?

Such ideas receive a powerful impetus from that small but striving sect who propose to treat the problems of civilisation on a purely scientific basis. To these, all that is local, peculiar or loose in an institution is abhorrent. That it should be left to self-elected trustees, here and there, to pick out particular *misérables*, and on their own principles, unchecked and irresponsible, apply for their help funds which are of a public nature, is opposed to every principle of social science. Let all be properly arranged. Classify human miseries into compartments, and let each sick pauper or ignorant citizen register himself for the public bounty, if that may be called bounty which is a matter of right. Let the proper officer administer the regulated relief on fixed principles, and the State proceed in harmonious and systematic working. Away with partial and private arrangements. Deal alike with all equal members of the community, and let the full force of a rigid machinery be brought to bear upon those who suffer under no misfortune but idleness. Above all, let us not be fettered by musty deeds. It is hard enough to rouse the spirit of the present multitude to a sense of their needs and their duty; but at least let the path be smooth along which they have to be coaxed or driven. We know little of the true steps to our improvement; but at least we know more than was known thirty years ago. Let us not to our reverence for past ideas add the obstacle of fixed institutions. Let our money be at the command of our mind, and not clutched in the hand of timid trustees, or owned by the clauses of an old parchment.

There is not much danger, we think, that the French social science, in its extreme form, will carry much favour in England. We love liberty too much, and we oppose to it a school of philosophy almost as radical, though less despotic. But a department of policy which is so open to reform as that we have described, is just the place where clean-sweeping ideas are likely to gain a footing. And large and clear principles have a power over the minds of thinking men far beyond the point up to which they are deliberately accepted as rational and useful. There is something very fascinating in the thought of beginning afresh, and trying in a clear field the working of the latest results of political speculation. And even where this energetic passion is not in play, most men have some liberalism about them, some desire to abolish restrictions and privileges and peculiarities, and put every-

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thing, if not under a management, at least upon a system that is central.

To a certain extent we have admitted that centralising change in the administration of charities would do good. But that is all. Reasons crowd upon the discussion against interfering with the foundations for any purpose but to reform them as they stand. In the first place, we do not, in any department of the State service, confine ourselves to proper charges on income. When we spend money on a great war, in a public building, on an iron-clad navy, we are prescribing the use for a long time to come of a portion of the national income. Whether we pay for our policy, or borrow the money and create stocks, comes to the same thing. The only question is as to the wisdom of providing at all beforehand. Do the purposes in question require the stability of a legal organisation? No doubt they do not, as they once did. The modern charitable society supplies to a very large extent the place of the old-fashioned endowed corporation. Its movements are more nimble, its organs more easily adapted to the times, its fleeting revenues more carefully administered. And our conception of the duties of the State is widening as well as narrowing. But as we find, in politics, that though a dependence on the constant support of public opinion gives the most sensitive life to the Government, yet some reserve of power is necessary to the steady working of its functions, so the managers of the most popular charitable societies will testify how much waste is occasioned by the necessity of guarding against the fluctuations of their incomes. Public opinion is restless; it moves in large waves, hither and thither; its tides ebb: they flow again; but in the meantime myriads of living creatures die on the strand. There is too much human happiness dependent on a charity to stake upon a caprice of fashion; too much, even, to stake upon caprice of legislative fashion. A rigid economist seizes the strings of the public purse, and warns the admiring taxpayer against extravagance. A war comes, and all civil lists must be revised. A rising debater exposes the abuses of the department; and the sympathy of the Ministry is withdrawn with its confidence. Lately all voices cried for a reduction of the Education Vote. Now the people are to be taught, whether they will or no, at any cost. Fifty years ago we thought it worth while to pay anything for a European position; now we should give something to get rid of it. The most popular and plausible Chancellor of the Exchequer would be hard set to fill his coffers if he had

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no endowments, no established, expected, and, so to speak, vested imposts to calculate upon.

There is room, therefore, in the vast system of public relief, for charitable endowments; and that, not only for securing sufficient resources—which would be accomplished, perhaps, by an endowment avowedly public and freely expended, under an annual parliamentary vote, by a Bureau—but for securing objects which may have their utility, but cease to be popular. And if the argument of economy is to be pushed to its extreme limits, it is not impossible to turn it against its own advocates. Is it so clear that a central management is economical, or a public local one either? Your scheme may be more unmixedly useful, but where will you get faithful servants? Let the Admiralty reply. Remember the workhouse disclosures. Ask what would be the condition of the education grants if they were not served out to private trustees, animated by religious zeal. The governors of a charity may be in the main remiss, and incapable of enlarged views of their duty; but there are generally two or three, at least, to whom their office is a pride. Such men are priceless; and it is labours like theirs which are apt to be overlooked in reasoning out a political calculus.

Indeed it will not do to treat this question as one merely of figures. It is not so derived. A stronger and warmer impulse than the general good of the State gave these charities birth. It is not because the idea of national unity governs so strongly our present thought, that we are to forget that national virtues are sown and nurtured upon narrower ground. Intercourse is now so quick and easy, that the circle of our personal interests is far wider than it formerly was: but yet we do not desire to supplant by patriotism the special interests of home, village, town or country. The childless founder recognises in his native city the fittest heir of the wealth which he first drew from it. The squire perpetuates his Christmas bounty to the poor of his own parish. And when, in course of years, the giver's memory is dead, and the charity is become almost a public property, there yet survives, in the local administration and in the class distribution, a binding force which is not to be transferred to any general scheme. Careless administration and over-provision breed great evils: but endowed charities, like private benevolence, while they temper the stiffness of systematic relief, inflict less injury upon the wholesome desire of independence.

It would be but a short-sighted policy to confiscate the local operation or government. Once lay it down that a

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charity is substantially a gift to the Treasury, a mere yielding up of all private ownership; an abdication at once of the testamentary power and the right of family inheritance, and benevolent bequests will be left to that spare class of persons, who, in despair of all other objects, leave their money to the National Debt Commissioners. It is true that the State gives a larger power of disposition for charitable gifts than for family settlements, and may well therefore interfere with their management, though it permits the most monstrous abuse of private property. But is it wise needlessly to restrain the donor from selecting for relief a special misery which he has felt in his own person—from endowing his own neighbourhood, his own profession, even his own kindred? If money is wanted for those who are beaten in the competition of life—if there is to be mercy for the poor whose poverty cannot be defined by Act of Parliament, or dealt with by the rough frown of the guardians—if private bounty is the better for a nucleus of endowment, and the hands that are willing to work at distributing are not always full, surely encouragement and not scorn should be shown to those who, with more or less wisdom or self-sacrifice, still think the poor worthy of their posthumous care. No reasonable man will object—at least in the case of others he would not object—to such timely remodelling of his design, as he himself, with prophetic knowledge and forestalled ideas, would have provided. But there is a wide difference between reform and confiscation; and even if, in practice, changes may judiciously be made, under the aspect of extension, to a result of obvious general utility, it is better to claim them, not for the arrogant authority, but for the wise fidelity of the Government. A prudent ruler dissembles his power.

We pronounce, therefore, firmly, for a conservative liberalism in dealing with this branch of reform. It is the more difficult path for many minds; but in this instance it will be the easier. The power of the vested charitable interests may be measured by the fate of the late proposal to subject them to the income-tax—a topic which we have not space to discuss. No general measure will be carried easily. The history of former legislation is one of wearisome delay and constant obstruction. Of all subjects, therefore, this is the one where reform should not wear the face of revolution. Let it come in the shape of enlarged powers, and the removal of restrictions. Let the active management, the motive power, be sought where it can be found—in the neighbourhood of the charity. Give large discretion, and lay down

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wider schemes. Then let a powerful central Board be entrusted with legislative authority enough to stimulate its energies. Let it advise, direct, curb, and, when necessary, spur. The usual methods of concentrating administrative power will follow. A minister may bring public opinion to bear upon local interests. Rules of reform will be laid down, canvassed, superseded; and as a more active dealing brings to light the true uses of public money, endowments will grow; or, if not so, at all events our *laissez-faire* policy may give place to some more vigorous view of the beneficial functions of the State.

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ART. II.—1. *The History of Scotland; from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of* 1688. By JOHN HILL BURTON. Four Vols. Edinburgh and London. 1867.

2. *The Greatest of all the Plantagenets; an Historical Sketch.* "Pactum Serva." London. 1860.

3. *Sketches of Scottish History.* By COSMO INNES. Edinburgh. 1857.

4. *The History of Civilisation.* By T. H. BUCKLE. Volume II. London. 1861.

5. *The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude. London: Parker. 1858.

6. *Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS, F.R.S.E. &c. Edinburgh and London. 1858.

7. *The History of Dumbartonshire.* By JOSEPH IRVING. Dumbarton. 1857.

8. *Chastelard: a Tragedy.* By CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE. London. 1866.

9. *The Scot Abroad.* By JOHN HILL BURTON. 1864.

10. *The Life of St. Margaret of Scotland.* By PROFESSOR SHAIRP. "Good Words," August 1867.

11. *Les Histoires Modernes de l'Ecosse.* Par LOUIS ETIENNE. "Revue des Deux Mondes," 1 Sept. 1867.

12. *The Wallace Documents.* Edinburgh. 1841.

THERE is one advantage in placing a long list of works at the head of an article: it supplies with books of reference those who may wish to take the subject up more thoroughly. And this is something in an age when the yearly crop of new publications is so great and men's leisure so small that not a few really valuable works pass more or less completely out of sight every season. Books like *The Scot Abroad*, embodying the results of long and patient research, are published, reviewed, read by a few, and then relegated to "the libraries of the curious." As for the publications of the societies—such as the Bannatyne, Maitland, Spalding, and Early English Text—they are not even seen by the general reader. If it were not for his *Saturday Review* he would not so much as know of their existence. Nor can this state of things be altered, in spite of all that Mudie and his fellows do to mitigate it, until in every country-town there is a really good

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library, where, as a matter of course, there will be copies of everything which can claim to be a standard work on its own subject. Whether London is socially overgrown or not, there is undoubtedly a great deal too much centralisation in the literary world. Why should a poor professional man in Westmoreland or Dorsetshire, whose tastes happen to be archæological or historical, have to choose between buying what he cannot afford to buy and making a journey to town? If he can do neither he will not be displeased to have a list of authorities on both sides prefixed to any paper on what may happen to be his favourite subject; that so he may at any rate know what to borrow when occasion serves.

But Mr. Burton's history, which we have placed at the head of our list, is the work to which we chiefly wish to draw attention. It is the last work of a well-practised writer; and it maintains views on various points which will, we think, be new to many of our readers. Mr. Burton differs from all former Scottish historians, in that he does not fill his early chapters with lists of shadowy kings and the record of more than doubtful events. Still less does he leave out the archaic period altogether (as Robertson does); on the contrary, he lays before us a full account of what archæology really has to tell about the "unrecorded ages." He can hardly be said to approach this part of the work in the spirit of an antiquary, for he has not a trace of the credulity which is supposed to be ingrained in the antiquarian nature. He simply takes the period from Agricola to Malcolm Canmore, and fills his first volume with what a German would call an *excursus* on the Roman occupation and the Roman remains; with another on the sculptured stones; another on Picts' houses, burghs, and vitrified forts; another on the Scoti; and so forth. Quite apart from its value in connection with the rest of the work, this first volume is a most useful summary, not spoiled by being made too popular, of all that has been said and indeed can be said on early Scottish antiquities. Mr. Burton has no antiquarian hobby. He belongs to the school of Niebuhr in its latest development under men like Sir G. Cornewall Lewis. Hence what he does affirm we may take it for granted has been proved beyond possibility of question. His usual plan is to give the opinions on both sides, and to leave his readers to form their own judgment, if they care to do so. Thus the great Pictish controversy, which we all remember in the *Antiquary*, and which few Scots of a generation ago could have talked over in cool blood, he treats with the most lawyer-like placidity. Whether the Picts were from the island Peuké, at the mouth

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of the Danube, whether they were Celts, or Teutons (as Pinkerton asserts), he does not pretend to decide. But, instead of giving the list of Pictish kings, "that beadroll of unbaptised jargon that would choke the devil," as Monkbarns called it, he states the reasons for and against the Celtic and Teutonic theories respectively with the scrupulousness of a conscientious Gallio who is summing up a case which he cannot help letting us see he thinks is not worth settling. For, rich as he is in archæological details, Mr. Burton has not the reverent heart of the true antiquary. He is always fond of a sly hit at the men who (in spite of their crotchets) have really done so much to make history and ethnology something more like exact sciences than they were in the days of conventional history-making before archives were visited and State papers were published. Scotchman though he is, he evidently enjoys (for instance) the way in which Karl Wex, who edited *Tacitus* some fifteen years ago and went to the original MSS., shows that the names of Scotland's chief river and her chief mountain range are due to mis-readings in the *editio princeps:* Tacitus wrote Tanaus, not Taus; and Groupius, not Grampius. Then, again, he feels sure that Richard of Cirencester was forged by Charles Julius Bertram, English Professor in the Royal Marine Academy at Copenhagen. The Professor hoaxed Stukely about some supposed MSS.; and sent him a specimen, which so roused the antiquarian's curiosity, that Bertram was obliged either to go on forging, or to confess his original deception. The forgery deceived men like Gibbon, and Pinkerton, and Chalmers; and (adds Mr. Burton, with pleasant irony) "General Roy actually used it in his survey to rectify the position of Roman stations."* Then, again, he is always ready to give a kick against the tottering fabric of Druidism. This is the one point on which he forgets his legal impartiality, and becomes not merely satirical but unfair. We expect the author of the *Edinburgh Review* article of July, 1863, to talk of "the tawdry stage decorations of Druidism," and to say that "Druidism like phlogiston is used to explain anything that baffles explanation;" but we certainly think Mr. Burton's scepticism goes a little too far in this direction. Seeing that Cæsar and Lucan and others would hardly have invented a faith and a priesthood for the ancient Celts, it certainly rests with the unbelievers to show that Druidism is all an absurdity,

* The whole question is discussed at length in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1865.

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instead of crying out that it must be so because of the ridiculous theories which some enthusiasts have built upon its facts. Very irreverent, too, is the way in which he talks of Sir R. Colt Hoare's explorations in Wiltshire burrows, of which he says, that "really you cannot learn more about those who reared the mounds from the bits of pottery and so forth that are found in them, than you could as to the wearers from examining a hundred pairs of old shoes or a hundred worn-out thimbles." The remains (he well reminds us) may belong to any age within certain limits; people did not leave off making flint weapons the moment bronze was invented; and, as for the skull theory, set going by Professor Nillson, why should skulls have been invariably of one shape then any more than they are now? We need reminding, too, in these days when material progress is made the *summum bonum*, that "man with his self-will is not analogous to the layers of the material world. You cannot establish your graduated progress, with each step marked by some advance in comfort. The modern Athenians have steam printing-presses; yet surely they are in true civilisation behind their ancestors who did not know the use of the arch. The beautiful little arrow-heads called elf-arrows are perfect in their way, and show 'high civilisation' of one kind in their makers." Again, in religion Mr. Burton lacks that abundant faith which we lately saw exhibited by M. de Montalembert. He talks disrespectfully of bishops, as men of small account, whose only use was to ordain, and who (when not wanted for this work) ranked as simple brethren among the rest, the abbot—a man most likely of princely race—being perhaps not even in priest's orders. The list of Welsh bishops, so numerous and elaborate, he says will not bear investigation. Lupus and Germanus, of whom he flippantly remarks that "they frightened off the Saxons by the wild howling of their hymns"—scarcely a fair way of describing the Hallelujah victory—are, he thinks, the only substantial personages out of a crowd of shadows. But for Bede's high character for truthfulness, he would reject the whole history of St. Ninian and the Pictish church of which Whithorn in Galloway was the capital. Clearly he thinks, as Mr. Wright does, that, except in a few districts, British Christianity was swept away with Roman civilisation. A good instance of his sceptical manner is his treatment of St. Patrick, who, he says, may possibly be the same person as Palladius, or may even have been nobody at all; while, on the other hand, sceptic-like, he is quite credulous in another direction, and thinks, because

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Colgan, in his Life, says Patrick's real name was Succoth (*i.e., Deus belli*), and that an estate in Kilpatrick parish is called Succat, the saint (if he ever lived at all) was a Scotchman from near Dumbarton. Nor does he spare the saints who laboured in Scotland. At Kentigern (the St. Mungo of Glasgow) he pokes a good deal of unholy fun; and of St. Serf he says, "he is remarkable for the neatness and appropriateness of his miracles," citing the instance of the stolen lamb bleating out of the stomach of the man who stole it. Altogether he is somewhat of an Ishmaelite in religious matters; not afraid on the one hand to talk of the sophistication of Church records, and to say that "it is always suspicious when the title of *bishop* is given to any influential saint in early times," nor ashamed, on the other hand, to point out the no less patent absurdity of making Columba "a great Presbyterian light," and talking of those very worldly persons the Culdees as the pure and saintly predecessors of the Covenanters. One point we are very glad to find him insisting on—that the Irish Church, however founded, grew up with notions of its own, and that the charges of schism brought against it by St. Bernard and others were altogether groundless—it never broke away from what it never was formally united with. The Anglo-Norman church of the Pale was not Irish at all, but simply an extension of the Danish bishoprics of Dublin and Waterford, which looked to Canterbury, not to Armagh, for their primate. The real Celtic church was never thoroughly Papal (though of course, in one sense, Romanist) till Henry VIII.'s time; and then politics, not religion, threw it into the hands of the Pope.*

We are not running away from Burton in thus introducing "the Irish topic." He is the first Scottish historian who has duly recognised the fact that the Scoti were Irish Celts, and that up to the thirteenth century whenever *Scotia* is spoken of, Ireland is almost always meant. These Irish Scots had religious houses of their own abroad, as at Ratisbon and Ingolstadt. Their island, never having come under Roman rule, escaped the universal cataclysm which followed the downfall of the empire. As Mr. Burton says, there can be no doubt that in the sixth and seventh centuries (the darkest of the dark ages), the Irish (Scotic) was the highest civilisation in transalpine Europe. Hence Irish scholars were eagerly sought for on the Continent; and, with the

* On this point see the Art. in the last number of this Review on "The Monks of the West."

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love of roaming which still marks the race, they went through almost all Europe, carrying with them, not only their culture, but also that turbulent *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* which soon became proverbial, as well as a strange habit of relic-stealing, for which questionable practice they soon became as distinguished as they were for superior learning. By-and-by, when Ireland fell to pieces under the attacks of Danes and Anglo-Normans, and Scotland rose to be a nation, the Scotch claimed the exclusive title to the colleges founded by emigrants from *Scotia major*, and the Pope (worshipping success) in most cases admitted their claim.

In Scotland the Scots lost most of their old culture. We can see this in the marked change which the national legends undergo in passing from Ireland to the islands. Compare the chivalric Fenians of the Irish Ossianic poems, whose courteous bearing is an illustration of the truth that chivalry (the exact opposite of Teuton feudalism) is of the Celts, with the rough semi-savages, whose exploits Mr. J. F. Campbell heard recounted round shanty fire-sides in Barra. They lost culture, but they gained hardness, which in that age was far the more important quality. Mingled with Norsemen, with Picts—a stubborn race these must have been, seeing that (says our author) there are more Roman camps in Scotland than in all the rest of Europe—with Angles who, long before the Norman conquest drove them northward, had been filtering across the frontier, they were gradually tempered into the Scots of Scotland, whose greater pertinacity, quite as much as the physical character of their country, enabled them to bring their struggle with England to a more or less successful issue.

But we cannot linger much longer over Mr. Burton's "Unrecorded Ages," albeit the volume which he devotes to them is full of interest. Did we call him sceptical? If he has his doubts about St. Patrick, he is at least full of faith in Roman antiquities. He is certain (for instance) that Lucius Vallatinus used to sell patent medicines near Tranent, because the stamps have been found with which he marked his wares. He believes Chollerford Piers on the Tyne mark the place where Hadrian's wall was carried over the river. He admires Hadrian, "a great worker, not a talker, whose work is only known by the coins scattered about among it" (rather a vague way, one thinks, of identifying masonry). He praises Marcellus Ulpianus the self-denying, "who used to send to Italy for his bread that it might be stale enough to cure him of daintiness." Does Mr. Burton know that in

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India our "pro-consuls" often have bread sent hundreds of miles for the very opposite reason? He is even half-disposed to accept Tacitus's version of Galgacus's speech to his soldiers: "If he did not say it, it is just what he ought to have said; and, now that the terrible retribution it received has given emphasis to the cruel injustice of Roman domination, it is still true that no one has so well expressed its characteristics as he who threw his rebuke right in the face of his offending countrymen." That is a sample of Mr. Burton *in excelsis:* he is not successful in the grand style. Quiet humorous satire, plain suggestive description, acute lawyer-like reasoning on controverted points—those are what he excels in. We should like to follow him through the mysterious vitrified forts, the chambered cairns, and the early Christian work of the Buchan round towers, and the crosses carved with runes and interlaced work. We should like to point out how he laughs at his antiquarian countrymen who (even the sober Chambers among them) have always been ready to manufacture a picturesque history out of a mere list of names, how admiringly he exposes the brilliant forgery of Buchanan, which, by mere force of genius and impudence, imposed on England and indeed on all Europe. But we must push on to the first definite question which crops up when we have done with the sculptured stones and "weems" and other things which might belong to almost any age, and of which no one can say with certainty whether they are prehistoric or post-Roman, the question, viz., Who are modern Scots, and when did this nationality of theirs first acquire something like consistence?

And here we think Mr. Burton is both unfair and inconsistent. After having exalted the Irish Scoti in a way which must have made thoroughgoing North Britons gnash their teeth, after having admitted that tradition must be right in saying that the Scots "absorbed" the Picts and Saxons and the other little peoples among whom Scotland had hitherto been divided, he immediately gives a backhanded blow to the opposite party, and says that, though the resulting kingdom was called Scotland, the Scotic element in it was very trifling; it was almost purely Saxon. He would simply allow the Scoti the same honour which the Graii had—of giving their name to the whole country in an outlying corner of which they lived a barbarous tribe. Moreover we think he is very far indeed from proving his point. Lowland Scotch may be the purest Anglo-Saxon—our Irish friends tell us that the Dubliners speak far purer English than the London folks, and language, we know, can never be accepted as a test of race;

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Lowlander and Highlander may have kept up an undying feud from the days of Bruce to that of the '45—so have the Italian brigands and the people of the towns; so have the Portuguese and Spanish, apparently almost identical in origin. Still, despite Saxon speech and feuds with the Highlander, the Scot stands out in strong individuality as thoroughly unlike the Englishman. He has the stubbornness of the Celt, instead of that pliancy, that yielding to the inevitable, which has always marked the Southron. An Englishman generally knows when to give in. He seldom fights a losing game. Scotland fought on with an inveteracy only equalled by that of the Irish septs, happier and more successful in the end than they because she fought as one while they were crushed in detail. But she fought so much in the face of everything like advantage, that even Scotchmen seriously doubt whether the liberty for which she struggled was worth what it cost to secure it. Naturally the author of *The Greatest of all the Plantagenets* thinks that Edward I. was a far-seeing prince, who felt how much misery would be spared to both countries if they would come at once into those relations under which nature had manifestly intended that they should co-exist; but it is a little curious to find the *Edinburgh Review* (July, 1867) taking the same line, pointing out that Scotland was a great loser by the War of Independence, both in regard to political progress and to material well-being. "The nation gained its independence, but the people failed to gain their freedom." And yet the answer to all this is that by this struggle, however desolating, a nation was created which has done more work in the world, for its size, than perhaps any nation since Grecian times; and that a great deal of material well-being ought to weigh very lightly indeed compared with such a creation as this. Scotland now can afford to be united with England, to sink her nationality in that of the larger country, to let the grass grow in the streets of New Edinburgh, just because Scotland has a past to look back upon. If Edward I. had succeeded, we should simply have had a great extension of our northern counties. Glasgow might still have been a Manchester and Liverpool in one; Berwick might have remained (what it then was) the third seaport in the realm; the Lothians might have become (what they now are) the chosen home of high-farming. We do not think, indeed, that any of this would have come to pass. We believe the fillip of independence was necessary to give things a start. But, had all this material progress come about, where would have been the Scottish

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intellect, where the stubborn faith, where the energy to which we mainly owe our Indian empire? We do not wish to put the Scots in comparison with the Jews, but it at once occurs to us that, if the Antiochuses had succeeded in "absorbing" Judæa, no doubt the material well-being of the Jewish nation might have been immensely increased, but a good deal would have been lost which the world could not afford to do without. This stubborn tenacity, then, this wilful blindness to material advantages, we hold to be more Celtic than Saxon. It is so thoroughly different from the way in which the English behaved after Hastings. Had there not been a strong mixture of Irish Scot, as well as of British Pict, among them, we believe the Scotch would have given in—at any rate, after Falkirk—and would have taken the English course of fighting the battle of liberty step by step in the constitutional arena, instead of winning it once for all on the field of Bannockburn. A noble stubbornness, we hold this to be, which the nature of their country enabled them to justify by success;* and when we read *The Scot Abroad*, and recognise the traces which this little nation has left in modern Europe—as marked almost as those imprinted by its Scotic ancestors in mediæval times—we will not dream of asking, "Was it worth the cost?" and we shall be very well content that the "noble, generous, and far-sighted prince," who had *Pactum serva* inscribed on his tomb, failed in his attempt at union. Yet, at one time, it seemed certain that the advancing tide of Normanism would destroy the feeble plant of Scottish nationality. No sooner does historic light dawn on the darkness, no sooner is conjecture changed into something like certainty at the accession of Malcolm Canmore (big head), whom our author affectedly styles "the son of the gracious Duncan and a molindary maiden," than Norman knights in come, and are, as usual, received at court, and, as usual, marry heiresses and get large estates; their holding which, of course, brings in the feudal system. Happily these Norman nobles, removed from the influence of their fellows, followed almost the same course which others of their race adopted in Ireland, and became in time *ipsis Scotis Scotiores*. But for them, it seems hardly likely that Scotland could have won her independence. Yet their first coming was connected with an act which was always quoted as a precedent by the English invaders. Malcolm does homage to William; as Walter of Hemingford

* For a forcible statement of the way in which Scotland was helped to independence by her physical geography (Ireland being hindered from the same cause), see *The Contemporary Review*, May, 1867.

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has it, "Homo suus devenit, facto homagio et datis obsidibus." In fact, wherever they came, the Normans did their best to destroy anything like nationality. Patriotism was more weakly developed in them than even in the Celtic clans. They were citizens of the world, who looked on all the lands as their heritage, and thought they had a right to choose where they should fix themselves, and whom they should own as their feudal superior. And it was to this suzerain alone that they pretended to offer even such partial obedience as it suited them to render. In fact, there is no doubt but that the Bruces, the Comyns and other Normans established in the country would have made Scotland a second Ireland, *i.e.*, would have owned the same modified and irregular obedience to the English king which families like the Geraldines paid, but for two things—the larger admixture of Saxon in Scotland, and the vindictive way in which Edward I. treated the Bruce family. His conduct in this respect is a sufficient answer to the extravagant praises of the author of *The Greatest of all the Plantagenets*. The slaying of Nigel Bruce, and, still more, the hanging of Seton and Athol (this latter was honoured with a gallows thirty feet above the others, in consideration of his royal blood), ruined Edward's cause among the nobles. Hitherto no Norman blood had been shed by the hangman; but this act of Edward baptized in blood, so to speak, the newborn liberties of Scotland; henceforth nobles and commoners worked together, and, despite constant feuds (at times almost amounting to anarchy), there is no instance in all Scottish history of anything approaching a war of classes—of anything resembling the Jacqueries or Peasants' wars, or Wat Tyler risings, which periodically disturbed the rest of Europe. Of course one reason for this union of classes was the nearness of the English; another, we are always told, was the presence of "the wild Highlander, whom both lords and commons alike looked on as an enemy;" but surely a still stronger reason was the admixture of this very Highland blood, which made the Scottish nation loyal to its chiefs in a very different sense from that in which the English understood and practised loyalty. As soon, indeed, as they were settled in the Lowlands, they at once began to repudiate all kinship with their Celtic cousins up in the mountains; naturally enough, they determined to keep them out from the fairer land into which they themselves had entered. But, in spite of all their protests, in spite of the readiness with which (like their fellows in Gaul and Ireland) they lost their Celtic speech, in spite of the strong anti-Highland feeling which comes out alike in the record of

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Bruce's wanderings and in the old town chronicles, and which was so ably worked up in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, and elsewhere by the Highlander-hating Sir Walter Scott, and which shows itself in the joy with which the Battle of Harlaw was hailed as a national victory, almost every page of Scottish history proves how strong this Celtic mixture must have been, and how influential it was in keeping alive the national feeling against England. But for it, nobles and commons could never have pulled together. Instead of a compact nation, Scotland would have been a second Flanders, torn in pieces by the persistent feud between knight and burgher, never able (however great its material wealth might be) to take rank among the kingdoms, because it was not a kingdom at all, but a heterogeneous mixture of feudal estates and big towns. Flanders had more than once a Wallace among its burghers; but it had among its nobles no Bruce to carry his plans onward to success. The Flemish nobles stood aloof from the townsmen, and the townsmen owned no fealty to the nobles, save that which was prompted by self-interest. There was none of that happy mixture of Celtic loyalty with Saxon stedfastness which marked the Scottish people, and the value of which Mr. Burton (though ready enough to admit the influence of the early Scotic civilisation) does not sufficiently recognise in the struggles of later times. Hating the Highlander, who harried his lands and lifted his cattle, the Lowlander still, at every turn, betrayed his kinship with this same Highlander. Not to speak of other things, it is this which gives their peculiar ferocity to Scottish wars,* and which makes internal dissension so much the rule that, but for the conformation of the country, Scotland would have fallen as Ireland did. For good as well as for bad, (certainly not wholly for bad), the Celtic blood was there, is there still. Bruce, "young Norman knight," as the English historians are fond of styling him, was more than half a Celt. His adventures resemble those of some Desmond or O'Neill, except in their final issue. The Countess of Buchan, sister of Macduff, head of the "prerogative clan," as we may call it (the clan, *i.e.*, which had the first voice in the choosing of a

* If St. Jerome was good authority in such matters, we should think ferocity was traditional among the Scots. He speaks of having seen Scots in Gaul eating human flesh—cutting off the herdsmen's buttocks, the breasts of slain women, &c. But he is a prejudiced witness: *Pultibus prægravatus Scoticis*, is his description of a theological opponent. The *word* Scot, by the way, is as hard to trace as it is to find out who were meant by the word Pict. Mr. Burton says it is first used by Ammianus Marcellinus, A.D. 360. The Attacotti, whom also St. Jerome stigmatises as cannibals, are explained to be "hither Scots."

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king), was a Celt *par sang*,—she, we mean, for whom "the first English king, the pattern knight, the sagacious prince," reproduced the punishment inflicted on Bayazeed by the savage Tartar.

This, then, is our great quarrel with Mr. Burton's first volume—that he has fallen into the usual mistake of looking on the Lowlanders as Saxon in blood because they are Saxon in speech, and of explaining the patent differences between Scot and Englishmen by "modifying circumstances," rather than by mixture of races. One argument, we think, is conclusive against him. Despite hatreds and quarrels between Highlander and Lowlander (quarrels are often bitterest, we know, among kinsmen), the English had little or no help from the Highlanders. We may be sure that English gold and English influence were not sparingly used in the effort to raise the clans to rebellion; yet the times when Scotland is most hardly pressed are those when the Highlands are most quiet. This does not look like an "alien race always on the look-out to attack their southern neighbours." Had the Highlanders felt as we are so confidently assured they did feel, surely a crafty prince like Henry VIII. would have played among them the same game which he played in Ireland. We should have had some Skeffington or St. Leger landing on the west coast, instead of marching across the border; and so taking the kingdom in flank, as Haco tried to do when he dragged his galleys across the isthmus and floated them on Loch Lomond. Later, indeed, the Clan Campbell began persistently to take the English side; but this was owing to religion rather than to want of national feeling, of which no one who studies their history can accuse the house of Argyle.

But this is a digression; necessary indeed to show how it was that the Normans, who came pouring during in Malcolm Canmore's reign, did not here (as elsewhere) destroy the national spirit. We must now briefly follow Mr. Burton from the year 1068 to the grand outburst of that national spirit in the time of Wallace, premising that concerning this period there are very few contemporary records; on the Scottish side they are entirely wanting: between Adamnan, biographer of Columba, in the seventh century, and Fordun in the fourteenth, there is an almost total blank in Scottish annals; the chief exception being the life of St. Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling and wife of Malcolm, written shortly after her death by Turgot, a monk of Durham, her confessor. Mr. Burton deals with the beautiful history of Margaret in much too off-hand a way. He pooh-poohs Turgot, and thinks the pretty story that her

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rough husband was fond of handling her books tenderly, though of course he could not read them, "a worthless fiction." He says the same of the significant legend that her coffin would not pass his grave; and cynically observes that, "she did no more for him than every female saint does for somebody." Professor Shairp, on the other hand, lovingly traces her career:—hows he and the Saxon nobles took ship for Hungary, the country of her mother Agatha; how they were driven into the Forth by a tempestuous wind; how she walked up from the Forth to Dunfermline hold, sitting down to rest on the piece of rock still called the "Queen's Stane;" how there "the dark Celtic king with the large head soon married the high-minded Saxon princess;" and how, through a life of noble effort, she helped him to mould his divers peoples, "a seething cauldron of conflicting elements," into a Christian nation. For Margaret's name is mixed up with the establishment in Scotland of that church-system which, however corrupt it became afterwards, was at that time a powerful civilising agency. The old Columban church had not thriven according to the glorious promise of its foundation. Hy (Iona) was so often destroyed by Norsemen that at last the monks, in despair, carried off the relics of their founder to Ireland; and the Culdees (God's gillies), freed from any central authority, threw aside all austerity, gave up all missionary effort, and became a set of "bonzes," living a collegiate life for a few years and then returning to their families. Meanwhile the endowments rapidly became secularised: the tendency of the Celtic churches had always been towards oligarchy; abbacies were hereditary in families; and so of course they soon came to be held by laymen, who put in priors to perform the spiritual functions, and who founded families (such as Mac Nab, Mac Vicar, M'Pherson, Mac Intaggart), and lived comfortably in the impropriated granges. Margaret's work was to correct these disorders. Acting under the advice of Lanfranc, she began the work which her son David carried out—the introduction of the stricter and more orderly Roman system. Naturally the Protestant student, however thoroughly Dr. Reeves's book on the Culdees may have convinced him of the folly of trying to find "all the purity of modern Presbyterianism" in the system of those early priests, cannot help grieving over the decay of the native churches. He remembers that the Roman authorities are the painters,—we have no Culdee record of what a Culdee establishment was like; and he reflects that precisely the same charges of worldly living and ignorance and habitual

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breaches of church discipline, were brought by the Roman party against the native clergy both of Wales and Ireland. Remembering these things, he is not disposed to acquiesce so thoroughly as Mr. Burton does in the desirableness of the change; while at the same time he feels that the time was hardly yet come for an independent Church. In no other way, probably, than by union under Rome, could the heterogeneous elements of Scotch nationality have been properly amalgamated. Nor did the Scotch church at all play into the hands of the invader to the same extent as that to which the Anglo-Saxon clergy smoothed the path of Norman William. Though Wishart of Glasgow and the Bishop of St. Andrews are not, all through the struggle for independence, as satisfactory as we could wish, still they are never traitors; indeed, their appeals to Rome had undoubtedly a very considerable effect in bringing about the ultimate result. We are sorry that Queen Margaret should have established Romanism; but we do not see what else she could have done. In Professor Shairp's words: "The native Church was well-nigh dead [is he not here begging the question?] She may be excused for supplanting its decrepitude by the energetic faith of Lanfranc and Anselm; and to expect her to be other than she was is to blame her for not being an historical miracle or anomaly." One point we ought not to forget:—she insisted on the observance of the Lord's Day with a zeal which later Romanists have seldom displayed.

So much for Church matters. Of the growth of feudalism we get hints chiefly from the recorded foundation of Norman families. Thus the clan Frazer is said to take its name from the Norman Frizelle. Bysset, who, with a Norman's usual disregard of anything like patriotism, was always appealing to Henry II., had a Highland following, who aided their chief in his quarrel with Athol by burning his house and killing him amid the flames.* Yet the Celt did not die out so thoroughly as we, having no contemporary Scotch annals to guide us, might suppose, if we trusted the language of a later age, when the line of severance between Highlands and Lowlands had become strongly marked. Even Bower tells how, at the crowning of Alexander III., a Highland senachie took a chief part in the ceremony. "Quidam Scotus, venerabilis quamvis sil-

* Surely it is wrong to speak of such outrages as peculiarly Celtic. In Mr. Freeman's History we find atrocities enough of the same kind recorded among the Normans. The Norman was chivalrous enough when it suited his purpose to be so; so was the Celt. That, in spite of chivalry, both were at times barbarously cruel, only proves that chivalry is just as powerless as "the Code of Honour" to supersede Christian love as a rule of life.

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vester et montanus, honeste tamen pro modo suo indutus." And this must be true, remarks Mr. Burton; for Bower would no more have thought of inventing it than Mr. Bancroft would of making a Red Indian chief assist at the installation of President. The Celtic laws, too, not only those of Galloway, which lasted much later, but those *inter Brettos et Scottos*, were not at once superseded when the Scottish lawyers, copying Glanville and others, began to assimilate their law to that of the neighbouring kingdom. Land-law, in fact, never grew to be the same all Scotland over. The old chiefs and "maarmors" held by Celtic usage, and in the strip of land between the Findhron and the Nairn, Mr. Burton says, thaneship lasted on till the decay of the feudalism. Nor do we at the Battle of the Standard (1138) find any deficiency of Celtic elements. The famous speech of Walter l'Espec, given by Aildred, talks of half-naked Scots, who have no protection but a leather shield, and whose long pikes with soft iron heads can be parried with a staff. It is noteworthy that there is not one expression of patriotism in all this harangue. L'Espec appeals to the Norman triumphs in France, in Calabria, &c. He speaks of victory as being made by Heaven a sort of Norman fief. He enlarges on the barbarous cruelties of the Galloway-men. But he never calls that English land, which his hearers are to save from pillage and rapine, his country and theirs. Bruce, grandfather of the hero-king, was at this time with the English; and, coming to the Scotch monarch, nearly persuades him to retreat and disband the unsatisfactory auxiliaries at whose misdeeds he must (Bruce argues) be heartily disgusted.

Feudalism, then, had not killed out the other elements of Scottish life; but it had naturally brought with it a great extension of English influence. For England was an authority on feudal matters, and therefore was likely to become a court of appeal. Attempts, too, began to be persistently made to enforce a stricter kind of homage than that general confession of superiority which had often been made by the Scotch kings to the Saxon kings after a successful invasion of Scotland. This question of homage has been viewed very differently by different writers. Scottish historians have usually explained the passages (which of course occur only in the English archives) as referring to acts of homage on the part of Scotch kings for estates held by them in England—those belonging to the earldom of Huntingdon, for instance. They have remarked that the only unconditional act of homage ever paid—that of William the Lion when he was captured and sent to Falaise in 1174

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—was cancelled by Richard; who sold his right, or, as some English historians put it, "generously restored the Scottish king to the independence of which he had been accidentally deprived." They say, moreover, that the English entries in the State papers are sophisticated; in Mr. Burton's words, "the forgeries in some cases are as evident as if Charles II. was said to have come by train from Dover to London." Sir F. Palgrave, on the other hand, thinks the homage case fully made out; and wonders that the Scottish nation did not at once acquiesce in the demands of Edward, their undoubted lord paramount. It is instructive and amusing to compare Mr. Burton with Sir Francis, whose views are of course adopted, with greatly increased violence of language by the author of *The Greatest of all the Plantagenets.* Both are lawyers; both seem to the outsider to make a great deal out of a very little, and to give us too much special-pleading, too little insight into the feelings of the contending nations. For, after all, it is not Edward's technical right or no-right, it is the will of the Scottish people by which we feel the question ought to be decided. We could well spare a great deal of Mr. Burton's minute account of the conference at Norham in exchange for a few of those lively descriptions which are so sadly wanting all through his book. He, the author of *The Scot Abroad,* seems to have put a check on himself, as if he thought it below the dignity of the historian to aim at the picturesque. It is almost like making up a history out of Blue Books, to go thoroughly into all the details of the arguments on both sides, forgetting that the English people, though Edward always went through the farce of telling his Parliament what he was doing, said nothing about the matter; and that amid this gathering of Scoto-Norman nobles the Scottish people was wholly put aside. There was a Scottish people nevertheless, as Edward soon found out when appeals from Scottish Courts to Westminster began to prove that the supremacy was something real and practical. This Scottish people had been quietly growing in wealth and importance. Berwick, which (but for the War of Independence) would probably have been the capital of Scotland, is described as being a very wealthy place—"the Alexandria of the North," a chronicler calls it. In Alexander III.'s time, its customs were farmed for more than a quarter of the whole customs' revenue of England; and Scottish burghs had one point of superiority over English burghs, the absence, viz., of every trace of thraldom. We think of early Scotland, as we do of early Ire-

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land, as a place of mere savagery. Mr. Burton shows, from the assize of bread, that among these barbarians white bread of two kinds was common enough. We find records of pastry-cooks and gardeners and other "professors of elegant superfluities." Pepper, almonds, figs, beaver and sable skins were commonly imported. Such luxuries form a long list in a very complicated tariff. Castles—such as Caerlaverock, and Hermitage in Liddesdale, which Mr. Burton regrets have never somehow been put before the world pictorially—show that the nobles, as well as the mass of the people, were far better off than they were afterwards. In fact, Alexander III.'s time is always looked back upon as a sort of golden age amid the troubles which lasted from Bannockburn almost continuously till the Union. Such prosperity as this, not confined to one class, could not have existed without the existence of that Scottish nation to whose determined spirit the Scotch historians rightly attribute the stubborn resistance to Edward and its ultimate success. This resistance was not, as some English writers have striven to show, the desperate attempt of a few ambitious nobles with Bruce at their head. It was the combined effort of a people who had already realised what Barbours so well expressed:—

> ". . . fredome is a nobil thing.
> Fredome makes man to have liking.
> Fredome all solace to man giffis.
> Hee levis at ease that freely levis.
> A noble hart may have none ese,
> Ne elles noght that may him plese
> Gif fredome failyth: for fre liking
> Is yarnit our (o'er) all other thing;
> Na he that ay has livit for
> May nocht knaw weill the properte
> The anger ne the wretchit dome
> That is couplit to foule thryldome.
> Bot gif he had assayit it
> Then all per quer he suld it wit,
> And suld think freedom mair to pryse
> Than all the gold that in warld is."

It was indeed a war in which the alien nobles sided with the people among whom they lived, not that they had yet in most cases developed into patriots, nor that (as we said) they dreaded the vindictiveness of the English king.

And so we come to the Norham Conference, that feudal court of assize in which the wishes of the people concerned were as little cared for as they were later at the Congress of

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Vienna. As a recent writer says,* the high contracting parties "reckoned without that silent inarticulate entity, the Scottish people, who looked on all through the tedious session, with grim dissatisfaction."

Edward certainly, feudalism apart, had claims to be called in as mediator. The Maid of Norway's mother was his niece, born at Windsor in 1261; and, when Alexander was thrown from his horse and killed in 1286, the Scottish estates, meeting at Scone, naturally came to Edward for advice. He was then in Gascony, and remained three years abroad, "waiting" (says Mr. Tytler, the least violent of the elder race of Scotch historians—Mr. Burton is not violent at all) "to see what turn events would take in Scotland." Before very long the Bruces, Balliols, and other rival claimants, broke out in open war; and "the seven earls of Scotland" again appealed to Edward, who summoned them to meet him at Salisbury in November, 1289. The arrangement which he proposed was the betrothal of the Maid of Norway to his son, the Prince of Wales, then a boy of six years old. We all know how this scheme was frustrated; and within a year we have the Bishop of St. Andrews, "chief of the guardians of the realm," "entreating Edward to approach the border, to give consolation to the people of Scotland, to prevent the effusion of blood, and to enable the faithful men of the realm to preserve their oath, by choosing him for their king, who by right ought to be king."† "We shall be involved in blood," the Scottish lords wrote, "unless the Most High provides a remedy by your interposition."

Hence the Norham Conference, which first met in May, 1291. Edward, no doubt, came by invitation; but he came in the spirit of a pettifogger rather than a kingly arbiter. As Mr. Burton says, "a sharp attorney might study the case with a view to prepare obligations to keep people to their bargains." Instead of settling equitably the claims of the competitors, the "sagacious and high-minded king" was wholly intent on getting his own claim to unrestricted homage previously admitted.‡ What he wanted in Scotland was a vassal kingdom, very possibly to be used as a counterpoise to the growing spirit of independence in England. If we credit him with far-sighted designs, we may readily deem that he meant to make that use of Scotland, which Strafford

* *Blackwood*, March, 1867. † Rymer, *Fœd.* vol. ii. p. 741.

‡ Richard had received 10,000 marks for the vassalage, together with the fortresses of Roxburgh and Berwick. So that "the high-minded and sagacious prince" was guilty of cheating in insisting on being recognised as suzerain.

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so long after endeavoured to make of Ireland. Mr. Burton enters *con amore* into all the subtleties of Norman law. He is fond of such work; and apologises for the minuteness into which his tastes have led him, and which calls forth the astonishment of his French critic, M. Louis Etienne, who, while praising "these lawyer-like habits" in a historian, still seems to think the French plan of giving the building without the scaffold work, the results without the analysis of all the authorities, the more artistic method of the two. Now, into the question of homage—which Tytler denounces as an absurd and unfounded claim; while Lingard (strangely enough) thinks he can find evidence of it in Saxon times, and Sir F. Palgrave becomes quite violent in his anxiety to reassert Edward's right—we do not mean to enter. To us it seems wholly beside the question. What was the use of quoting from old charters, whether forged or genuine, when Richard had sold all the rights of the English Crown, whatever they might be? Edward, too, had not dared to act as suzerain; else, instead of lingering in Gascony, he would have come over to take charge of Margaret, who would in that case have been his ward. He did not do so; but now, at Norham, he spends three months in getting his title acknowledged by all the competitors. Then, in August, 1291, the session is adjourned till June, 1292; and a hundred commissioners are appointed, of whom Bruce and Balliol name forty apiece, Edward himself choosing the rest, to act as judges. During the interval, Edward gets hold of the Great Seal of Scotland, breaks it into four parts, and puts the pieces in a bag; he also gets into his hands all the strong places of the kingdom. The moment the Conference reopens, he startles the eighty Scottish commissioners by asking them on what custom or precedent they mean to act. Of course they have never met a parallel case; and beg to be allowed to consult their English fellows, who, however, cannot or will not help them a bit. So the king adjourns the trial for four months more, "that precedents may be sought in other countries." The longer he can spin the matter out, the worse condition will Scotland fall into, and the more ready every one will be, out of sheer weariness, to give in to his demands. At the next meeting, in October, 1292, it is the English commissioners who speak; and they affirm that the succession ought to be determined not according to Roman law, but by usage—*i.e.* English or feudal usage; and that, consequently, Balliol, grandson of the elder daughter of David, King of Scotland and Earl of Huntingdon, was

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lawful heir, instead of Bruce, son of David's second daughter. Roger Brabazon, the chief justiciary, and the other English lawyers having thus spoken, the competitors are asked if they acquiesce in the decision. For the moment they do so; but soon a question is raised by John of Hastings, heir of David's third daughter, about dividing the kingdom. Bruce, too, who when he had thought his own chance a good one had spoken strongly in favour of indivisibility, is now eager to seize his share; while Balliol, whom we look on as such a weakling—whom Mr. Burton, in *The Scot Abroad*, tells us schoolmasters when he was a boy used to have to warn their pupils not to confound with Belial, so much had his name come to be proverbial for all that was foul and disgraceful—stands up for the unity of the kingdom, and thereby acquires a certain dignity, though after all he is but working in the interests of himself as king.

Perhaps of all Scotch historians, Sir J. Mackintosh is the most bitter about the transactions at Norham. He adopts from Hume the exaggeration that Edward was attended there by a great army—the fact being, that a good portion of the men assembled were the retainers of the rival claimants. He says Edward led the Scottish barons into a snare similar to that into which, a year later, he was led by Philip of France in the matter of Gascony. He then compares "the circumvention of the Scots' estates" with the artifices by which the Spanish royal family were inveigled at Bayonne in 1808. The parallel, however, hardly holds; for Edward at any rate gave the Scotch the chance of fighting if they could have made up their quarrels sufficiently to engage in a war. We have already lamented the absence of Scotch contemporary annals. Fordun says that Edward in 1290 told his most trusty councillors, "Now at last the time is come when Scotland and its petty kings shall be brought under my power;" but then Fordun wrote a century after the event. These Scottish chroniclers are certainly not always to be depended upon. Wyntoun says that, before the arbitration, Edward offered to give Bruce the crown if he would do him homage, but Bruce nobly refused; the real fact being that Bruce was the very first to accept Edward as his feudal superior. This story, intended to make out a legal title for the Bruces, is as apocryphal as the tale that after Falkirk young Bruce had a conference with Wallace, and was by him inspired with patriotic sentiments. As to the old-standing friendship between the king and the Bruces, we know that the Earl of Carrick, son of Balliol's rival, went with Edward

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on his crusade; and Rymer gives the following, under the date 1281:—

"*The king to Bonrunonio de Luk, greeting:* Whereas our beloved Robert de Brus, Earl of Carrick, is in present need of money, we request you that you will cause to be advanced or lent to him or to his attorney for his occasion the sum of forty pounds, and we will cause them to be repaid to you. And when you have lent to him the aforesaid money, you shall take from him his letters patent testifying his receipt of the same. Witness our hand. Windsor, 10 Sept., 1281."—*Fœder.* vol. ii. p. 597.

De Luk was a Florentine banker, collector of customs, on whom the king thus "draws his cheque." It is important to establish the fact of a good understanding between Edward and the Bruces, because, whereas the partisans on one side have said that the king chose Balliol, knowing him to be a weak and pliant tool, those on the other have asserted that "no mental weakness supposed to exist in Balliol could be more favourable to Edward's views than the personal friendship of Bruce and his son."

Within four years, however, of his doing full homage for his realm of Scotland, Balliol is in arms against Edward, forced into war by his people, who were determined that, come what might, they would not be annexed. They felt they were freer than the English, and did not wish to become subjects of a prince who seemed very likely to have the best of it in his efforts at home to shirk carrying out the Great Charter.

By what means the Scottish nation, which at that time seemed quiescent and submissive, was worked up to resistance pitch, cannot now be determined. The grievance of appeals to Edward, as lord paramount, had apparently a good deal to do with rousing their discontent, not merely the appeals of nobles like Macduff, Earl of Fife, who in due feudal course appealed from Balliol's judgment, but those of small people who were cast in their suits in the Scottish courts. If Edward was to be the fountain of law and justice, the Scotch felt they might as well give up the farce of self-government altogether. Anyhow, no sooner are Edward's hands supposed to be tied by a French war, than the Scots assemble a parliament at Scone, put all English out of their offices, and confiscate the estates of all Scotchmen who continue faithful to Edward. In this way Bruce loses his lordship of Annandale, which is given to John Comyn. This step is soon followed by an invasion

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of Cumberland, in March, 1296, "in which," says the contemporary *Chronicle of Lanercost*, "the Scots behaved with savage ferocity, surpassing the cruelties of the heathen, burning churches, outraging and slaying nuns, flinging up children and catching them on spears," &c. In the same month Edward storms Berwick. Peter Langtoft says he was the first to enter the breach.

> "What then did Sir Edward? Peer he had none like;
> Upon his steed Bayard first he won the dike."

His policy here appears the same as that of Grey in Ireland in Henry VIII.'s days, when he treated captured garrisons to "a Maynooth pardon," *i.e.* collective hanging; or to that of Cromwell in the same island, when he gave no quarter at the siege of Drogheda—viz., to strike terror into his adversaries by one severe blow at the outset. The plan did not succeed in Scotland; and the ruthless massacre which took place at Berwick—Mr. Burton graphically describes how a large number of Flemish traders, who had taken refuge in "the Red House," were all killed—had no result except to rouse men like Douglas (probably a Fleming by descent) to an almost frantic patriotism.

Of the battle of Dunbar, Mr. Burton thinks a great deal too much has been made. It was a mere skirmish; but it was enough to lay Scotland at the invader's feet. He carries off the Stone of Destiny, causing rings to be fixed in it for the purpose. He gets hold of the crown jewels (jocalia) and curiosities; among which is "a griffin's egg patched with silver." He receives, too, in August the homage of crowds of Scots. "Their names," says Sir Walter Scott, "fill fifty-six sheets of parchment, and most of the noble and ancient families of Scotland are reduced to the necessity of tracing their ancestors among those names which constitute this degrading roll of submission." But this state of things lasts less than a year. In the summer of 1297, while the king is preparing a large force to help the Count of Flanders against Philip, Wallace begins his career; and Edward has hastily to grant all the demands of the popular party headed by the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk, and to move an army towards Scotland.

Of Wallace, the most opposite estimates have been formed by various historians. For one party he is "that unpurchaseable and unmanufacturable thing, a national hero;" for the other, he is worse than Nana Sahib. The author of *The Greatest of all the Plantagenets* is very unfair to Wallace in

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his endeavour to extol Edward. He even asserts that the hero was far from being generally popular; and he lays great stress on his sudden fall from popularity to absolute obscurity.

"Wallace," he says, "appeared on the stage in May, 1297. *The Wallace Documents*, published by the Maitland Club in Edinburgh, in 1841, give that very date: in Chalmers's *Caledonia* we read that Wallace began his operations in May, 1297. In Macfarlane's (*Pictorial*) *History of England* it is stated that Wallace is first mentioned in 1297. On this point therefore no controversy can exist. (2) His career closes as a public man in July, 1298. After this we hear of him once or twice as a fugitive; and at last as a criminal on the scaffold; but no one act is recorded as having been done by him after this month of July, 1298. So confesses Mr. Tytler in his Scottish history, where he tells us that 'his name does not recur in any authentic record as bearing even a secondary command in the wars against Edward; nor, indeed, do we meet with him in any public transaction until his execution eight years after.' And in *The Wallace Documents*, of the Maitland Club, it is admitted that 'immediately after the defeat which he sustained at Falkirk in 1298, he disappears from history, and no traces of him are found until a very short time before his execution in 1305.' It is, therefore, a fact quite beyond dispute, that the whole history of Wallace previous to his execution is a history comprised within fourteen months. Wallace was of Welsh extraction. One of the same name, 'Henry Walleis' or 'Wallies,' was Mayor of London in 1284, and again in 1298. 'The name of Wallies or Walleis,' says the Editor of *The Wallace Documents*, 'simply designates any native of the ancient kingdom of Wales.' His name in a charter still in existence, is given as 'Willelmus Walays.' Still, it seems probable that his family had been settled for more than a century in Scotland, and hence he might have a better claim to call it 'our country' than Bruce, who was in fact an Englishman."

The chief authority for the Wallace traditions, which no doubt have grown up, as traditions grow up in the case of all popular heroes, is *Blind Harry*, who did not write till about 1470. Of the hero's cruelty there seems to be no doubt: it belonged to the age. If he crosses the border, and ruthlessly harries the country from Newcastle to Carlisle, Lord Robert Clifford is meanwhile ravaging and burning in Annandale. The greatest charge against Wallace is that his government was a reign of terror. Wyntoun says:—

> "That samin tyme thair was that made him ploy,
> Men in the north that would not him obey.
> Thairfor Wallace without any demand
> Syne for their treason hangit them ilkane."

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And the author of *The Greatest of all the Plantagenets* says :—

"Wallace's preparations for his proposed invasion of the northern counties throw some light upon his real position with respect to the people of Scotland. 'The majority of the nobles,' says Mr. Tytler, 'being still against him, Wallace found it difficult to procure new levies, and was constrained to adopt severe measures against all who were refractory. Gibbets were erected in each barony and county-town; and some burgesses of Aberdeen, who had disobeyed the summons, were hanged. After this example he soon found himself at the head of a numerous army.' This language makes it quite clear that, however this new leader might be supported by all the men of desperate fortunes, he never had the people of Scotland at his back. Of all the nobles and gentry of that kingdom not more than two or three ever allowed their names to be associated with his; and these gibbets erected in every county-town show that the burgesses were not more enthusiastic in his cause than the higher classes. His followers were indeed from the beginning the discontented, the vicious, and the men of desperate fortunes. . . . All the English writers of that period who go into details concur in charging Wallace with forcing English men and women to dance naked before him, pricking them with lances and swords; with slaying infants at their mothers' breasts; with burning a whole school full of boys, &c. The concurrence of various writers, all living at the time, proves the general belief in these facts. One of these records—*The Chronicle of Rochester*, now among the Cotton MSS. —evinces the impression made on the English mind at that period by the insertion of pictorial representations of these scenes on the margin of that chronicle. Nor does it seem likely that the king himself would have charged Wallace publicly with these crimes, as he does in his letter to Pope Boniface in 1361, if the circumstances had not been quite notorious and beyond dispute."

All that can be said in answer to this is, that no national work ever could be carried out without severe measures being used towards the recusants. With Edward's emissaries doing all they could to stir up troubles at home, with the loyalty of the nobles absolutely *nil*—their part in the outbreak being merely a rebellion, like those of ordinary Norman barons against their sovereign—Wallace's position was a most difficult one. That the people went with him, that from that time to now there never have been two opinions about him in Scotland, is enough to prove that he was doing a national work. We surely need not be astonished that he failed to convince the Scotch lords that they were not engaged in a mere feudal rising which might easily be settled after

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a little amateur fighting, but in a national struggle with a people at their back whose existence they had not hitherto suspected. And when, after Falkirk—lost, be it remembered, by the treachery of the nobles*—the poor helpless nation, still in its infancy as a nation, fell back on "its natural leaders," it was likely enough that Wallace should get into disgrace. It is the danger to which all popular heroes are exposed, until the cause which they support is sufficiently consolidated to do without the *prestige* of old reverence and usage. Once this is done, "the cause" may be trusted to outlast defeats—yea, to grow stronger under persecution. But for this consolidation there was not time during Wallace's lifetime. It came when he was gone; and hence his death seems the martyrdom whereby his country's freedom was assured. This consideration accounts for the opposite charges—of fickleness on the one hand and tenacity on the other—so often brought against "the mob." Popular masses are fickle till they have thoroughly made up their minds and have got well indoctrinated with any theory; afterwards they are only too stubborn and hard to move; hence the first movers in any revolution often fail, while the seed they have sown bears a rich crop for their successors to reap.

After Falkirk, Edward has nothing for it but to retreat, Wallace having utterly wasted the country. So Scotland is left to itself; and our scanty knowledge of what was going on is helped out by a brief note given by King Philip to "William le Walois," recommending him to his agents at Rome, and desiring them to befriend him with the Pope.† Whether Wallace really went to Rome is uncertain. The letter exists, strangely enough, among the Tower of London records: possibly it was taken when Wallace was betrayed. This is

* First, the Earls of Dunbar and Angus gave Edward intelligence of the whereabouts of Wallace's army, and saved the King from a night surprise. Next, the whole of the Scottish cavalry rode off the field, without striking a blow, the moment the battle began, leaving the foot to be butchered in the retreat. In *The Greatest of all the Plantagenets*, Wallace is compared with John of Giscala at the siege of Jerusalem. Of course he was obliged to enforce obedience to what was undoubtedly the will of the people carried out by him; and so we are not surprised to find in Hector Boece, "he made sic punition on tham whilk war repugnant to his proclamation, that the remanent pepil for feir thairof assisted to his purpose." And Wyntoun, in his *Chronykyl*, viii. 13, says:—

"The grettest lordes of our lande
To him he gert them be bowand:
Ild thai, wald thai, all gert he
Bowsum to his bidding bee;
And to his bidding, who was not bown
He took and put tham in prisoun."

† *Wallace Documents.*

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the only *fact* amid much assertion on both sides; the *St. Albans Chronicle* (Cotton MSS.), for instance, asserting that, as soon as the French king knew Waleis was in France, he gave orders for him to be seized, and wrote to Edward offering to deliver him up; Blind Harry, on the other hand, telling us that Philip made his hero Duke of Guienne.

Whether Wallace went to Rome or not, Pope Boniface does interfere, ordering Edward "to abstain from further proceedings against his realm of Scotland, being moved thereto" (says Walsingham, the monk of St. Albans) "by the Scots, who, *knowing all things to be saleable at Rome*, had sent him rich presents." On this Papal interference Mr. Burton remarks that the diplomatic code of Europe, the *comitas gentium*, was kept by the popes; and that we have not gained much by exchanging for their arbitration the rule of brute force under which a big country, as soon as it has got up a case against a little one, straightway sets about devouring it, without waiting to think what any one will say. Archbishop Winchelsey, who delivers the Pope's mandate to the King, has left us, in his letters to Boniface, an amusing account of his twenty days' journey to Edward at Dumfries. The Pope gets for the Scots a respite of two years; then the struggle begins again, until, after various successes, Edward receives the submission of nearly all Scotland, pushing on to Aberdeen and thence into Elgin. Peter Langtoft says—

> "The towns and the counties, and the people all aboute
> To the King fell on knees; his power did them loute
> Unto his peace they yield; fealty to him did sweare;
> Truly with him to hold, no arms against him beare.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "Only the Lord of Badenoch, Frazer, and Waleis
> Lived at thieves' law and robband always.
> They had no sustenance the warre to maintaine,
> But skulked upon chance, and robbed all betwene."

Now, why should Edward, who certainly treated the garrisons of Caerlaverock (where fifty men kept his whole host at bay) and Stirling (which, with its strong Norman walls, held out for three months) with marked clemency, have killed Wallace with every refinement of mediæval atrocity? The chief reason seems to be that which has in later times chiefly made Wallace famous—viz. that he was no mere rebel, but had a national cause to support. "Traitor was I never, for I never gave allegiance to the English king," was Wallace's

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plea: but that only made him the more dangerous. What was to be done with a man who "had come out of the ranks, without any sufficient call, and practically defied all claims of homage, all technicalities of government, all the logic of his age? The mere fact of his appearance was a revolution. His position and existence must have wounded the feelings of every true feudalist." Mr. Burton is disposed to look on Edward as the upholder of Normanism, which had received three almost simultaneous checks—in Switzerland, in Scotland, and at Courtrai in Flanders. It was an age when nationalities were just beginning to show themselves; and therefore its history is specially interesting now, when this same question of nationalities has once more come to the front.

The English chroniclers tell us that Wallace offered to surrender if Edward would, under his own hand, assure him of his life and secure his estate to him. But, says Langtoft,—

> "When they brought that tiding, Edward was fulle grim:
> He belauht him the fiende, als his traitor in londe,
> And ever ilkon his frende that him susteyned or fonde,
> Three hundred merke he hette unto his warison (reward)."

And so he is betrayed and put to death, "his bowels being taken out and burnt, even as he himself had burnt a church full of men and women," says the Arundel MS. of 1320, published in the *Illustrations of Scottish History* (Maitland Club, 1834).

And now, in 1304, Scotland is formally annexed to England, and is divided into four provinces, Lothian, Galloway, Forth-valley, and Highlands, each with an English and a Scotch governor. The latter Edward magnanimously chooses from men who had lately been in arms against him. "But," says Mr. Burton, "though Edward did not know it, conciliation came too late. The Scotch dreaded the prerogative power. Lamberton and the other Churchmen dreaded being displaced, that Englishmen might fill their sees." And so Edward's plan of a grand union parliament at Carlisle is cut short by Bruce's running off from London, slaying Comyn, and being crowned by Wishart of Glasgow. Bruce can scarcely be made into a national hero, like Wallace. He and Wishart are Edward's chief counsellors in all his plans for the new Scottish constitution. Of course they must not be judged by the moral code of the nineteenth century; but still there is in Bruce too much of what Sir W. Scott calls vacillation; as Tytler

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says, "his conduct is *consistent upon selfish principles.*" He has very large estates in Yorkshire; he is Lord of Annandale, the heiress of which fell in love with the first of his name who went to Scotland: he is Earl of Carrick—we all remember the romantic tale, how Nigel's widow, Countess of Carrick, hunting near her castle, met Robert's father, son of the Norham Bruce, and was so smitten with him that she at once became his wife—and so he would not risk his position by rising either with Wallace in 1297 or with Comyn in 1302, for both these were fighting in the name of Balliol, rather than do homage to whom Bruce had retired to his Yorkshire estates. Did he rise at last out of patriotism, or because he had noticed that the king, now in his sixty-seventh year, was getting very feeble, his lower limbs rapidly failing him, or did he leave London simply through having heard of threats which Edward, in his cups, had dropped against him, and was what happened after quite unforeseen by him?

Anyhow, as we said, the cruel vengeance which Edward, maddened at this abrupt ending to his *Forma pacis Scotiæ*, wreaked on Bruce's family, made the Norman nobles join heartily, and no longer as mere feudal rebels, in the popular movement. Bannockburn follows. (Mr. Burton is grieved to find that the burn has been turned aside for manufacturing purposes.) Like Poictiers, it was a battle where everything went wrong with the losing side; even the archers, who generally did such good service, were driven off by Bruce's cavalry. Of the rout, the best description is given in his Scotichronicon by the Carmelite friar Barton whom Edward had engaged to sing his praises, but whom Bruce compelled to sing to quite another tune:—

> "Est dolor immensus augente dolore dolorem,
> Est furor accensus stimulante furore furorem,
> Est clamor crescens feriente priore priorem,
> Est valor arescens frustrante valore valorem."

Thus Bruce is settled on the throne; and the succession is adjusted by pure hereditary law, in a way (remarks Mr. Burton) which would have saved us the War of the Roses had it been adopted in England. Then follows the episode of Edward Bruce in Ireland. To him the Irish, unsuccessful in their appeal to John XXII. (one of the most touching documents in existence), had appealed as to the descendant of noble Scotic ancestors; and yet so divided, even in those times, was that unhappy land, that we find O'Reilly, O'Honogher (O'Connor), and other chiefs had been summoned to join the

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English armament, and were probably present at Bannockburn. More notable is the constant ravaging of our northern counties, because the English king refuses to acknowledge Bruce, and so to set him free to go on a crusade. So effective are those inroads, that, in 1323, Hartela, Earl of Carlisle, Lord Warden of the Marches, forms a plot, in which all the northern counties are more or less implicated, for transferring allegiance to Scotland since the English king is unable to protect this part of his dominions.

From the death of Robert Bruce to the Reformation Scottish history presents no grand feature of world-wide interest, like that which has held us so long about the War of Independence. There is the nation, fairly launched; and a nation it contrives to be through troubles which would have swamped a less buoyant spirit of independence. David Bruce was merely a rash headstrong knight, who began that course of personal immorality which all his successors, down to the extinction of the Stuart dynasty, kept up more or less. After his captivity, he was constantly running back into England, not only to enjoy the splendid comfort which his own kingdom could not match, but drawn by the charms of some of his English mistresses. Of his second wife, Margaret Logie, nothing whatever is known except that "no one related to her ever asked a boon from the King." Possibly she may have belonged to some Highland clan, and so have had no presentable relations; for, as the fear of England died out, the distinction between Highlander and Lowlander became more marked. James I., for instance, in 1427, summons the Highland chiefs to a parliament at Inverness, and they (says Mr. Burton) "are so infatuated as to attend: no more faith being kept with them than with the wild beast lured to its trap."

With the coming in of the Stuarts begin chaotic fightings. Never, surely, was a race of kings so unfortunate. James I. is murdered; James II. is killed off young; James III. (in whom Mr. Burton thinks we have a Northern Medici, patron of high art—of which Cochrane, called by his enemies a "mason," and Rogers, no "fiddler," but the creator of Scottish music, were the hierophants) died at thirty-six; James IV. is killed at Flodden, and is succeeded by a posthumous child, who himself dies at twenty-eight, and leaves as heir a girl of five days old. What Scripture says of the nation whose king is a child naturally became true of Scotland. Never was the royal power, even with the help of the burgher class, at all a match for the great nobles. These quarrelled among themselves and

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intrigued with England. Indeed, it is strange that the Douglases, who were often in the English interest, should have come to be looked on as so thoroughly a national family. Their splendour (they almost rose to royal dignity when the great fief of Touraine became theirs) and their high spirit seem to have dazzled their countrymen, for they certainly were not patriots in any high sense of the word.

During all this time French influence was working on the people in many ways. No doubt a great deal of Scottish intellectual culture is due to this constant intercourse with France. It was a rough country compared with that of its lively allies, but it was far more advanced than Sweden and other kingdoms where French influence did not penetrate. Yet the Scotch were so jealous of strangers, that they never heartily welcomed the French, even when they came over as deliverers; and we find them ready soon after the Reformation, when France seems disposed to be dictatorial, to exchange, with comparatively little effort, the old French for a new English alliance. That this change did not come about sooner, was undoubtedly owing to the crooked policy of Henry VIII., whose only idea of gaining influence in Scotland was by kidnapping the Scottish king, and whose cruel raids, and constant subsidising of traitors (called "assured Scots"), made a deep determined hatred of England once more the unanimous feeling of the nation. This showed itself as late as 1550, when the most horrible cruelties were wreaked on English prisoners, whom the Scotch would even buy from their French captors for the pleasure of torturing them. Yet, ten years after this, the Church is pulled down, and therefore the French party hopelessly alienated. As soon, in fact, as Henry was taken out of the way, and the English Government had given up following the barbarous precedent of his commander Hertford, so soon did oneness of feeling on the highest matters draw England and Scotland together. And here we are certain Mr. Burton fails to assign results to adequate causes. He gives far too important a place to Scottish suspicion, and to "the tendency in France to treat Scotland as an appanage of the House of Valois;" while he sets religion in the background, and imitates Mr. Buckle in assigning a very secondary part to John Knox. While acknowledging how Cecil was helped in his efforts to separate Scotland and France by the new religious fervour in the former country, he says "nearly everybody's religion is settled politically; very little quiet proselytising by internal change goes on anywhere at any time. The tenor of

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history has been perverted by the tendency to trace to the impulse of religious zeal events and acts prompted by secular motives." We are sorry to find a usually clear-sighted historian writing in this way. Surely, however selfish and godless many of the nobles may have shown themselves, the people had no secular end to serve; and it betrays a want of power to appreciate the force of a great popular movement to say that "the preachers who read to the people the English service-book of Edward VI. did little compared with the gentry who saw that an ecclesiastical revolution would set free a great stretch of land for new owners." But for this Reformation, Scotland would very probably have gravitated to France: Henry VIII. had made England so hated, that, as it was, the strong feeling of community in religious views was scarcely enough to undo his mischievous work.

The Church was very powerful in Scotland. "Ignorance combined with danger," says Mr. Buckle, "had given it more influence than in any other European country except Spain." Of course he exaggerates (he always does) both the "brutishness" of the Scottish people and the power and wealth of the clergy. Still they were very powerful; and their influence was increased by their being allies of the crown and people against the nobles. They were disliked; first, because of their morals—the really better men among them lived in regular concubinage, leaving lands, &c., settled on their children (Bishop Elphinstone of Aberdeen was the son of such a union). "Therefore," says Mr. Burton, "the smaller gentry hated them because they took their daughters to be 'priests' wives.'" How graphic is the scene in Mr. Froude,* where Alexander Ferrier says to the old Bishop of Aberdeen, "My lord, with the grace of God, I shall drink with your daughter before I depart!" They were unpopular, again, because of their great legal power. In Scotland there was "no obdurate conglomerate of common law and local custom to bid defiance to the weight and bulk and subtle influence of the canonists. Hence Scottish Churchmen were more offensively legislators than in England." Then there was the land, the greedy grasping after which—to the ruin of many families—had made the Church odious to far more than those who expected to profit by its spoils. And, lastly, there was the individual influence (for, in spite of Mr. Buckle, we hold that individual influence does a great deal) of Cardinal Beaton and John Knox. Knox, by his resistance to all attempts at in-

* Vol. iv. p. 61.

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ternal reform, sealed the destruction of the Church; but Beaton, by his cruelty, had made everything ready for ruin.

Take this picture, one out of many drawn by Mr. Froude:

"A nest of heretics was rooted out; wicked men—who in defiance of proclamations had eaten meat on fast days and had been disrespectful to the Saints, and a wicked woman who in childbirth had declined to call upon the Virgin for assistance. A court was held in the Grey Friars' place. On the same Allhallows Eve it was proved that the heretic who had interrupted the friar had held a feast at his house. Indictments were found against the party, where the offending woman, the wife of one of the others, had also been present. They were brought in guilty of having eaten when they ought to have remained hungry—of having reasoned on Scripture when Scripture was beyond their understanding—of having interrupted a holy man in the exercise of his duty—and they were sentenced, four of them, to death. Lest their friends should interfere at the execution, the cardinal's guard was under arms to make sure work. The three male prisoners were brought out to the scaffold, the woman—her name was Helen Stirk—was taken to see her husband suffer before she followed him. She had the baby in her arms whom God had given her though she had left the Virgin uninvoked; and, as she was to die, she desired to die with the rest. But this was not permitted. They embraced under the gallows. 'Husband,' she said, 'we lived together many years; but this day in which we must die together ought to be most joyful to us both, because we must have joy together. Therefore I will not bid you good night. Suddenly we shall meet together in the kingdom of heaven.' The executioners seized their prey, and she, too, was then led away to be drowned—the punishment of warlocks and witches. The road led past the Grey Friars, where Beaton was still in session. And she said, 'They sit in that place quietly who are the cause of our death to-day; but He who seeth this execution upon us shall shortly see their nest shaken.' When they reached the water's edge she gave the child to a nurse; she was hurled in—and the justice of the Church was satisfied."—Vol. iv. p. 304.

Truly there was a judicial blindness laid on those who could act thus at such a crisis. It would be interesting to draw out a parallel between Beaton and Wolsey; the two men, each great in his own way, under whom the Romish Church received its death-blow in either country. Beaton we hold to be the man of greater power of the two, as he undoubtedly did the most mischief to the institution which he strove to serve. It is impossible not to admire his versatility, his readiness. He has every gift except the power of seeing the signs of the times. Of his murder, by Henry VIII.'s "assured Scots," Mr. Burton's brief account

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stands in pleasing contrast with the tawdry sensation passage in Mr. Froude. We feel it a relief, in these days, to meet with a historian who can give a clear comprehensive sketch of a striking event without daubing it over as though he was painting a stage scene.

It is not difficult to account for the somewhat different course which the Reformation took in England and in Scotland. With us, the Crown, and from the first a large minority, soon becoming an immense majority of the people, were in its favour, the nobles being pretty evenly divided. In Scotland, the sovereign was violently Romanist. The nobles and the people were for different reasons both anxious for change. Hence it was no longer crown and clergy, aided by the independent spirit of the towns against the nobles; but crown and clergy alone against all the rest of Scotland, and only able to make such a stand as they did with the help of troops from France. Truly "here is a nation born in one day, yea moulded into one congregation;" and, though Scottish loyalty and regard for hereditary right protracted the struggle, it could have but one result. Such a queen indeed as the unfortunate Mary, seems to have been sent just to insure the success of the movement. Had she been truly wise instead of only diplomatically crafty—a Saint Margaret, instead of a Mary Stuart—men might have regretted their haste, and religion might have become a compromise.

But we are anticipating. Before we speak of Mary we must briefly notice some of the minor matters in Mr. Burton's fourth volume. The striking point about it is its wonderful calmness. Our author grew excited about the question of homage; he dashed hastily over the intermediate space between Robert Bruce and James V., throwing out suggestive hints, and bursting here and there into fitful eloquence. But in his last volume he writes as if everything ought to lead up to the grand catastrophe of the Stuart family. And thus in treating of such varied subjects as the national architecture (a companion chapter to those on the Sculptured Stones); the differences between the Scots' Estates and our Parliament; the Universities, and in general the university system of the middle ages, which gives him an opening for glorifying the "Scot Abroad;" the notices of the country and its inhabitants left by mediæval writers; the reason why Argyle became hereditarily disloyal, because from 1530 downwards the Crown began to treat directly with the Highland chiefs, and so to cut down the power of the Campbells, who had gained a sort of hegemony over the other clans—whatever he

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treats of, Mr. Burton writes as if he were merely giving his readers a breathing space, that they may all the better be able to follow him when he comes to the point of thrilling interest. One fact which he brings out we have already alluded to—the great impoverishment of the country during the War of Independence. We think he exaggerates, though he does not go so far as Mr. Buckle, whose foregone conclusion, that poverty and priestcraft reproduce one another, could only be supported by showing that Scotland was miserably poor. Here is a sample of Mr. Buckle's "facts:"—

"Perth was long the capital of Scotland, and after losing that pre-eminence it was still reputed to be the second city in the kingdom. Its wealth was supposed to be astonishing; and every good Scotchman was proud of it as one of the chief ornaments of his country. But according to an estimate recently made by a considerable authority in these matters, its entire population, in the year 1585, was under nine thousand. This will surprise many readers, though, considering the state of society at that time the only wonder is, not that there were so few, but that there were so many. For, Edinburgh itself, notwithstanding the officials and numerous hangers-on which the presence of a court always brings, did not contain late in the fourteenth century more than sixteen thousand persons. Of their general condition a contemporary observer has left us some account. Froissart, who visited Scotland, and records what he saw as well as what he heard, gives a lamentable picture of the state of affairs. The houses in Edinburgh were mere huts thatched with boughs; and were so slightly put together that when one of them was destroyed, it only took three days to rebuild it. As to the people who inhabited those wretched hovels, Froissart, who was by no means given to exaggeration, assures us that the French, unless they had seen them, could not have believed that such destitution existed, and that now, for the first time, they understood what poverty really was. After this period there was no doubt considerable improvement, but it was slow; and even late in the sixteenth century skilled labour was hardly known, and honest industry was universally despised. It is not therefore surprising, that the citizens, poor, miserable, and ignorant, should frequently purchase the protection of some powerful noble, by yielding to him the little independence that they might have retained."

How, we may ask, could he reconcile his theory about poverty and priestcraft, with the two facts that Spain became far more priest-ridden than it had been before, after it began to receive the wealth of the New World, and that modern Scotland, which he says is just as much under priestly domination as of old, is yet one of the richest of European countries?

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Or how could he reconcile the following sumptuary laws with the existence of extreme national poverty?—

"In a Parliament held in 1455, it was enacted that 'all earls shall use mantles of brown granit, open before, lined with white fur and trimmed in front with the same furring, of a handbreadth down to the belt, with little hoods of the same cloth pendant on the shoulders. The other lords of parliament shall have a mantle of red open in like manner before, lined with silk or furred christie grey, griece or parray, and a hood of same cloth, furred as the lining. All commissioners of burgh shall each have a pair of cloakes of blue cloth, furred to the feet, open on the right shoulder; the fur of proportionable value, and a hood of the same. . . . In 1471 it was ordained that, considering the great penury of the realm and the expense of importing silk, none should wear it on doublets, gowns, or cloaks, whose revenue was under 100*l.* Scottish money in landed rent, except knights, minstrels, and heralds; and that women whose husbands came not within the same descriptions should not use silk in linings, but only in making the collar and sleeves. And, so far as the common orders were concerned, no labourer, or workman, or husbandman was allowed to wear on a work-day any other colour of clothing than grey or white; on holidays he might indulge in the luxury of bright blue, green, or red; and if the price did not exceed forty shillings the elne, his wife might wear kerchiefs of the same colour, of her own making.' "—STIRLING, *Hist. Dumbartonshire,* p. 142.

Don Pedro de Ayala, again, who visited the country in 1498, says nothing about the poverty of the people. His description shows them to have been very un-English, very much like what the Irish are popularly supposed to be. "The women though bold in manner are really honest. Both sexes are tall and handsome. . . . They like foreigners so much that they dispute who is to keep and treat a foreigner in his house. . . . They are envious to excess, vain and ostentatious by nature; and spend all their means in keeping up appearances. They are as well-dressed as they can be in such a country. . . . They are strong, courageous, quick, agile," &c. Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini (afterwards Pius II.) speaks, indeed, of the use of coal as a sign of poverty; but then we must remember he was a luxurious Italian, and would have grumbled almost as much at the style of life in England or France.

The following extract, which will also serve to give an idea of Mr. Burton's lively manner, will show what differences there were between life in rude Scotland and on the Continent — differences, by the way, of some of which the Scots had

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great reason to be proud. He is speaking of the French, who under John de Vienne had been sent at their own request to help the Scotch to hold their fortresses; once there, they not only found the country an unpleasant one for strangers, but also had some difficulty in getting out of it.

"Before they were done with Scotland the strangers were subjected to unpleasant experiences, from which, however, it is our good fortune to catch a singularly clear and significant picture of the social and political condition of the people. It is ever the stranger, indeed, who gives the liveliest pictures of the internal condition of a people, since he describes it by contrast; hence it was Montesquieu and De Lolme who first showed to the British people the actual practical elements of the freedom of their constitution. The French deemed themselves very scurvily used by the Scots; and their record of grievances shows the contrast between the slavish condition of the peasantry in their own country, and the thorough freedom of the Scots. To an eminent Scot or other stranger in France it would be but natural to communicate by way of hospitality, the power of the native nobles to live at free quarters and plunder the peasantry at their discretion. The French complained bitterly that they got no such privilege in Scotland. On the contrary, when they carried off a cow or the contents of a barn, the owner, with a parcel of ruffian neighbours, would assault the purveying party, and punish them savagely, insomuch that not a varlet dared leave the lines to bring in provisions. Nay, when they rode abroad, the people rudely called to them to keep the paths, and not trample down the growing crops; and when the remonstrances of these churls were treated with the contempt they deserved, a score was run up against the strangers for damage done to the country folks.

"Froissart's bitter account of this unhospitality is confirmed by the Statute Book. The French took high ground, and it was necessary that from high authority they should be told of the incompatibility of their claims with the rights of the people. The Estates took the matter up, and required the admiral to come to agreement with them by indenture, the leading stipulation of which is, that no provender is be taken by force, and everything taken by the French troops is to be duly paid for. There is a provision for settling personal quarrels, which was offensive to the strangers, as it admitted equally the existence of civil rights in the meanest inhabitant of the beggarly country, by providing for the decision of disputes where there was disparity of rank.

"When, thoroughly tired out and disgusted, they set about returning home, a new surprise awaited the unfortunate visitors. They were not to be permitted to leave the country, but were held in pawn for the claim against France for the debts they had incurred and the damage they had done. They were asked why they had come over? —they were not wanted; Scotland could defend herself from her

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enemies; and they, coming as friends, had done more mischief than an invading army. The threat of detention, which they deemed preposterous, was quite serious,and remonstrance in high quarters was of no avail to control the rights of the creditors. The admiral got permission for a considerable portion of his force to return by taking personal responsibilities upon himself, and agreeing to abide in Scotland until these were discharged by the French Government. The exemption from aristocratic oppression enjoyed by the Scottish peasantry receives emphasis from contrast, when the chivalrous annalist describes the first thing done by the ill-used knights on their arrival in their own country: 'The greater number returned to France, and were so poor they knew not how to remount themselves, especially those from Burgundy, Champagne, Barr, and Lorraine, who seized the labouring horses wherever they found them in the field.' "

But we must hasten on to that grand tragedy with which Mr. Burton's history ends. He lingers so long over details like those to which we have referred, that we almost fancy him unwilling to face those terrible years which have afforded such a battle-ground by partisan writers.

It is, indeed, strange to find him dwelling on small points like these, — telling us how much gold an enterprising Dutchman got out of the Scotch mines, how Buchanan's fabulous history, forged of set purpose (what a notion of forging history these Scots have always had), made men fancy the house of Stuart the most august dynasty in the world, when we know what he has in the background. He trifles thus along the road because he is determined to approach the oft-discussed question of Queen Mary's guilt or innocence with no partisan heat. He does not for an instant hide his own feeling that she was guilty, yet he indulges in no Froudian declamation; he quietly puts before us the facts, leaving us to draw our own inference. Mary is very much to be pitied. She came from a bad school into the midst of a people whose peculiar condition required the most skilful handling. We have always felt that it was a mistake to make her "the beautiful fiend with the leopard's keenness of glance and the leopard's stealthiness of spring," which it pleases Mr. Froude to depict. If she was so wonderfully skilful in reading men's hearts and managing them, how is it that her whole life was one long disaster? To us Mr. Swinburne's creation, a lovely, voluptuous, but utterly heartless woman, whose passion continually overpowered whatever ability she might have, and who had not wit enough to hide her secrets from a man like Murray, seems a much more natural character than Mr. Froude's Mary, though we do not

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believe Mr. Swinburne is correct in making her heartless who could say (and mean it) she cared not to lose England, France and her own country for Bothwell, "and shall go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat before I leave him." It is melancholy to reflect how short-lived was her welcome among her own people. Of her entry into Edinburgh on September 2, 1561, we read as follows:—

"When she had dined at twelve hours Her Hieness came furth of the castle . . . at whilk departing the artillery shot vehemently. Thereafter, when she was rid and down the Castle Hill, there met her ane convoy of the young men of the burgh, to the number of fifty or thereby, their bodies and thies covered with yellow taffetas; their arms and legs frae the knee down bare, coloured with black, in manner of Moors; upon their heads, black hats; and on their faces, black visors; in their mouths, rings, garnished with untellable precious stanes; about their necks, legs, and arms, infinite of chains of gold; together with saxteen of the maist honest men of the town, clad in velvet gowns and bonnets, bearand and gangand about the pall under whilk Her Hieness rade, whilk pall was of fine purpour velvet lined with red taffetas fringed with gold and silk. After them was ane cart with certain bairns, together with ane coffer wherein was the cupboard and propine (gift) whilk should be propinit to Her Hieness. When Her Grace came forward to the butter tron, the nobility and convoy precedand, there was ane port made of timber in maist honourable manner, coloured with fine colours, hung with sundry arms, upon whilk port was singand certain bairns in the maist heavenly wise; under the whilk port there was ane cloud with four leaves, in the whilk was put ane bonnie bairn. When the Queen's Hieness was coming through the said port, the cloud openit and the bairn descended down as it had been ane angel, and delivered to Her Hieness the keys of the town, with ane Bible and ane Psalm buik, coverit with fine purpour velvet. After the said bairn had spoken some small speeches, he delivered also to Her Hieness, three writings, the tenour whereof is uncertain. That being done, the bairn ascended in the cloud, and the said cloud sleekit. Thereafter the Queen's Grace came down to the Tolboth, at the whilk was twa scaffats, ane aboon, and ane under that. Upon the under was situate ane fair virgin called Fortune, under the whilk was three fair virgins all clad in maist precious attirement, called Mercy, Justice, and Policy. And after ane little speech was made there, the Queen's Grace came to the cross, where there was standand four fair virgins, clad in the maist heavenly claithing, and frae the whilk cross the ran wine out at the spouts in great abundance. There was the noise of people, casting the glasses with wine. This being done our lady came to the salt tron, where there was some speakers; and after ane little speech, they burnt upon the scaffat made at the said tron the manner

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of ane sacrifice. Sae that being done, she departed to the Nether Bow, where there was ane other scaffat made, having ane dragon in the same whilk theo burnit with some speeches; and after the dragon was burnt, and the Queen's Grace heard ane psalm sung, Her Hieness passed to the abbey of Holyrood House with the said convoy and nobilities. There the bairns whilk was in the cart with the propine, made some speech concerning the putting away of the mass, and hereafter sang ane psalm. And this being done, the . . . honest men remained in her outer chalmer, and desired Her Grace to receive the said cupboard, whilk was double over-gilt; the price therefore was two thousand merks, who receivit the same, and thankit them thereof. And sae the honest men and convoy come to Edinburgh." —*Chambers.*

That very day month the authorities of the city which had testified such joy at her arrival, are publicly insulting the religion which she professes.

"The Provost of Edinburgh, Archibald Douglas, with the bailies and council, 'causit ane proclamation to be proclaimed at the cross of Edinburgh, commanding and charging all and sundry monks, friars, priests, and all other papists and profane persons to pass furth of Edinburgh within twenty-four hours, under the pain of burning disobeyers upon the cheek, and hailing of them through the town upon ane cart. At the whilk proclamation, the Queen's Grace was very commovit.' She had sufficient influence to cause the provost and bailies to be degraded from their office for this act of zeal."—*Ibid.*

Before long the power of thus wreaking her displeasure has passed out of her hands. The following from Knox, referring to the April of 1565, shows how little toleration was understood by the liberal party in those days, and how vain (despite the amicable conferences between the Queen and the Reformer) was the hope of either party persuading the other to come to a peaceable arrangement. Here, as elsewhere in Europe, it was war to the knife between the two opposing forces. This was the way in which the Queen's faith was, we in these milder times say *needlessly*, flouted.

"The communion was administered in Edinburgh, and as it was near Easter, the few remaining Catholics met at mass. The reformed clergy were on the alert, and seized the priest, Sir James Carvet, as he was coming from the house where he had officiated. They conveyed him, together with the master of the house and one or two more of the assistants, to the Tolbooth, and immediately revested him with all his garments upon him, and so carried him to the Market Cross, where they set him on high, binding the chalice in his hand, and himself tied fast to the said Cross, where he tarried the space of one hour; during which time the boys served him with his Easter

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eggs. The next day, Carvet with his assistants were accused and convinced by an assize, according to the Act of Parliament; and, albeit for the same offence he deserved death, yet, for all punishment, he was set upon the Market Cross for the space of three or four hours; the hangman standing by and keeping him, while the boys were busy with egg-casting.' The Queen sent an angry letter to the Magistrates and others about this business; from which may be perceived how grievously the Queen's Majesty would have been offended if the mass-monger had been handled according to his demerit."—*Ibid.*

No wonder Queen Mary shrank up into herself like a wild animal in the face of such ungenerous treatment. Nor did she get better treatment from the nobles who ought to have been her chivalrous supporters and faithful advisers. Whatever the extent of her guilt may be, nothing can excuse those nobles who were about her. As the *Edinburgh* Reviewer says:—

"They murdered Darnley rather than consent to a divorce. They acquitted Bothwell, and signed a bond, recommending him as the husband for their Queen. They overthrew Bothwell, and deposed the Queen, on the ground of this very murder; rousing popular feeling by the well-known picture in which they represented the young prince invoking Heaven's vengeance on a crime in which they had fully shared."

Mr. Froude's "noble and stainless Murray" was little if at all better than the rest. He sold some of Mary's jewels to Elizabeth, and gave others to his own wife, from whom Regent Morton had great difficulty in forcing them back. Lord Sussex was right when he said, "They do toss between them the crown and public affairs, and are neither for the mother nor the child, but to serve their own turn."* Among such a set of men, Mary, educated in the court of "the Italian brokeress" (as Mr. Swinburne calls her), necessarily went on from bad to worse. To have some one to love and lean upon was needful for her nature.

"Stand you by my side,
Fair cousin, I must lean on love or fall;
You are a goodly staff, sir; tall enough
And fair enough to serve. My gentle lords,
I am full glad of God that in great grace
He hath given me such a lordly stay as this.

* It is curious to remark that Sussex knows nothing of Mary's "power of fascination;" with Ruthven and men of that stamp, such a power would have been as effectual as the friskings of a gazelle in a tiger's den.

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Mr. Swinburne is true to her nature when he makes her speak so to Darnley; and, instead of one on whom she might lean, she got a husband, in describing whom even the placid Mr. Burton becomes indignantly eloquent. The picture he draws of this "fool, this vicious and presumptuous fool," with his coarse tastes, his gluttony, his low debauchery, thus mated to the most accomplished woman of the time, is one of the saddest possible. We can well fancy Mary, amid such utterly unchivalrous surrounding, feeling her helplessness (for it was not till much later that her strange power of fascination began), wishing that she had been a man, able to stand up against such a set of selfish plotters. Mr. Swinburne has carried out this idea in one of his finest passages.

> "To be King James—you hear men say *King James*,
> The word sounds like a piece of gold thrown down,
> Rings with a round and royal note in it—
> A name to write good record of. To hear men say
> (As now they say of Flodden, here they broke,
> And there they held up to the end) years back
> They saw you—'yea, I saw the king's face helmed
> Red in the hot lit foreground of some fight
> Hold the whole war as it were by the bit, a horse
> Fit for his knees' grip—the great rearing war
> That frothed with lips sprung up, and shook men's lives
> Off either flank of it like snow; I saw
> (You could not hear as his sword rang) saw him
> Shout, laugh, smite straight, and flaw the riven ranks,
> Move as the wind moves, and his horse's feet
> Stripe their long flags with dust.' Why, if one died,
> To die so in the heart and heat of war,
> Were a much goodlier thing than living soft,
> And speaking sweet for fear of men."

Such was Mary, who might well say of herself, "God made a foolish woman, making me," and whose loathing for the wretched Darnley it needs no force of imagination to fathom. Her infatuation for Bothwell is not so easily explained as her scornful hatred of Darnley. We cannot believe, with Buchanan, that Bothwell was "like an ape," nor with Brantôme, that "il étoit le plus laid homme et d'aussi mauvoise grâce qu'il se peut voir;" nor shall we hold with Professor Aytoun, in his well-known poem, that he was all that was manly and chivalrous. Bothwell's own explanation, in his curious confessions, put forth after he was in the Danish castle of Malmoe, is that he won her by philtres and charms. Mr. Burton, who, having seen a hideous portrait taken in

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1861 from the mummied head, cannot get over the unpleasant impression caused thereby, seems to think the match a *pis aller*. "She was not in a position to treat with a foreign prince" (she wanted Don Carlos; but Catherine de' Medici, always her enemy, thought it was not for the good of the Church that she should have him), "and none of her nobles had, on the ground of rank and position, claims much higher than Bothwell; while in personal qualifications he was infinitely above them all. Besides, he had laid himself out to serve her ever since, as a boy, he fought for her mother against the English when even Huntley and Seton stood aloof. No wonder she singled him out from among the murderers, traitors, liars, and hypocrites, by whom she was surrounded." That is Mr. Burton's explanation of Mary's attachment to Bothwell: it is far from being satisfactory; for Bothwell was almost the exact opposite of what Mr. Burton here makes him; but no ordinary motives will account for most of the actors in these strange wild scenes. A bad age was then at its worst. For several generations a moral miasma seemed to have poisoned the springs of honour and truth all over Europe. England was little, if at all, better than other countries. Henry VIII. behaved in his dealings with Scotland with the malice of a fiend; and of his agents, Hertford and Sir Ralph Sadler, Mr. Burton well remarks: "What shall we say for English statesmen of that age, when the spirit of chivalry was mellowing itself into that model of social excellence, the English gentleman?" The social air needed clearing; and Mary suffered as she did because the crisis came in her day, not because she was worse than others. Granting all that has been laid to her charge, she was scarcely more sinful (reckoning sin against sin) than her grandmother Margaret, Henry's sister. How happy for her if Knox had been a little more conciliatory; for, despite Mr. Buckle—who puts Knox aside altogether, and says the nobles had effected the Reformation before his return from abroad—we still believe that Knox played a great part in the events of that time; and we think the most pleasing passage in Mary's life—almost the only one on which it is possible to look back with anything like satisfaction—is her encounter of wits with the sturdy Reformer. As has been well said, "there is a touch of pure lightheartedness and youthful satisfaction in her own wit, and an honest faculty of interest and amusement in whatever may offer itself, which could scarcely have been found in a thoroughly bad woman." Nor can she have been utterly unworthy, by whom the great

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preacher was so impressed that he says, "I travailled to slaken that fervency that God had kindled in others, whereintil I unfeignedly acknowledge myself to have done most wickedly." But the effect both of Mary's unprotected gracefulness on Knox and of his truthful zeal on her was transitory. Her conduct, by-and-by, became so reckless, that, "whether it was the very idiocy of innocence, defiant of all suspicion, or the miserable and heartless audacity of guilt," she could not have contrived more ingeniously had her object been to prove herself guilty. With regard to the Casket letters, Mr. Burton gives no decided opinion. He says, "they quite suit one inheriting the blood of James IV. and the Tudors and the Guises, and trained at a court where good faith and justice and mercy were represented by Catherine de' Medicis, and the social morals were those of the *dames galantes* of Brantôme and the *romans* of Queen Marguerite."

Breaking off abruptly as he does, Mr. Burton leaves out the closing act of the tragedy, and does not feel called upon to make a comparison between the two queens, each of whom was in some sort the personification of the genius of her country. Elizabeth—cold, hard, absurdly vain and conceited, and yet petty and mean beyond conception (witness the rubbish of old clothes she sent to Mary, which her agent tells her he was ashamed to give to the waiting woman)—was still wise enough to know how far she could safely go, and, above all, never losing sight of one of the grand objects which the people had in view—the Protestant supremacy, to be secured by England's greatness at sea. We can see well enough now that it was her hearty identification of herself with this which enabled her to disregard the other grand national object—viz. the establishment of constitutional and religious liberty—and, in fact, so to pen up the spirit of freedom that it burnt out all the more fiercely half a century later. Mary, on the other hand, passionate and wilful, though seemingly as clear-sighted as her cousin, never had a firm hold of any national purpose. In politics and religion she was the creature of the Guises; while the self-indulgence which has marred so many Celtic heroes made her a hindrance instead of a help to the work which her relations had in view. Here we see how God's work is set forward by the weaknesses and failings of those who are His instruments. Had not Mary's moral strength been sapped by her training in France, had she been a really noble woman, earnest and conscientious up to her light, she might have brought about a Romanist reaction which would have lasted long beyond her lifetime. She would, in such a case, have

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left Edinburgh to the vile factions which were plotting against each other, and have thrown herself on her Highland subjects, anticipating the '45, but with a very different result. All of them, however,—Albany and Beaton, and Mary of Guise,—had been doing their very best to destroy the religion for which they were so zealous. In Mr. Burton's words, "The regency of the Queen-mother outweighed all the cruelties of Henry VIII.;" the French grew even more unpopular in Scotland than the English had been; and in those days French influence was synonymous with Popery.

As we said, Mr. Burton ends quite abruptly, leaving about a century between the close of this and the beginning of his former work. Hence whatever general views he may have to enunciate may be looked for in his fifth and sixth volumes. The four volumes before us seem fragmentary beside a philosophical discussion like that of Mr. Buckle. But this is because Mr. Burton gives the facts as they are; but Mr. Buckle shapes and selects them to fit a theory. We always suspect a historian who is very fond of generalising: there is always so much to be said on the other side. If, for instance, in "generalising" about the Scottish people, we say that it is the last bulwark of Saxon against Norman, of Teuton freedom against French feudalism, we are met by the objections that the mixture of Celtic blood throughout Scotland is very strong; and that, whatever may be said of Teuton freedom, such a modified form of feudalism as was not inconsistent with clanship seems to have rapidly made its way over the whole country. If, on the other hand, we regard the Scotch as mainly Celts, and talk of "the stubbornness of the race" as accounting for the fierceness of their resistance, we are reminded that the Highlander was, even till after the '45, looked on by his brother Scots as an enemy to whom nature had unfortunately given a vantage ground. Then, too, the fact needs accounting for that the Scots, so stubborn nationally, are so pliant taken singly. This is the reason for their being so popular as men of business: it is to some extent the secret of their success abroad; but whence is it derived? Points like this Mr. Burton will no doubt dwell on by-and-by. He will also, doubtless, give us a chapter on Scottish Law, pointing out more at length the points in which it differs from our law, and how the differences arose. Above all, he will have to consider more fully the social effect of the Reformation. This great change, we must remember, was not an act finished once for all; it has been a growing work. In England, and in Scotland too, it came in with worldliness, and was soon threatened

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with Laudian Erastianism. Had this gained the mastery, it would have crushed out the spiritual life of the nation, worse even than a like system has done in Germany. Here, and in Scotland, too, the outburst of Puritanism checked the growing evil. But it was only checked, not rooted out. Later still, in both countries, the Lord came again to His churches; notably here, when Wesley raised his protest against a clergy who had settled on their lees. The corresponding movement in Scotland is so much more recent as to be within the actual experience of many of us.

Socially, too, as well as religiously, Mr. Burton will, in his closing volume, be called on to enunciate more general views. Hitherto he has contented himself with detached sketches; what we want to have, if it can be given, is a picture of Scottish progress as a whole. Moreover, the last period of Scottish history is even more characteristic, as it is certainly more interesting, in this point of view than the earlier ages. For then only are Scotland and England fairly brought into comparison. We may almost say there is no real union between the two till the middle of the last century: from that time, clanship being dead, Scotland begins to accept quietly, and to make quickly, that change to modernism which Ireland still resists. No wonder such a change should have long been resisted; for surely the cottier is a nobler animal than the town rowdy, into whom, when evicted, he often degenerates; and the tacksman in his glen is a far finer fellow than the "hand" in a Glasgow court. This change, which has done so much, and which promises to do so much more, will have to be calmly considered as to its bad as well as its good effects.

But we must not anticipate what Mr. Burton will do. We are taking him at a disadvantage in reviewing an unfinished work; for things which will by-and-by fit into their places at present seem too prominent. But, even as it stands, his book is by far the most complete and thoughtful history of Scotland which has yet appeared. He fails, as we said, in picturesqueness—rather, let us say, that, having shown in *The Scot Abroad* how good he is at description, he here puts a check on himself, as if he thought the dignity of history would suffer from too much word-painting.* Perhaps his characters do not stand out so clearly as in writers who are at more pains to carve them in higher relief. But then they are, for that very reason, the less likely to deceive the reader.

* His account of the investiture of the Douglas with the grand fief of Touraine, when the power of the family culminated, is a choice bit of description.

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Better finish off your portrait with a few effective touches, every one of which shall represent a feature, than dress up in borrowed clothes a model which, to begin with, is a very questionable likeness. The other charge brought against Mr. Burton is that he is chary of dealing in general views. We do not, as we said, hold this to be a defect at all. Writers like those whom we have named along with him, will supply plenty of "views;" to Mr. Burton we may safely look for a full and clear statement of the facts on both sides, and for a lawyer-like summing-up of the evidence brought forward.

Meantime, from the glimpse afforded by this article, those of our elder readers who learnt Scottish history from Robertson and the *Tales of a Grandfather*, and have not studied it since, may be enabled in part to judge how far that history needs to be rewritten; and may also understand that Mr. Burton is contributing the full share of one accomplished and critical mind towards rewriting it. The list of books at the head of our article will supply the student with rich and abundant material.

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ART. III.—*Paris Guide; par les principaux Ecrivains et Artistes de la France.* A. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven et Cie. Editeurs, à Bruxelles, à Leipzig et à Livourne. London: Sampson, Low, Son, and Marston.

IT would scarcely be possible to find two cities more different in almost every characteristic than the two capitals which approximate most closely in population. London has nearly three and a quarter million inhabitants: Paris nearly two million. No other European capital has so many as half a million. Nevertheless, between Paris and Vienna, between Paris and Florence, between Paris and St. Petersburg, there is far more akin than there is between Paris and London. M. Taine has described in graphic language his first impressions on drawing near the British capital; how he saw the faint blue sky that had gleamed overhead since he left the coast, becoming ever more faintly blue as he journeyed inland, until the blue gave place to grey, and the grey was changed to black by the smoke of five hundred thousand houses; how the river-bank, which in Paris is a promenade, in London is a warehouse and wharf; how the street passengers, who in Paris saunter as though they had the whole day before them to take holiday, in London press forward with anxious haste as though life depended upon their speed of foot. Englishmen who visit Paris are no less than M. Taine impressed by this contrast. Mr. Gladstone lately told M. Chevalier and his brother economists that in Paris there was too little smoke. Our politician saw in the city on the Seine a charming pleasure garden, but he missed the signs of that energy and industry which to the statesman, and especially to the financier, are more pleasing than the handsomest of monuments, the broadest of streets. In fact, the two cities not only differ, they are opposed to each other. In London men get money: in Paris they spend it. The Londoner who has made a fortune retires to the country to enjoy it. The French provincial scarcely believes in the possibility of true enjoyment outside of Paris. If he has but income enough to take a flat not too far from the Champs Elysées, he will not long resist the influence of that centripetal force which is so strong in France. London has but one lounge, and it is only for some three hours of the day that the class who frequent it is

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to be seen there. Paris seems to be a lounge from end to end —from Montmartre to Montrouge—from the Bois de Vincennes to the Bois de Boulogne; and it is full of loungers the whole day long. The busiest boulevard has its café every few yards; its array of round marble tables and green coloured chairs rarely empty from dawn to midnight. It is impossible to imagine a Londoner sitting at the door of a pastrycook's in Holborn or even in Berkeley-square. He does not drink *eau sucré* at all, and his substitute for *absinthe* he takes inside those glass doors through which shines the glare of gas. He does not play at dominoes at all, and at *écarté* only now and then of evenings, in his own house. He is not to be found at home laughing over the smart dialogue of his favourite *feuilletoniste*. He has read his money article and his leader as he was borne by 'bus or train to his office or counting-house, and he will glance at the debates and the police reports while he is bolting his dinner of one course in a reeking chop-house. The inhabitants are different because the cities are; the cities are different because the inhabitants are. Whatever difference there was originally between the Parisian and the Londoner, between Paris and London, has been developed and intensified until it seems impossible to believe that ten hours will suffice to take us from the one to the other, from the city of play to the city of toil.

Paris being what it is, the cynosure of all French eyes, the world's park and pleasure-ground, more beautiful than any city since Nabopolasar's great son gave its "royal river" and hanging gardens to Babylon, it is natural that Parisians should feel proud of it. There is another reason why they should be proud. Paris is the political capital of the world. The gardens of the Tuileries are a lounge; but in a little room of the Tuileries, furnished with a few chairs, an *escritoire*, and some meerschaum pipes, have been decided over and over again the issues of peace and war. Though Paris is not the mart, nor the manufactory, nor the exchange of Europe, its Bourse dictates to all the other Bourses of the Continent. A few words uttered on the *Jour de l'An*, a line in the *Moniteur*, will carry dismay to every stockholder from the Thames to the Golden Horn. 1867 was a culminating year for Paris. Its attractions as a pleasure city, its influence as a political capital, reached the zenith. The Industrial Exhibition brought together more people and nations than were ever brought together since the later days of the Roman empire. It attracted more sovereigns than were ever before gathered together into one place. Even Rome of to-day, with

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its gorgeous religious spectacle that had drawn together 500 bishops and 20,000 priests, from all parts of Christendom, could not vie with Paris and its polyglot myriads that had come not from Christendom only, but from the land of the Prophet and the land of the idols. And while Paris eclipsed Rome, it eclipsed itself—happily eclipsed the memory of that other gathering of nations and meeting of monarchs who came not as guests, but as conquerors, the hosts of Kaiser, King, and Czar. The glory of Paris has reached its zenith. It is not likely we shall look upon another International Exhibition. The world is weary of world shows. Certainly Paris will no longer have the political pre-eminence which it has had since the accession of the Grand Monarque. Two nations have risen up since that memorable New Year's Day, nine years ago, when imperial displeasure, foreshadowed in a minatory remark to the Austrian Ambassador, prostrated the funds on every stock exchange of Europe. Italy and Germany have ceased to be only geographical expressions, and the possible alliance of Florence and Berlin will henceforth prevent Paris from dictating a policy to the Continent. Paris will become more beautiful than ever, will become more popular, will be more visited, but it will be less influential. It will henceforth be only one of many capitals, at the most *primus inter pares.*

It was fitting that the year which saw Paris at the summit of its splendour should see the publication of the *Paris Guide.* This extraordinary work is to all other guide books what the *Iliad* is to all other epics, what the Colosseum is to all other theatres, what the Pyramids are to all other tombs. Here is a work of over 2,000 closely printed pages, written by the foremost writers of France, interspersed with illustrations by some of the most famous designers. It is in bulk an encyclopædia; for interest, a volume of brilliant essays. It is not to be put into the pocket in setting out for a ramble through the streets or a run through the galleries. It is a work to study before seeing Paris, to study again after seeing Paris. The history, the science, the art, the social condition, the outside aspects, the inner life of Paris are here set forth by men, each specially acquainted with the subject with which he deals. If one could imagine Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Lord Shaftesbury, Professor Tyndall, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley, Spurgeon, the Mayhews, Anthony Trollope, Greenwood, Tom Taylor, and Oxenford, combining to produce a London guide, then we should have a work analogous to the volumes now before us. To the *Paris Guide* nearly all

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the chief living writers of France have contributed. Victor Hugo has written one of his extraordinary rhapsodies by way of introduction; Louis Blanc, the eminent Republican and refugee, and Eugéne Pelletan, the practised debater of the Corps Législatif, have narrated the history of Paris. Renan, Sainte-Beuve, Berthelot, and Littré, have described the scientific and literary institutions. Michelet, Peyronnet, Perdonnet, Laboulaye, Morin, and a number of others have dealt with the schools and places of instruction. Didot, the eminent publisher, has told what there is to say about printing and publishing establishments. Gautier, Charles Blanc, Burges, Jacquemart, and others, have discoursed upon the museums. Assollant and Guillemot are among those who have described the art treasures. Quinet, Le Duc, and Coquerel, have written upon the churches. Dumas, *fils*, Roqueplan, and Augier, upon the theatres. Dumas, *père*, and Taine, upon the schools of art, and Darcel and Lock upon the industrial arts of Paris. When we turn to the second volume, "the Life of Paris," we find an even larger staff of illustrious names—Paul Féval, Edmond About, Jules Janin, Ernest Legouvé, John Lemoinne, Mademoiselle Doria d'Istria, Emile de Girardin, Louis Ulbach, George Sand, Paul de Kock, François Hugo; Nadar, the aëronaut; Forçade, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* Berryer, first of advocates; Jules Favre, most eloquent of orators; Jules Simon, foremost of educational reformers; Nélaton, *facile princeps* of surgeons, and some scores of others. Altogether more than 130 of the principal writers of France have constructed this noble memorial of the most beautiful of cities. Every writer has been commissioned to write in his own way upon his own subject. The result is a diversity of style most charming in an encyclopædic work like this, and an amount of information such as no half-dozen men, much less one man, could have collected, even though a lifetime had been devoted to the task.

The most ambitious portion of the work is the least successful. The introduction is frequently absurd, and sometimes worse than absurd. The author of such an expression as "sublime vaccine," akin to the American poet Whitman's "immortal diarrhœa," is surpassed by the irreverence of Victor Hugo's new Trinity, whereof Rabelais is the Father, Molière the Son, and Voltaire the Holy Ghost. Nevertheless, the first expression surprises us more than the second. Frenchmen generally avoid faults of taste, however prone to faults of feeling. Men like Victor Hugo look upon the doctrines of Christianity and the Bible narratives as part of their

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professional stock in trade. Just as the Parisian girl cries *Mon Dieu!* when she sees a bonnet of more than ordinary attractiveness, so M. Hugo, in his desire to say something striking, compares Jerusalem, the city of the crucified God, with Paris, the city of the crucified people, and declares that the word fraternity was uttered first from the height of Calvary, and then from the height of '89. There is no particular meaning in expressions like these, any more than there is in the *Parisienne's* appeal to the Deity. The use of them is a habit which the French have—a habit which at once reveals and arises from their constitutional lack of reverence. But even the introduction is not all absurd, nor all irreverent. There are fine passages in it. Like the poet in *Lockesley Hall*, M. Hugo has—

> "Looked into the future, far as human eye could see;
> Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that will be."

And this is his dream of the twentieth century, somewhat over-practical, perhaps, for a poet:—

"This nation (the ideal nation of next century) will think more highly of a tunnel under the Alps than of the Armstrong gun. It will carry its ignorance so far as not to know that there was manufactured in 1866 a cannon weighing twenty-three tons, called 'Big Will.' Other beauties and magnificences of the present time will be lost. For example, among the people one will no longer see budgets such as those of actual France, which make every year a pyramid of gold, ten feet square at the base, and thirty feet high. A poor little island like Jersey will think twice before presenting, as it did on August 6, 1866, the spectacle of an execution, in which the gallows cost 112*l.* One will not have these luxurious expenses. This nation will have a legislation as close a *fac-simile* as possible of natural law. Under the influence of this moving nation the boundless wastes of America, and Asia, of Africa, and Australia, will be offered to civilising emigrants; the 800,000 oxen annually burnt for their skins in South America will be eaten; it will reckon that if there are oxen on one side of the Atlantic, there are hungry mouths on the other side. Under its influence the long train of miserable wretches will magnificently invade the unknown forests and rich solitudes. They will go to California and to Tasmania not for gold, the delusion and sordid bait of to-day, but for land; the hunger-stricken, and the barefooted—those sad and venerable brothers of our short-sighted splendour, our egotistical prosperity—will have, in spite of Malthus, their table served under the same sun; humanity will swarm out of the mother-city, because too narrow, and will cover the Continent with its hives; the probable

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solutions of problems will have ripened, aërial locomotion balanced and guided, the heavens peopled with air-ships, will help those fruitful dispersions, and will shed on all sides life upon that vast hill of labourers. The globe will be man's house, and no part of it will be lost. . . . Whoever will, shall have upon a virgin soil a roof, a field, prosperity, riches, on the sole condition of spreading through all the earth the idea of home, and of considering himself a citizen and a labourer of the world. So that property, that great human right, that supreme liberty, that mastery of mind over matter, that sovereignty of man forbidden to the beast, far from being suppressed, will be popularised and made universal. There will be no more restraints, neither tolls at bridges, *octrois* in towns, custom-houses in states, isthmuses in oceans, nor prejudices in souls."

There are many other good things, such as unity of language and unity of money, the prison transferred into a school, politics absorbed by science, toleration for all opinions, the ravages of nature and climate subdued by the hands which raise the dykes and drain the marshes. There will be no more anger, and emulation will take the place of war. The nation which is to do all these fine things is, of course, France, or rather it will be no longer France but Europe, and its capital will be Paris. "Europe it will call itself in the twentieth century; but in the centuries to follow it will be called humanity."

From Victor Hugo's vision of the future, the *Paris Guide* takes us to Louis Blanc's essay on the past. We could have wished that so practised a writer as this had written more fully. His sketch of "Old Paris" is very slight. He tells us how Gibbon visited that city, and sighed that he had not money enough to live there; how Hume at one time contemplated passing the remainder of his days there; how Goethe called it the universal city, and prophesied for it a grand hereafter. Then after half a dozen historical allusions he resigns the pen to Eugéne Pelletan, the distinguished Opposition orator of the Corps Législatif. We must content ourselves with saying that he does his work well. Manifestly it is impossible to condense a condensation, to compress within the small space which our limits assign us the events which extended from Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, conqueror of the South, to Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France and dictator at Rome. We will notice only how discreetly brief is M. Pelletan's reference to the latest of the revolutions which France has witnessed. Then one day in stormy weather the early riser might see at each corner of the street a man with his holland apron, and with paste-pot in hand, posting on the

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walls a new event. The Republic has disappeared during the night; the Empire will very soon take its place.

The contrast between historical and modern Paris has been shown more strikingly even than in the pages of MM. Blanc and Pelletan. Since the *Paris Guide* appeared, there has been published by M. Andriveau Gonjon, a map, in which the Paris of 1787 and the Paris of 1867 are shown simultaneously. Red lines mark the alterations which have been made or projected during the second empire. As for Paris before the Revolution, it consisted of a town on the island complete in itself, with its cathedral, its churches, its hospitals, its narrow streets, and of a labyrinth of streets right and left of, and parallel and perpendicular to, the river, all possible varieties of triangle and quadrangle, except a regularly sided figure. But now all is changed. The geometrician has been at work; it was he who stood by the side of the architect. Nay, rather, it was the military engineer who resolved that Paris should no longer be called the city of the barricades. Hence straight lines drawn ruthlessly through graceful curves, so that cannon might be able to fire from end to end; hence narrow passages where house all but touched opposite house, converted into boulevards wide enough for a company of cavalry to ride abreast; hence huge barracks erected at every important centre, so that every quarter might be kept in awe; hence, too, the very paving stones taken away and substituted by asphalt, which cannot be converted into street fortifications whenever Paris gets into a temper. Paris, the most beautiful city in the world, is also among the most military; Paris, the city of palaces, is also the city of barracks. Its defences against outward attacks are comparatively unimportant, though of late even these have been strengthened. It is not a foreign enemy that a French sovereign has reason to fear; it is the foes of his own household. Paris is not likely to be again occupied by a conquering army, and, henceforth, thanks to Baron Haussmann, Paris is not likely to be again at the mercy of the Parisians. So long as the army remains faithful, Napoleon need not fear Republicans, Red or otherwise. Moreover, while the reconstruction of Paris has rendered an insurrection almost hopeless, the work of reconstruction has to a great extent extinguished any wish to rise. The Provisional Government of 1848 thought to pacify the working classes by establishing national workshops. The destroyer of the Republic has adopted a far more ingenious expedient. By setting the *ouvriers* to work on rebuilding the capital, he has at the same time provided them with employ-

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ment which will keep them quiet at the present time, and procured for himself the means of putting them down, if at any time they should seek to renew the scenes of twenty years ago. In a word, the dangerous classes have been set to deprive themselves of their own power. Samson has been made to twist the withes that are to bind his own limbs, and in this case the withes will not be broken by Samson. Scandal adds that it is not only for political and strategical reasons that Paris has been rebuilt. The Emperor of Paris, as the Préfet of the Seine, Baron Haussmann, is called, has, it is said, a curious fancy for purchasing on his own account houses which he shortly afterwards has to condemn in his official capacity, and thus the Préfet is able to offer a handsome compensation to the Baron. How far this accusation is true we cannot determine, but that it is a matter of public rumour is notorious. The French journals are compelled to refer to it, if at all, in the obscurest manner. The Emperor of Paris is not a man to be trifled with. Very slight offences have often drawn down *communiqués* of formidable length. More serious delinquencies would assuredly lead to prosecution, and in all probability to suppression. Meanwhile this magnificent *ædile* is for ever extending his designs. There is no likelihood that he will have to sit down and weep because there are no more worlds to conquer.

If Paris is the *omphalos* of Europe, the Place de la Concorde is the *omphalos* of Paris. Stationed between the Luxor column, one is standing under the shadow of a trophy taken by the founder of the youngest imperial dynasty from the land of the oldest—by the first of the Bonapartes from the land of the Pharaohs. Looking east, one sees the palace where the reigning dynasty is housed. Looking west, one sees the triumphal arch which celebrates the victories of that dynasty. Looking north, there is seen the temple dedicated originally to Glory, the deity whom the founder of the dynasty worshipped, but which to-day is dedicated to the humble and repentant Magdalen. Looking south, there appears the structure wherein the representative legislature of the nation assembles—a structure that would have been deemed mean even in London, the city of mean public buildings; but which, nevertheless, in Paris, the city of stately palaces, is sufficiently imposing for the part it plays. The eye, ranging from the Tuileries to the Arc d'Etoile, from the Madeleine to the Palais Bourbon, comprehends that Imperialism is the chief element in French existence, both political and social, that religion is closely allied with La Gloire. The Emperor's *fête* day—the

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chief day in the political calendar, is the Feast of the Assumption, the day which the modern Roman Church honours above all other days. Parliament occupies a very subordinate position in the life of France. Walk through Paris, and this conviction is abundantly confirmed. Everywhere the letter N is conspicuous. It is carved into the Louvre, which Louis XI. began, and which Louis Napoleon will finish. It stands colossal on the bridges that span the Seine. Of the four great gateways, the Arc d'Etoile, the Arc du Carrousel, the Porte St. Martin, and the Porte St. Denis, two, and those the handsomest and most conspicuous, are adorned with memorials of imperial victories. The names of the new boulevards recall the triumphs of the second empire, and with the avenues in the chief park is associated the name of the Empress. Everywhere the Parisian is reminded that he lives under a paternal government, under which everything is done for him, nothing by him, and that the true religion of modern France is Imperialism, which has taken the place not only of self-government, but of Providence. The very churches that are built—and they are marvellously few compared with the new buildings and the rapid increase of the population—are made to subserve the one great purpose of constituting Paris an architectural *chef-d'œuvre*, the visible incarnation of Napoleonic ideas. It must be admitted that this system has not been without success. There is no city in the world so well ordered as Paris. Its government is all but perfect. One has only to return from Paris to London, with its filthy roads, over-crowded thoroughfares, smoke-laden atmosphere, and paltry buildings, to feel the contrast between the city under the control of a central bureau and the agglomeration of parishes under the control of innumerable vestries, between a perhaps too despotic *régime* and what is certainly anarchy. And yet the capabilities of London for decoration and for comfort are far greater than those of Paris. The Thames is a far nobler river than the Seine; the parks are finer and older, and naturally more picturesque than the Bois de Boulogne; mechanical skill is greater in England than in France. Nevertheless, while the Seine is purified and its banks are a promenade, the Thames is turbid, and its banks are impassable, and the very works now in course of construction to amend this deficiency show how great is the need of a supreme authority. Then, while the Bois de Boulogne is full of charming glades and *parterres*, Hyde Park is for the most part a field strewn with litter; and while in the French capital the roads are, thanks to steam rollers, as hard and smooth as a

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gentleman's entrance hall, and as well kept as his private drive, in the English capital they are either beaches of sharp pointed stones or glissades of greasy mud, both alike ruinous to the unfortunate horses which have to traverse them. The contrast is equally unfavourable to the English city, when we compare the public vehicles. On this point suffice it to say, that the London cab and the London omnibus are a disgrace to a civilised city, much more to one which prides itself so greatly upon the energy of its inhabitants in supplying public wants.

It would be manifestly impossible to describe, or even to refer to, all the most important buildings in Paris within the limits of a single article. They are fully set forth in the work which stands at the head of these remarks. Moreover, they are patent to every visitor, though he may not number a single Parisian among his acquaintance, nor be able to put together a single French phrase. We desire rather to speak of life in Paris—life in the manifold phases which it assumes in that city, in no city more so. The *savan* and the man of fashion, the student and the *roué*, the *millionnaire* capitalist and the bloused working-man, the *beau monde* and the *demi-monde*—each of these leads its own life. The casual visitor will learn nothing of it while strolling through the Louvre, lounging on the Boulevards, driving in the Bois de Boulogne. Ordinary *Guides* will teach him little, the *Paris Guide* a great deal.

On the south bank of the Seine, near the Pont des Arts, stands a building that would perhaps be noticeable if placed elsewhere, but which is completely eclipsed by the gigantic frontage of the Louvre immediately opposite. This building is the Institute, which, in its own way, is as unique as the Louvre itself. If all our learned societies were gathered into one confederation, with a select body into which a small and defined number of the most illustrious members were admitted —if there were an association for men of letters and another for men of science, bearing the same relation to them that the Royal Academy bears to artists,—then we should have a tolerably faithful copy of the French Institute. But, as M. Renan, himself a member of that illustrious body, says, "France alone has an Institute where all the efforts of the human mind are bound together as though in a bundle; where the poet, the philosopher, the historian, the philologist, the critic, the mathematician, the physicist, the astronomer, the naturalist, the economist, the jurist, the sculptor, the painter, the musician, call themselves colleagues." The solidarity of genius, the duty of the State to recognise and reward

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genius, are the principles upon which the Institute is founded. It was during the height of the first Revolution, when one might have thought men's minds would have been fully occupied about the matters, in October, 1795, that other law was passed for carrying these principles into practice. But the Revolution did not forget how much it owed to science and letters; it did not forget that the Encyclopædists were its heralds who had made ready the way. The Institute was established with a directory of forty-eight persons, one-third holding the office for life and re-electing the other two-thirds. Three classes were formed: the class of natural science, the class of moral science, and the class of literature and the fine arts. Historical science was not admitted—in fact, it scarcely existed. This, the handiwork of the Convention, was modified by the First Consul. He looked with a by no means friendly eye upon a body whose operations tended to the development of free thought. He required that all elections should receive his sanction. With better reason, he increased the number of classes to four, and found a place for history. This organisation lasted from 1803 to 1816. The republic and the empire had passed away, the monarchy had been restored; and Louis XVIII., hating everything that was not of Bourbon origin, reconstituted the Institute. Bonaparte, the arbitrary First Consul, had not attempted to deprive any of the members of their title: Louis, the constitutional sovereign, was more bigoted and more venturesome. Twenty-two members he thus degraded, among them the painter David, Carnot, and Sieyès. In their place, seventeen persons were appointed to an honour which has no value save when conferred by those who alone had the right to confer it. The results were what might have been expected. The serene atmosphere of science was troubled with the storms of political struggles. Rival princes had their rival candidates. The political and the religious prejudices of the time, instead of being kept aloof from the Institute, reigned supreme there. Science, art, and letters became the things least valued by the members. To them the chief privilege of membership consisted in the right to wear an embroidered dress and a sword. The revolution of 1830 brought better days. Guizot restored the department of moral science which had disappeared since 1803. Before this the word Academy had been revived and applied to the different departments, as it is to this day. Between 1830 and 1848 the Institute greatly increased in importance. It was no longer the creature of political intrigues, nor the focus of political intrigue. Arago and Thierry had added to its re-

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nown. After the revolution of 1848, General Cavaignac besought the aid of the Academy of Moral and Political Science against the Socialist doctrines which prevailed. The Academy responded by producing a number of tracts, little read, and which scarcely added to its dignity. It is during the second empire, if we are to believe M. Renan, that the Institute has reached its climax of activity, and usefulness, and dignity. At the present time, the Institute consists of five academies. The French Academy, founded by Richelieu, in 1635, and consisting of forty members; the Academy of Inscriptions and *Belles Lettres*, founded by Colbert, in 1663, and having forty titular and ten free members, eight foreign associates, and fifty correspondents; the Academy of Sciences, founded by Colbert, in 1666, with sixty-five titular and ten free members, eight foreign associates, and ninety-two correspondents; the Academy of Fine Arts, formed between 1648 and 1671, by the union of the three Academies of Sculpture and Painting, Music, and Architecture, and having forty titular and ten free members, ten foreign associates, and forty correspondents, and the Academy of Moral and Political Science, with forty titular and ten free members, six foreign associates, and thirty to forty correspondents. The Institute is governed by a commission composed of a president, secretary, treasurer, and all the members. Every two years the entire Institute is called to award a prize of 800*l.* given by the Emperor "for the work or the discovery most worthy of honour or of greatest use to the country, produced during the six preceding last years." Each of the academies proposes a candidate, for whom the entire Institute votes.

Of the *Académie Française*, as the most important of the five, we must speak more fully. To belong to "the Forty" members of whom it consists, is the highest ambition of the French man of letters. At the head of them stands the veteran Villemain, now a man of seventy-eight years. He was elected forty-seven years ago, and has been its secretary for thirty-three years. He is emphatically *the* man of the Academy; and though, when he dies, he will be succeeded, he can scarcely be replaced. Lamartine is his junior as an associate by eight years, Thiers by twelve, Guizot by fifteen, Victor Hugo by twenty. A large majority of the present members have been elected since 1841. Since 1850, the Count de Montalembert; M. Berryer, the *bâtonnier* of the Paris bar; M. Dupanloup, the Ultramontane Bishop of Orleans; the Duc de Broglie, author of the magnificent work *L'Eglise et l'Empire;* Octave Feuillet, the dramatist; Prévost Paradol

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and Cuivillier Fleury, the journalists, have been added to this representative chamber of French genius. Academicians can fight occasionally, no less than theologians. In 1824 the *Académie* had for secretary a certain M. Auger, who was a very Torquemada of letters. He raged furiously against the romantic drama. He borrowed the terminology of divinity, and anathematised the "heretics" who had set themselves against the "orthodox" classicists. He was probably more than half mad. He committed suicide in 1829, just in time to escape the shame of seeing Lamartine, the Romanticist, elected one of the Forty. Athanasius might survive the imperial adoption of Arius; Auger could not have survived the election of Lamartine. He was succeeded by two men, nearly as prejudiced and violent as himself, who, fortunately for the *Académie*, occupied the post of secretary only six years between them. They gave place, in 1835, to Villemain; and from that time the *Académie* became catholic instead of sectarian. There are no longer the personal controversies which used to rage, so little to the credit of literature. The summer sittings are even somewhat dull. Most of the members are away, and those who are in town are compelled to fall back upon that *pièce de résistance* of many a year—the new *French Dictionary*. It will possibly be finished some day; though, as the whole of French literature is ransacked to supply illustrations of a single word, the prospect of completion is at least very remote. In the winter the sittings are far more lively. The political members have returned; and animated groups gather round the fireplace and discourse so eagerly that M. Villemain finds it difficult to obtain their attention to the business of the day. January passed, the real hard labour of the *Académie* begins, since the works sent in by the competitors for the various prizes have then to be examined. The *Académie* is rich. The State allows it over 3,400*l.* a-year, and this sum is devoted to rewarding merit. There are a large number of private bequests. For instance, 800*l.* is awarded to the poor Frenchman who has performed the most virtuous action during the preceding year—an example which Mr. Disraeli may quote as a precedent the next time that he bestows a pair of breeches upon the best behaved labourer at Hughenden. M. Montjoi, the founder of the above prize, left also 800*l.* a-year for the Frenchman who, during the preceding year, has written the book most useful to morals—a prize for which French novelists would find it very hard to qualify. Then there are prizes for the best historical works of the year, for the best translation from the classics,

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for the best drama. The clerical members of the *Académie* are not seldom troublesome. Lacordaire was eccentric; Dupanloup is bigoted. It was he who wrote and canvassed against the election of M. Littré; it was he who, during a discussion upon some works of Luther's, devoted the Reformer to the nethermost gods. There is rather too much of canvassing when a *fauteuil* becomes vacant. The election loses much of its value when it loses its spontaneousness. Canvassing does not always succeed even when the candidate is most influential. Napoleon III. probably reckons among the greatest disappointments of his life the refusal of the Forty to elect the author of the *Life of Julius Cæsar*.

As the *Institute* is the first literary fraternity, so the *Polytechnique* claims to be the first scientific school in the world. It was founded in the early days of the great Revolution. It speedily became celebrated. When the Peace of Amiens was broken, and war began afresh between France and England, the Ecole Polytechnique subscribed 120*l.* towards the cost of the expedition. It did better. It sent out thirty-nine of its pupils with the expedition. Bonaparte recognises the importance of the Polytechnique. It gave itself up too much to politics, and the scholars too often disturbed the public peace. He converted the school into a barrack, and subjected the schools to military discipline. The school became thenceforward a thorough military institution. He found a local habitation for it in the Collége de Navarre, where old Jean Gerson, Richelieu, and Bossuet, were educated. Government made a grant of nearly 1,700*l.* in aid of scholars who required help, and a further sum of 1,200*l.* annually for the first forty pupils in the list of merit. In 1814 the pupils offered eight artillery horses entirely equipped, and subsequently volunteered to go themselves and fight in the French army. Napoleon replied that he was not yet reduced to kill the goose that laid his golden eggs. He availed himself of their services by forming them into three batteries of National Guard Artillery for the defence of Paris. Probably neither he nor they contemplated seeing actual warfare in that capacity. Nevertheless, on March 30, they held the Avenue of Vincennes, and kept in check the enemy who endeavoured to take Paris on that side. During the revolution of the three days the school again saw fighting. The pupils mixed with the people, who made captains of them. One of them was killed in an attack upon a barrack, and his name is kept in memory by the Rue Vanneau. In 1848 as in 1830, the Polytechnique was again active, and the Provisional Governmen

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made use of its youthful energy. As a military school it has the highest possible reputation. Nearly all the most distinguished commanders of France were educated there. Foreign powers have repeatedly sought for their young subjects the privilege of pursuing in the Polytechnique the course of military studies there prescribed.

Turning from military to civil education, we find Paris still maintaining her high reputation. Immediately after the Revolution of 1830, the Ecole Polytechnique, flushed with the glory which it had obtained at the barricades, resolved to open a more peaceful road to liberty than that which it had been just following. Scarcely was the street battle over, when the Polytechnique pupils, meeting at the Hôtel de Ville, founded an association—the *Association Polytechnique*, with the motto, "*Pour la patrie, la science, et la gloire.*" M. Victor de Tracy, afterwards Minister of Marine, was the first president. M. Auguste Comte, afterwards to be known as the founder of a new school of philosophy, was the first secretary. The most active promoter of it was M. Perdonnet, a contributor to the *Paris Guide*, and who died full of years and honours a few weeks ago. How zealously and successfully he worked may be gathered from the fact, that whereas in 1834 eight courses of lectures were sufficient for the Parisians, in 1867 two hundred professors gave gratuitously one hundred and fifty courses to the working-men of the capital. Every evening at the *Ecole Centrale*, and at nearly a dozen other places, lectures are delivered in the French language in arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, chemistry, physics, grammar, and other subjects. The pupils have lessons set them. At the end of the year there is a public distribution of prizes. The public conferences in connection with this association have become famous. It was here that M. de Lesseps had to explain three times over in the course of the same evening, so great was the crowd gathered to hear him, his scheme for piercing the Isthmus of Suez, now in the way of being realised. Many a now wealthy Frenchman owes his rise and prosperity to this association. M. Perdonnet loved to tell how persons elegantly dressed would come to him and say, "Do you not remember me? I am an old working-man pupil of yours. Thanks to your instruction, I am become a master and a rich man." All this good has been effected with a capital of only 10,000*l.* It will be a proud day for South Kensington when its schools, on which so much money has been lavished, can show works at all to be compared with those obtained by M. Perdonnet and his colleagues.

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While military and technical education thus flourishes in France, education in the more general sense of the word languishes. On this point M. Frédéric Morin has written very strongly in the *Paris Guide*. He says that the literary and instructed public, the public which judges ideas and all intellectual matters, as distinct from the ordinary crowd, become fewer in number and lower in character every day. The class from which it ought to be recruited, the men of wealth and leisure, have too often given themselves up either to clerical intolerance or to sensual dissipation; they too often furnish pupils to the Jesuit, members to the Jockey Club, and above all countless readers of the filthy autobiographies of courtesans, which multiply like a poisonous vegetation, and which always reach a fourth edition. "To-day," adds M. Morin, "we say it with a profound sorrow, but with a still more profound conviction, there are not in France four hundred persons who have gone through the studies necessary, not to write, but to understand at all intimately a book or an article on high philosophy. There are not a thousand who are up to the level of a seriously written work on general history." M. Morin finds no compensation among the lower class for this unfortunate condition of the upper class. True, the *bourgeoisie* of the small towns seem to desire instruction; but the education given at the primary schools is wretchedly insufficient. According to the report drawn up by M. Charles Robert a few years ago, the number of persons who could neither read nor write was in some departments—as le Cher and le Gard, three-fourths of the population; in some, as Indre, five-sixths; in some, as the Loire-Inférieure and the Côtes-du-Nord, nine-tenths. The returns for 1865-66 somewhat modify M. Robert's figures; but, lamentable to relate, they have changed for the worse in no fewer than twenty departments. In one commune of the Charente-Inférieure, out of 1,200 inhabitants, only six knew how to spell; in one commune of Vienne, containing 2,000 inhabitants, not one could read, except a few rich families which owned the land. Thus, by the side of a few thousands of persons more or less educated, there are millions who are living almost in a savage state. "A savage state," "barbarism," are indeed the very terms used by Government officials in their reports upon the education of the people. After this M. Morin can scarcely be accused of exaggeration when parodying the first Napoleon's famous prophecy, in fifty years Europe will be either republican or Cossacks, he predicts "in ten years France will be either an

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active people of free citizens, or an inert crowd of corrupt barbarians."

Is it by an unintentional sarcasm that the two words "The Sorbonne" are made the very next to those we have just quoted? M. Vacherot, at all events, does not look to the Sorbonne to supply the deficiencies which M. Morin has described in such doleful language. "The god of the Sorbonne," he says, "no one can mistake, for he has uttered oracles; and what oracles during 600 years' oppression of thought? That god is Theology. . . . History has determined that theology and Sorbonne shall be synonymous words, and a philosopher of our own time has spoken everybody's language when he gave the name of 'The Sorbonne and Philosophy' to a celebrated article, in which he opposed modern science to ancient authority." Founded in 1250 by Robert of Sorbon, a small town in the Ardennes, at first a simple doctor, but later a chaplain of St. Louis, its object was to teach the science of the day—theology. It soon became famous throughout Europe for its disputations. It became famous, though not illustrious, in other ways. It was the Sorbonne which condemned Joan of Arc as a witch, and craved of the Duke of Bedford the privilege of burning her. It was the Sorbonne which defended the murder of Louis of Orleans. It was the Sorbonne which declared in favour of the Ligue, the Guises, and Spain, against Henry III. and Henry IV.; preached up a rebellion, and condemned the supporters of those two kings to eternal perdition. It felt the powerful influence of Richelieu, and under his patronage became Gallican, and opposed the pretensions of Rome. Let it be mentioned to its credit that the Sorbonne, so far as it dared, sided with the Jansenists, against the Jesuits. More recently it has shown itself susceptible to modern enlightenment. After the first empire it showed wonderful vigour and courage. It combated the reactionary policy of the Restoration. It took an active part in the Revolution of July. It was at the Sorbonne that Cousin delivered his course of brilliant lectures which aroused such an indescribable enthusiasm in Paris. Many of the foremost writers of to-day are Sorbonnistes. In truth, the old, the real Sorbonne, the temple of scholastic theology, has fallen beneath the blows of the eighteenth century. Its ancient life began to leave it when Richelieu built up its material fabric. That was a true prophecy which was then spoken:—

> "Instaurata ruet jamjam Sorbona. Caduca
> Dum fuit, inconcussa stetit, renovata peribit."

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It is only when its sons abandon the traditions of the Sorbonne that they are able to influence their generation.

The Palais Bourbon, where the *Corps Législatif* holds its sittings, is but a few minutes' walk from the Institute. The money which it has cost would cover the area with gold. After enormous sums had been spent upon the old palace, it was in 1814 restored to the Prince de Condé, to whose family it had belonged before the Revolution. It was rented of him by the Government for the use of the Parliament, and he was paid nearly 5,000*l.* a-year. Eventually his property, and that of the Duc d'Aumale, which adjoined, were purchased for about 420,000*l.* The place was then rebuilt, and the present structure erected. M. Louis Ulbach has given a spirited description of the spectacle which the Palace presents when the chamber is sitting. The hour of opening is two p.m. The President's procession is quite imposing. First come two ushers, clothed in black, with folded hat under the arm, steel chain round the neck, and steel-handled sword at the side. Then comes the President himself, escorted by a lieutenant, a sub-lieutenant, and followed by several secretaries. This *cortége*, which is not unlike that of our own Speaker, is in one respect very dissimilar. It has to pass through a double line of soldiers, instead of by the two policemen who guard the British House of Commons. As soon as the President has entered the chamber, a crowd of ushers disperse themselves in all directions, crying, "The House is sitting, gentlemen; the President has taken his seat." ("*En séance, messieurs! M. le Président est au fauteuil.*") On seating himself, the President places his hat on the desk before him, and, should the sitting become too stormy for him to control, he places the hat upon his head. This, however, happens very rarely. Two enormous mahogany doors, studded with golden stars, give admission to the deputies. The chamber is a semicircle, and is decorated with twenty Ionic columns of white Carrara marble, with gilded bronze capitals. It is lighted by a glass roof; the walls are of red Pyrenean marble, and the floor is paved with blue-veined marble. The circumference is divided into fan-like sections, and each section contains a bench, which includes four seats covered with amaranth cloth. There are ten rows of benches in each section. Every deputy has his rostrum, his desk, and accompanying furniture. The front row is reserved for the Government commissioners and members of the commissions. As soon as the President enters the chamber, the members who are already there uncover; and should any of them forget to

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do so, the usher shouts, "Off with your hat!" ("*Chapeau bas.*") On each side of the President's chair are the secretaries of the chamber, the editors' secretaries, and the chief of the official reporting staff. The tribune, restored within the last few months, is of mahogany, and looks like a counter. On the right side of it is a writer, who sits for a quarter of an hour and then retires, leaving his place to be filled by a successor. On the left side is a *rouleur*, who remains only two minutes at a time, and then leaves to copy out his notes, which occupy about thirty-five lines in the *Moniteur*. The reviser reads the notes of the *rouleur* and corrects them when necessary. The reporters are about a dozen in number. This, of course, is very small compared with the number of reporters in the House of Commons; the difference is explained by the fact that no French newspaper is allowed to publish a report of its own, but is forced to take that supplied by the official shorthand writers, and which is generally twenty-four hours late. This delay gives the deputies an opportunity of correcting the reports of their speeches. M. Berryer never takes the trouble to do so. It is different with most of the deputies—notably M. Jules Favre and M. Thiers. The last often remains half the night correcting the proofs which are supplied to him. M. Thiers is as popular as he is careful. When he speaks there is an enormous demand for the eighteen seats allotted to strangers. The day when he made his great speech upon Germany a single seat fetched more than 5*l.* On other occasions of less interest, a couple of pounds will be given to the man who acts as *locum tenens.*

There are 280 deputies. "They are," says M. Ulbach, sarcastically, "elected by direct universal suffrage—which is the voice of God, as every one knows. Also, except at Paris, where scepticism renders the voice of Heaven somewhat hoarse, the elections are generally providentially favourable to the powers that be. Government never interferes with the choice of the electors, except to direct it. To this end, it openly patronises certain candidates." The great majority of the deputies are supporters of the Government, and the Opposition can count only about fifty-two votes. This, however, is a large increase upon the number which existed in the chamber previously to the general election of 1863. At that time the opponents of the Government were not more than half a dozen. M. Thiers is the most famous of the present Opposition. He sits on the second row of the second section. M. Berryer, the ornament of the French bar, and its leader, M. Ulbach likens to an old lion. When he rises to speak, he

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is nervous and hesitating; but the first words spoken, the first powder burnt, all his shyness vanishes, and he soon obtains the mastery over his audience. He has no papers, no memoranda; his memory is the arsenal whence he draws his weapons. His arguments issue forth like grape shot from a gun. He is the last of the classic orators. His worthy competitors and colleague, Jules Favre—that other great light of the French bar—is one of the orators whom the Government most dreads. Proudhon, listening to him, once exclaimed, "It is miraculous!" He sits by the side of his friend, M. Garnier Pagès. They are two rows behind M. Thiers. Garnier Pagès is not the only member of the Provisional Government of 1848 who has a seat in the chamber. MM. Marie and Carnot have obtained admission into the same august assembly. Eugéne Pelletan, Ernest Picard, Glais-Bizoin, rank, after Thiers, Berryer, and Favre, among the leading opponents of the Government. Two Opposition journalists, M. Havin, of the *Siècle*, and M. Guéroult, of the *Opinion Nationale*, are also deputies. Chief among the Government orators is of course M. Rouher, Minister of State—or Vice-Emperor, as he is often named; perhaps the most powerful statesman, though certainly not the most successful, since Mazarin. That he is eloquent, there can be no question; and his eloquence is all the more conspicuous by reason of the feeble oratory of most of the Government supporters. One of these, listening to the minister a little while ago, exclaimed, "It is Demosthenes!" "Yes," was the witty reply—referring to the harshness of M. Rouher's voice —"Demosthenes before the pebbles!" There is one politician and orator who has, if we are to judge from his present position, ruined his career. It is M. Ollivier, who, having been elected as an Opposition member, has of late coquetted with the Imperialists. He has forfeited the confidence of the first; he has not gained the confidence of the second. He was not born to be the successor of Mirabeau, nor to fill the difficult part, to which he has aspired, of mediator between the sovereign and the people. M. Ulbach ironically styles him "Minister *in partibus*." In Paris, the Lords and Commons (Senators and Deputies) do not sit in the same building. While the deputies are lodged in the Palais Bourbon, the senators have to go some way farther off from the centre of Paris. The Luxembourg Palace is their place of meeting. The picture-gallery in that palace is, though *longo intervallo*, next in importance to the Louvre. It contains exclusively the works of modern masters. During 1848, Louis Blanc and the

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working-men delegates held their sittings here, and discussed the most important problems of social economy to very little purpose. The blouse has given way to the coronet. The Luxembourg is now occupied by the Senate of the empire. In the adjoining chapel are celebrated the marriages of senators and of members of their families. The "coronet," however, is not an essential passport to the Senate. This body represents the aristocracy of France in the highest sense of the word. Not birth only, but genius, valour, distinguished services entitle to a seat. Victor Hugo is a senator, and is absent from the Luxembourg only because he is self-exiled from France. Villemain, the veteran *littérateur*, is a senator; so was Cousin. The Broglies and Montalembert are senators as much by virtue of their talents as of their illustrious birth. The number of senators varies from time to time, according to losses by death and gains by Imperial appointment. Usually there are about 150, all of whom receive an annual pension of 1,200*l*. Princes of the Imperial family, admirals, marshals, and cardinals are *ex-officio* senators. Cardinal Bonnechose is one of the most eloquent members at the present time. The officers are, a president, five vice-presidents, a grand referendary, and a secretary. The Senate being constituted as it is, and not a mere hereditary chamber, it may easily be imagined that the debates are well worth reading. They have ceased to be as amusing as they were, since the death of the eccentric Marquis de Boissy, who carried hatred of England to the extreme of absurdity.

To an Englishman the Parliament naturally suggests the Press. In France there is no such intimate connection between those two institutions as there is in England. One cause of this difference we have mentioned. The journals are forbidden to publish their own reports of the debates. The newspaper press is indeed sorely fettered in France. The limits between lawful comment, and "inciting to hatred and contempt," are as narrow as is, according to Dryden, the partition between madness and great wits. It is bad enough for a journalist to have to publish, without the right to reply, some long-winded *communiqué* from some touchy official. It is still worse to receive an *avertissement*. It is the worst of all to be summarily suppressed. Seeing how journalism has been persecuted in France, it is surprising that it should be as flourishing and vigorous as it is. The surprise is greater when we remember that Frenchmen do not advertise in their journals as Englishmen do in theirs. A French journal can never become a lucrative property, such as many

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even of the provincial English journals have become. Moreover, this kind of property is in France always extremely unsafe. When a minister can destroy with a stroke of his pen property worth some thousands sterling, few persons would invest in it though for a pecuniary motive. But sweet are the uses of adversity. The Paris journalist has by constant exposure to danger attained the perfection of skill. No one so well as he knows how to suggest the thought which he does not venture to pronounce. No one knows so well how to render an opponent ridiculous even while assuming an attitude of the most perfect courtesy. No one knows so well how to veil a sarcasm in a compliment, to conceal the barbed arrow that, when discharged, will stick fast and deep. In England we deal straightforward blows in a somewhat brutal fashion. In France criticism is an accomplishment requiring the highest skill. Between English and French criticism there is as much difference as there is between the fisticuffs of the prizefighter and the rapier thrusts of the duellist. During the last few years the Press has enjoyed greater freedom than it formerly possessed. The successors of the Duc de Persigny in the Ministry of the Interior have been warned by the intense unpopularity of that statesman to hold a lighter hand upon the journalist. True, Press prosecutions are still almost of weekly occurrence; but, as a rule, the sentences are light, most generally a small fine, repaid by the increased notoriety which the trial has given to the objectionable paper. There are at the present time, we believe, twenty-one political journals published daily, and of these no fewer than twelve have been started during the present reign. The great majority of them are opposed to the Government, and the circulation of an anti-Imperial journal is immensely larger than that of one devoted to the empire. During the recent Italian crisis French intervention was supported by several journals which usually oppose the Imperial policy. For once the Ultramontanes and the *militaires* were agreed, and joined with the Government organs in upholding the expedition to Rome. But it was stated by the *Liberté* that the circulation of the journals opposed to intervention was nearly double that of the journals which supported it. The most widely-read political daily paper is undoubtedly the *Siècle*, which was started in 1836. It has a circulation of between forty and fifty thousand. It is thoroughly liberal, and its sources of information are good. As already stated, its chief editor, M. Havin, is a member of the Chamber of Deputies. The *Figaro* has a circulation nearly as large as

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that of the *Siècle*, but appeals to a different class of readers, those who care for gossip and fiction rather than politics. Of the same kind, though lower in quality, are the *Petit Journal*, the *Journal pour Tous*, the *Petite Presse*, and others, whose combined circulation must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. Second in the list of political papers is the *Liberté*. This journal was established in 1865, and after nine months' existence was on the point of expiring, when M. Emile de Girardin bought it, and by the vigour of his writing and the exclusiveness of his information, as well as, no doubt, by the lowness of its price, he has brought it up to a circulation of over 30,000. It need scarcely be said that its politics are liberal, and in fact democratic. Napoleon has no more formidable foe among Paris Press-men than M. de Girardin. Recently this well-known writer has lost one of the most brilliant members of his staff, M. Clément Duvernois, who, differing from his chief in his opinion of the Emperor's policy, has started a paper of his own—the *Epoque*. It has not been a very successful speculation. Its circulation is only about 7,000 a-day, and its founder's Imperialism has just been unworthily rewarded by a Government prosecution for publishing false news. Between MM. de Girardin and Duvernois there is still, according to all appearances, perfect friendship. The *Liberté* and the *Epoque* constantly criticise each other's articles, but always in a friendly and gentlemanly style. It would be well if some of our own journals, both metropolitan and provincial, would imitate this example. By far the oldest of the French daily papers is the *Gazette de France*. It was established in 1631 by the physician of Louis XIII. Its circulation at the present time is small. The *Moniteur* and the *Journal des Débats* were established in 1789. The first, as all the world knows, is the official organ of the Government. Pecuniarily it is a failure; officially even, it is little better. Terrible were the sarcasms directed against it when day after day during the late Italian crisis it appeared without any information upon the topic which filled every mind and mouth. Of late years an evening edition of the *Moniteur* has been published at a sou; and the publishers have obtained a concession from the post-office by which this journal is carried free to all parts of the country. In other words, the country is taxed in order that the Government may propagate its views the more readily. To this arrangement other journalists naturally though vainly object. The *Débats* has had a splendid career. Chateaubriand was at one time its editor. For many years most of the distinguished *littérateurs*

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of France have written in it. At the present time its staff includes Michel Chevalier, Chasles (of Pascal-Newton celebrity), Cuivilier Fleury, Saint Marc Girardin, Jules Janin, Laboulaye, John Lemoinne, Prévost Paradol, Ernest Renan, and Taine. Nevertheless its circulation is far less than it was. This may be due perhaps in some measure to the high price which the publishers still maintain; but it is due also to the fact, that while its news is somewhat meagre and late, its articles are written for scholars rather than for the public. Nevertheless there is perhaps no Paris journal which has so many readers in England as the *Débats*. It is worthy of note that between 1789, *the* year of Revolution, and 1815, the year which saw the downfall of the First Empire, no new journal was started, or at least, if there were any, none now survive. The *Constitutionnel* was originated in the last mentioned year; and in 1851, being then in a struggling condition, it was bought by the notorious Dr. Véron, now recently dead. He employed Eugéne Sue at a payment of 4,000*l.* to write a novel in the paper, and "The Wandering Jew" speedily raised the circulation at once by 30,000 a day, and helped to make the doctor's fortune. Until recently M. Sainte-Beuve, prince of critics, used to write in the *Constitutionnel*, and his *Causeries de Lundi*, some of the most valuable contributions to the art of criticism ever published, appeared here. His withdrawal from the staff of this journal must, one would suppose, have been a serious loss. The *Presse* was founded in 1836 by Emile de Girardin, and by him carried on for twenty years. In politics it is almost identical with the *Constitutionnel*. Both of these journals, as well as the *Patrie*, founded in 1841, and the *Etendard*, founded in 1866, belong to the class called semi-official, or "officious," or "inspired." The last-mentioned paper frequently contains important information which is withheld from the *Moniteur*. Nevertheless it is not more popular than the other Government organs, and its proprietors are compelled to attract purchasers by supplying gratuitously a little daily journal of gossip called the *Petite Presse*, and a beautifully illustrated weekly paper, the *Monde Illustré*. The *Union* is one of the least read Paris journals. It is a sort of evening *Gazette de France*, and has no influence. The *Opinion Nationale* was started during the war of 1859, and has always been devoted to the cause of Italian unity. It is believed to be inspired by Prince Napoleon, King Victor Emmanuel's son-in-law. Its antithesis the *Monde* is the organ of the Ultramontane party, and has taken the place of the *Univers*, which on

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account of the violence of its editor, M. Louis Veuillot, was suppressed by the Government. The *Temps* is an old journal revived in 1861. It is democratic, and contains some of the best writing in French journalism. No one knows better than its editor, M. Nefftzer, how to insinuate that which it would be dangerous to say. The London correspondent of the *Temps* is M. Louis Blanc, and to that journal he sent all the excellent letters on England, which have been recently republished. The *France* has been in existence just seven years. A very distinguished man, the Viscount de la Guerronière, the author of several notable pamphlets, written by imperial command, directs the politics of this journal. The *France* is supposed to represent more particularly the ideas of the Empress. The *Avenir National* is another of the liberal journals founded within the present decade. Though only five years old, it has a large circulation. As we write, the Government has done its best to increase that circulation by prosecuting the journal for an article protesting against French intervention at Rome. Finally, there is, or rather was, the *Situation*, which after a few months of troubled existence disappeared last autumn.

Paris journals do not constitute the whole of Paris journalism. That city having been for many years the political capital of Europe, no provincial French paper and no foreign paper of any importance is without a Paris correspondent. The leading Continental journal, the *Indépendance Belge*, has no fewer than twenty-two such correspondents, the *Augsburg Gazette* has eight, the *Cologne Gazette* three. The English journals are content with one. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* has filled that post more than thirty years, and is long past his work. If its other portions were no better written than its Paris correspondence, the *Times* would speedily cease to be the leading journal. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* often excites laughter by his inordinate vanity. Nevertheless he is a well-informed writer, and frequently receives intelligence which the Government desires to make known indirectly. The relations between the French Government and the *Telegraph* are commonly supposed to be very intimate. This paper enjoys the privilege of sale on the Boulevards. The *Morning Post*, no less than the *Daily Telegraph*, has close ties with the Tuileries, and its correspondent is a frequent visitor at the office of the Minister of Finances. The correspondent of the *Daily News* has long held that position, rather too long perhaps for the interests of his employer. He is to be seen any day writing his letter at one

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of the *cafés*, near the Bourse. The wife of this gentleman is correspondent to some of the English provincial journals. The correspondent of the *Morning Star* also is a lady. Most notable of all these writers, was, until a few months ago, "Father Prout," ex-Jesuit, novelist, wit, and Paris correspondent of the *Globe*. His place has been taken, but scarcely filled, by a gentleman who is also correspondent of several other English and some Indian journals. With so many pens at work, often revealing things which it was wished to keep secret, a paternal government, like that of France, must find plenty of occupation in the way of inspection. This operation is most rigorously performed. Every foreign journal that enters France is carefully read by some four or five officials, beginning with a secretary, and ending, in cases of doubt, with the Minister of the Interior himself. An objectionable phrase, or an indiscreet revelation, is sufficient to secure condemnation and suppression. The subscribers must go without their journal for that day. It is impossible that any obnoxious newspaper can circulate by accident. The block system—to borrow a term from railway signalling—prevails. It is assumed that all is wrong until the signal "all right" is given. No foreign journal leaves the Post Office until the Home Office has sent its permission. There is one exception to this rule. The *Times* is allowed to circulate without previous inspection. Napoleon's long residence in England has taught him how much Englishmen are annoyed if they fail to see their favourite journal. He, himself, was, until lately, a daily reader of it. His interest has perhaps, diminished for the same reason that the innocuousness of the *Times* has increased. A Paris correspondent, who, when the whole Continent threatens to blaze with war, can fill his letter with statistics about the wine trade, is certainly not likely to set the Seine on fire.

Some twelve years ago there used to be a story current in Oxford common-rooms, told at the expense of certain nations in Europe, and of a certain ecclesiastical party in England. It was said that one of the leaders of the "Tract" movement had gone to Russia in order to see what could be done towards effecting a union between the Greek and English Churches, and that on his travels he met with a Russian who showed great interest in the matter. The story went on to say that the Englishman brought the Russian to England, and made a great feast for him at Oxford, to which Pusey, and Newman, and Keble, and Williams, and all the other great lights of the party were invited. At dessert it was noticed that the

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guest of the evening "took a back hander," that is, when the bottle came round to him he filled his glass, drained it, and filled it again, before he passed the bottle on. In this way the Russian drank just twice as much as the Englishmen, but on the principle *in vino veritas*, only as much as was good for the interests of truth. Evidently it was an Eastern custom, and the other guests being catholic in their sympathies took no notice of it. Conversation became earnest. The host started for discussion the important question—How far may an English Churchman conform to the religious services of another church when he is in a foreign land? The Russian, warmed by the subject and by his port, broke silence, and every one was hushed as he spoke. "Conformity," he said, in broken English, "that has always been my rule. When I am in Russia, I am a member of the Greek Church. When I am in Turkey, I am a Mahometan, and have three, four, five wives. When I am in France, I am no religion at all—the religion of the country; and when I am in England, I say"—here followed the national oath. The story does not mention if the party thereupon broke up; but it will be noticed, and this is our object in quoting it now, that this very catholic, not to say cosmopolitan theologian, assumed that France was without any religion at all. This is an enormous mistake. Let any one travel through the rural districts of France on a religious festival, as the present writer has done, and he will find the churches thronged with devout worshippers. In Paris devotion is not so general, and the English visitor will be struck with the crowds of pleasure-takers thronging the Boulevards, and lounging in the Champs Elysées as he walks to one of the English churches. Yet he would be in error if he were to assume that all these people were without religion, or neglected worship. The fact is, that while he slept they were at their prayers. Early mass is the principal service in all Roman Catholic countries, and, that heard, even the devout feel at liberty to enter upon secular employments and amusements. Taking, however, the most liberal estimate of our neighbours' devotion, it must be confessed that a large number of them seem to have scarcely any at all. The men as a rule do not enter a church from one year's end to another. Perhaps a few may be seen in the dense throng of people, who, struggling up the aisle of Notre Dame or the Madeleine on Good Friday, kneel to kiss the relics offered for their adoration, drop their sous into the open box close by, and then pass on. But the great majority of them ignore religion altogether. It is not an Englishman nor a Protestant

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who tells us that young men, on the eve of marriage, when, according to the law of the Church, they ought to go to confession, hire deputies to confess for them, and to obtain the necessary voucher by a fraud. In truth so little—we do not say devotion—but bare knowledge of Christianity, is there among the young men of Paris, that, painfully irreverent and even blasphemous as the book appears to us, it is questionable if Renan's *Vie de Jésus* will not do more good than harm by presenting to the youth of France a model of purity and goodness with which they were entirely unacquainted. How little progress religion is making in Paris may be judged from the small number of new churches which are to be found there. Paris has been almost rebuilt within the last thirty years; new streets, new squares, new markets, new boulevards, new theatres, new palaces, are to be seen on every hand, but the new churches are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto.* There is St. Clotilde, near the Palais Bourbon, and the just-opened church of the Holy Trinity in the Chaussée d'Antin on the still unfinished Augustinian church in the Boulevart Malesherbes. But these are exceptions. Of church decoration and restoration there is, indeed, no lack, as Notre Dame and St. Denis—the Westminster Abbey of Paris—will bear witness. But it is questionable if religion has much part in this matter. A church having been built, it is necessary that it should be in good condition, in order that it may not spoil Baron Haussmann's design to make Paris the finest city in the world. Notre Dame is unquestionably worthy of that city, and the spectacle which it presents at high mass on Easter-day is one of the most splendid that the lover of ritual can desire. Here, too, take place the celebrated Advent and Lenten courses of Sermons, the "Notre Dame Conferences," rendered memorable by the eloquence of Lacordaire, Félix, and Hyacinthe. It is on these occasions, and on these only, that one may see in Paris a congregation of men. As for the Parisian generally, it may be said that he—

> "Ne'er went to church; 'twas such a busy life:
> But duly sent his family and wife."

Or scarcely that: he allowed them to go if they chose, to stay away if they did not choose. Finally, on this point it may be said that, according to the *Paris Guide*, there are seventy-four churches in Paris, built and building—a number that must, after making allowance for the difference of population, be far below that of the churches in London. It must be borne in mind, however, that a church in Paris is available

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for a much larger number of worshippers than a church in London. The first are not barred up all the week as the old-fashioned City churches in our own metropolis are; and on Sunday the services are not confined to morning and evening prayer, but are continuing, almost without intermission, through the day. Protestantism does not flourish in Paris. Protestants obtained a recognised position at the end of the sixteenth century; and, as soon as they had the opportunity, duly persecuted, as their opponents had done. For about ninety years they had a legal position; then came the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, followed by a century of intolerance. Louis XIV. abrogated in 1685 the law which had been enacted as "perpetual and irrevocable" by Henry IV., confirmed by his son, and by the *Grand Monarque* himself. It was not until 1787 that Protestants were once more accorded a legal position. Washington, the American patriot, may add to the record of his other noble deeds that he, in a great measure, accomplished this one. He was ably seconded by La Fayette. Bonaparte the Consul confirmed the liberty which had been bestowed by the Republic. He gave them three pastors and three temples, and gave to the first the Legion of Honour. After his coronation in Notre Dame, by Pius VII., and before he had left the church, a deputation of the three pastors and the twenty-four presidents of Consistories waited upon him; and he told them, "The empire of law ends where the indefinite empire of conscience begins. Neither the law nor the sovereign can do anything against that liberty. Such are my principles, and those of the nation. If any of my race having to succeed me forget the oath which I have taken, I deliver him to the public animadversion, and I authorise you to call him Nero." During the reigns of the three kings who succeeded the empire, the two schools which have always more or less divided Protestantism—the "Orthodox" and the "Liberals"—became increasingly estranged. The Consistory for a long time preserved the balance between the two; but, about twenty-five years ago, an event occurred which brought the division to a climax, and led to the separation by which the Protestants of France are now arrayed into two sects, almost as distinct from each other as both are from the Roman Church. Some members of the "Liberal" party had built a church at Batignolles, one of the northern districts of Paris. Athanase Coquerel, the elder, was asked to take charge of it, and he opened his pulpit to the ministers of both parties. The church flourished as the district increased, and the Government then determined to constitute it a separate church, and

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called upon the Consistory to appoint a regular pastor. One of the "Orthodox" party was selected, and the "Liberals" found the church which they themselves had built closed against their ministers. This was the first of a series of exclusions on the part of the Consistory. The "Liberals" were constantly adjured to leave the church; but they have hitherto refused;—as M. Coquerel, the younger, says in the *Paris Guide*, not because of any exaggerated love for the union between Church and State, but, perhaps, because they do not desire to sink into the position of a sect, and hope by remaining in the church to leaven it with their opinions. In addition to this serious disagreement, French Protestantism has had to undergo another agitation. Rather more than thirty years ago, Vinet and some other leading Protestants thought it was incumbent upon them to separate from the National Protestant Church, partly in order that they might the more effectually maintain the "Orthodox" theology—partly because, believing that there was an essential antagonism between the Church and the World, they did not approve of the connection between the Church and the State. This last consideration involved them in a difficulty. The law ordered that, before a place of worship could be opened, it must be authorised by the Government. But their principles forbade them to apply for an authorisation. After the *coup d'état* of 1852, all existing places of worship were legalised, and thus Vinet's adherents obtained the Government sanction in spite of themselves. The churches which they have erected since then have no legal existence, and might be closed any day; but that such a measure will be taken, is to the last degree improbable.

The theatres are just half as numerous as the churches—no small proportion, as compared with other cities. It must be understood that the word "theatre" includes panoramas and places where conjurors perform their feats. Chief of all the Thespian temples is the new Opera House, now building, near the Rue de la Paix. This magnificent structure will, when completed, be unquestionably the finest theatre in the world. It will, unless it should share the fiery doom which has befallen so many a theatre, be a memorial of the Emperor of France and the Emperor of Paris—Napoleon III. and Baron Haussmann—for many a generation. The choice of an architect was as serious a matter as we have found it in selecting one for the new Law Courts. One hundred and sixty designs were sent in; a distinguished jury eliminated one hundred and fifty-five of them, and then entered upon a more minute

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investigation of the remaining five. The choice fell upon Charles Garnier, a young architect, unknown to fame, except as the laureate of the School of Fine Arts and the holder of the exhibition which the Academy gives to certain young men, in order that they may study at Rome. His first estimate was 1,160,000*l.*; eventually this was reduced by sacrificing some of the decoration to 920,000*l.* But M. Garnier resolved not to spoil his design. He sought far and wide for materials; and he found, by selecting harder stone than usual, he could dispense with a considerable quantity, and so save expense. In this way he substituted stone which cost 12,000*l.* for stone which cost over 20,000*l.* All the world contributes to this structure. The marbles and granites come from Aberdeen in the North and from Algeria in the South. When completed, as it will be in 1870, after nine years building, this structure will be not only beautiful to look at, but a triumph of economy. It will hold 2,194 persons.

We have no space to speak of the parks and the other places of recreation with which Paris abounds. The Bois de Boulogne might be called perfect, were it not that it will improve by age, and when the trees have grown. The markets of Paris are, like everything else in that city, well-ordered and convenient. If London had markets half as numerous and half as good, Londoners would not now be uttering their helpless lamentations over the extortions of the butcher and the fishmonger.

Let us for a few minutes see something of indoor life in Paris. We speak not of the morals of Parisian society. They have just been described by M. Feydeau, the novelist, and the less said about them the better. Rather let us enter a somewhat dingy room, in an inferior street—the *Hôtel des Ventes* in the Rue Drouot, or the *Maison Silvestre*. In the first, choice pictures and engravings are sold; in the second, rare books. Choosing a day when some collection of special interest is on sale, we find a large and goodly company. Ministers, or more probably ex-Ministers, of State, *millionnaire* financiers; ladies of the *beau-monde*, and not a few of the *demi-monde;* agents come expressly from London, Amsterdam, Vienna; amateurs dressed so shabbily that you feel disposed to offer them your cast-off clothes, but who would buy you up with the proceeds of half a dozen of their pictures; English peers, mediatised German princes, members of the Institute, painters of all schools, Jewish directors of credit companies, all these come to buy, or to see other persons buy; and intense is the interest as the auctioneer poises his hammer in the air before giving

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the final blow. He gets a handsome profit out of the transaction. His commission is very high—from ten per cent. for pictures, up to thirty per cent. for autographs. Strangers purchasing have to pay an additional five per cent. upon the purchase-money. In this way, when Marshal Soult's great gallery was sold, the French Government had to pay nearly 1,200*l.*, in addition to the nearly 24,000*l.* which it gave for the "Conception" of Murillo. Sometimes the auctioneer has a sore time of it. Should any exciting event have occurred, Parisians will not be found in the *Hôtel des Ventes*, but in the Boulevards, reading the newspapers. On the day that war was declared against Austria in 1859, a sale of engravings of Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, and Claude Lorraine realised eighty per cent. less than it would otherwise have done. At the *Maison Silvestre* there is no such gay scene as is to be witnessed in the Rue Drouot. Fine ladies and frail ladies do not care for Elzevir editions; they leave them to bookworms. Their eagerness is often vastly amusing, and they will bid against each other with an amount of angry energy that is exceedingly gratifying to the auctioneer.

There is another place of sale, sadder far than the *Maison Silvestre*. It is the *Mont de Piété*, the Paris pawnshop. We call the pawnbroker "My Uncle;" Parisians call him "My Aunt." Uncle and aunt are visited by much the same class of persons. In Paris, however, it is more often real hunger than the lust for drink which drives persons to the pawnshop. It is remarkable, too, that in Paris well-to-do persons not unfrequently borrow money on various articles. Out of 1,000 persons who pledged goods, eighty-four were persons of private income, thirty-one belonged to professions, 112 were tradesmen and manufacturers, four were soldiers, thirty-nine were *employés*, and the rest (seventy-three per cent.) belonged to the working class. Taking the value of the article pledged, the disproportion of classes is much smaller; for instance, the working-men, who in number count for seventy-three per cent., in value count for only thirty-five per cent.; while the shopkeepers and manufacturers, who in number are 11·2 per cent., in value are 36·7 per cent.

There is a sadder and lower phase of life even than that at the *Mont de Piété*. In Paris there are 5,000 girls who are "inscribed," and there are from 25,000 to 30,000 who, though they resist inscription, do not resist the shame which it implies. The woman once entered on the book of ignominy remains there until her death. No one, except the ministers of justice, ever looks into this book. If a young man, per-

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plexed by torturing doubts, and fancying that his *fiancée* has fallen, inquires if her name is on the registry, he can get no information. But the police will do their best for him, and use their influence in persuading the girl to withdraw from her engagement. Want is by no means the only, nor is it the most powerful cause, of prostitution in Paris. The love of dress and show has far more to answer for than hunger. That passion pervades all classes, and breaks down such feeble barriers of virtue as have remained after the one sleeping-room, in which father, mother, and grown-up sons and daughters sleep. M. Delveau tells in the *Paris Guide* how a beautiful girl came to be "inscribed" at the *Bureau des Mœurs.* The kind-hearted magistrate who had to perform the painful task of inscription entreated her to reconsider her determination. He described in eloquent terms the miseries of the life she was about to lead; he pointed out how she might regain her position by honest labour, and promised to find her a servant's place. The girl's face flushed—not with shame at the good man's picture, but with anger at his offer. "I a servant! I will never eat *that* bread," was her reply. More than 30,000 Parisian girls think the wages of shame less shameful than the wages of service.

We have said nothing of the International Exhibition. We wish to say very little: enough, and more than enough, has appeared in the newspapers. Suffice it for us to say, that, coming to it fresh from the snowy splendours of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, we found the collection of half-franc peep-shows which surrounded the Emperor's "Gasometer" intolerable, and rushed away to the more congenial glories of the noble Gothic churches at Rouen. It is to be hoped that this is the last of International Exhibitions; the present generation, at all events, has had sufficient of them. As for Paris—there is no need of extraneous attractions in that most beautiful of cities.

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ART. IV.—*The Life and Times of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A., Rector of Epworth.* By L. TYERMAN. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Sold also at 66, Paternoster Row. 1866.

IF Samuel Wesley, the Rector of Epworth, had not been the father of the Wesleys, his memoirs would have been well worthy of publication. The life of a busy, learned, country rector, between 1690 and 1730; a man of vigorous sense, who took an active part in the affairs of Church and State, and in the controversies of that polemical period; of one who, at intervals of some years, attended three Convocations, and who wrote the defence of Sacheverell; could not fail, if only one could get a fair look into it, to afford a student of English history much entertainment and instruction. In Samuel Wesley's case, moreover, there are additional and special points of interest. He had been brought up a Dissenter; he intermarried with one of the most distinguished Dissenting families; and yet he went over, even before his marriage, from a Dissenting theological academy to Oxford, and from Nonconformity to the Church of England. In after-life he prosecuted a severe personal controversy with his old Dissenting friends. In his early manhood, although he had abandoned Dissent, he co-operated with a well-known Dissenting publisher, his wife's brother-in-law, Dunton, in conducting the *Athenian Oracle*, a periodical paper of not a little note in its time. At this period, also, he appears to have been a ready and vigorous pamphleteer. In after-life, as an ex-Dissenter and also a writer against Dissent, and again as a Low Churchman and Whig, who had become a supporter of the Tory and High Church party, he became a marked man, and suffered grievously in his parish from political malignity. He was one of the most learned clergyman of his time, as his Letter to his Curate, even without his folio on Job, would suffice to prove. He was also one of the raciest English writers of his time. No country parson could well have had to endure more hardships and sore troubles than he; none, it is certain, could have borne, and borne up against them, with braver patience. Aided by his wonderful wife, with whom, however, he had many and serious differences of judgment, he brought up amid penury

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and tribulation, a family of sons and daughters, incomparable for the wit, intelligence, and accomplishments, which were distributed amongst them, liberally, as it would seem, to all, although in various kinds and in different proportions to each. And the letters written by the Rector to his sons, when absent at school and at college, are unrivalled, so far as we know, among similar productions, for their combination of racy vigour and tenderness, of humour and wisdom. The rector's prose, indeed, seems to have been characteristically picturesque and vivid.

The memoirs of such a man would, we repeat, have been well worthy of publication, if he had not been the father of the Wesleys. But when we add to such considerations as we have indicated that of his sons two were John and Charles Wesley, the question of his influence, as a father, upon the mind and character of those who were to take such a part as the Wesleys did in the great religious revival of the last century, becomes not only interesting in itself, but even a point of some importance in relation to the ecclesiastical history of modern England. Especially does this appear to be the case, when it is found that some of the points most characteristic of the Methodism of the sons, had their original in the Churchmanship of their father.

We have already in this Journal, from the sources which at the time were at our disposal, given some account of the Rector of Epworth, in connection with notices of his ancestry in general, on both sides, so far as his genealogy is known.* But Mr. Tyerman's researches have placed some very important additional material in our hands. Moreover, in his interesting and valuable volume, Mr. Tyerman, as regards a few points of leading importance, has taken a view of the Rector's character somewhat at variance with our own. And, furthermore, it is our intention, at an early period, to furnish, so far as we may be able, such a sketch as the evidence now accumulated from various quarters seems to authenticate, of the earlier history, and of the character in his vigorous prime, of the Rector's son, John, the founder of Methodism. For these reasons, and especially as preliminary to our article on John Wesley, we have determined to devote the present article to a more distinct exhibition than has hitherto been

* See No. XLIII. of this Journal. The Article referred to, "The Ancestry of the Wesleys," is reprinted in Dr. Rigg's *Essays for the Times.* See also a notice of Tyerman's *Life of Samuel Wesley, Sen.*, in No. LII. of this Journal.

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given of the special features in the character of the Rector of Epworth.

We shall pass lightly over those points in Samuel Wesley's character respecting which there can be little controversy, even though, as to one of them, his enthusiastic and admiring biographer holds an opinion as decisive as it is singular. And we shall make no attempt to give an historical outline of his life; partly because we did this to some extent in the article to which we have already referred, and to which the present paper may be considered as a supplement, and partly because Mr. Tyerman's book is accessible to all our readers, and ought to be in the hands of all.

It was, doubtless, a great misfortune for Samuel Wesley, as respected the early development of his character, that he was so soon deprived of his father's care and guidance. He was but sixteen years old, when (in 1678) his father, John Wesley, the persecuted but able and great-hearted sectary of South Dorset, died, worn out with suffering, though still young in years.* Young Samuel was ambitious and persevering, with a prodigious power of work in him; he had keen and vigorous sense, with a strong turn for satire and for "tagging rhymes," but with no refinement of taste and little delicacy of feeling. He was certainly out of his place when he became a student at a Dissenting theological seminary, for he had no spiritual vocation, at that time, to the work of the Christian ministry. And, for a youth of his temper and abilities, no course could be so inviting or so natural as to go to the University at which, before the national unity had been broken by religious intolerance, his forefathers had graduated in successive generations. It is little wonder, accordingly, that in 1668 he left the Stoke Newington Academy for Oxford; and no great wonder that in abandoning Dissent he became a Tory Churchman, especially when it is remembered what Oxford was in 1685.

Samuel Wesley's poetry, we take leave still to think, in common with all the world, except his last biographer, is, for the most part, mere doggrel. Here and there, however, even in the *Life of Christ*, there are good passages, while occasionally, both in the *Eupolis' Hymn* and elsewhere, his verses show not only vigour and fair polish, but poetic feeling and fire. His *Letter to a Curate* is a very capital piece of prose writing, both for matter and style. His folio on Job is most erudite, and its Latinity is good,

* His age was thirty-four.

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although the credit of its style probably belongs to his son Samuel.

He was an honest, hard-working, self-denying man, but a very poor man of business. His worst feature is his time-serving in matters political and ecclesiastical; one of his best is his dutiful care of his widowed mother, the Dissenting relict of his sectarian father. Although himself often in bitter penury, and always in straits, he never omitted to make up an annual ten pounds for his mother. From him such a contribution was nothing less than nobly generous. There were those nearly related to her and her persecuted husband who might have done handsomely for the widow, but seem to have done little or nothing. Her poor threadbare son, with his large ill-clad and ill-fed family, never failed her, in his most agonising distress.

The Rector was, as we shall presently see, a strict disciplinarian. In his parish he must have been often accounted stern; and in his family he sometimes seems almost harsh. Both his wife and his children, however, had wills of their own. And, on the whole, as will be shown by-and-by, his character shines as that of an exemplary parish minister and a wise and most affectionate father.

But Mr. Tyerman will scarcely allow that there was any blemish in the character of his hero. And, in particular, he holds him free from the imputation of time-serving. To our thinking, on the other hand, no feature of his character is written so plainly on his history, except his brave endurance and his honest hard work. All that can be said in extenuation is, that it was the fault of his age, and partly the fruit of his poverty and sore distress. It was the infirmity of a man who through life was hard pressed to find even food for his family. He had to begin at the University as a servitor and pensioner. In that capacity he won his bread, going to Oxford with forty-five shillings in his pocket, and leaving it with ten pounds, having absolutely maintained himself as a student, by acting as a menial to the wealthy or high-born commoners, by favouring their humours, by cramming them for their rehearsals and examinations, and by writing their essays and exercises.

Being thus trained, by poverty and need, in habits of servility to those in power and place, we find that on occasion of the birth of the Prince of Wales, "the Old Pretender," he published, after Midsummer, 1688, and in the same volume with the congratulatory verses, composed on the same occasion, by the Popish Fellows of Magdalen College, some sorry

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but most fulsome lines, entitled, *Strenæ Natalitiæ*, in which "great James" is flattered, while a coarse and vindictive allusion is thrown in to the fate of Monmouth in his rebellion.*

It must be remembered that this was after James's visit to Oxford, when he so grossly insulted the Fellows of Magdalen (September, 1687); that it was after the king, by an unheard-of exercise of arbitrary power, had imposed on that College the Popish Fellows whom the College would have rejected; that it was after the imprisonment of the Seven Bishops.†

William, however, landed on the 5th of November following, and the first writer to publish a pamphlet in vindication of the Revolution was the same needy scribe who had been one of the very last to flatter James, who had flattered him at a time, but a few months before, when almost the whole nation, Churchmen, Nonconformists, and mere politicians, with one consent, were inflamed with indignation against him.

Mr. Tyerman has proved that it is a mistake to suppose that the Rector was, throughout life, a High Churchman. It is, undoubtedly, a mistake. He was ordained Deacon, at Bromley, in Kent, by Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, during the trial of the Seven Bishops, at a time when Sprat was the object of general execration because of his sympathy with the tyrant James, so that, as Mr. Tyerman says, "while the air rang with loud huzzas for the persecuted prelates, it was also filled with execrations against Sprat and his fawning associates." This was at the very time that Wesley's *Strenæ Natalitiæ* was in the press, and when, no doubt, he was expecting a donation, if not a preferment, as the guerdon of his minstrelsy. It was, to say the least, unfortunate that he should have received deacon's orders at this period from such a man as Sprat. If he could not wait,—he would have have had to wait only a few days,—for the Bishop of London, he might have applied to the Bishop of Oxford, his true

* See the Article on "The Ancestry of the Wesleys," before referred to.

† We need hardly now remind the student of Methodist history, especially if he be also a reader of this Journal, that the story which Macaulay has adopted in his *History of England*, to the effect that Samuel Wesley preached on occasion of James the Second's Declaration of Independence, a sermon against the King's Declaration, from the text, "Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, &c." has arisen out of a confusion of persons, and is quite without foundation, as related of Mr. Wesley. The real hero of the story is not Mr. Wesley, but the Rev. John Berry, not the father, but the father-in-law of Samuel Wesley, jun., the poet and satirist of Westminster School and of Tiverton Grammar School.

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diocesan, or to the Bishop of Winchester, for ordination. Nevertheless, from the time of the accession of William and Mary, throughout their reign, Mr. Samuel Wesley remained a Low Churchman. He dedicated his *Life of Christ* to Queen Mary, and in the body of that metrical publication he went so far in flattery as to represent "our great Mary" as "filling the second place" in heaven after the Virgin Mother. He paid assiduous court to Tillotson, the great ecclesiastical friend and counsellor of Mary and her husband. From Mary, in consequence, he obtained the living of Epworth, although the living did not fall into his occupancy until after her death.

In 1705, at which time the Duke of Marlborough, through the influence of the Duchess with the Queen, was the chief pillar of the moderate Whigs, Mr. Wesley had published an elaborate poem, in eulogy of the great Duke, which was "dedicated to the Right Honourable Master Godolphin," at that time the most powerful among the ministers of the Queen. The poem procured the Rector a military chaplaincy, which, however, he soon lost in consequence of his having, as Mr. Tyerman says, "withdrawn his promise to vote for Whichcott, the Dissenters' candidate," at the General Election of 1705. The truth is, that throughout Anne's reign her personal feelings were in favour of High Church principles. This was well understood in the country, and especially was known and felt among the clergy. At the same time, William's powerful influence in favour of moderation and toleration, if not comprehension, was withdrawn. Hence the bigotry and oppressive claims of Churchmen on the one hand, and the resentment and bitterness of Dissenters, on the other hand, were continually increasing; and it became more and more difficult for a clergyman to temporise, or to hold a moderate position. About the same time Mr. Wesley became involved in a personal quarrel and controversy with his old Dissenting co-religionists, which helped to urge him into the position of a High Churchman. Still it is not easy to excuse the lengths to which he presently went in High Church partisanship.

For the same man who published a fulsome elegy on Tillotson in 1695, when William was king, defended Sacheverell in 1710, when High Churchism was rising fast into ascendancy; when the credit of the Marlboroughs with the Queen was gone, and the influence of Mrs. Masham was approaching to supremacy. The man who undertook to write Sacheverell's defence, however certain it may be that he was a Low Churchman during the reign of William, must have been a very High Churchman

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in 1710, as he had been a very high partisan of James before the autumn of 1688—that is, before the landing of William. And we cannot help remembering that Queen Anne herself was known to be a High Churchwoman; that the Queen's chaplains formed part of the procession of clergy which, on occasion of Sacheverell's impeachment, gathered to Westminster Hall to meet and hail the champion of High Church bitterness and intolerance; and that, within a few months after Sacheverell's trial, the Tories had finally supplanted the Whigs in the Queen's counsels. Mr. Tyerman, who has the merit not only of knowing all that is to be known about the Rector of Epworth, but of honestly looking in the face the facts which are the most strongly opposed to his high estimate of his hero, having shown who and what Sacheverell was, and shown that Wesley was undoubtedly the writer of his defence, adds the following comment on the matter: "We regret this for a twofold reason; first, because Sacheverell, however able, was a turbulent priest, not worthy of the help of such a man as the Rector of Epworth was; and, secondly, because it proves that Wesley, who began his life as a moderate Churchman, and an admirer of Archbishop Tillotson, was now a partisan of the High Church clique, and allied with men who regarded the Dissenters with the bitterest hostility."* Mr. Tyerman, indeed, alleges as a material extenuation, that, during the previous six years, Mr. Wesley had been roughly handled in controversy by the Dissenters. There were, however, without question, severe provocations given to the Dissenters in connection with that controversy, and there were faults on both sides. And the descendant of the Wesleys and the Whites, who himself had married an Annesley, and whose own father had suffered, as a godly Dissenter, such wrongs at the hands of Episcopalians, ought never to have become the partisan of Sacheverell. Meantime, it must not be forgotten that, some years before this, Mr. Wesley had dedicated his *History of the Old and New Testament* to Queen Anne. It is likely that the influence of the Duke of Marlborough had helped him to obtain permission to make that dedication. But the duke was out of favour now, and the Rector had gone round with the times.

Pope, who was well acquainted with the Rector's son Samuel, in writing to Swift in 1730 on behalf of the Rector's *Commentary on Job*, speaks of him as "an old Tory and a sufferer for the Church of England," whom, Whig as he and Swift both

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* *Life and Times of Samuel Wesley*, p. 340.

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were, he desired Swift to do his best to serve. There can be no doubt that, during the last five-and-twenty years of his life, he passed for a Tory and a High Churchman; and he found this reputation inconvenient when he came to solicit a third queen, Queen Caroline, to accept the dedication of a book from him—viz. his work on Job. Moreover, his son Samuel, trained by both father and mother as a High Churchman, and having a reputation as a witty and vigorous Tory satirist, found special difficulties in the way of promoting his father's wishes in regard to the dedication. It is to this the old gentleman refers, in the following extract from a letter which he wrote to his son Samuel about this matter:—

"I guess at the particulars, that you have let your wit too loose against some favourites; which is often more highly resented, and harder to be pardoned, than if you had done it against greater persons. It seems, then, that original sin goes sometimes upwards as well as downwards; and we must suffer for our offspring. Though, notwithstanding this disappointment, I shall never think it 'a misfortune to have been your father.' I am sensible it would avail little for me to plead, in proof of my loyalty, the having written and printed the first thing that appeared in defence of the Government after the accession of King William and Queen Mary to the crown (which was an answer to a speech without doors), and that I wrote a great many little pieces more, both in prose and verse, with the same view; and that I ever had the most tender affection and the deepest veneration for my sovereign and the royal family; on which account (it is no secret to you, though it is to most others) I have undergone the most sensible pains and inconveniences of my whole life, and that for a great many years together; and yet have still, I thank God, retained my integrity firm and immovable, till I have conquered at the last.

"I must confess, I had the pardonable vanity (when I had dedicated two books before to two of our English Queens, Queen Mary and Queen Anne) to desire to inscribe a third, which has cost me ten times as much labour as all the rest, to her gracious Majesty Queen Caroline, who, I have heard, is an encourager of learning. And this work, I am sure, needs a royal encouragement, whether or no it may deserve it. Neither would I yet despair of it, had I any friend who would fairly represent that and me to her Majesty. Be that as it pleaseth Him in whose hands are the hearts of all the princes upon earth; and who turneth them whithersoever He pleases."—TYERMAN'S *Wesley of Epworth*, pp. 409, 410.

There can be no doubt that the reference at the close of the first paragraph cited is to the well-known although (as Mr. Kirk and Mr. Tyerman have shown) greatly exaggerated dis-

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agreement between Mrs. Wesley and her husband, in regard to the Rector's praying for King William in the family. Mrs. Wesley could not reconcile such prayers for William with her enthusiastic and religious Jacobitism. She would not herself have been capable of showing so much pliancy in political and ecclesiastical matters as her husband. Nevertheless, in his latest years, the Rector seems to have fully believed in his own consistency throughout his course. He boasted in his explanatory and defensive letter to his brother, Dr. Wesley, that he had "bred up" all his family in his own principles and practices, among which he specifies in particular "a steady opposition to such as are open or secret friends to the Great Rebellion, or to any such principles as do but squint towards the same practices; so that he hopes they are all staunch High Church, and for inviolable passive obedience." This was really by no means consistent with his having been first in the field to espouse the cause of William. Nevertheless, when we remember how almost all the world, and especially the chief politicians and Churchmen, went round to the cause of William; how, in particular, so distinguished a Churchman as Sherlock justified his adhesion to the King *de facto*, although he had so deeply disapproved of the dethronement of one whom he had believed to be king by Divine right; we cannot be surprised that a needy young clergyman, just entering life, should easily transfer his allegiance and his too fulsome homage from a king whom the nation had rejected to one whom Europe admired. It may be admitted that the Rector had a superlative admiration for men in power and place, an extravagant subserviency for the throne: his politics were always, as far as possible, those of the reigning sovereign. This was a part of his loyalty, and, therefore, a part of his religion. He identified the policy of the monarch with his person; he could not well separate loyalty to one from approval of the other. To these considerations let the fact of his early training at Oxford, and of his extreme necessities and his absolute dependence for extrication from his difficulties on the patronage of the powerful or the favour of the wealthy, be added, and we shall cease to wonder at—we shall hardly condemn with severity—the apparent servility, the undoubted time-serving of the Rector. The poor man tried to catch the ear, to court the favour, in succession, of James, of William, of Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Queen Caroline: he paid his tribute to the Duke of Marlborough, to Godolphin, and to the Marchioness of Normanby. But surely never did any man work harder, struggle

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more bravely, or endure more patiently, than the Rector of Epworth.

The year after the Rector had written *Sacheverell's Defence*, he was chosen, for the second time, to represent his brethren in Convocation. He had received the like honour ten years before. In 1701, however, Samuel Wesley had been a Moderate Churchman. Tillotson, indeed, was dead; but William still reigned. Whereas in 1711 he had allowed himself to be carried away by the bigotry which prevailed on every side, and against which, it must be owned, only a man of great character and of independent information could have stood firm. We can hardly err in supposing that, in that year of High Church presumption and excess, the writer of *Sacheverell's Defence* was sent to Convocation as himself an ultra-High Churchman. To what lengths his party were carried in the Convocation of that year will be evident from the following extract from Burnet's *History of His Own Times*, which we borrow from Mr. Tyerman, and which will be read with peculiar interest at this time, when the same High Church doctrines have not only been revived, but carried to greater than even non-juring lengths:—

"At this time (says Bishop Burnet) there appeared an inclination in many of the clergy to a nearer approach to the Church of Rome. Hicks, who was now the head of the Jacobite party, had, in several books, promoted the notion that there was a proper sacrifice made in the Eucharist. He also openly condemned the supremacy of the Crown in ecclesiastical affairs, and the method in which the Reformation was carried. One Brett preached a sermon, in several of the pulpits of London, which he afterwards printed, in which he said no repentance could serve without priestly absolution, and affirmed that the priest was vested with the same power of pardoning that our Saviour Himself had. Another conceit was the invalidity of lay baptism, and that, as Dissenting teachers were laymen, they and their congregations ought to be rebaptised. Dodwell left all who died without the sacraments to the uncovenanted mercies of God; and maintained that none had a right to give the sacraments except the Apostles, and, after them, bishops and priests ordained by them. The bishops thought it necessary to put a stop to such doctrines, and agreed to a declaration against the irregularity of all baptism by persons not in holy orders; but yet allowing that, according to the practice of the primitive Church, and the constant usage of the Church of England, no baptism ought to be reiterated. Archbishop Sharpe [the friend of Samuel Wesley] refused to sign the declaration, pretending that it would encourage irregular baptisms. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with most of the bishops of his province, sub-

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mitted the matter to the Convocation. It was agreed to in the Upper House, but the Lower House refused even to consider it, because it would encourage those who struck at the dignity of the priesthood. This was all that passed in the Convocation of 1712."—*Burnet's History of His Own Times*, 1st. edit. vol. ii. p. 605.

From this passage it seems that Archbishop Sharpe, Wesley's eminent friend, who had repeatedly succoured him with great generosity, and who stood by him throughout, had now become very High Church, although in former days he had been moderate, and although he was undoubtedly one of the most honourable and godly among the prelates of the Church. It is no wonder, accordingly, if one so greatly indebted to him as the Rector of Epworth, should have been High Church likewise.

Wesley had one great advantage over the High Church incumbents of to-day. Discipline in his time had not ceased to be a reality. The canons of the Church had not yet lost all their power. Canonical discipline might still, in certain cases, be enforced by the secular arm; the power of the ecclesiastical courts to compel penances had not altogether lapsed. Where the minister was resolved to carry out discipline in country parishes, his authority, enforced as it was by his supremacy in the vestry and at the parish board,—by the spiritual terrors of excommunication, and by the traditional submissiveness of the people,—was still, as respected a large proportion of his flock, sufficient to bear him through.

There were, however, some who were too wealthy or too powerful for the minister to deal with in the way of discipline. When he was at South Ormsby, for instance, in 1694-5, Mr. Wesley had to submit to the degradation of dining with the mistresses of the Marquis of Normanby, this being one of the privileges attached to the position which he held as chaplain to that nobleman. But then, as Mr. Tyerman* says, "the Marquis of Normanby was one of Wesley's warm-hearted friends; . . . he was well-acquainted with the poor, hard-working, literary parson, and was well able to estimate his character and his merits:" moreover, the Marquis "sent Colonel Fitzgerald" to Archbishop Tillotson to propose Wesley "for a bishopric in Ireland," who accordingly named him to the Queen, although her Majesty, "according to her true judgment," as the Primate says, in a letter to the Bishop of Salisbury, "did by no means think fit." It was not to be

* P. 195.

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expected, accordingly, that the incumbent of South Ormsby should attempt to present or to excommunicate his noble patron, the Marquis of Normanby. Dr. Clarke and Mr. Tyerman, with great probability, make Mr. Wesley to be the writer of the following passage, part of a question in the *Athenian Oracle*, which he edited for Dunton:—

"I am forced to see misses, drinking, gaming, &c., and dare not open my mouth against them, supposing from the little notice that is taken of me in matters of religion, and the great distance my patron keeps, that if I should pretend to blame anything of that nature, it would occasion nothing but the turning me out of the family. In the meantime, unless I do speak, and modestly remonstrate, I think I do not what becomes a minister of religion, and am afraid may another day be justly condemned as partaker in other men's sins."

One cannot help, in reading this, remembering how Wesley had been broken-in to habits of almost menial submission at Oxford. His noble father would never have consented to occupy such a position; and just as little would his faithful and courageous sons, a generation later. The answer given in the *Athenian Oracle*—both question and answer being probably from his own pen—is to the effect that the chaplain is free in the pulpit so to discourse of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, as to save his conscience. It is a relief after this to know that, when one of the marquis's mistresses went so far as to extend the honour of her acquaintance from the chaplain to his lady, Mr. Wesley found his complaisance fail him, and showed their visitor out of the house. Mr. Tyerman speaks of this conduct on the part of his hero as "his fidelity." We should rather describe it as his decent regard for his wife's character and position. It would have been something if Susannah Wesley, the daughter of Dr. Annesley, had been compelled to endure the familiarities of a strumpet. His (Wesley's) "fidelity," so Mr. Tyerman has it in his Table of Contents, "obliges him to leave South Ormsby." "The nobleman," says John Wesley, "resented the affront so outrageously as to make it necessary for my father to resign the living." The rectory of Epworth was in reserve for him; but there was not wanting some other *solatium* for him under this infliction. The marquis was, according to Dr. Johnson, an infidel of the school of Hobbes, and as loose in his morality as in his principles of religious belief. "His sentiments with respect to women he picked up in the court of Charles; and his principles concerning property were such as the gaming-table supplies."

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Nevertheless, for at least six years after his resignation of South Ormsby, Wesley retained his preferment as "Chaplain to the Most Honourable John, Lord Marquis of Normanby;" to the Marchioness he dedicated, in 1717, the second or third edition of his *History of the Old and New Testament;* and about the same time, the Marquis, to help his chaplain in his distresses, "with his own hand gave him twenty guineas," while the Marchioness repaid his dedication by a bounty of five. "All this," we have the satisfaction of learning, proves, to use Mr. Tyerman's words, "that, though his rupture with the Marquis's mistress rendered it expedient that he should remove from the parish in which he lived, he, for years afterwards, retained his office in the Marquis's family, and participated in the practical friendship of both him and the Marchioness his wife."

Such was the discretion with which Mr. Wesley conducted himself in relation to this highly flattering and not unprofitable connection with the Most Noble Marquis of Normanby. This passage in his history is pertinent to the point on which we were dwelling when we came in view of it—viz. the administration of church-discipline by Mr. Wesley in his parish at a time when church-discipline had not as yet quite gone out. It will also furnish a partial illustration of what the Rector meant in the following passage of a letter to his bishop, in which he explains the principles on which he had acted in regard to church-discipline. The date of what follows is 1732:—

"My Lord, . . . I ever thought it my duty since I have been the minister of any parish to present those persons who were obnoxious in it, if the churchwardens neglected it, unless where the criminal was so sturdy, and so wealthy, as that I was morally certain I could not do it, without my own great inconvenience or ruin, in which cases God does not require it of me."

The letter then proceeds to relate the case of some "sturdy" criminals, against whom the Rector had proceeded, in the expectation that they would be brought to submit, but who had as yet resisted, and who were sustained by the unfaithfulness of the churchwardens. This was the more trying, because the Rector had bargained that the charges in the Bishop's Court should be put as low as possible in another case, in the expectation that the payments in this case would make amends for the remission, the male offender being a substantial yeoman, worth 100*l.* a-year. This freeholder, the Rector expected, would "refuse public penance," but "he might be willing to

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commute," he says,—that is, to pay a fine instead. He knew that he would care nothing for "an excommunication;" but, he says, "a *capias* carried to an outlawry, we believe, would make him bend."

The churchwardens, however, would not do their duty in regard to the presentment of a yeoman so substantial as Aaron Man, and when the Rector applied to the Chancellor of the diocese in regard to this and some other matters of the same description, the Chancellor seems to have been as little disposed to bestir himself as the churchwardens. The Rector was compelled finally to make his appeal to the Bishop, who gave him direction how he should proceed against his churchwardens. How the affair sped in the end, there are no letters extant to show.

When the criminals, however, were of an humble rank, the Rector seems to have been able to deal with them very effectually. In regard to a certain widower and widow, he says, to a diocesan official of the name of Terry, "I am desirous that their punishment should be as exemplary as their crime; and that both of them may perform their penance at three churches of the Isle; my own at Epworth, at Haxey, and at Belton." In regard to this case he finds occasion afterwards to write "to the Worshipful Mr. Chancellor Newell, at Lincoln," as follows:—

"Epworth, Feb. 15, 1731.

"SIR,—I received yours, together with the order of penance for Benjamin Becket and Elizabeth (then) Locker; and have got them both to perform it at Epworth and Haxey, on the days appointed; but the woman, being weakly, was so disordered by standing with her naked feet, that the women, and even a midwife, assured me that she would hazard her life if she went to perform it the third time at Belton in the same manner.

"I could, therefore, do no more than send the man thither at the day appointed, who performed it the third time, according to order, as is certified by myself, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Morrice, and our churchwardens, on the instrument you sent us; which is ready to be returned at the visitation, or when you please. If you don't think it proper to remit the woman's doing penance the third time, which I entreat that you would, I shall, upon your order in a letter, oblige her to perform it to the full extent."—TYERMAN'S *Samuel Wesley*, p. 413.

If church-discipline was carried out thus practically at Epworth, in 1732, we may conceive what it was throughout the country three-quarters of a century earlier. We do not know whether the Revs. Messrs. Bennett and Perry, with their fellows, aspire to restore church-discipline, after this

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pattern, as well as church-vestments after the order of mediæval ritual, to all the parishes of England.

The discipline enforced by the Rector was not lost on his sons in their education. They would have carried out canonical discipline in Georgia, if it had been possible. They, however, were more absolutely impartial in their discipline than their father thought it necessary to be.

In the Rector's letter to his curate (Mr. Hoole, jun.), afterwards published by his son John, he gives directions as to the exercise of discipline in the parish, "what we have left of it," as he says, adding, "as I think we have still more than we make use of." After saying that, with few exceptions, which he exactly specifies, cases, in fact, in which guilt, however probable, could not be certainly inferred, all others, whether "ante-nuptial or no nuptial" offenders, "or any of the same crew, neither have had, nor shall expect, from me any favour," he proceeds as follows:—

"You may perhaps sometimes catch the Dissenters napping this way, as well as those whom they call the men of the world; but I never made any distinction between them and others, having brought them to public penance, from whence they found they were not screened by the Toleration. As for the rest, the Dissenters will live inoffensively and friendly with you, if you will let them alone, and not humour them so far as to dispute with them, which I did at my first coming; for they always outfaced and outlunged me, and, at the end, we were just where we were at the beginning."—JACKSON'S *Life of Charles Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 532 (Appendix).

This letter was written when the Rector was drawing towards the end of his course. It is pleasing to find that his long and often painful experience had not been lost upon him. A tone of ecclesiastical moderation breathes throughout the whole. Its spirit is not unbefitting the dignified High Churchman, who had been nurtured among Dissenters, and was descended from a line of distinguished Puritan ancestors, and who, although he had seen fit to become a Churchman and a Tory himself, had not forgotten the respect due to his godly parents and to the brave upholders of a great cause with whose memory theirs was associated.

The following passage will explain precisely the political position which as a moderate Tory and High Churchman Samuel Wesley occupied in his latest years. The date of the letter seems to have been about 1725, or a little earlier:—

"I do not think you will much trouble your parishioners with

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politics in the pulpit, or out of it either: I believe you will be all much of a mind as to those matters. Yet you will not forget the 5th of November, whereon we perpetuate the memory of God's signal mercies to us and to our forefathers, on a double account, in delivering us from Popery and arbitrary power; and I cannot but wonder that any one who are willing to remember the former, should not be thankful for the latter: the 30th of January, which I can hardly think will be repealed while we have a king in England; or the 29th of May, without which we should have had no king at all: all which I think are established by Acts of Parliament, and this last to be read publicly in the church every year the Sunday before, as in the rubric: or the 1st of August, the day of His Majesty's happy accession to the throne of these kingdoms, which for that reason is, you know, likewise to be kept holy. By this you will keep up in your people's minds a just abhorrence of all Popish, fanatical, and disloyal principles and practices; especially if you preach, as I would have you do, a sermon on all those four days, every year, proper to the occasion. As to party disputes, you shall not say I have attempted to bias you one way or another: the less you meddle with them, I think, the better. *Experto crede!* Yet you will never forget that you are an Englishman and a Christian."—*Ibid.* pp. 527, 528.

There can be no doubt that Samuel Wesley's High Churchmanship was always much more political and ecclesiastical than doctrinal. There was but a comparatively slight sacramentarian element in his theology. In fact, his mind had been too early and too deeply imbued with the ideas of genuine evangelical doctrine for him soon or easily to adopt the views of the high patristic or ritualising school. If he refers to Laud in his Letter with approval, as a writer on a certain point, he refers also in terms of high commendation to Chillingworth; if he admires Hammond, he also admires and recommends Baxter. His doctrine as to "baptismal regeneration" is of the mildest High Church type. He teaches that in baptism "a principle of grace is infused," whatever that may mean; that "federal holiness" is imputed to the baptized child, and that the child is ceremonially and symbolically rehabilitated, through the redemption of Christ, in the privileges which were lost by the Fall. He regarded the Lord's Supper as the "Sacrament, wherein we renew our covenant with God, and receive new strength to obey His commands," and as appointed to be "a remedy for those who sin after baptism;" but there appears to be no trace in his teaching of any doctrine of the Real Presence, resembling that learnt by Dr. Pusey, as he says, from Andrewes and from Bramhall, while against transubstantiation his [illegible]nce his clear and full. He published his *Pious Com-*

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municant Rightly Prepared, together with *A Short Discourse of Baptism*, in one small volume, in 1700. His son John republished his father's *Short Discourse*, slightly abridged, in 1756, without, however, stating that it was not his own but his father's. In his sermon on the New Birth he expresses views respecting baptism substantially identical with those which had been taught by his father. At Oxford, however, there can be no doubt that the brothers Wesley had held very high doctrines as to sacramental efficacy. How far the process of retrogression from their advanced views was carried by John Wesley during his long career, we seem to have no means of knowing. He has left no explicit exposition on the subject of the Lord's Supper. And, as to baptism, his language in the sermon to which we have referred, is clearly not that of a teacher who is wishing to insist upon his own views respecting baptism, but of one who, finding his church's doctrine on the subject used by way of objection to his evangelical teaching, whilst he cannot deny the doctrine, desires to parry its application as against his own preaching of the need of repentance and the new birth. Happily, as we think, for Wesleyan Methodism, John Wesley made precise doctrine on the sacraments no part of his *special* theology, and insisted on no Shibboleth, respecting these points, from his preachers. During his lifetime his preachers did not generally either baptize or administer the Lord's Supper, although not a few of them claimed the right so to do, even without ordination, and Wesley was constrained to admit that he could not answer their arguments. It is certain, from this very fact, that, unlike his brother Charles, he had quite given up, not only the Divine right of episcopacy, which Lord King's book had obliged him to give up comparatively early, but all priestly superstitions in regard to the sacraments and especially to the consecration of the elements. But, whatever his views were, at the same time that he continued to restrain from the administration of the sacraments, all but the few of his preachers whom he had himself thereto ordained, he also prudently forbore from attempting any formal determination of difficult or doubtful points respecting the sacraments. Among his preachers it is certain that there were some whose principles on church-government, and whose views as to the sacraments, agreed substantially with those of the evangelical Dissenters of the former part of the last century, whilst there can be little doubt that there were others whose sacramental views approached to the standard of High Churchmen. In this, as

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in other respects, Methodism, aiming almost solely at the practical result of conversion and the progressive work of sanctification through the truth and the Spirit, admitted great latitude in the views of its adherents, within the general limits of Christian fellowship and life. And, although post-Wesley Methodism, holding, as it has done since 1795—7, the full status of a church, with its own sacraments administered by its own clergy, ought, undoubtedly, in order to its completeness, to have some settled standard of doctrine on these points as well as on others fundamental to evangelical theology, we may yet be allowed to think that it is exceedingly well for it that as yet no attempt has been made to come to a more explicit determination in regard to them than is to be found in the definitions of the *Conference Catechism*, taken as these are, in substance, from the Catechism of the Church of England. There are still wide varieties of views respecting them to be found among its ministers and people. The views of many are more or less defective, as we think, in spirituality and reverence, while others are perhaps in some danger of not distinguishing between reverent spirituality and superstitious observance. On the whole, however, views and usages are gradually converging towards a certain sufficiently defined latitude of agreement in doctrine and feeling; and it may be found practicable, within no very distant period, for some Methodist divine to publish a volume on the subject of the sacraments which, whilst thorough in its treatment, may be assumed to represent the general theology of his brethren.

It must be borne in mind that Samuel Wesley, senior, took into the Church of England the principles of evangelical faith in which he had been grounded by his parents, whereas his sons, brought up amidst associations which were strongly imbued with High Church doctrine, went to Oxford prepared, during their long residence there, to grow into complete High Churchmen. The germs of sacramental superstition which the Rector of Epworth combined with his theology seem almost like intrusions from another system into the general body of his doctrine. Whereas these germs, being early planted in the mind of his sons, being counteracted by no distinctly evangelical influences during their school and college life, and being fostered and forced in the soil and atmosphere of Oxford, naturally developed into fully-formed sacramentarianism. It must be remembered, besides, that the Rector's theology, so far as it was evangelical, was not very explicitly or experimentally set out in his preaching, and especially that it found no expression and enforcement in anything like

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church-meetings and brotherly fellowship. When the Rector undertook the defence of Sacheverell, his son John was seven years old, and his son Samuel was just about to proceed to Oxford. The following seven or eight years of the Rector's life were perhaps those in which his Low Church principles, never perhaps quite powerless or forgotten, were most completely in abeyance. By the end of that period John Wesley was almost ready for Oxford. So that, during the most susceptible and formative period of the life of his sons, the home influences were altogether unfriendly to moderation in Church matters. And, as John and Charles grew up, the influence of their brother, then at Westminster School, the friend of Atterbury and the laureate of his patron, the Earl of Oxford, a Tory wit and lampooner of more than ordinary smartness, combined with the traditions of the rectory to give a most powerful bias to their minds in favour of the High school both in Church and State. The calm temper and searching intelligence of John kept him at all times from absurd extremes of opinion, and uncharitable excesses of party spirit. Not the less even John, with such a nurture and training, could hardly have been anything but a High Churchman and a Tory at the beginning of his course. When we add to all the other circumstances which we have noted, the fact that the noble-minded and accomplished mother of the Wesleys was, throughout, with purest consistency and in the loftiest spirit a Jacobite Churchwoman, we have a comprehensive view of the forces which went to determine the Church bias of the Wesley brothers.

All the best points in the Rector's character ripened with his years; all his harsher points were mellowed. We differ from Mr. Tyerman's opinion, that in 1694 or 1695, when his patron, the Marquis of Normanby, proposed his name to the Primate for an Irish bishopric, he would have filled the appointment gracefully or with due dignity. But when we read his letter to his curate, thirty years later, we cannot but feel that few bishops of his day could have been found to equal him either in vigorous sense, in thorough Christian earnestness, in the command of a vivid, nervous, masculine, English style, or in all the learning proper to an English divine. Mr. Tyerman has merely given an outline of the contents of this letter. Mr. Jackson's admirable *Life of Charles Wesley* is, we have reason to believe, and we have great regret in saying so, far less generally known even to the ordinary readers of this Journal, than a standard work of such interest and value ought to be. We shall, therefore,

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enrich our pages by some extracts from this letter, which will be welcomed by our readers because of their intrinsic interest, and which will also convey a truer impression than any writing of ours could of the superior intellect and the thorough culture, as well as of the excellent common sense, of the father of the Wesleys.

The extracts first to be given are taken from a remarkable review of theological literature, from the patristic age down to his own times, which gives a fair idea of the vast reading of the Rector.

"We are now got into day-break again, and stepping down to the Reformation. I am far from so much as pretending to be accurate, yet shall point you to some authors, which I have either read or looked into, and which have made the deepest impression on my memory, and shall mention both sides, as they occur to me. Our nearest concern is doubtless with our own country. I do not expect to see any solid reason why any national church should not have power to reform itself, on the plan of the Scriptures and the primitive churches; I think we did so, and that it has been abundantly proved against our adversaries. The steps which were taken herein seem to be pretty impartially marked out by Dr. Burnet, with vast application, ingenuity, and labour, notwithstanding any personal weaknesses, or all the objections which have been made against his work. I have not read much of Luther; Melanchthon seems ingenious, polite, and well-natured; Calvin is very well worth reading with caution; Bucer, pious, learned, and moderate; Bellarmine has all the strength of the Romanists; our Fisher was a great man; and Stephen Gardiner far from being inconsiderable. The *Homilies* should be often and carefully read. Erasmus is useful and pleasant; Jewel's *Apology*, neat and strong; Cranmer, pious and learned: but Ridley for me, as to what I have seen of him, for clearness, closeness, strength, and learning, among all the Reformers. Hooker every one knows, and his strength and firmness can hardly be too much commended; nor is there any great danger of his being solidly answered.

"In King Charles the First's time, Laud against Fisher is esteemed unanswerable; and so is Chillingworth against the Papists, who is owned by all to have had a very strong head, and to have been one of the best disputants in the world: though that got neither of them any better quarter from the Goths and Vandals of that age. I know not whether Forbes, the Scotchman, wrote in that age, but he was a great divine: Grotius flourished, I think, rather before, who is the prince of the commentators, and worth all the rest; but should be perused with caution, for he seems not always consistent with himself: and Father Petau limps of the same side.

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"The critics are worth a king's ransom; but you have most of

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them in Pool's *Synopsis*, and something more; which book will therefore supply the want of many others to a country clergyman. Episcopius and Limborch have sense, strength, and clearness; but you know which way they lean: Spanheim is a noble critic: Huetius's *Demonstratio Evangelica*, exceeding useful and learned: Messieurs De Port Royal and Mr. Pascal, worthy their character; he has, indeed, most surprising thoughts, and it is enough to melt a mountain of ice to read him. I should wish Monsieur de Renty were in more hands, were everybody able to sift the superstition from the devotion. The *Reliquiæ Carolinæ*, if they were all genuine, as I doubt not but the *Eikon* is, would be highly worth reading; as are the excellent works of *The Whole Duty of Man*, whereof Archbishop Sharp thought Dr. Stern was the author.

"I may not perhaps have been exact as to the time when some of these great men flourished; but about the close of that period, and during the reign of King Charles II., we had many glorious lights in the Church of God, some of whom I shall mention. In the first rank stood Bishop Wilkins, who may be almost said to have taught us first to preach; as his kinsman, Archbishop Tillotson, to have brought the art of preaching near perfection; had there been as much life as there is of politeness, and generally of cool, clear close reasoning, and convincing argument in his sermons: though I have heard Stillingfleet accounted the more universal scholar, if not the longer and the stronger head; and perhaps few but Grotius have equalled him, especially in his *Origines Sacræ;* though I think there are some errors in them: and yet Archbishop Sharp had that natural and easy vigour of thought, expression, and pronunciation, that it is a moot case whether he were not a more popular pulpit-orator than either of the former. Bishop Pearson all the world allows to have been of almost inimitable sense, piety, and learning; his critique on Ignatius, and his tract on the Creed, must last as long as time, and ought to be in every clergyman's study in England, though he could purchase nothing but the Bible and Common Prayer-Book besides them. Bishop Bull comes next for their subject and way of thinking and arguing: a strong and nervous writer, whose discourses and directions to his clergy can scarce be too often read. Bishop Beveridge's *Sermons* are a library; writ in the most natural, moving, unaffected style, especially the introductions, which seem generally to be thoroughly wrought. They are perhaps as like those of the Apostolical ages as any between them and us; and I know not whether one would not as soon wish to preach like him, as like any since the Apostles; because I cannot tell whether any one has done more good by his *Sermons*. Bishop Spratt was a polite and clean writer, and one of the first masters of the English language; but he has left little in divinity; though what he has is equal to his character, and his charge to his clergy is admirable. Bishop Burnet, though not a native, and some few Scotticisms may be tracked in most of his

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works, as there were more in his pronunciation; yet is reckoned a masterly writer in the English language: he had a prodigious genius; a memory that would retain everything; a body that would go through or bear anything: for he told me himself, that in some part of his life, when his circumstances were but low, he lived upon three-halfpence a day for a considerable time, in order to retrieve them: had in preaching, and conversation too, a torrent of eloquence, like one of the branches of Ætna when it rolls into the sea; but it neither flowed so smooth nor so clear as Bishop Ken's; whom few could hear, as I have been informed, any more than it is easy now to read him, with dry eyes; though I believe he has left but little behind him.

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"I must not forget the learned and laborious Whitby, though I think he had been happier if he had died some years sooner, and especially before he had brought his little squirt to quench the biggest part of hell-fire, or to diminish the honour of his Lord and Master,—but I forget that I am growing old myself; and that, while he appeared to be orthodox, I was not worthy to carry his books after him. Mr. Le Clerc has more wit than learning, though he seems to think he has more of both than he really has; and yet I doubt has less faith than either. I am afraid he copies after Bayle; but never reached him in his sense, nor, I hope, quite in his infidelity. I wish he had never writ anything worse than his *Harmony on the Gospels;* though I doubt there is some poison in it.

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"Nor must my old friends (and I think yours) the Dissenters be entirely forgot. Some of Mr. Baxter's works are useful as well as pious: his *Christian Directory*, though voluminous, has many cases in it; and he could not but have much experience in those matters. His *Saints' Rest*, and *Family Book*, and *Call to the Unconverted*, I believe, may have done good, notwithstanding some nostrums in them. I wish I had his *Gildas Salvianus* again: *Directions to the Clergy for the Management of their People*, which I lost when my house was last burnt, among all the rest. He had a strange pathos and fire in his practical writings, but more in his preaching; and, as I remember, spoke well. Dr. Annesley was not only of great piety and generosity, but of very good learning, especially among the schoolmen and commentators; notwithstanding Mr. Wood's unjust reflections upon him. In these collections of *Morning Lectures*, you will find the cream of the Dissenters' sermons. Charnock, though too diffuse and lax, after their way, and dying young, had much learning, and has very good stuff in him. Howe is close, strong, and metaphysical. Alsop, merry, and, as it were, witty. Bates, polite, and had a good taste of the *Belles-Lettres;* being well read in the Latin, English, and Italian poets, and personally and intimately acquainted with Mr. Cowley, as he told me at the last

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visit I made him at Hackney, after I was (as I remember) come over to the Church of England. Williams was orthodox, had good sense, and especially that of getting money; he was the head of the Presbyterians in his time, and not frowned on by the Government. He has writ well against the Antinomians; and, as I have heard, hindered Pierce, the Arian, from burrowing in London, I think, as long as he lived. Calamy, as I heard, has succeeded his brother doctor in some things; I wish he had in his best. His style is not amiss, but I think I have proved he is not a fair writer. Bradbury is fire and feather; Burgess had more sense than he thought it proper to make use of; Taylor, a man of sense; Shower, polite; Cruso, unhappy; Owen is valued amongst them, for some skill in antiquity; the elder (Dr.) Owen was a gentleman and a scholar; the younger Henry is commended for his laborious work on the Old Testament. Clarkson (Dr. Tillotson's tutor) had more of the Fathers than all of them; though Dr. Maurice overmatched him, and had, besides, the better cause. Gale's *Court of the Gentiles* is admired by them, and has some useful collections in it. Tombs and Stennet have all for the Anabaptists; as Wall enough against them; and Robert Barclay more than all the Quakers have to say for themselves."—JACKSON'S *Charles Wesley*, vol. ii. pp. 519—524.

What follows is a specimen of the racy wisdom with which the Rector often wrote:—

"One thing or two more I think proper to add on this head, of sober conversation. The first, that if the parish business should happen to call you to a public-house, as it sometimes may, though the more you avoid it whenever you can handsomely, I am sure the better; you will, I hope, be strictly careful not to stay long there, but to be exactly temperate; because I know you will have strong solicitations to the contrary, in both instances, from those who will be the first to ridicule and reproach you, if they can but so much as once prevail against you. The second is, that there is need of the same caution, and for the same reason, when you make a visit, or are invited, to private houses, unless it be amongst the poor, where there is little danger. The like caution can do you no harm when you are in gentlemen's houses round about you; for you can hardly miss having observed, that temperance is not the reigning virtue of the north (any more than, I am afraid, it is of the south) of England. For these and the like reasons, you will likewise keep as clear as possibly you can from receiving, or at least desiring, any considerable personal obligations; for all men are not generous, and you may hear of them again, not at all to your satisfaction, a great while after.

"I do not yet know how to leave this subject, because it is of the last concern to you and me, and the success of our ministry does almost entirely depend upon it. I hardly know whether is the more

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fatal error in a clergyman, cauponising the Word of God, and smoothing over virtues and vices; or incurring the imminent danger of damning ourselves on the pretence of hope, through any criminal compliance, to save others by staying too long, and thereby running too often with them into the same excess of riot. O fly the siren Pleasure! and the sweeter she sings, stop your ears the closer against her; though one would think she does not sing very sweetly here; or, however, that the charms of ale and mundungus, the top of a country parish, are not exceedingly preferable to those of temperance and innocence. To be plain, what I am most afraid of is, the goodness of your temper; and if you cannot learn to say no, and to run away a little before you think there is any need of it, you will follow the worst steps of some that have been before you, and will be in a fair way to ruin. As on the other side, if you turn your eyes to your brother, you will have a living homily to direct you; for I verily think he has not once drunk one glass more than he ought since he came into the country; and, if you can, find, or at least make, another like him.

"I own your worthy predecessor, Mr. ——, who had served this cure about twenty years, when I consulted him of the best way to gain my parishioners, advised me to a well-managed familiarity with them: this I endeavoured, but missed it; you may be happier, and hit it: but then you must have a care of every step, and will need almost the wisdom of an angel of God; all intellect, no passion, no appetite, or none at least but what you have under the exactest regimen; which you will ask of Him who is alone able to give it. Steer clear! beware of men! conquer yourself, and you conquer all the world! Moroseness and too much compliance are both dangerous; but the latter I repent more than the former. I look upon it to have been very well becoming the wisdom of Pericles, that he would so rarely be present at feasts and public entertainments, and stay so little a while at them; since without this precaution, as Plutarch well observes in his Life, it had been next to impossible for him to have preserved the dignity of his character, and that high veneration which he had acquired among the people. For the merry Greeks were generally wags, and great gibers, especially in their wine, to which that may very properly be applied, *Quos inquinat, æquat,* as well as to any other vice or wickedness. And he thought it more eligible of the two, to be accounted proud, than to be really despicable.

"And yet I must own, the more conversant you are with the middle and meaner sort, which are everywhere by far the greater number, you are likely to do much the more good among them. But this would be the most effectually done by a regular visiting of your whole parish from house to house, with the fore-mentioned cautions, as Ignatius advises Polycarp; and that even the men and maid servants. For a good shepherd 'knows his sheep by name,' which is the way for them to follow him."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 504—506.

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The man who wrote this letter seems to be a very different person from the smart and not very nice or decorous scribbler who published *Maggots;* from the fulsome eulogist of *Great James;* from the bustling, plodding, needy, literary hack who edited the *Athenian Oracle;* from the mutable loyalist politician, who reflected, reign after reign, the opinions of the powers that were; from the pushing Convocation man,—now Low Church and then High Church;—from the pamphleteer who, after flattering James, defended the Revolution and William's right, and wound up by writing the defence of Sacheverell; from the ex-Dissenter, the son of Dissenting confessors and worthies, who maintained a too bitter and an unseemly controversy against his early friends and benefactors. The spirit of a noble and modest, a temperate and charitable, man, breathes through the letter; the treasures of a richly stored, a wise and learned divine, are poured forth without stay or stint; the maxims and reflections of a man of action as of study, a man of experience as well as of culture and force, thickly stud its pages. We learn that the ambitious orphan boy, who had been left, without a guide, to slave and fight his way through life, has not in vain suffered and struggled on through forty years. He is now a wise, good man, at peace with all men, and respected by those who cannot but differ from him. In 1705 Wesley's name would have maddened a meeting of Dissenters or of Lincolnshire Whigs. In 1732 his parishioners all round would say, "God bless him;" and in London, Whig poets and politicians joined with Tories in seeking patronage for his folio on Job.

It is in his letters to his sons, however, especially in regard to their college life, that the character of the Rector of Epworth appears to the greatest advantage. What can be better than the following, written to his son John, in January 1725, in regard to "entering into holy orders"? In this letter the godly leaven of his Puritan parentage comes favourably into view, although here, as everywhere else in the Rector's communications, the respect for material interests and the means of livelihood, which a life of battling with poverty had impressed upon him, is very evident.

"As to what you mention of entering into holy orders, it is indeed a great work. I am pleased to find you think it so—as well as that you don't admire a callow clergyman any more than I do. As to the motives you take notice of, it is no harm to desire getting into that office, even with Eli's sons, 'to get a piece of bread;' for 'the labourer is worthy of his hire;' though a desire and

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intention to lead a stricter life, and a belief one should do so, is a better reason. But this should by all means be begun before, or else, ten to one, it will deceive us afterwards. If a man be unwilling and undesirous to enter into orders, it is easy to guess whether he can say, with common honesty, that he believes he is moved by the Holy Spirit to do it. But the principal spring and motive, to which all the former should be secondary, must certainly be the glory of God, the service of His Church, with the edification of our neighbour; and woe to him who, with any meaner leading view, attempts so sacred a work; for which he should take all the care he possibly can, with the advice of wiser and elder men, especially imploring, with all humility, sincerity, and intention of mind, with fasting and prayer, the direction and assistance of Almighty God and His Holy Spirit, to qualify and prepare himself for it."—TYERMAN'S *Wesley of Epworth,* p. 391.

At the close of the same letter, written with a shaking and palsied hand, he adds, in touching words:—

"Work and write while you can. You see Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left, and I bless God for them."—*Ibid.* p. 392.

A month after this letter, Mrs. Wesley wrote to her son, saying that in her judgment, herein differing from her husband, the sooner he entered into orders the better. "It is an unhappiness peculiar to our family," she says, "that your father and I seldom think alike." Mr. Wesley thought John needed a preparation of critical study; Mrs. Wesley, that "practical divinity was the best study for candidates for orders." Mrs. Wesley's judgment seems so far to have influenced her husband, that in the beginning of March he wrote to his son the following brief, vivid, and loving, note:—

"Wroot, March 13, 1724–5.

"DEAR SON,—I have both yours; and I have changed my mind since my last. I now incline to your going this summer into orders, and would have you turn your thoughts and studies that way. But, in the first place, if you love yourself, or me, pray heartily. I will struggle hard, but I will get money for your orders, and something more. Mr. Downes has spoken to Dr. Morley about you, who says he will inquire of your character.

"'Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

"This with blessing, from your loving father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

—*Ibid.* p. 393.

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The following is a right good letter :—

"Wroot, July 14, 1725.

"DEAR SON,—It is not for want of affection that I am some letters in your debt; but because I could not yet answer them, so as to satisfy myself or you; though I hope still to do it in a few weeks.

"As for Thomas à Kempis, all the world are apt to strain for one or the other. And it is no wonder if contemplative men, especially when wrapt in a cowl, and the darkness of the sceptical divinity, and near akin, if I mistake not, to the obscure ages, when they observed the bulk of the world so mad for sensual pleasures, should run into the contrary extreme, and attempt to persuade us to have no senses at all, or that God made them to very little purpose. But for all that, mortification is still an indispensable Christian duty. The world is a siren, and we must have a care of her. And if the young man will 'rejoice in his youth,' yet it would not be amiss for him to take care that his joys be moderate and innocent; and, in order to this, sadly to remember 'that for all these things God will bring him to judgment.' I have only this to add of my friend and old companion, that, making a pretty many grains of allowance, he may be read to great advantage, and that, notwithstanding all his superstition and enthusiasm, it is almost impossible to peruse him seriously, without admiring and, I think, in some measure imitating his heroic strains of humility, and piety, and devotion. But I reckon, you have before this received your mother's, who has leisure to write, and can do so without pain, which I cannot.

"I will write to the Bishop of Lincoln again. You shall not want a black coat as soon as I have any *white.*

"You may transcribe any part of my letter to Mr. Hoole, but not the whole, for your own private use; neither lend it; but any friend may read it in your chamber. Master *St. Chrysostom,* and the *Articles,* and the *Form of Ordination.* Bear up stoutly against the world, &c. Keep a good, an honest, and a pious heart. Pray hard, and watch hard; and I am persuaded your quarantine is almost at an end, and all shall be well: however, nothing shall be wanting to make it so, that is in the power of your loving father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

—*Ibid.* pp. 393, 394.

The touching tenderness and beauty of the letters following can hardly be exceeded :—

"Bawtry, Sept. 1, 1725.

"DEAR SON,—I came hither to-day, because I cannot be at rest, till I make you easier. I could not possibly manufacture any money for you here, sooner than next Saturday. On Monday I design to wait on Dr. Morley, and will try to prevail with your brother to return you 8*l.*, with interest. I will assist you in the charges for ordination, though I am myself just now struggling for life. This 8*l.* you may depend on the next week, or the week after.

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"I like your way of thinking and arguing; and yet must say, I am a little afraid on it. He that believes and yet argues against reason, is half a Papist, or enthusiast. He that would make Revelation bend to his own shallow reason is either half a Deist or a heretic! O my dear! steer clear between this Scylla and Charybdis. God will bless you; and you shall ever be beloved, as you will ever be a comfort to, your affectionate father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY.

"P.S.—If you have any scruples about any part of Revelation, or the Articles of the Church of England, which I think exactly agreeable to it, I can answer them."

"Gainsborough, Sept. 7, 1725.

"DEAR SON JOHN,—With much ado you see I am for once as good as my word. Carry Dr. Morley's note to the Bursar. I hope to send you more, and believe by the same hand. God fit you for your great work! Fast—watch—pray—believe—love—endure—be happy. Towards which you shall never want the ardent prayers of, your affectionate father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

—*Ibid.* pp. 395, 396.

We cannot refrain from adding to the foregoing the two following, written the year after:—

"Wroot, March 21, 1726.

"DEAR MR. FELLOW ELECT OF LINCOLN,—I have done more than I could for you. On your waiting on Dr. Morley with this he will pay you 12*l.* You are inexpressibly obliged to that generous man. We are all as well as can be expected.

"Your loving father, SAMUEL WESLEY."

"Wroot, April 1, 1726.

"DEAR SON JOHN,—I had both yours since the election. In both you express yourself as becomes you for what I had willingly, though with much greater difficulty than you imagine, done for you; for the last 12*l.* pinched me so hard, that I am forced to beg time of your brother Sam, till after harvest, to pay the 10*l.* that you say he lent you. Nor shall I have so much as that (perhaps not 5*l.*), to keep my family till after harvest; and I do not expect that I shall be able to do anything for Charles when he goes to the University. What will be my own fate, God knows, before this summer be over. *Sed passi Graviora.* Wherever I am, my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln!

"Yet all this, and perhaps worse than you know, has not made me forget you; for I wrote to Dr. King, desiring leave for you to come one, two, or three months into the country, where you should be gladly welcome.

"As for advice, keep your best friend fast; and, next to him, Dr. Morley; and have a care of your other friends, especially the younger. All at present from your loving father,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

—*Ibid.* pp. 398, 399.

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The following characteristic note is addressed conjointly to John and Charles at Oxford, and is dated July, 1727:—

"Wroot, July 5, 1727.

"DEAR CHILDREN,—The reason why I was willing to delay my son John's coming was his pupil; but that is over. Another reason was that I knew he could not get between Wroot and Epworth without hazarding his health or life; whereas my hide is tough, and I think no carrion can kill me. I walked sixteen miles yesterday, and this morning, I thank God, I was not a penny worse. The occasion of this booted walk was to hire a room for myself at Epworth, which I think I have now achieved."

(After this follows his proposal that Charles should come to Lincolnshire by the carrier. He then proceeds:—)

"You will find your mother much altered. I believe what will kill a cat has almost killed her. I have observed of late little convulsions in her very frequently, which I don't like.

"God bless and guide, and send you both a speedy and a happy meeting with, your loving father, "SAMUEL WESLEY."

—*Ibid.* pp. 402, 403.*

A fortnight later he wrote to John as follows:—

"Wroot, July 18, 1727.

"DEAR SON JOHN,—We received last post your compliments of condolence and congratulation to your mother on the supposition of her near approaching demise; to which your sister Patty will by no means subscribe, for she says she is not so good a philosopher as you are, and that she cannot spare her mother yet, if it please God, without great inconvenience.

"And indeed, though she has now and then some very sick fits, yet I hope the sight of you will revive her. However, when you come you will see a new face of things, my family being now pretty well colonised, and all perfect harmony; much happier, in no small straits, than perhaps we ever were before in our greatest affluence; and you will find a servant that will make us rich, if God gives us anything to work upon. I know not but that it may be this prospect, together with my easiness in my family, which keeps my spirits from sinking, though they tell me I have lost some of my tallow between Wroot and Epworth; but that I don't value, as long as I have strength left to perform my office. "SAMUEL WESLEY."

—*Ibid.* p. 403.

Mr. Wesley had a scheme for the publication, as Mr. Tyerman expresses it, "of a polyglott Bible, on a wide basis." In regard to this he wrote the following interesting letter to his son John:—

* The Rector was at this time living at the Wroot parsonage, Wroot parish being conjoined with Epworth under his care.

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"January 26, 1726.

"Dear Son,—The providence of God has engaged me in a work, wherein you may be very assistant to me, promote the glory of God, and, at the same time, notably forward your own studies.

"I have sometimes since designed an edition of the Holy Bible in octavo, in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Septuagint, and Vulgate; and have made some progress in it. I have not time at present to give you the whole scheme, of which scarce any soul knows except your brother Sam.

"What I desire of you is, first, that you would immediately fall to work, and read diligently the Hebrew text in the Polyglott, and collate it exactly with the Vulgate, writing all, even the least, variations or differences between them.

"Second, To these I would have you add the Samaritan text, which is the very same with the Hebrew, except in some very few places, differing only in the Samaritan character, which I think is the true old Hebrew.

"You may learn the Samaritan alphabet in a day, either from the Prolegomena in Walton's *Polyglott* or from his grammar. In a twelvemonth's time, sticking close to it in the forenoons, you will get twice through the Pentateuch; for I have done it four times the last year, and am going over it the fifth, and also collating the two Greek versions, the Alexandrian and the Vatican, with what I can get of Symmachus and Theodotion, &c. You shall not lose your reward, either in this or the other world. Nor are your brothers like to be idle; but I would have nothing said of it to anybody, though your brother Sam shall write to you shortly about it."—*Ibid.* pp. 397, 398.

It was in August 1730 that the Wesleys, with their friend Morgan, began to visit the gaols at Oxford. In regard to this matter they wrote to their father. The following is a part of his answer. Though it has been printed several times before, it cannot be omitted here:—

"And now, as to your own designs and employments, what can I say less of them than *valde probo:* and that I have the highest reason to bless God that He has given me two sons together at Oxford, to whom He has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them. They have but one enemy to combat with, the flesh; which, if they take care to subdue, by fasting and prayer, there will be no more for them to do but to proceed steadily in the same course, and expect the crown which fadeth not away. You have reason to bless God, as I do, that you have so fast a friend as Mr. M. [Morgan], who, I see, in the most difficult service, is ready to break the ice for you. You do not know of how much good that poor wretch who killed his wife has been the providential occasion. I think I must adopt Mr. M. to be my son, together with you and your brother Charles; and when I have such a

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ternion to prosecute that war, wherein I am now *miles emeritus*; I shall not be afraid when they speak with their enemies in the gate.

"I am afraid lest the main objection you make against going on in the business with the prisoners, may secretly proceed from flesh and blood. Go on, then, in God's name, in the path to which your Saviour has directed you, and that track wherein your father has gone before you! For when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, I visited those in the castle there, and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day. Walk as prudently as you can, though not fearfully, and my heart and prayers are with you."—*Ibid.* pp. 406, 407..

Thirty years before this Mr. Wesley had defended Christian societies which organised weekly meetings for private religious fellowship in the Church of England, such as came to be extensively known as Dr. Woodward's Societies, and had published a letter on the subject. "*A Letter concerning the Religious Societies*," says Mr. Tyerman, was "published by Samuel Wesley in 1699. After giving a description of the societies, Mr. Wesley proceeds to argue that, so far from being any injury to the Church of England, they would greatly promote its interests. He expresses a wish that such societies might be formed in all considerable towns, and even in populous villages. He writes: 'There are a great many parishes in this kingdom which consist of several thousands of souls. Now, what one man, two, or three, is sufficient for such a multitude? Those who have but one or two thousand will find their cares heavy enough, especially now they have neither the catechists of the ancients to assist them, nor those clerks which are mentioned in the Rubric.' He then goes on to state, that, in such cases, the religious societies would be of immense service. Acting under the authority and direction of the clergy, 'they would be as so many churchwardens, or overseers, or almost deacons under them; caring for the sick and poor, giving an account of the spiritual estate of themselves and others, persuading parents to catechise their children and to fit them for confirmation, and discoursing with those who have left the church to bring them back to it. This assistance would conduce as much to the health of the minister's body, by easing him of many a weary step and fruitless journey, as it would conduce to the satisfaction of his mind, in the visible success of his labours. Such societies, so far from injuring the Church, would be so many new bulwarks against its enemies, and would give it daily more strength, and beauty, and reputation.'

"He then proceeds to show that the institution of such societies was not a novelty; that the Church of Rome was

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indebted for most of the progress that it had made in recent times to the several societies it had nourished in its bosom; and that the Marquis de Renty in France had formed, as early as 1640, many societies of devout persons, who, in their weekly meetings, consulted about the relief of the poor, engaged in united prayer, sang psalms, read books of devotion, and discoursed together of their own spiritual concerns.

"Wesley then argues that such societies are really necessary, on the ground, that, without them, the members of the Church have no opportunity for that 'delightful employment of all good Christians,' pious conversation. He concludes thus:—'The design of these churches is not to gather churches out of churches, to foment new schisms and divisions, and to make heathens of all the rest of their Christian brethren; but to promote in a regular manner, that which is the end of every Christian—the glory of God, included in the welfare and salvation of themselves and their neighbours. It cannot be denied that there may and will be some persons in these societies of more heat than light, of more zeal than judgment; but where was ever any body of men without some such characters? But since the very rules of their institution do strictly oblige them to the practice of humility and charity, and to avoid censoriousness and spiritual pride—the common rocks of those who make a more than ordinary profession of religion—I see not what human prudence can provide any farther in this matter.'"

The old Puritan blood in the Rector of Epworth had not lost all its energy; and Methodism received some of its impulse from the father of the Wesleys. For there can be no doubt, that in these societies are to be found the original of the Methodist societies, first at Oxford and afterwards elsewhere.

How the Rector of Epworth rejoiced in the bold and singular position taken by his sons at Oxford is well known, and with what triumph he learned that they had to endure the reproach of Christ, as the fathers of the Godly Club. "I, then," he wrote, "must be its grandfather."

Let it here be added, that in his Missionary spirit and conception, he was worthy to be the father of the Wesleys. When a young man, between thirty and forty years of age, he had formed an imposing plan of missions to India, China, and Abyssinia, and was himself desirous to be devoted to the work; and in the last year of his life he lamented that he was not young enough to go with Oglethorpe as a missionary to Georgia.

In regard to the education of his children, it would seem (as

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Mr. Tyerman says) that Mr. Wesley has not had due credit given him. His letters to his sons—not only at college, but at school—appear to be all that a father's letters ought to be. They imply that he had acted both as friend and teacher to his boys. Indeed, although his son Samuel seems to have had a brutal schoolmaster to teach him the rudiments of Latin and Greek, the general rule of the rectory appears, from all accounts and letters extant, to have been home instruction; and it can hardly be doubted that, when the Rector was not absent at Convocation, he taught his sons himself the rudiments of the classics. Their English training and their earliest tuition was undoubtedly given by their incomparable mother. The following quotations from some of his letters to young Samuel at Westminster School exhibit the Rector's fatherly character in a very favourable light. We see not only that he was a wise, careful, and tender father, but also how fully, notwithstanding the many instances in which his judgment differed from hers, he appreciated the rare excellencies of his wife :—

"You know what you owe to one of the best of mothers. Perhaps you may have read of one of the Ptolemies, who chose the name of Philometer, as a more glorious title than if he had assumed that of his predecessor, Alexander. And it would be an honest and virtuous ambition in you to attempt to imitate him, for which you have so much reason. Often reflect on the tender and peculiar love which your dear mother has always expressed towards you; the deep affliction of both body and mind which she underwent for you, both before and after your birth; the particular care she took of your education when she struggled with so many pains and infirmities; and, above all, the wholesome and sweet motherly advice and counsel which she has often given you to fear God, to take care of your soul as well as of your learning, and to shun all vicious and bad examples. You will, I verily believe, remember that these obligations of gratitude, love, and obedience, and the expressions of them, are not confined to your tender years, but must last to the very close of life, and, even after that, render her memory most dear and precious to you.

"You will not forget te evidence this by supporting and comforting her in her age, if it please God that she should ever attain to it (though I doubt she will not), and doing nothing which may justly displease or grieve her, or show you unworthy of such a mother. You will endeavour to repay her prayers for you by doubling yours for her; and, above all things, to live such a virtuous and religious life that she may find that her care and love have not been lost upon you, but that we may all meet in heaven.

"In short, reverence and love her as much as you will, which I hope will be as much as you can. For, though I should be jealous of any

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other rival in your heart, yet I will not be jealous of her; the more duty you pay her, and the more frequently and kindly you write to her, the more you will please your affectionate father, SAMUEL WESLEY."

"It is agreed by all that a pure body and a chaste mind are an acceptable sacrifice to infinite Purity and Holiness; and that, without these, a thousand hecatombs would never be accepted. How happy are those who preserve their first purity and innocence; and how much easier is it to abstain from the first acts, than not to reiterate them and sink into inveterate habits! There is no parleying with the temptation to this sin, which is nourished by sloth and intemperance. You have not wanted repeated warnings, and I hope they have not been altogether in vain. The shortness, the baseness, the nastiness of the pleasure would be enough to make one nauseate it did not the devil and the flesh unite in their temptations to it. However, conquered it must be, for we must part with that or heaven! Ah, my boy, what sneaking things does not vice make us! What traitors to ourselves, and how false within! And what invincible courage, as well as calmness, attends virtue and innocence!

"Now, my boy (it is likely), begins that conflict whereof I have so often warned you, and which will find you warm work for some years. Now—vice or virtue, God or Satan, heaven or hell, which will you choose? What, if you should fall on your knees this moment, or as soon as you can retire, and choose the better part? If you have begun to do amiss, resolve to do better. Give up yourself solemnly to God and to His service. Implore the mercy and gracious aid of your Redeemer, and the blessed assistance (perhaps the return) of the Holy Comforter. You will not be cast off. You will not want strength from above, which will be infinitely beyond your own, or even the power of the enemy. The holy angels are spectators, and will rejoice at your conquest. Why should you not make your parents' hearts rejoice? You know how tenderly they are concerned for you, and how fain they would have you virtuous and happy."—*Ibid.* pp. 313, 320, 321.

Such was the father of the Wesleys, and such was the influence which he exercised over his sons. It has been too much taken for granted, that the influence of Mrs. Wesley was paramount in moulding their characters. Her letters, indeed, remain as evidence how wisely, how carefully, with what ability as a writer, and with what fulness of knowledge—especially of theology—she advised her sons as they grew up. Still the letters from Mr. Wesley which remain, and of which samples have been given, show that, after all, he was the chief, the authoritative adviser of his sons, and that he entered into all their affairs as none but a father, not even a mother, can enter into a son's affairs.

Such was the father of the Wesleys, and the influence upon them of such a parentage may be traced throughout the for-

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mative period of their life, while their character was being moulded. Their early hardships in his rectory taught them hardy patience and stout self-help. From such a father they inherited a passion for learning and a scholar's ambition. Their admirable style as writers of nervous, idiomatic English, was due not less to the vigour and vividness of the father's English, than to the purity and terseness of their mother's sweet and even style. That it was owing more to home than to University example and influence, is not only antecedently probable, but may be inferred from the fact that all the sisters of the Wesley family wrote pure and pleasant English, idiomatic, but never harsh. In fact, there is a Wesley-family style of English, and the English of the sisters bears a sisterly likeness to that of the brothers; while each style, all round, has its own individuality.

Both father and mother of the Wesleys were High Church, and most high was the churchmanship of their sons. The doctrine which they preached, as Methodists, after their return from America, was certainly not derived from any instruction or any bias which had been given to them at their family home. They learned it through the instrumentality of the Moravians, especially of Peter Bohler. Their early High Churchmanship, however, clung to them with the greatest tenacity. John, indeed, lost most of it before his course was run; but then he was learning, with the open-mindedness of a child, till he was more than eighty years of age.

But the principle of religious fellowship, which is the very kernel of Methodism, regarded as an organisation, was certainly an inheritance to the Wesleys from their father: as to him, very likely, a bias in favour of it was derived from his Puritan ancestry and from the influences in the midst of which his earliest religious consciousness was awakened. His defence of Religious Societies in 1699—Societies within the Church of England for religious fellowship—might now serve as an apology for the Methodist system of fellowship meetings.

In his range of reading, especially considering his opportunities, and in his projects of study also, the Rector of Epworth was surely own father to the Founder of Methodism, whose system of study at Oxford, and whose projects of culture for the pupils at Kingswood were encyclopædic in their range.

Add to these particulars, what we have already had occasion distinctly to note, the grand missionary conceptions and the real missionary enthusiasm of the Rector of Epworth—

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the father of the man whose memorable saying, "the world is *my* parish," was perhaps the grandest rebuke ever administered to the narrowness and pettiness of a mere parochial martinet, and we have before our view no unimportant total of particulars in which the father of the Wesleys supplied the training and the influences, by which, under the inspiration of Providence, John Wesley and his brother Charles were prepared for the great work which was reserved for them to do. Nor can we doubt, although we have not included this in our enumeration, that the rude power, the untrained faculty and impulse, of poetry, which even under the rank doggerel of Wesley is not quite lost, but burns like a fire almost buried in ashes and spent in smoke, and which at times breaks forth in his verse with a real glow of heat and flame, was the original of that remarkable gift of song which was strong in all the Rector's sons—Charles being not the only but the most brilliant and copious poet of the three—and which was shared, in no mean degree, by several of the daughters.

The fine old man died in 1735, having been born in 1662. How he died was beautifully told by his son John, and has been inimitably painted in the warm, pure English of Southey. In 1683 he left Stoke Newington for Oxford; in 1688 he was ordained deacon; in 1690 he married, on a London curacy of 32*l.* a-year, having before this held for a little while a still poorer curacy, and having also served for a year as a naval chaplain. In 1690, also, he was presented by Lord Normanby to the living of South Ormsby. In 1697 he became Rector of Epworth. Thirty-eight years, accordingly, had he held that parish. What sufferings he there endured, what errors, what labours, what sorrows, and what honours he passed through there, we have already described in brief in this Journal, in the article to which we have more than once referred. But he who would know all about these matters, and much besides, of which nothing can be said in a review, must betake himself to Mr. Tyerman's authentic, valuable, and most interesting volume, to which this article may serve as a companion, and in part as a corrective, but cannot serve as a supplement.

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ART. V.—*La Question d'Orient, Exposé Politique.* Paris: Dentu, Palais Royal, 17.

WE must not allow the interest attending the affairs of Rome to turn away our attention altogether from a question which concerns us more nearly, is much more important for the world at large, and has been the occasion of a far greater amount of human suffering.

There is no great Power in Europe, the interests of which will not be more or less directly affected by the issues which are being prepared, or slowly worked out, or which may be suddenly consummated in the regions under the sway of the Ottoman scimitar.

The purposes of Russia are a secret to no one. The aspirations that dictate them have been gathering strength these hundred and fifty years, along with Russia's consciousness of her own growing power, and of the irremediable collapse of Turkey. But, in case of a dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, Austria is the natural rival of Russia. More than half of her subjects belong to the Slavonic stock, some of them to the Greek communion likewise, so that Francis Joseph reigns over races kindred by blood and attached by religion to those who are panting for escape from the despotism of their Mahometan masters. Austria shrinks from changes that would stimulate the feeling of separate nationality in her own subjects; but, on the supposition of a general breaking-up and reconstruction in the East, it would seem to that Government natural and desirable that the Roumans of Moldavia and Wallachia should be united to those of Transylvania, and that the Servians south of the Danube, the Bosnians also, and the Montenegrins, should cast in their lot with the Servians of Hungary. Under certain circumstances, indeed, the policy of aggrandisement would become necessary for self-defence; Austria would be condemned to enlarge her boundaries or to go to pieces.

Prussia has no prospect of ever directly appropriating any part of Turkey, but she is not indifferent to the interests of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, and, what is more important, she is so placed as to be ready to exact an equivalent in Germany for whatever accession Austria may receive towards the East. Again, it is of vital importance to Prussia, almost

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more than any other Power, that Russia should not acquire irresistible preponderance by carrying out her ambitious designs. Prussia is the nearest neighbour of the Muscovite, and, as such, is under an imperious necessity to watch against any increase in the resources of the giant, whose accomplice she has been in former deeds of usurpation.

France is less forcibly involved in the matter than Austria or Prussia. But she has already begun to divide the spoil by her possession of Algiers; she would fain look upon the whole of North Africa as to be one day hers; she is our rival in Egypt. She has moreover committed herself to the struggle against Russian encroachments; professing to be the disinterested friend and protectress of the native Christian populations, she has at least been less interested than Russia, less ungenerous than Austria, or than England, with the important exception of our gift of the Ionian Isles.

As for England, our interest in the East is to be measured, in the first place by our interest in India, and in the next by our wish to preserve the independence of all Europe, against the Tartar despot that threatened it a few years ago, and will threaten it again if we are not vigilant and ready, if needs be, to strike.

Such being the importance of the question, we feel no little responsibility in attempting to enlighten public opinion upon it, and we have a very natural leaning to a policy of expectancy. It is easy to see what ought not to be done, and what ought to be hindered at any cost, but it is not so easy to determine what ought to be done. On the other hand, there are conjunctures in which delay is as fatal as precipitation, and this may be one of them. We wish therefore to state the facts, the certainties, and the contingencies of the case, as fully as possible—to present the rights, circumstances, and prospects of the several populations whose future is at stake, as they appear to us after many years of careful and impartial observation.

It is certain that the existence of an independent State upon the Bosphorus sufficiently powerful to protect itself, or sufficiently protected by common consent, is a necessity of the balance of power in Europe. Lord Chatham once said that he would not waste five minutes' argument upon anyone who did not at once recognise that the existence of Turkey was a political necessity, but we suppose this opinion may be translated into the more general proposition just laid down. His lordship would not have cared whether the people who held the Bosphorus in trust for the benefit of Europe were

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Jews, Greeks, Turks, Infidels, or Heretics, provided they were able to hold their own. The necessity of the existence of such a Power is even more evident now than it was in Lord Chatham's time; the only question is—Who are the people best qualified for, and best entitled to, the trust?

The Turks have in their favour the fact that they are in possession. This is a most important, at first sight an almost decisive, point. They could not be supplanted by any direct and immediate action without war, and that, practically, a war of extermination; not only unsettling Europe, but attended by fearful reprisals and massacres in Asia. Every lover of peace and of humanity must admit, that it is better to live with a people imperfectly qualified to meet the responsibilities of their position, than forcibly to put in their place a people better qualified. The Turks ought not to be abandoned by their protectors unless their fall is absolutely inevitable, and even in such a case extreme measures should be delayed as long as would be consistent with the safety of Europe. The *effete* Power should be gently let down, and its successor gently and gradually inducted.

The view of this question generally taken by Englishmen is exceedingly narrow. In their eyes it is but a choice between Turkey as it is and Turkey as a Russian province, with Constantinople as the capital of the Romanoffs. We are happy in our persuasion that this view is altogether inadequate, and therefore false; for if it were true we should be in despair:—if there be no choice except that between Russia and Turkey, then Russia must have the prey in spite of all the world. We may prolong the life of the dying man at a ruinous expense in money, and at the still greater cost of sharing the responsibility of all sorts of iniquity; we may struggle against fate, and retard the consummation for a few short years; but the Turkey that now is, is doomed. There are those now living that will either witness its fall, or else a transformation that we fear is hopeless.

As nearly as we can judge after comparing many statistical tables and calculations, the Mahometans of European Turkey are about three millions eight hundred thousand. Of these, three hundred thousand are Tartars and Circassians; about two millions and a half are converts from subject races, Albanian, Bosnian, and Bulgarian, and only one million are genuine Osmanlis of the governing race. It must be remembered that we are not now taking into consideration the Asiatic part of the empire, where the true Turks are five times as numerous. The Christians of European Turkey

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who have attained to partial independence, that is to say the Moldo-Wallachians and the Servians of the Principality, number five millions and a quarter. Those that remain in total but unwilling subjection are about seven millions and a half.

The dismemberment of the empire has begun by the independence of the kingdom of Greece, the French conquest of Algiers, the practical independence of Tunis and Egypt, Moldo-Wallachia and Servia; the very Arabs hate the Turks; but the diseased state of the whole body politic is such that the head is hardly conscious of losses at the extremities. While the Christian populations are increasing in numbers, wealth and intelligence, in aspirations for freedom, and in confidence that they will obtain it, their masters are rapidly growing fewer and poorer, and the conviction is gaining ground among them that their empire is to be destroyed ere long, or, as the peasants of Asia Minor put it, that "God has become a Frank." The feeling of apathy is universal, the spirit of armed proselytism has died away, and there is no force of impulsion left.

Since Turkish landowners can no longer compel the rayas to cultivate their fields for nothing, they have begun to leave their villages and crowd into the towns. This movement has been very perceptible since 1850; it is one cause of depopulation, and of the rapid transfer of landed property from Mahometan to Christian hands. There are even places where a crowded burial-ground is the only memorial of the Turkish village that was in existence fifty years ago. The other permanent causes of depopulation are over-early marriages, the unhealthy lives and criminal practices of the Turkish women, the excessive severity with which the obligation to military service falls upon the Mahometans exclusively. One provision, indeed, of the Hatt-i-Humayoou extends the right and duty of bearing arms in defence of the empire to all its subjects without distinction; but this clause was only inserted to hoodwink the representatives of the European Powers; its practical result has been the imposition of a new tax upon the rayas as a substitution for the conscription, and the drain upon the Mahometans remains as constant as before. There is a progressive diminution of the Ottoman population in city and country taken together, and an almost total desolation of fertile tracts from sheer lack of cultivators and communications.

These are not the symptoms of a mere functional disorder, but of an incurable organic disease. Turkish peasants have all the virtues of a dominant race. They are brave, truthful;

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are distinguished by a native dignity and self-respect; they are less brutal to their subordinates than the Mahometans of the subject races. The worst that can be said of them in an economical point of view is, that they allow everything to go to ruin by never mending or renewing anything, and that they dream their lives away; and this is, perhaps, not so much the result of temperament, as of the circumstances in which bad government and their own arbitrary ascendancy have placed them. But the higher we rise, the less morality, truth, and worth we meet within Turkish society. There is no integrity and patriotism, or sense of honour among the men high in office. We can hardly use the word upper class, for there is practically no aristocracy in Turkey, the effendis or country gentlemen having died out, or been crushed by the spoliation of pashas. The corruption of public functionaries is flagrant and universal; hence the mockery of justice in all courts, civil and criminal, and the inconceivable indifference to either material or moral improvement which astounds the Western traveller. Place is synonymous with receiving bribes from those below, and the obligation of giving them to those above. The vices of Turkey are stronger than her wish to be cured of them; she is her own worst enemy. The pasha copies the bad side of European society without any of its excellencies; his enlightenment consists in drinking without scruple, and he has retained withal the nameless vices of the East.

What are the trade, finances, justice, legislation of the Turks? They once bargained with the conquered and let them govern themselves; but *they* never governed. The Eastern correspondence of our cotemporary, *Evangelical Christendom*, has for many years back teemed with complaints by missionaries from all parts of Asia Minor and Syria, relating the outrages inflicted upon Protestant converts by officials of every degree, who had received bribes from the high Armenian clergy, or wished to ingratiate themselves with the representatives of France. The sufferers belong to a small and peculiar class, and one which has always had protectors at Constantinople, except during the residence of Sir Henry Bulwer, so these few glimpses can only convey a faint idea of the unblushing rapacity and lying effrontery of the whole administration: taxes arbitrarily and unequally distributed, men punished for offences which the authorities knew to be imaginary, or thrown into prison for equally imaginary debts; in one instance a Protestant girl taken by force and married to a gipsy, and appeals to Constantinople

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invariably met by a strenuous denial of the most notorious facts.

"The poverty and misery of the people in the interior of the empire is terrible," writes a missionary some two years ago, "and their condition is becoming worse. This is a fact which European politicians should understand. The people of the Turkish empire (a few cities only excepted) are becoming poorer and more wretched every year, less and less able to bear the weight of taxation which is crushing them."

No country ever thrives on the strength of natural resources without industry, knowledge, equal laws, respect for personal rights, and security for property—things of which a genuine Mussulman would never so much as dream. Hence their commerce is carried on by foreigners; their land, once tilled by serfs, remains waste, and passes into the hands of bitter internal enemies; the master's share of the produce is, virtually, not rent but tribute. The taxes, especially the tithes, are imposed with odious inequality, and so oppressively exacted as often to ruin the husbandman, putting a stop to cultivation altogether; the poorer Mussulmen, it has been frequently observed, are less able to bear the rapacity of the local governors than even the rayas.

When a people fashioned by an inferior civilisation is brought into contact and occasional collision with a superior civilisation, it is a decisive trial of the vitality of that people; it must adjust itself to the higher civilisation; it must be transformed or perish. The Turks have reached this great crisis in their history, and the results are sooner or later to become evident. A really impartial traveller in the East, M. George Perrot, whose antiquarian researches brought him into communication with people of all ranks, says he never yet saw a Turk who had profited by contact with Europeans. "Not only have I never met with a really educated Turk, I have never even seen one who understood what education meant, its value, and the trouble that must be taken in order to acquire it. They have not a shadow of that precious curiosity which is, as it were, the salt of modern societies, and which, notwithstanding their faults, hinders them from becoming corrupt."

The nature of this race, moulded as it has been by a religion which leaves no room for the idea of progress, hinders them from passing with success out of the limits of patriarchal and military life. The vitality of the empire seems to have been lessened rather than increased by the reforms of Mahmood. As soon as the Turk steps out of a simple and ele-

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mentary mode of existence, as soon as he has lost his native faith and traditional manners, he seems under a fatal incapacity to put anything better in their stead. The partial departure from ancient habits was but the loss of self-confidence and self-respect without the acquisition of a firm and discriminating hold of new principles. As it has been felicitously said, the improvement is of the kind typified by the exchange of the turban suited to the climate for the fez cap, which affords no protection to head or eyes.

Turks imitate only what they like in Western civilisation. They have displayed a marvellous readiness to adopt the system of national loans. They would fain copy the centralisation of our Continental neighbours. They catch at every excuse for abolishing the exceptional immunities of their Christian subjects, which, however politically anomalous, are necessary to screen the rayas from their own brutality. In this respect Constantinopolitan pashas are perfect masters of the cant of a false and hypocritical liberalism. In the preamble of a firman addressed to the Greek Patriarch in November, 1857, it is said to be destined "to put the privileges and immunities granted to the Greeks by different Sultans in harmony with the progress and the light of the age." The document introduced with this flourish of trumpets simply abolished the patriarch's temporal and judicial authority over his co-religionists, and substituted for his fees and those of the higher clergy a fixed tax, upon which the Government was to have a percentage.

It is strange that a nation like England, in whose inner life religion plays so important a part, should be slower than almost any of the Continental nations to recognise the all-important influence of the religion professed by a people upon its institutions and character. Even Volney, an unbeliever, in his considerations upon the war of 1788, anticipated the impossibility of civilising Mahometans on grounds which have since been verified by experience. So long as the Turks remain Mahometans, they will be incapable of any such change for the better as would make their yoke tolerable and their empire stable. What we have seen in India of Mahometan subjects, even though they form only a minority of the population, ought to make us understand what it must be to have Mahometan masters.

When despotism is supposed to be the law of the universe; when God is understood to be a sort of Oriental monarch, stern to His subjects and terrible to His enemies, who has committed to a brave people the task of crushing all idolators

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and infidels; when the unity of the Divine Being is so explained as to leave no room in its essence for reciprocal relations, so that God is not conceived as eternal love, but as mere absolute, resistless will;—when this is the religion of a people, no form of government can be practically and consistently carried out except an insolent and cruel military despotism. The Christian subject must remain a despised alien, who is only allowed to exist by sufferance, and cannot be trusted with arms to defend the common country. The Osmanlis must continue to hold down in forcible subjection spirited populations more numerous than themselves. The Government must continue to deal arbitrarily with the persons and properties of its subjects; and the old administrative barbarism will go on spreading desolation over these fertile regions, as the winds of the Bay of Biscay used to spread the sterile sands over the plains of Gascony. You can make their barbarism more refined, their ferocity more corrupt, their venality more full of expedients; but you cannot communicate any culture equivalent to Christian civilisation. Why is the Ottoman not to be expected to do aught but dream his life away? His God did so, while he sat from all eternity upon a white cloud, previous to creation, without wants, affections, or motives. For the Turkish mind there is no real life in heaven or on earth; no progress, for, according to the orthodox faith, Mahomet did but restore the religion of Abraham. The institutions founded upon such a conception of the universe must be marked by immobility, and the character of the people who hold it by apathy.

The amalgamation of the Turks with their subject races would be evidently necessary to the stability of the empire, and this is absolutely hopeless. The various religio-political organisations which create so many separate states within the State are indispensable to protect the Christians from the intolerance of masters who know no medium between the extermination of professors of a different creed, and the leaving them this kind of precarious, unsatisfactory, and embittered independence. Were the Turks to wish for social fusion, the memory of the rayas is too tenacious of the traditions of mutual contempt and hatred to admit of it. Wherever the Christians are strong enough to prevent it, a Turk is never seen to enter a Christian village, not even for the purpose of collecting taxes. But the Turks entertain no such wish; their feelings are those of slave-owners, who fear the future escape of the oppressed. Hence, like the defeated planters of America, one of the reforms of the Hatt-i-Hu-

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mayoou which they obstinately refuse to carry out is the allowing the testimony of a Christian to weigh against a Mussulman in a court of justice. The application to Christians of the word *giaour, dog,* is forbidden by the Hatt-i-Humayoou; but the term *rayas, herd,* is still an official designation, and a more appropriate one could not be imagined. It is no uncommon practice for the mudirs of a district to lock up the rich rayas without any pretext, in order to extort money for letting them go.

One thing could save the Ottoman Empire—that would be a religious change upon a scale as wide as the Reformation of the sixteenth century. We believe it would be want of faith deliberately to pronounce such a change impossible. Christianity was made for man, and therefore for Turks as well as others; nor is the East religiously immovable. The great Wahabite schism shows that it is not. There is at present a considerable degree of religious curiosity—not to call it by a better name—among the Turks of Constantinople, enough to arouse the fears of the Ulemas and of the Government. But the question arises,—Should we be justified in continuing to shield the oppressor on the bare possibility of his becoming at some future time amenable to the one influence that would create honest functionaries and a thriving, contented people? Lord Stratford de Redcliffe tried at once to civilise the Turks, and to give Protestant missionaries fair play. Sir Henry Bulwer must have thought the plan a failure; for he did everything that in him lay to tie up the hands of the missionaries, to hinder proselytism, and sustain the Government in its attempts to revive the old Mahometan spirit as far as it could go while stopping short of violence and massacre. Hence it is that we read in a letter of August, 1865, by an old resident, "It is my opinion that there is not only in the interior, but in Constantinople itself, a general revival among the Turks of the old insolent contempt of Christians which preceded the Crimean war."

No later than the summer of 1866, two ladies, travelling from end to end of European Turkey, record the following observations:—

"The rural population of Bulgaria is Christian, and hereabout the raya has a down look and a dogged stolidity, which give one the impression that heart and mind have been bullied out of him. . . . His country, lying as it does on the road of the Turkish armies to the Danube, has been subject to unceasing spoliation, and nothing is more melancholy than the tale told by its desolate highways, and by the

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carefulness with which villagers are withdrawn from the notice of the passers-by.

"The Mahometans of Monastir and Ochrida are more numerous than the Christians. Whenever this is the case, the state of the disarmed and disfranchised raya is most pitiable, and open murder occurs frequently and unpunished. So long as the victims are rayas, the authorities take no notice; and even if they did, the conviction of the assassin is hopeless, for a Christian cannot give evidence in criminal cases. The Christians cannot resist; they are unarmed; and if they should injure a Mussulman even in self-defence they are rigorously punished."

A fact which occurred during the Crimean war furnishes a sad commentary upon these statements. An officer high in rank among our allies, Salih Pasha, violated a young Bulgarian girl of Toultcha. The outrage being perpetrated undisguisedly as a sort of right, attracted the notice of a French general officer, who made a noise about it, and called for an inquiry. The wretch had his victim assassinated in order to secure her silence, and he was himself sent out of the way by the Turkish authorities, but remained otherwise undisgraced and unpunished until he fell in a skirmish with the Montenegrins some years later. Indeed, outside of the capital there is not a Christian female in European Turkey who can reckon herself safe from the passions of the first Mussulman of rank who may fancy her. A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, we believe, mentioned a few years ago, apparently on good authority, a tragedy which had just taken place at the foot of the Balkan. A Turkish officer, travelling with his escort, took up his abode for the night in the house of a substantial Bulgarian farmer. That the whole house should be given up to him and his soldiers without any compensation was a matter of course; but the brutal Turk was not content with this—he ordered the wife of his host to be brought to him. The unfortunate raya attempted no opposition. In the morning the tyrant called for his victim's only daughter, a child of twelve years old; the Bulgarian turned away as if to fetch her, but it was to seize an axe and strike the officer dead at his feet. As was inevitable, this successful burst of indignation and despair cost the injured husband and father his own life.

The Bosnian nobles assume for themselves, their servants, and their visitors, something worse than the most infamous prerogative of the feudal times. There are outrages with which we cannot defile our pages, which are not the less really suffered by Christian mothers and their daughters. This

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much we can say, that between the 20th and the 26th of June, 1858, a hundred and eighty young Bosnian girls were carried off by the Turkish soldiery. The population disarmed by Omer Pasha defended their houses, their churches, and their families as well as they could with ploughshares, scythes, and pitchforks; but they were soon driven by thousands to take refuge within the Austrian frontier. We transcribe part of a complaint presented to the European commissioners at Klibuok, in that fatal summer of 1858, by the villagers of Orobuisk and Piva:—

"If the poor Christians have taken up arms, they have done so because of the oppressions and exactions of the cursed Turks and malefactors, who have taken and eaten up everything that belonged to us; they have profaned our churches, insulted our religion, and above all, outraged our wives and sisters, so that we are obliged to baptize the bastards that our wives and sisters bring into the world.

"Ever since Omer Pasha came into Bosnia, we, wretched rayas, have not taken up arms against the poor Sultan, but against malefactors, his enemies and our own, who do not listen to the Sultan nor obey his orders.

"We call God to witness, that if his Grace the Sultan does not withdraw these malefactors from our midst and give us justice, we are ready to die to the last man, and drown ourselves with our families."

It was a little later than this that English money enabled Omer Pasha to subdue the Montenegrins, and overawe the people of the neighbouring provinces who had been expected to act with them. Is it surprising that these people hate us as they do the Turks? The Jeddah massacre took place that same year—1858. The *Times* thought we were in too great a hurry to expect tolerant feelings from Mahometans. "Let us but give them time," said that journal, "and we shall see them adopt the principles of modern society." The massacres of Damascus two years afterwards may serve to measure the progress our pupils had been making. Five thousand Christians were butchered in Damascus alone, and many more in various localities of Syria, and that invariably with the connivance of the authorities, in some instances with their direct participation. We may if we please continue to preach contentment to the co-religionists of the victims; let them but bleed patiently for two or three generations more, and their masters will become civilised at last; but they do not seem disposed to lend themselves to the experiment, and let the scimitar dull its edge at their expense.

A letter from Constantinople of Nov. 7th, 1866, by a writer not originally unfriendly to the Turks, says:—

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"European Turkey cannot long be kept in subjection to the Turks. Since the Crimean war, and especially since the Italian war, the idea of nationality has taken possession of the minds of Greeks, Slaves, and Bulgarians. . . . It will require but little more mismanagement and oppression on the part of the Turks to fan this spark into a flame. The Turks fear something of this sort, and they are adopting the most severe measures to crush out all thoughts of Bulgarian or Slavic nationality. Scores of Bulgarian young men have been seized within a few years, and hurried off to die in distant prisons, without even a form of trial, without even knowing why they were arrested. There are some twenty such now pining in the prisons of Diarbekir, who were never guilty of any crime whatever, but were simply suspected to be unfriendly to the Turks.

"At the other extremity of the empire the Arabs—Moslems though they are—seem to be waking to these same ideas of nationality. They hate the Turks; and all Syria and Arabia would rise against the Turkish dominion if they could see a chance of success. While these disturbing forces are daily gathering strength, the Government itself is becoming more and more inefficient and oppressive. During the years of peace which have followed the Crimean war, the debt has steadily increased; the money borrowed has been, for the most part, squandered; the taxation has increased in about the same ratio as the debt; the country has grown poorer in spite of the momentary relief afforded to certain districts by the high price of cotton; promised reforms and public works have been postponed; and the people everywhere are in despair. Worse than all, there seems to be no possible hope of improvement. Under these circumstances, it is hardly possible that this empire can remain intact much longer, whether left to itself or helped on to destruction."

The opinion thus forcibly expressed is shared by almost every impartial and competent person who visits the East; and the nearer to Constantinople, the stronger the impression. We have been trying to infuse from without an extraneous strength into the arteries of a decaying race. We gave back Syria to the Sultan when it had been wrested from him in 1840, and by doing so we gave it back to anarchy. We gave him back in 1830 and 1832 the very provinces of Greece, the populations of which had been the first to take up arms for their independence. In 1858 all Europe did its utmost to let anarchy have every possible chance in the Principalities of the Danube. In the eighth article of the Constitution given to the latter, they are subjected to all treaties that the Porte may make with foreign nations, so that the impoverished Porte may sell to foreigners any exorbitant privilege it pleases upon the Rouman soil.

It is but a few years since the Porte forbade the establish-

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ment of printing-presses in Bulgaria. We are helping to keep millions against their will under a Power which does not care for their prosperity, and positively dreads their enlightenment. The tendency of British policy in the East has been to make the disease, decay, and debility of the head the measure of the prosperity that is to be allowed to the limbs. We are known to these rising Christian populations as the powerful, effective, vigilant enemy of their provincial liberties for the present, and of their hopes for the future. There is an oppressive and decayed East—there is an oppressed but rising East—and all our statesmen, except Mr. Gladstone, have thought it just and politic to identify us with the former.

It is not to be denied we have given the Porte a prodigious quantity of good advice. Our relation towards our promising pupil in the fez cap upon the Bosphorus, is exactly that of the French Emperor towards his equally interesting *protegé* with the tiara upon the seven hills. In both cases there is an oppressed people wishing to become their own masters, and an irremediably corrupt theocracy hastening to decomposition, and there are royal or imperial guardians, stunning sick men's ears with recommendations to reform. We may boast that Abdul Medjid and his pashas receive our advice with humbler mien than that of Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli under the homilies of Napoleon III. and his ministers; the Sultan does not profess himself infallible. But as far as practical results are concerned, both preachers might as well address themselves to Ailsacraig. It is just as reasonable for Napoleon to expect the Pope to become a philosopher, as it was for Lord Palmerston to imagine that Turkey could really take a place in the family of modern Christian nations. For the Holy See to put itself into the modern condition of governments would be simply suicidal; it would be the transformation of a priestly into a lay government. Similarly, if Turkey were to grant real civil and political equality to the various populations of the empire, it would simply be a transfer of power to the rayas. England may hope against hope with national obstinacy; shut her eyes and pretend to believe the reforms she hears of serious; but the Ali Pashas and the Antonellis know better; an unerring instinct teaches them that the old garment had better be let alone; that to sew on the bran new pieces officious hands are holding out from London and Paris, would be but to precipitate the fate of the failing vesture. Our Mussulman restoration is in its results but Russian prepon-

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derance. Every appearance we give to Turkey is a reality in the path of Russia. The Sultan can neither govern nor keep the provinces that we thrust back under his feet.

After having been on the eve of annihilation for centuries, the Greeks fell at last in 1453: partly because they persuaded themselves too fondly that Europe would never suffer them to perish. The Turks are now by a singular turn of the wheel in exactly the same position as the Greeks in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Their weakness causes Europe as much trouble now as their power did once. They were our peril of old, and they are our difficulty now.

We believe ourselves under obligation not to precipitate the fall of the Ottoman Empire; but we are equally bound by interest and humanity not to delay giving countenance to the Greek, the Rouman, and the various Slavonian races until they are driven by despair to give themselves over irrevocably to the interested protection of Russia. Here is the great practical difficulty—How are we to know where our protection of the Turks is to stop, and where our protection of the subject nations is to begin? or, Is there any way of dealing fairly, humanely, and wisely with all parties at the same time?

We will not attempt to answer these questions until we have passed in review the state, the aspirations, and prospects of the several subject races of European Turkey.

It is natural to begin with the Greeks. They number about 1,500,000 in Roumelia, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Epirus, forming—with about 210,000 Wallachians, chiefly inhabiting Thessaly, with 320,000 Albanians, and more than twice that number of Bulgarians—the Christian population of these provinces, which is slightly superior to the Mussulman. The Greeks of Asia Minor are reckoned to be about 1,300,000. The Fanariots, or wealthy Greeks of Constantinople, are notorious throughout the East for their spirit of selfishness, corruption, and jobbery. They have managed to make themselves the agents intervening between the Turkish Government and its Christian subjects of all races, and they have sacrificed the interests of both parties to their own. For this reason they are hated by all their fellow-rayas. We are in the habit of looking upon the Greeks as the instruments of Russia. They, on the other hand, look upon themselves as the natural heirs of the Turks, and consequently Russia is in their eyes a natural enemy. When King Otho, upon coming of age in 1835, chose Fanariots and Russian partisans for his ministers, the whole Greek public were indignant; but Lord Palmerston understood this so little that, in the

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same year, he denounced France to the absolute courts for patronising Coletti and the constitutional party.

Of course, if the Greeks felt sure that they could never succeed in regaining possession of the capital of their forefathers with its immediately dependent provinces, they would prefer becoming Russian subjects to remaining under the yoke of the Crescent. Hence, if reduced to despair, they will become that for which our statesmen have precipitately taken them; and the fact that they are the co-religionists of the Russians, and that their ancestors were the religious teachers of Russia, would certainly render the humiliation of subjection to the Czar less galling to their national pride. However, for the present they are anything but desponding, and merely coquet with Russia, trying to avail themselves of her power for their own purposes. The passionate ardour with which every Greek (except the higher clergy since they have been paid by the Porte) looks forward to the future restoration of his people, equals, if it does not exceed, that with which the bosoms of Italian patriots glowed for the unity and the independence of their country. In both cases alike the remembrance of former glory has embittered present humiliation, and in both cases the readiness to sacrifice fortune and life for his country ennobles many a character that in too many other respects bears the stamp left by degradation.

When ceding the Ionian Isles to Greece, the British Government read the natives of both the isles and the mainland a lecture on the necessity of henceforth resigning all unreasonable expectations. This piece of political pedantry was about as effectual as if they had been told to abstain for the future from breathing. The instinct that impels the Greek to make the freedom of the Levant the one wish of his heart, can as little be resisted by himself as the power of gravitation. A total and speedy transformation of the Turks, such as a change of religion could alone produce, might yet save their supremacy; but if this renovation be not brought about in a short time, the next generation, if not the present, will see the Greeks either the subjects of a Christian Power, or else the guardians of the Bosphorus under the auspices of Europe.

When George the First entered Athens, deputations from the old soldiers of the War of Independence in Crete, Thessaly, Epirus, Macedonia, Samos, and other isles still under Turkish rule, thronged the road leading from the Piræus. The natives of Independent Greece made an unwise and un-

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generous law in February, 1843, refusing to heterochthones, as they called their brethren of foreign birth who should settle in Greece, a full and equal participation in the privileges of citizenship. Notwithstanding this narrow and selfish act, all the Greeks throughout the East look upon the emancipated district as their country. It is to them what Jerusalem was long ago to the Israelites scattered throughout the old Roman world. They say it will prove to them what Piedmont has been to Italy in the present generation, the nucleus of a country much larger than itself, and which, while waiting to attain its full proportions, served as an example and a school of political life.

One might suppose from some appearances, that we have been so long without having to fight for our own liberties as to become ungenerous, indifferent to the wrongs, insensible to the enthusiasm of others. Happily, the warm sympathy of the English people for the Italian cause shows that this is not the case. The fact is, we have some peculiar prejudices to overcome in the case of the modern Greeks, and upon the whole the English press of the last twenty years has been very hard upon them, sometimes positively unjust. We expected too much from them at first, and then in our indignation and disappointment we refuse to take into account the effects of long oppression. The Greek character had already been degraded under the lower empire, and the sway of the Turks was not the sort of adversity fitted to discipline and to regenerate.

Travellers in the Levant, unless possessed of unusual benevolence, or that far-seeing and comprehensive philosophy which measures the effect of circumstances upon a national character, almost invariably come home with a sort of antipathy to the Greeks, and the feeling is not altogether without excuse. There is something in the subtle, selfish, intriguing dexterity of the Greek singularly repugnant to British manliness and plain dealing. Then, the subtle Hellene has inherited from his illustrious ancestors that contempt for strangers and barbarians which ever distinguished them, but which is far less justified in his case than in theirs. He has so little esteem for the intellect of foreigners, that he seems to reckon upon deluding their dulness with the most transparent paradoxes, the most untenable propositions, the thinnest veiling of the most obvious motives. This pretentious conceit in a race our inferior in civilisation and in moral principle, is irritating in the highest degree to all but the firmest nerves. With all this we have the natural dis-

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position of the disappointed creditor to be severe upon an insolvent debtor, who has too good an opinion of himself.

But we are not influenced by these excusable weaknesses alone; there are other motives that can less bear examination. Having persuaded ourselves that the maintenance of Turkey is our interest, we are voluntarily blind to the failings of our *protégés*, and to the merits and even the rights of those whom they oppress. In different ways, during the last fifty years, we have been insensibly drawn into a position that hinders us from forming a disinterested and dispassionate judgment, because we have identified ourselves with the oppressor. It was heroic of Nelson to put the glass to his blind eye when the signal for retreat was hung out at Copenhagen. But in the Mediterranean he showed that he could also turn the blind eye to the atrocities of the Court of Naples. Now, of all the great men in our history, there never was a more completely typical Englishman than Horatio Nelson. The valour, the self-devotion, the sense of duty, the high resolve to show himself in deeds rather than in words, the indomitable tenacity and perseverance—all these eminently English characteristics were associated in him with our equally national capacity for the exhibition of prejudices the most intense that can possess the human mind.

When England undertook the protection of the Ionian Islands, she little knew into what complications this connection would lead her, and still less how far her judgment would be warped by the results of a position that seemed so natural at first, and was to end by becoming utterly untenable. In October, 1809, General Oswald, upon landing at Corfu, informed the inhabitants of the Ionian Isles that his Britannic Majesty offered them the necessary help to drive away their oppressors and establish a free and independent government. "The English do not present themselves as conquerors, but as allies, who come to offer the Ionians the advantages of British protection, and to restore their freedom and commerce." The Congress of Vienna by the treaty of November 5, 1815, stipulated, Art. I., that these islands should form a free and independent State under the denomination of the United States of the Ionian Islands, losing their continental dependencies. Art. II., that they were to be under the immediate and exclusive protection of England. Art. III.: "They are to regulate their internal organisation with the approbation of the protecting Power." The forts to be occupied by English troops, and the isles to pay the garrison.

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The concession of the Continental dependencies, Parga, &c., to the Turks, was a cruel and a gratuitous one, making us the accomplices of Ali Pasha's atrocities; so that England's wedded life with the Ionians began most unfavourably. It was worse when the War of Independence broke out. Our ports were open to the Turks, while they were sternly shut against the heroic Greek sailors, and Government forbade any islanders going to the mainland to fight the Turks on pain of confiscation of their property. This was a clear violation of the treaty that determined our connection with them; we assumed over them more than a protectorate, indeed more than the rights which the Government of any free country can assert over its own citizens. In everything that concerned their material prosperity, the Ionians had no reason to complain of us; we acted as enlightened, unselfish, liberal protectors; but in a matter which touched them far more nearly than their commercial prosperity, we abused our power and violated their rights. It was not done for any English interest, it is true, but only in the interest of Turkey, and our statesmen might apply to their consciences the Jesuitical salve that they did evil exclusively from considerations of general policy.

We really wished to be kind, gentle, and considerate guardians, to make our pupils rich, give them good and cheap justice, and teach them self-government; but successive English ministers found the Ionians could not be left the degree of liberty which had been promised them without using it to spread the boon among their kinsmen, and so they were manacled. When part of Continental Greece became free, the one use the Ionians cared to make of their independence was to cast in their lot with their brethren; so the garrison they were bound to pay was used once more to hold them down, and the men who tried to assert in arms their right to dispose of themselves were punished with the lash, which we use to degrade and brutalise our own soldiers, but was to this spirited race an outrage worse than death. Of course the journals of Athens, Syra, Patras, nay, the papers printed under our flag at Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia, circulated throughout the East their complaints of "British brutality and perfidy." We are such awkward hands at the trade of tyranny, that, after rousing the fiercest passions against our rule, we allowed them to vent themselves unhindered in all manner of abuse, and in exaggeration of facts which were bad enough in themselves.

When Sir Thomas Young's despatch was stolen from the Colonial Secretary's office in 1858, and published in the

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Daily News, the *Times* complained that it had been immediately circulated "among Greeks, Servians, Moldo-Wallachians, Russians, and the whole herd of our Oriental ill-wishers." Who made them *ill-wishers?* Who taught them to look upon the Englishman as the unsympathising, hard, stolid enemy of every man's freedom except his own? Why were we in such a position as to be mortified when the opinion of a clear-sighted and generous statesman of our own came to be made known to the world? Our unpopularity in the East comes of our friendship for Turkey and Austria, the two Powers that have existed hitherto only by crushing every reviving nationality. Europe has everything to hope from the vitality of the Christian populations of European Turkey, and nothing to fear from them unless it make them desperate. Let us add, our unpopularity has been very gratuitously increased by the insulting language in which the *Times* and some other English papers are in the habit of indulging, when they speak of races whose most cherished wishes we believe ourselves obliged to repress.

The Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, called the battle of Navarino an untoward event. Europe, in 1830 and 1832, made Greece—that bleeding child of civilisation, as Chateaubriand called it—as small as it could, and that with the worst possible grace. We excluded the very districts of which the population had been the first to take arms in 1821, and had struggled bravely for years. There is now a further reaction of prose against poetry, of which the Greeks are victims; and a Continental publicist, M. Jean Lemoinne, thought himself authorised by facts some time back to say that the English people, like an old cynic, repented of the only two virtuous acts they had ever done—the emancipation of Greece and that of the slaves in the West Indies! Another French writer, Viscount d'Haussonville, takes occasion to say that England never seconds a generous cause, unless it be her interest. The charge is false; but it would be true to say that when we look upon any injustice as an absolute necessity, we try to harden ourselves against the reality.

The complaints of the Ionians naturally exasperated the British public and press, and all the more that it was not easy to answer them satisfactorily. The most unfortunate result of the long continuance of this false position was, that it made our judgment of the Greek race always harsh, and often unjust. We were drawn into a way of thinking akin to that of oppressors by temperament. We gave the Ionians constitution after constitution, each more

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liberal than the preceding. They would none of them; they wanted but one thing—to become themselves, to be Greeks; and they were ready to sacrifice their prosperity, and all the advantages of British protection, to become one with impoverished Greece. The English papers called this folly and ingratitude; we ought rather to have honoured a feeling which in the same circumstances would surely have been our own. In any case our discontented *protégés* achieved a moral victory—we had to let them go. Now, what strange blindness is that which can continue to reckon upon retaining three millions of Greeks in subjection to Turks, when we found it morally impossible to keep two hundred thousand under our own sceptre? Is the Ottoman sway so much more bearable than that of England? We have had to give up being gaolers on our own account, and we still hope to wield the keys on behalf of Turkey. There is neither grandeur nor charity in such a policy, and, for such people as are too practical to be influenced by these considerations, we will add—this policy is impossible.

We have a feeling of respect for the valour of the Turks. They are ready to die hard, and sell their supremacy as dearly as they can. But why can we not sympathise with the valour of the oppressed? The Greeks throughout the War of Independence displayed a heroism as great as that of their ancestors. Mark Botsaris, at Carpenitz, threw himself by night with three hundred palikars into a camp of fourteen thousand Turks. The dauntless assailants appointed to meet at the Seraskier's tent, whither they were to hew their way every man for himself. Botsaris fell, but in the midst of the confusion other bodies of Greeks came to help their countrymen, and the Turks were defeated with slaughter. Photos Tsavellas of Suli did more than Regulus, for he sent for his whole family, put it in the power of Ali Pasha, and went back to join them, after betraying the tyrant. During the War of Independence forty-nine members of the one Mainote family of Mavromichaelis fell in their country's cause. Canaris, that dauntless sailor, surpassed the leaders at Salamis by his exploits; and at the present moment, a few thousand Cretans, assisted by less than their own number of volunteers, have braved armies.

Our disposition to be unjust is shown by the reproaches we make. The finances of Greece are in disorder forsooth; we left them to begin housekeeping with a debt, the interest of which absorbs four-fifths of the revenue, and we gave them a Government that squandered the loan. The political adventurers who have come into power have retained the

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Turkish method of farming the taxes, and used taxation as an instrument of electoral pression; they exhibit much of the classical Greek spirit of intrigue, restlessness, and instability, with a most unwholesome spirit of place-hunting, only equalled by their administrative incapacity. This is much to be regretted, but Greece is some five-and-thirty years old; how long, we should like to know, does it take to educate a people? The shortcomings of Greece in this respect are certainly less than those of Turkey, and within those limits the United States of America are a proof that a nation does not die of peculation.

Again, we are scandalised at the wretched state of agriculture. We are told that the plough in use is a barbarous imitation of that described by Hesiod; that three-fifths of the arable land in the kingdom is lying uncultivated; that a great deal of what might be the richest land in Europe is a succession of swamps, breeding marsh fever, instead of producing rice, cotton, tobacco, and Indian corn. In short, it is said, the Greeks should take possession of their own country before they covet new provinces. This is only too true a statement; but, when we reproach a people who are struggling into existence with the unprosperous and unfinished look of everything, let it be remembered that during eight years of a war of extermination, the Turks were burning the houses, cutting down the olives and fruit trees, and laying waste the vineyards. Even before the war broke out, the unsettled tenure of land, the uncertainty of the agriculturist reaping what he had sown, the unequal and arbitrary distribution of taxation, the uncontrolled rapacity of pashas, the ravages of klephts and pirates—all these unfavourable conditions worked together to make agriculture the very last pursuit of peaceful industry to which a Greek would think of devoting himself with any energy. The sailor or the petty trader could make some shift to conceal his earnings, but the peasant could not put his crop out of harm's way. Then came on that long and fierce struggle, with its indescribable horrors, necessarily unfitting many of the population for peaceful pursuits of any kind. Such ruins, material and moral, could not be cleared away by one generation of the best government in the world; and we ourselves helped the Greeks to one of the worst of governments.

The Powers of Europe took an untried boy, the scion of a royal house all whose traditions were those of despotism, the son of a narrow art-pedant, and they set him to accomplish the civilising of a brave but ignorant and factious

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people, demoralised alike by slavery and by the struggle which had freed them, and drunk with national pride. Under the Bavarian system Greece boasted ten prefects, forty-nine sub-prefects, and more than six thousand inferior functionaries. It is pretended that in thirty years this Government achieved twenty-six miles of road. And we reproach the unfortunates for not making progress, and for being a people of place-hunters.

An Englishman, who had known Greece for nearly forty years, told Mr. Senior: "I wish to think that Attica and the other provinces are more prosperous than they were before the War of Independence; but the improvement is not obvious. The debtor and creditor side of the account are nearly balanced. There is more education; there is less municipal liberty; there is less violence, and more corruption; the roads are worse; the insecurity is greater; the taxation is more regular, but more exacting; it has made many kinds of cultivation unprofitable." We believe it can be shown that every item of this indictment tells against those who chose a king stork for Greece, quite as much as against the Greeks. If the government of Otho had been merely imbecile; if, for instance, he had been like his relative, the present King of Bavaria, who only thinks about music at a crisis that is to give the future of Germany its shape, then he would not have done so much mischief. But he was a bigoted Catholic, and a despot in principle, and an intriguer to boot. He broke up the old self-governing communes, which would have been such excellent schools to teach the people the habits, rights, and duties of free political life, and put in their stead artificial districts, in which the exercise of a serious control by the people over their municipal interests was less to be feared. They obtained a constitution at the cannon's mouth in September, 1843; but the king managed to neutralise it; practising both intimidation and falsification of votes without scruple, and training his people in all manner of political immorality. The demarchs or communal authorities were, if not in name yet in fact, selected by the king as absolutely as the eparchs and nomarchs, superintendents of the districts and provinces. For profligate subserviency, corruption, jobbery, malversation, and general inefficiency, these municipal officers have been justly called by a writer in the *National Review*, "in their small way, a set of pashas. Indeed, in their connivance with local brigands, they were worse than pashas."

Brigandism was naturally developed into a profession

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under Turkish tyranny. Indeed, it would seem that there is in the population of the three peninsulas, Greece, Italy, and Spain, a peculiar tendency to take to brigandage when under the influence of either violent or corrupt governments. It was one of the misfortunes of Greece that the valour and devotedness shown in defence of the national cause by several klephts shed a false lustre upon their former pursuits, and that even before the War of Independence the peasantry had been often accustomed to find them practically protectors against Turkish oppression. The celebrated Nicotsaras was both robber and pirate; the glens and defiles of Mount Olympus are at this moment nests of robbers—the sons of those who effectually made head against Ali Pasha of Jannina. However involuntarily, the Bavarian system, by weakening the integrity and self-respect of the authorities, could not but strengthen brigandism, and bring about the complicity with it of persons high in office. However, the peasantry have more than once shown themselves superior to their rulers with respect to this scourge. In 1855, when they were fairly supported by the Government of the day, one hundred and fifty brigands were destroyed by the rural population in the course of a few weeks. Since that time brigandage has not the less directly injured the fortunes of the whole rural population from the plains of Messenia to the mountains of Etolia, and impeded the progress of the country by preventing the rich Greeks in Western Europe from investing their capital in the purchase of landed estates. But this very summer the peasants of Argolis destroyed the bands of Kitsos, the "King of the Mountain," and Laphasanes, who had once extorted a ransom from a minister of finance. The brigands were surrounded and brought to bay at Nemea on the 24th and 25th of June. The peasants would be satisfied with nothing but their heads, says the correspondent of the *Times*.

"They have so little confidence in their Government and its authorities that they fear to make prisoners. Throughout all Greece there is a persuasion that every brigand has or will easily find a political patron, who will obtain his pardon and escape from prison. Brigands are also pretty sure of a speedy release by one of the frequent amnesties which form a part of the trading capital of Hellenic statesmen. As a matter of what brigands call honour, a Greek brigand considers it an affair of conscience to murder his captor, burn his barn, or mutilate some member of his family on escaping from prison. So the peasants gave no quarter to either Kitsos, or Laphasanes, or any of their companions, and the head of the 'King of the Mountains' that

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surround the city of Minerva, was brought to the capital and exhibited publicly to the people, as a proof that the real Kitsos was not concealed in the country-house or the cellar of some one of his patrons."

Such events as these afford the best hope of future security for life and property in Greece. It is evident that if not thwarted in the zeal they are displaying, the peasants will themselves destroy the scourge and reproach of their country.

The Athens correspondent of the *Times* complained in a letter of the 12th of September last, that the population of the kingdom of Greece was only 1,300,000 souls, adding, "it ought, after thirty years of peace, at the rate of increase and under the condition of the progress even in the Old World, to be more than 2,000,000." The *Times* of the 18th of September complacently refers to this "testimony of our Athens' correspondent, than whom there can be on such subjects no higher authority." Now, will it be believed that this highest of authorities, in order to demonstrate the want of vitality in the Greek race, has chosen the one point in which they are superior to all the other nations of Europe? Anybody at all conversant with statistics knows that the population of Greece is increasing faster than that of England, or any country of continental Europe. The disposition to judge this people harshly and unfairly cannot be better illustrated than by this singularly awkward choice of the wrongest possible head of indictment.

From the year 1845 to 1861 the Greek revenue increased sixty-eight per cent. During thirteen years, from 1844 to 1857, the exports increased from ten millions of drachms to twenty-two millions. During twenty-three years, from 1832 to 1861, the tonnage of the trading vessels increased from 85,000 to 300,000, that is at the rate of more than 350 per cent. There are 27,000 seamen, a number more than half as great again as our own in proportion to population. One interesting feature of this growing mercantile navy is, that common sailors often unite their humble gains to build and work a small vessel on their own account, as a co-operative society, and in such cases they are never known to disagree about their respective shares of the expense and profits. Surely, a small nation starting in the race of life with such energy, after long and intolerable oppression, should meet with the sympathy of all her sisters.

British good sense has at least hindered us from believing with Fallmerayer and some other Germans that the Greeks

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are not even descended from the heroes of Marathon and Platæa. The almost unerring evidence of language shows them to be the purer representatives of old Greece than the modern Italians are of old Rome. A race is never replaced by another without extermination or wholesale emigration. Of course they are not unmixed; there are Albanians at Salamis, Hydra, and in the mountains of Thessaly and Epirus; there are Wallachians in Thessaly; but the very fact that the intruders retain their languages and national characteristics proves that there has been no fusion upon a large scale. One or two forms of the verb constitute the only linguistic element borrowed by modern Greek from the Slavonian. There are some Venetian lineages both on the mainland and in the Ionian Isles, but not in numbers sufficient to have affected the language. The Greek is indestructible; he alone in the Old World resisted the ostrich-like power of assimilation possessed by Rome.

While the less taught nations upon the Danube regard the English as by temperament the enemies of human freedom, the Greeks understand our motives better. Hence the attempt to propitiate us by their nomination of Prince Alfred. The universal approbation with which the cession of the Ionian Isles was received by the British public shows that the keen Hellenes did not altogether miscalculate. There is growing up amongst us a respect for the political significance of race, and a preference for the natural division of states as distinguished from the artificial unions produced by conquest and maintained by force. We perceive that it is a corollary from the doctrine of respect for individual men, that nations like men should be their own masters. We no longer hold the interests of England paramount over the rights of native populations, and are not finally decided against the idea that the recognition of the rights of all men may prove the best policy for our own and for general interests. Nay, grave doubts are occasionally suggested as to whether we should maintain the unity of the Ottoman Empire at the cost of all growth in Greece, Servia, and Moldo-Wallachia. The unquestionable rights of the Turks are somewhat akin to those of the Pope—right divine to govern wrong. In civilised society we are accustomed to forcible expropriation of individuals for the sake of general interests. Again, we feel that the right of the Red Indian to the soil he cannot or will not cultivate, is over-ridden by the common human right to take the most out of the surface of the earth. All these considerations tell against our traditional policy.

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While feelings of this order are getting more and more prevalent among intelligent Englishmen, our rulers remain decidedly behind them; a debate on the affairs of Italy, in April, 1859, shows the method according to which English statesmen judge of foreign affairs, and we are afraid they have not yet got much beyond it during the eight or nine intervening years. We quote the discussion on the state of Europe, April 18th, of that year, as it was summed up in the *Times*, with an indispensable running commentary of our own.

Lord Malmesbury began by explaining that English sympathy for Austria arose from our being of the same Teutonic origin. A most philosophical utterance this; it is only to be regretted that of the thirty-seven millions of inhabitants then belonging to Austria, only eight were German, and that these eight millions are now not very certain of remaining Austrian.

His lordship continued: "No minister of this country, and I believe no subject of her Majesty, will deny the undoubted right of Austria to her Italian dominions. She possesses them by inheritance, by conquest, and by treaty; and I know no other titles by which her Gracious Majesty holds, &c." We are afraid that a great many subjects of Queen Victoria were anything but orthodox about the right of Austria to her Italian dominions. There is even room to suspect that Lord Malmesbury himself became open to conviction on this matter a little later. We will also go so far as to say that Queen Victoria's principal title to the homage of her subjects is something higher and surer than conquest, treaty, or inheritance.

Lord Malmesbury proceeded to speak of the treaties of Vienna as of the greatest consequence to the security of the whole of Europe. Yes, that is our crime and our punishment; we sacrificed the repose of Europe to the interests of Austria.

His lordship went on to regret that Austria did not restrict herself to the management of her own affairs. But she could not. A government in a false position is obliged to add usurpation to usurpation, or else to break down altogether. There is a power, apparently unknown to our statesmen, called national spirit, and if Austria had not transgressed all bounds in order to anticipate and crush this spirit, it would have driven her out of Italy years earlier than she was driven. There are circumstances in which a resolute robber is obliged for his own security to murder his victim, and it is to no purpose that timorous accomplices regret his proceeding to such an extreme of violence.

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Lord Malmesbury concluded by saying Sardinia "seems to have forgotten that military glory may be an appendage of constitutional government, but that it is not its object." Sardinia did not care for military glory; but Italy wanted existence and unity, and it has won them in defiance of all this pedantry, and none are more happy in the result than the noble lords and honourable members who said so many fine things to the contrary.

Lord Clarendon saw "no affinity between the Lombards and Piedmontese—not even that of language" (!). He held that if we sanction the violation of treaties in one instance, the process will not stop there. "If Europe is to be scrambled for," there will be nothing but endless confusion and strife.

Lord Derby: England has at heart the cause of freedom; but the King of Sardinia should not have spoken, at the opening of the Legislature, of the cry of anguish which burst from Italy. Wishes the Austrian treaties with the minor Italian States were abandoned.

This conversation took place in the House under the influence of an uneasy feeling, which soon after passed away. Our statesmen at that time wished to act as a drag upon the freedom of Italy. Their views have since so completely changed, as far as the Italian Peninsula is concerned, that they can hardly be expected to remember their speeches sufficiently to repudiate them. In fact, the principles then put forth have not been repudiated; a liberal instinct in behalf of Italy made itself felt as soon as the prejudices, roused by French intervention, were lulled; but this is made an exceptional case, and our rulers continue to pursue in the East the policy that they were glad to abandon, and of which they applauded the discomfiture in Italy. There is the same tendency to see in the struggles of a people for existence, nothing but the ambition of princes; the same fear of touching anything in a system of forced and artificial order, lest the whole edifice should go to pieces; the same well-meaning but short-sighted efforts to obtain a reasonably good government, and some respect for elementary human rights, from Powers that only exist by usurpation and can only continue by tyranny; there is, in short, the same repugnance or else incapacity to go to the bottom of things.

Mr. Grant Duff went a little too far when he said in Parliament, June, 1863, that the Christians of Turkey had no enemy in England except Lord Palmerston. Would it were so; but assuredly the greatest enemy of these populations, and of our own character for liberality, justice, and mercy,

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is that ignorance of Eastern affairs which prevails among English constituencies, and even among their representatives. Englishmen leave the direction of the part to be played by their country in foreign affairs to statesmen who have to do with the rulers, not the people of other countries, who breathe only the conventional air of courts, living in constant contact and diplomatic intercourse, and discussing details of dynastic policy with men whose function it is to blind and cajole each other, and to stifle the popular voice. Our diplomatists abroad manifest conventional sympathies with liberty and progress, but have not the art of making British influence tell effectually in their favour. Doing a little at one time to fall in with our national sympathies for freedom and justice; trying a few months later to soothe the disquietude of despots; dreading the breaking up of an order of things supposed to be necessary; sick and uneasy at the follies and cruelties they cannot prevent,—the statesmen of the diplomatic school have managed to perpetuate a wavering, ill-defined, contradictory international policy, which, on the whole, lets despotism carry the day, inspiring the Liberals of Europe with angry distrust, and the oppressed with bitter despair.

Some years ago, in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, Mr. Mill made a vigorous protest against the inconsecutive, happy-go-lucky nature of our foreign policy, considered as a whole. Neither the Powers and the peoples with whom we are brought into contact, nor the English people itself, nor those that act for that people in its relations with the outer world, appear to know on any particular occasion what the real gist of the policy of England will be. The letter of this statement is less justified by our attitude in the East than it is elsewhere, for we may always be reckoned upon to do whatever may strengthen the hands of the Turks. But in doing so our representatives cannot altogether lay aside the instincts and traditions of Englishmen; there is the same practical vacillation as in other spheres; our policy is ineffectual to protect the Turks, and it is almost habitually the reverse of what it would be if we loved our neighbours enough to feel our responsibility and to take the trouble of becoming well informed. English statesmen are hardly ever found to discuss upon its own merits any topic connected with the East; their policy is one of expedients, and in every kind of human affairs mere expediency generally goes wrong.

Joseph le Maistre once wrote, "Observe the nations that are wisest and best governed at home; you will see them lose their wisdom altogether, and be no longer like themselves,

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when they have to do with governing others." This saying hardly applies to the England of the present day, for, when foreign races are brought under her direct and recognised administration, a sense of responsibility is really brought home to the public mind. But we do become unlike ourselves when we have indirectly to do with the fate of alien races, and our judgment is warped by prejudice. Our contemptuous indifference to being misunderstood by foreigners is culpable as well as impolitic, and it has contributed perhaps more than anything else to that character for selfish and narrow unscrupulousness so unjustly attributed to us by the continental masses.

To become just in their foreign relations, nations must learn to understand each other; and in this respect, from our character and our insular position, we are sadly backward, understanding others too little, and being ourselves understood still less. Now, it was said with truth some years ago, by a writer in the *National Review*:—

"The diffused multitude of moderate men, whose opinions taken in the aggregate form public opinion, are just as likely to be tyrannical towards what they do not realise, inapprehensive of what is not argued out, thoughtless of what is not brought before them, as any other class can be. They will judge well of what they are made to understand; they will not be harsh to feelings that are brought home to their imagination; but the materials of a judgment must be given them, the necessary elements of imagination must be provided, otherwise the result is certain. A free government is the most stubbornly stupid of all governments to whatever is *unheard* by its deciding classes."

The writer was thinking of a different subject; but he unconsciously gives us the philosophy of our omissions and commissions in the East.

It is only to a part of the press that we can look to enlighten the public on these matters. That part which possesses so much undue power because its course is supposed to indicate what is likely to be the common opinion, makes itself the organ of popular prejudices instead of attempting to dissipate them. The *Times* is for this reason ever ready to repeat in new circumstances the same series of errors and misstatements which have been already stultified by events in analogous circumstances; it refuses to credit disagreeable facts until their evidence is irresistible, and it becomes the advocate of truth and right only when the contrary prejudice has been overcome, and they no longer need its support. How blindly it swallowed the Austrian bulletins in 1859; the

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Austrian army had retreated behind the Adda, before the *Times* could bring itself to look upon the battle of Magenta as a French victory. It scoffed when the common councilmen of Milan carried the allegiance of their city to Victor Emanuel, as if Italy had any other way of giving herself to the monarch of her choice than by fragments. The *Times*, correspondent of Turin, in the number of March 17, 1859, was indignant at the fuss the Piedmontese made about resisting Austria, and treated as scamps, and as ordinary deserters, and men unfaithful to their salt, the Lombard nobles, who came at all risks to serve as common soldiers in the Piedmontese army. Of course it began to take the side of the Italians when they were winning; but even then bargained that there should be as little emancipation as possible.

If the events of Europe since 1815 teach us anything, it is the vitality of nationalities. Poland alone has been crushed under irresistible odds, but everywhere else the principle triumphs. We helped to put Austria in a position to illustrate this truth at her expense. "Enemy of the human race, and especially of her own allies," as De Maistre proclaimed her, she has been obliged to ruin her finances and trouble the world in the vain effort to keep down the peoples we had helped to give over to her iron arms. We thereby shared her iniquity, and if we pursue the same sort of policy too long and too consistently, we shall expiate our blindness by some national humiliation, for England can be wounded in the East.

It is well to observe that we live in an age in which national feeling grows in intensity from year to year, and, for aught we know, it may be on the eve of accomplishing greater miracles than we have seen. The great mistakes of Napoleon III. have consisted in underrating this feeling in Italy, in the United States, and in Germany. We equally underrate it in the East. This instinct is not an invariable force; the patriotic feeling in old Greece and Rome was that of civism rather than nationality. In the middle ages the feelings of caste and of common Christianity were much stronger than patriotism. In Spain, love of country and hatred of the infidel became confounded from circumstances. The resistance of the Scotch to English conquest, and the enthusiasm of the French under Joan of Arc, exhibit the dawning of modern patriotism; though in both cases there was evidence enough that the feeling was not universal. At the French Revolution this spirit was abroad as it had never been before, and when Napoleon had contrived to transform the

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first revolutionary energy into the mere spirit of military glory, the nations that rose up against him were filled in their turn with the patriotic inspiration. "I am going to set Germany free from demagogy," said Napoleon, when he set out for Leipzig.

Patriotism is a feeling that will probably diminish in a future age, when every country will offer its natives the same free institutions, and when the prejudices and antagonisms now fostered by ignorance will have disappeared. He who said, "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother," gives us a glimpse of ties stronger than those of nature and neighbourhood, and which are to be one day universal. However that may be, it is certain that the desire to assert national rights is at the present moment one of the strongest of human impulses, and that it is increasing from year to year. A little liberty gives appetite for more; partial emancipation, or the spectacle of the emancipation of neighbouring nations, makes patriotic aspiration all the more ardent and the more hopeful; it is only irritated, not discouraged, by obstacles, and kindles at defeat. The ambitious purposes of a monarch die out when they are resisted, or may be turned aside into new combinations; but the aspirations of a nation for political existence act with the untiring perseverance of natural agents.

If the strength of this feeling gives promise of the future emancipation of the remainder of the Greeks, it weighs against their pretension to supremacy over the other Christian subjects of Turkey. You insult a Bulgarian to-day if you call him a Greek. He will indignantly reply that he is a Bulgarian of the orthodox faith; he hates the Hellenes. They can never more become an imperial race. Their vanity, venality, rapacity, and selfishness in every shape, have thoroughly alienated all the other Christians from them. The Greek bishops made themselves from the first the allies and instruments of the Turks, and their tyranny drove more converts into Islamism throughout the empire, than any other cause. Even at this moment the Greek clergy in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria, co-operate with the Turks in frustrating the ends of the *Hutt-i-humayoon*.

We read in a letter of November 4, 1865, from a clear-sighted and impartial observer at Constantinople:—

"The different Christian communities would prefer to be governed by the Turks rather than by a rival Christian sect. The Armenians,

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for example, dislike the Turks, but they hate the Greeks; and the Greeks would much rather be governed by Turks than Armenians; they hate the Turks, but they despise the Armenians. Those who favour the restoration of a Greek empire, as an improvement upon a Mussulman government, know but little of the modern Greeks, and give but little heed to the events which are transpiring in the present kingdom of Greece. I can safely say that there are not two millions of people in this empire who would not rebel against a Greek government at Constantinople at once. The Greek people are hated, not by Armenians alone, but by at least three-fourths of the members of the Greek Church in Turkey. The overthrow of the present Government would, undoubtedly, be followed by long years of terrible anarchy."

The Albanians, whom M. Hahn has shown to be the descendants of the old Pelasgi, have more affinity with the Greeks than any of the Slavonian tribes. Albania Proper has about a million of inhabitants, nearly equally divided between Christianity and Islamism. The Albanians of Epirus are 400,000 in number, of whom four-fifths are Christians. There are 210,000 Albanians and 40,000 Wallachians within the limits of modern Greece, and this ethnological diversity is not found to be a practical inconvenience.

We now come to the struggle in Crete, the immediate cause of there being at this moment an Eastern Question, and of our observations upon it. The population of this island were so disgusted with the rule of the Venetians, that the conquest by the Turks in 1699, became at first a matter of rejoicing. They were, however, soon undeceived, for their treatment by the conquerors was harsh and barbarous in the extreme, so that, choosing to become themselves oppressors rather than to be oppressed, a considerable part of the people embraced Islamism. These Cretan Mussulmans have always had a worse reputation in the Levant than any other converts; they were distinguished by the most horrible brutality and cruelty. The configuration of the island, combined with the innate Greek tendency to political isolation, had from the earliest times led to the establishment of a multitude of small independent states, ever at war with each other. This state of society contributed to make the Cretans from extreme antiquity a people of warriors, who hired themselves out as mercenaries to all the neighbouring nations. Even in Judæa, a thousand years before Christ, King David had his body-guard of Cherethites. The traditions of mercenary military service demoralised the population, as has been the case in all countries where it was practised, and St. Paul himself endorsed this sentence, "The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies." It would

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really seem as if these national characteristics had been transmitted through all the intervening generations, and of course it was the least worthy and generous elements of the people that apostatised.

The atrocities perpetrated by the Cretan Mussulmans early in this century, were on such a scale, that the Porte determined to put an end to them after its own fashion. Hadji Osman, who was sent as Governor in 1813, invited the chiefs of the Janissaries and leading Mahometans to a conference, at which he had them all seized and summarily executed, without the form of a trial. Encouraged by this weakening of their adversaries, and by the revolt of the Greeks on the mainland, the Christians rose up in arms in 1821. There was a fierce and bloody struggle; but a large body of Egyptian troops, better armed and disciplined than the islanders, succeeded in crushing the rebellion in the central and eastern districts. The inhabitants of the White Mountains alone held out. This is the western extremity of the island; it contains lofty mountains, including one summit of ten thousand feet, and elevated plains, Askypho and Kallikrati, only accessible through defiles of such a nature that a few determined men can defend them against any odds. It is, in short, a grand natural fortress, at once impregnable and capable of providing food for some thousand men. Its inhabitants, who were unmixed with Mussulmen, and had never yielded much more than a nominal allegiance to the Porte, continued the war in a more or less desultory way until 1830. The Great Powers then interfered; Candia was given back to the Ottoman Empire, but remained until 1840 in the hands of Mahomet Ali, as an indemnity for the services and expenses of the Egyptian army.

In 1841, there was a new insurrection, and the Cretans were persuaded that England coveted the sovereignty of this island, and would have sustained them if they had cast themselves upon her protection.

The European Powers guaranteed the promises of the Porte, that no tax should be imposed upon the Cretans except tithe, and the tax for exemption from military service. Instead of this they were soon subjected to the most exorbitant and crushing taxation, which was made to fall upon some of the necessaries of life; and the Powers who had induced the Cretans to lay down their arms, did not make so much as a feeble protest in order to save appearances. These facts should be noted, because part of the British press pretend that the Cretans prove the insincerity of their complaints

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by refusing to put up with assurances of municipal liberties, and improved administration, and so forth, with the guarantee of the protecting Powers. The Cretans know too well what our promises are worth. They are made to keep them quiet, and they are doubtless intended to be fulfilled by the statesmen who make them, but no promises of good government to which Turks are a party can be kept.

It is also frequently asserted, the insurrection was merely the result of Russian and Greek intrigues. Now it is notorious all through the Levant, that a succession of bad crops made the previously existing grievances intolerable, and that the Cretans did not appeal to arms until they had exhausted all the resources of peaceable agitation. Early in 1866, a vast unarmed meeting adopted a petition for presentation to the Sultan, and formed a permanent committee of thirty persons to represent them and treat for them. The immediate occasion of the insurrection was the refusal of Ismail Pasha to guarantee the immunity of the members of this committee, and in this he was sustained by the English and French Consuls, who treated the demand as an insult to a civilised government.

We shall have recourse once more to the Oriental authority, in whose information and disinterestedness we have most confidence. One of the American missionaries at Constantinople writes on the 7th of November, 1866, three months after the breaking out of hostilities:—

"When the story of this rebellion is published by the impartial witnesses who are now carefully recording what they see and know, the civilised world will be startled by the story. Such witnesses, then, are in Crete, and in due time such a history of this insurrection will be published as cannot be gainsaid. It will be a story of horrors which will not be an honour to the seventh decade of the nineteenth century. The Cretans did not intend to appeal to arms when they sought, all through the first months of this year, to obtain redress from the Porte for the wrongs from which they were suffering. The Pasha, who ruled the island, was a brute, and he drove them to desperation. I do not know that the Porte desired to drive the Cretans to insurrection, nor do I know that the French Consul sympathised with such an idea; but I do know that, if this had been their wish, they could not have adopted surer means to secure it. Even up to the very last, the removal of Ismail Pasha and a respectful consideration of the claims of the people would have prevented an outbreak. The Porte was informed of this fact on authority which they ought to have received; but they persevered in their course, and the French approved. A little earlier than this Ismail Pasha himself might have quieted the people, if he had been willing to conciliate them by treating them as men, but he refused

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to do so. In this he was encouraged by the French Consul, and, if I am not misinformed, by the English Consul also, in some measure....

"It seems to be true that the Cretans are getting discouraged. They had confidently hoped for at least moral aid from Christian Europe. They have not had even this. But, even more than this disappointment, the horrible barbarities perpetrated by the Turks have discouraged the people, at the same time that they have rendered them almost desperate.

"The scenes of the Greek Revolution have been re-enacted in Crete. The Pasha in command is the same man who drowned the Revolution of 1841 in blood. He is more brutal now than he was then. No one who does not know the East can realise what it is to give full licence to Turkish and Egyptian soldiers. He has done more than this. He has urged on his men; he has carefully destroyed the deserted villages; he has cut down the olive-groves upon which the people depend for their living; he has burned to death old men and women in caves and upon slow fires. Parties of soldiers, especially of the Moslem volunteers of Crete and the irregular troops from Albania, scour the country, murdering men and children, inflicting outrages of the worst kind upon women, and committing atrocities worthy of demons.

"In the midst of all these horrors, suffered by their own families, and with starvation staring them in the face, it is not strange that the hearts of these poor wretches sink within them, nor that some are inclined to give up everything in despair. They can hardly hold out much longer. Might not England have intervened to prevent these horrors, at least so far as to secure to the Cretans the rights which she had guaranteed to them herself not many years ago?"

Of course, no sooner had the insurrection begun than the Greeks of the mainland seized the opportunity with enthusiasm, and volunteers flocked in. The Turks on their side made the greatest efforts to crush the insurgents by overwhelming numbers, lest the success of the Cretans should encourage other malcontents and prove the beginning of the end, so that the war has been a most exhausting one for their resources, and even at an early period they were so dismayed by the energetic resistance they met with, that the project of making the island over to Egypt was seriously entertained, and it is understood to have been favoured by French diplomatists.

It must have been disagreeable long ago when one had been dining in company with a courteous and gentleman-like Jamaica planter, to learn next morning that while the company had been sitting over their walnuts and their wine, an unfortunate negress had been whipped to death by the overseer of the plantation. We can quite understand Lord Stanley's slowness to avow the information he had received

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about the atrocities committed in Crete, though, coming as it did from a gentleman who was himself partially to blame, and who was so placed as to see nothing and hear little of these outrages, it could not be supposed an adequate statement. Lord Stanley said both parties were equally cruel. Doubtless there has been the most implacable retaliation; that is in human nature, as our own remembrances of India in 1857 and 1858 might help us to understand; but, it should be remembered, the English Consul is so placed as to hear what the Mussulmans suffer from the Christians, and to be comparatively ignorant of the barbarities perpetrated on the opposite side.

We may make Abdul Medjid Knight of the Garter, and the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle may glitter on the breast of Fuad Pasha; but, while his Ottoman Majesty was feasting in London, in Coblentz, and in Vienna, and awakening the enthusiasm of our newspaper writers, war was being carried on against the unhappy Cretans with all the means of destruction possessed by the most advanced civilisation, and at the same time with all the passion and cruelty of the most barbarous times. Prisoners were hacked to pieces leisurely, paralytic old men mutilated in their beds, and then burnt. The fact that out of a population of 120,000 Christians, at least one-fourth, and perhaps more, old men, women, and children, have fled from the island, some of them crowding into small open boats, and some for that reason perishing at sea:—that simple fact is enough to suggest the horrors that caused such an exodus. Emigration now goes on as a means of delivering the insurgents from the difficulty of feeding non-combatants; but it was at first the refuge of despair.*

Nor is the Sultan personally altogether guiltless of the deeds wrought in his name. There is a paper in Constantinople called the *Tasfiri Efkiar*, which is semi-official, and edited by a young man in the employment of the Foreign Office. It is the favourite paper of the Turks. Some two months after the breaking out of the Cretan insurrection, a long article was published upon the subject in this paper. It declared that if the rebel Christians prolonged the struggle, there would be but one way of ending it. The Turks had tolerated these things long enough, and ought now to adopt a policy of extermination. Every Christian, man, woman, or child, should be put to the sword, and the island colonised

* We know not what to say of the candour or else the sagacity of those English journals who treated it as a political manœuvre!

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with Moslems. It was a fierce, fanatical, but powerfully written article, and it attracted the attention of the Sultan himself. He sent for the editor, and complimented him personally for it. The rank of the young man was raised at once, and he was decorated by imperial order, just as his master, some months later, was to be received into the ranks of our highest Christian chivalry. The Russian minister, hearing of this, had the article translated, and taking it in his hand, he demanded explanations of Ali Pasha. The Pasha replied that the decoration was not given as a reward for the sentiments expressed, but for the literary merit of the article, its pure and beautiful style!

The *Saturday Review* intimates that the numerous accounts of murders and atrocities, which filled the press as soon as hostilities began, should raise distrust instead of gaining credit; they were "so like old stories resuscitated." It seems that lust and cruelty must invent new and original methods of glutting themselves before the *Saturday* Reviewers can believe in their existence. In our eyes these are, indeed, very like the old stories of Turkish mansuetude, and for that reason all the more credible.

There cannot have been more than 20,000 men under arms at any time in the Cretan cause, even reckoning 5,000 volunteers from Continental Greece, and as they had to contend with considerably superior armies, Turkish, Egyptian, and native Moslem, they were after a few months driven into the recesses of the White Mountains; but these are impregnable, and, as has been already observed, can even provide partially for the wants of the garrison; blockade runners can do the rest, so that with a little expense on the part of Greece, or of Russia, if Greek finances fail, the contest can be maintained interminably. With the consciousness of the strength of their position, the local provincial government peremptorily rejected the proposals of the Porte on the 10th of October last. We transcribe some passages from their answer, addressed to Redschid Pasha:—

"For fifteen months we have sustained, with arms in our hands, a struggle unequal, but legitimate, for we have armed ourselves definitively to shake off the horrible yoke which the Government of the Sultan has caused to weigh upon us for two centuries, and under which we have suffered the most terrible evils.

"... We have considered the sadness and misery of our position, thanks to the inertia of your administration; we have compared ourselves with other European peoples; we have asked ourselves what would be our future; we have not been able to discover any chance of

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progress for ourselves, nor of amelioration of our fate under the sovereignty of the Sultan; the *Tanzimat* and the *Hatt-i-Humayoon*, vain promises, of which a long experience has shown the inefficiency, were not of a nature to reassure us as to our future fate. No longer, then, hoping anything, we have taken up arms, and relying on the right of nationalities, we have boldly proclaimed the forfeiture of the Turkish domination, and, confident in our right, have voted our reunion to our mother country, Greece.

"A war of extermination has for several months continued its ravages over our beautiful island. The unbridled hordes of Asia and Africa, let loose upon our unhappy country to fight a people who are weak and not numerous, but courageous and tenacious, commit the most horrible outrages on women, children, the aged and defenceless, and by these abominations they have justly raised the indignation of all the peoples, both of the Old and the New World.

"After so many calamities and disasters, after such sacrifices on our part, how can your Excellency seriously propose to us to lay down our arms, and to have confidence in the amnesty granted by the Sultan in his magnanimity? How can you ask us to return to our dwellings to enjoy in safety the protection of the Imperial Government? Does not your Excellency, then, remember that, at the head of your ferocious militia, you have demolished our habitations; that everywhere on your passage you devastated and sacked our unfortunate country; that the blood of innocent victims unjustly shed has dug between you and us an abyss which nothing can fill up? No tie, absolutely, now unites us to you. Our religion, language, manners, customs, national traditions, are opposed to yours. The massacres committed by you in the present war, the profanation of our temples, the destruction of our villages, of our olive woods, of our vines—all these acts of vandalism have crowned the enmity between you and us, and it is henceforth impossible for us to live under the law of such cruel tyrants.

"Your Excellency's Government then deceives itself strangely, if it hopes to bring us again under its dominion by fallacious promises. Consequently, we boldly refuse the six weeks' truce which you grant us, reserving to ourselves the right to attack the Imperial troops when and where we think proper. Neither will we accept the authorisation given us to emigrate with our families within the above-named time. You well know that up to this time thousands of families have quitted Crete without the authorisation of your magnanimous government.

"Our families provisionally quit our wretched country to escape from the cowardly assassinations of Turkish women-killers, but we never had, and never shall have, the thoughts of abandoning for ever our dear country. Whilst we have a drop of blood in our veins, whilst we have strength enough left to carry a gun, we will not abandon the land where our ancestors and our fathers were born, the land watered by the blood of our wives and our children, the land that covers the bones of so many martyrs of liberty. We will, on the contrary, remain there, and with arms in our hands, we will everywhere and always

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deal death to our cruel and sanguinary tyrants, and will remain immovably faithful to the oath we have taken, to unite ourselves to Greece or die."

There may be a little wordiness, a little declamation, in this spirited declaration of independence, and the Fenians have so disgusted us with mock heroics of late, that we look askance upon everything that reminds us of their style. But when we remember that the men who drew up this paper, were the cousins and brothers of those who a few months before had blown themselves up along with their besiegers in the monastery of Arkadion, we feel they have a right to speak as men who are in earnest. They who are so ready for high deeds, may be forgiven their sonorous words. The self-devotion displayed in the Italian cause was not so great as theirs, nor was the misgovernment of Austria comparable to that of Turkey; then why have we different measures for these two nations who are both struggling for their birthright? The *Times* answers, it was policy, not sentiment that prompted our joyful acquiescence in the emancipation of the Italian Peninsula. Well, let it be supposed for a moment that policy forbids the emancipation of the Greeks; then let us honestly confess that interest makes us take the ungenerous side; let us not try to save our good opinion of ourselves by inventing grievances against the victims of our policy. Let the lamb be given to the jaws of the wolf, if it must, but let us not accuse the lamb of troubling the water. There is more hope for the cynic than the hypocrite in politics as well as religion.

We now pass from the Turks, Greeks, and Albanians, to the long belt of Slavonic tribes, extending from the Adriatic to the Black Sea; of whom the Western, or Servian and Croatian half, speak the purest Slavonic, ethnologists being in some doubt as to the original affiliation of the Bulgarians. Without reckoning the 900,000 Bulgarians, Christian or Moslem, who have pushed their way south of the Balkan, there are about six millions and a half speaking the two languages, of whom more than a millian and a half have embraced Mahometanism. It is the case with 950,000 Bosnians, more than 200,000 Servians in Old Servia, and 450,000 Bulgarians. Montenegro is estimated at about 100,000 inhabitants. The free principality of Servia now contains 1,100,000, and the population is rapidly increasing. That of Bosnia, including Rascia, Turkish Croatia, and the Herzegovina, is reckoned to be 1,770,000; Old or Turkish Servia, 500,000; Bulgaria Proper, 3,100,000.

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It is the misfortune of the Turks that all the races subject to them in Europe, have glorious remembrances which contribute to make them fret under the yoke. A French writer says, there are millions that daily ask, When will the Servian Empire come? We believe that they should henceforth confine their aspirations to liberty, but, some centuries ago, the idea of a Servian Empire was very near becoming a reality. The dynasty founded by Stephen Nemania in 1165, bid fair for some time to raise itself on the ruins of the *effete* Greeks, in which case a young and vigorous civilisation would have confronted the Ottoman wave when it advanced upon Europe. The greatest of the Nemanitch princes was the celebrated Dûshan the strong, the Charlemagne of Servia, of whose existence Gibbon does not seem to have been aware (1336—1356). In twelve campaigns he wrested from the Cæsars the provinces of Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, Albania, and Acarnania, reducing the Greeks to the narrow triangle formed by Salonica, Constantinople, and Bourgaz. Bosnia was incorporated in his dominions; Bulgaria paid him tribute; Ragusa placed herself under his protection. He was inscribed in the Golden Book of Venice, as Emperor of Rascia and Romania. He also twice defeated the Hungarians. His frequent wars did not hinder his issuing a code of laws most remarkable for that period, and he made the church of Servia independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

At last, in 1356, Dûshan determined to plant his banner, the double-headed eagle, with a crown suspended over each head and a lily in each claw, upon the walls of Constantinople itself. He thought, to use a Turkish simile, that there could no more be two emperors at a time, than two sabres in the same scabbard. The occasion seemed propitious. Menaced from Asia by the Turks, weakened by internal dissensions, beaten at sea by the Genoese, driven from the field by the victorious Servians, the Greeks of John Paleologus seemed incapable of resistance. Dûshan had marched at the head of eighty thousand men to within thirty miles of Constantinople, when he was seized with fever and died at the age of forty-five, full, it is said, of the most gloomy presentiments. The momentary greatness of Servia died with him, and the destinies of the East were changed.

In the anarchy that followed, Dûshan's conquests were soon lost. The independence of the Servians themselves perished with their last prince, Lazarus, at the fatal battle of Cossovo in 1389. This defeat was owing to the desertion of Vouk Brancovitch, a Vaivode jealous of his master, who with twelve

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thousand men declared for the Turks in the midst of the battle. The victory of the Turks was nevertheless dearly bought; the Sultan Murad I. and the flower of his army mingled their blood with that of the vanquished. The remains of the unfortunate Lazarus were brought to the convent of Ravanitza, and thither the Servians are wont to go in pilgrimage on the anniversary of the battle of Cossovo. According to the *pesmas* or ballads of the peasantry, the popular hero after this great national disaster was Marco Kralievitch, the type of a valiant, but reckless and brutal soldier, a sort of Servian King Arthur, whose name is interwoven with a world of myths and remembrances. His submission to the crescent alternated with fits of savage and capricious independence, and he was killed fighting in the army of Sultan Bajazet against the Roumans. He is expected to reappear one day, mounted on his war-horse, Charutz.

According to popular tradition, the Servians also fought with the Turks against John Hunniades, because they imagined, whether truly or falsely, that the Maygars wanted to force them to become Roman Catholics. Scattered Heidukes, or robbers, like the Klephts in Greece, maintained a precarious individual independence among the forests and mountains. After the battle of Cossovo the flower of the Servian nobles took refuge in Ragusa. That city was ruined by an awful earthquake in 1667, and public instruction falling into the hands of the Jesuits, its literature was stifled. The members of the Servian aristocracy who remained at home refused to apostatise, and thereby lost all distinction from the mass of the people, but this has contributed to give the whole race a sense at once of equality and dignity. Every Servian considers himself a gentleman. They are a spirited and lively race, who call the Germans "the dumb," from their want of gaiety.

It was in 1804 that Kara (black) George, a man who did not know how to read, raised the standard of insurrection against the Turks in the wild forest district of Schumadia, and the Heidukes, coming out of their inaccessible retreats, gathered around him. He took Belgrade in 1806. In the plain of Wawarin, with only 3,000 men, he put to flight the army of Kurschid Pasha, ten times as numerous. At the battle of Michar, when the little Servian army of eight or nine thousand men was summoned by the Seraskier to lay down their arms, he answered, like Leonidas, of whom doubtless he had never heard, "Come and take them," and when

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the foe accepted the challenge, defeated them with slaughter. In 1810 the deliverance of Servia seemed accomplished, and the Sultan proposed to recognise Kara George as hospodar under the Russian guarantee, but the negotiations were protracted, intestine divisions began to prevail among the Christian chiefs, Russia concluded the peace of Bucharest without making conditions for Servia, and at the renewal of hostilities in 1813, Black George fled in despair to the Austrian territory, where he died. Servia became once more a Pashalik, and men who had submitted upon promises of amnesty, were shot and impaled by the infuriated Turks. Milosch Obrenovitch then became the leader of a new insurrection in 1815, and after many vicissitudes, by mingled bravery and policy, succeeded both in freeing his countrymen, and in establishing his own dynasty over them. Russian intrigues gave him at one time as much trouble as Turkish violence, and he was an exile from 1839 to 1860, for, since the successful revolt, Russia has always tried to pit the Servians against each other, and hinder them from forming a stable government. They are a pastoral people given to petty jealousies, and one of their accusations against Milosch was, that he could not bear to see any of his people with a larger herd of swine than himself!

Servia is one of the few countries whose revenues exceed expenses. In all that concerns the relations of classes, local police, taxation, distribution of labour, communal organisation, &c., the instincts of this little people are admirable. The present Prince Michael seems to have inherited his father's abilities and ambition. It was at his instigation that bands of the Servians scattered in Bulgaria and Roumelia appeared in arms on the southern slope of the Balkan last summer, and tried to persuade the Bulgarians to follow their example. The attempt, coinciding as it did with the struggle in Crete, might have had serious consequences but for the conflicting views of Roumans, Servians, and Greeks. All three parties would fain persuade the Bulgarians to throw off the Turkish yoke, but each of the three is equally bent upon annexing liberated Bulgaria to itself. As the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* justly says, there are both in Turkey and in Austria a number of antagonistic forces at work, the real strength and vitality of which no one can calculate, but which each faction certainly over-estimates; and it is their several pretensions which hinder the Christian populations of Turkey from working out the problem of deliverance for themselves.

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A recent American traveller speaks in the following terms of the Christians of Old Servia, who are still exposed to the double tyranny of the Porte and the Greek bishops: "Suffering under the galling despotism of the Turk; educating their children almost in secret; studying their national annals by stealth; practising their worship under foreign bishops; hiding their means from legal despoilers; without security of life, liberty, or property; taxed, imprisoned, and persecuted at the capricious pleasure of venal magistrates; they have still laboured for education, hoped for freedom, cherished their faith, and retained those simple virtues which characterise their race."

At the time of the Turkish conquest the Bosnian nobles were disgusted with both the Greek and Latin hierarchy; this exposed them to yield more readily to the temptation of saving their feudal privileges by apostasy. They have ever since tyrannised over the Christian half of the population to an awful degree, and the Porte made this its excuse for sending Omar Pasha in 1857 to crush them and bring them into subjection to the Central Government. In case of a religious war, Bosnia might prove a Mussulman Vendée.

Montenegro, which the *Times* is in the habit of treating as a den of robbers, and as to all intents and purposes a territory lawfully subject to the Porte, was really independent before the Turks ever set their foot in Europe, and has continued to be so through the heroism of its inhabitants. It formed part of the principality of Zeta, under the heroic family of Tsernoïevitch, which was contemporaneous with the Nemanitch, who ruled the greater part of the South Slavonians. When the last member of this family died, the mountain fastness became a theocracy governed by an elective bishop. In 1715, the Seraskier Achmet Pasha got rid of the chiefs by treacherously seizing them at a conference, and then overran the Black Mountain (Tsernagora, in Italian Montenegro) with an army of more than a hundred thousand men; but this was no permanent conquest; when the Turkish army had to leave the famished country, the mountaineers reasserted their independence.

At the peace of Sistow, in 1791, Russia and Austria sacrificed the Vladika, Peter the First; but he defended himself, and annihilated the army of the Pasha of Scutari. In 1815, Cattaro would have wished to be united with Montenegro, of which it is the natural harbour; but the Congress of Vienna cared little for either nature or popular will. Peter ended his long and glorious reign in 1830. Austria recognised the in-

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dependence of the mountaineers by concluding a boundary treaty with Peter the Second, without consulting the Porte. The Vladika is in receipt of a Russian pension since 1839, and Prince Danilo got himself recognised as hereditary secular ruler in 1852. The valley of Grahova, which was disputed between them and the Turks in 1858, was always practically Montenegrin, as was proved by the fact that former Turkish armies marching against the mountaineers had burned the villages of this valley upon their way. Four thousand Turks, with European arms and discipline, fell at Grahova. This campaign of 1858 was also distinguished as the first in which either party so much as thought of sparing the lives of prisoners. Abdi Pasha offered a reward for every prisoner with his head upon his shoulders!

The Montenegrins are a race of laborious cultivators, and descend armed into the plain of the Moratscha, not to rob others, but to till by main force the waste lands from which their ancestors were driven. Peter II. writing to Osman Pasha, who was himself a descendant of Christian ancestors, expressed the wish that he had been born a little later, that he might witness the coming period when all his brethren would remember the days of old, and exhibit themselves as worthy descendants of the ancient heroes of Servia. "There are assassins," he continued, "brigands and plunderers among the Montenegrins, but that is the inevitable result of the unbridled, barbarous despotism of the Turks, and of the heroic poverty of our race."

Every senator when he goes to the little parliament which meets in a convent at Cettinguen, carries his blanket to roll himself up in when he passes the night upon a naked floor, and some flour of Indian corn to make his porridge during his legislative labours. When one learns that there was a printing-press in the village of Rjeka in 1492, one realises the difference between the state of society that exists, and that which might have been. The heroic but precarious phase of the history of the Black Mountaineers is now over. Their own sword, with Russian and French protection, has given them a recognised place among nations. But they look upon themselves, and their neighbours in the Herzegovina look upon them, as the nucleus of a future more extensive state. Some of the districts round them, though still paying tribute to the Porte, collect it themselves, and will allow no Turk to come for it. All the country bordering on Dalmatia, and even a portion of Bosnia, looks in this direc-, and sings in hope what was perhaps written in despair:—

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"Tsernagora!
Little lamp that burneth yet,
Last spark of the fire
That gleamed once
On the altar of free Servia!"

Unfortunately there are two pretenders to the leadership of the South Slavonians, and the rivalry of the princes of Servia and Montenegro is likely to delay the emancipation of the race. An attempt was lately made to settle their conflicting claims. The Prince of Servia, who has no children by his wife, was to have adopted the Prince of Montenegro; but the negotiation failed, and a conspiracy to remove the young Prince of Montenegro, and proclaim the annexation of the country to Servia, has since been discovered. While we write, Prince Michael menaces the Porte with open war to avenge the death of the two Servians who were summarily executed by a pasha at Rustchuk this last summer, on suspicion of being emissaries sent to stir up the insurrection in Bulgaria.

As the Bulgarians are alone as numerous as the various tribes of Servians taken together, they are entitled to put in equal claims whenever the Encumbered Estates Court sits upon the Ottoman Empire. However, they do not make so much noise about them; Rouman, Greek, and Servian unite to make merry at the passive gentleness, the heavy gravity, the laborious slowness of the Bulgarian peasant, whom they compare to the buffaloes with which he ploughs. The anonymous American traveller whom we have already quoted, characterises him more fairly:—

"Unlike the Serb, the Bulgarian does not keep his self-respect alive with memories of national glory, or even with aspirations of glory to come; on the other hand, no amount of oppression can render him indifferent to his field, his home, his flower-garden, nor to the scrupulous neatness of his dwelling. How strong difference of race can tell under identical conditions of climate, religion, and government, is exemplified in towns where Greeks have been dwelling side by side with Bulgarians for centuries. The one is commercial, ingenious and eloquent, but fraudulent, dirty and immoral; the other is agricultural, stubborn and slow, but honest, clean and chaste."

The communes of the Balkan are little pastoral republics, and the laborious Bulgarian farmers are insensibly gaining ground upon the Greeks, and pushing them southward. This race gave to the old Græco-Romans the Emperor Justinian, the celebrated Belisarius, and the Emperor Basil with his

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line. It is a people that, once roused, will show itself brave and invincibly tenacious; but the restlessness of the other rayas, and their evident purpose of asserting a selfish supremacy over Bulgaria, have helped to keep them quiet hitherto. During the last few years the Bulgarians have offered an unflagging resistance to the Porte's imposing Greek bishops upon them, and their state of feeling is such that the American missionaries at Constantinople are persuaded the struggle must end by the higher clergy and the richer class, who are under French influence, becoming Roman Catholics, while the body of the people will become Protestants. The children are very intelligent, and learn with zeal and docility. The timidity of the adult Bulgarian is that of shrinking, but not that of servility. He hides from the oppressors he fears, but never fawns upon them.

The Roumans or Moldo-Wallachians are the last people whom we must pass in review. If we included those of Bessarabia and Transylvania, we might reckon in all six millions and a half, undivided by any alien race, and professing the same religion, that of the Greek Church. Those under the Ottoman sceptre number four millions and a quarter, including nearly a quarter of a million of gypsies. They profess to be descended from Trajan's colonists, and speak a language derived from Latin, but it is probable they have as much Dacian as Italian blood in their veins. The costume of the inhabitants of the Carpathians is still that of the Dacian prisoners on Trajan's column at Rome. They retain many legends of the pagan Dacii, with which they associate a sort of apotheosis of Trajan. The peasants call the Milky Way, Trajan's path, and in storms they believe that the unrivalled emperor rides upon the blast.

Like all the races subject to Turkey, they have glorious remembrances, celebrated in innumerable popular songs. The dynasty of the Bessaraba, founded in Wallachia by Rodolph the Dark, A.D. 1241—1265, subsisted until the seventeenth century, but was tributary from 1462. During its best days there was nothing but a succession of bloody victories over Poles and Magyars, or bloodier defeats. The whole south-east of Europe presented for centuries the sad spectacle of nations preparing for slavery, by ever weakening each other. Stephen the Great of Moldavia, who began his reign nearly at the time of the fall of Wallachia, won forty battles, but nearly the half were gained at the expense of the Poles and Magyars. His victories over the Turks, after the death of Scanderbeg and Hunniades, made him share with

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his brother Rouman of Transylvania, Matthias Corvinus, the honour of being the bulwark of Europe against Mussulman invasion.

Stephen's farewell discourse to his son Bogdan, and to the chiefs who had followed him on so many hard-fought fields, when he was upon his death-bed in 1504, was committed to writing immediately, and handed down as the *Testament of Stephen.* It gives the most striking and melancholy picture of the then state of Central and Eastern Europe. The Turk, like a roaring lion, on the south of the Danube, and ready to spring over it; Wallachia already tributary; the Crimea Mahometan; three-fourths of Hungary subdued; the Poles inconstant by temperament and incapable of resistance; Germany given up to domestic troubles. He ended by advising them to come to terms with the Sultan; to die in arms if they could not obtain honourable conditions; but to consent to pay tribute if allowed to retain their civil and ecclesiastical institutions. It was thus that Roumania lost her independence, and was given over to the rapacious hands of Fanariot Greek functionaries, under whom she has been sinking lower from generation to generation, economically and morally.

The Roumans in 1856 wanted two things—the union of the two provinces, and a foreign dynasty. This was an opportunity for choosing between the policy of guarding against Russia by strengthening a Christian population, and that of playing into the hands of Russia by keeping the Christian natives down. Europe adopted the latter, handing a suppliant people over to ten years of corruption and misgovernment. Prince Couza is said to have left the prisons full of persons who had never been accused or examined from mere negligence, and there was robbery in every department; when the trunks of his Minister of Police were opened, they contained diamonds that had been stolen from a lady more than twelve months before!

Notwithstanding the length at which we have already trespassed upon the reader's patience, we cannot refrain from referring to the parliamentary debate of May 4, 1858, upon the Danubian Principalities, because it illustrates but too well the way in which distant nations, who put their confidence in Britain, are sure to be disappointed in the hour of need, Englishmen generally being too ignorant of foreign affairs to have an opinion of their own, except in those few cases in which it is impossible to go wrong.

Mr. Gladstone moved that due weight and consideration

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should be given to the wishes which the people of the Principalities have expressed through their representatives. He quoted a saying of the late Mr. Buller, that to give a people representative institutions, without attending to their wishes, is like lighting a fire and stopping up the chimney. There can be no better barrier against Russia than the breasts of freemen. "This question is a small question to us. It comes in among matters of more popular and domestic interest. It little affects our happiness, our feelings, our families, and our households, or our public arrangements, whether we do anything or nothing, whether we keep faith or break it—that is, till the time of reckoning comes. At this present moment I grant it is a small question to us, but to them it is everything, and for the Conference next week the judgment of England is everything."

Lord R. Cecil: "On the continent of Europe our claims to be regarded as the champion of liberty, are looked upon as hypocritical boasting. For, while we are loud in our professions, our practice is lax. There is now an opportunity, such as may never recur, of supporting those principles which we revere, of establishing those institutions to which we owe our own happiness, and of securing the freedom and welfare of our fellow-creatures. That opportunity has been afforded in consequence of a pledge given by ourselves; if it be neglected and thrown away, the responsibility will lie upon us. All men will feel that it has been lost by our betrayal and our falsehood."

Lord J. Russell: "We do unfortunately often give encouragement to governments and peoples to think they will have the support of this country, and then when the time comes at which they expect our aid, we manifest a certain coldness and reserve; and our readiness to avoid the fulfilment of our engagements, creates not only disappointment, but complaints that we have been wanting in good faith."

Lord Palmerston made merry with Mr. Gladstone's nice distinctions between sovereignty and *suzerainté*. If we did not recognise the Sultan's sovereignty over the Moldo-Wallachains, we stultified ourselves. Why did the Government, of which Mr. Gladstone was a member, take up arms to resist the Russian encroachment, if Moldavia was not Turkish territory? (Cheers and laughter.) The Divan, known to be adverse to the union, had been sent about its business, and another, elected under the foreign influence, which was paramount, voted for it. "The union of Wallachia and Moldavia under a foreign prince means nothing less than their union

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under the sway of the Russian imperial family, or of some one dependent upon Russia."

Mr. Gladstone's motion was thrown out by 292 to 114. The *Times* supposed, probably with justice, that one of the chief considerations determining the vote was Lord Palmerston's statement that the prince to be set over the provinces would prove a Russian nominee. What, if members had known the real fact, that the Roumans had expressly bargained that their future prince should be chosen from some European dynasty not in their immediate neighbourhood, in order to exclude dependants of Russia or Austria? What, if they had known that the Roumans had suggested that it would be well to choose a Protestant, and have his descendants remain Protestants, in order to avoid all danger of future matrimonial connections with the Imperial families of either Russia or Austria? The truth is, Russia dreaded the proposed union, and the proposed degree of independence of the provinces, which would have made them an obstacle upon her path; all her known partisans and hirelings among the Roumans exerted themselves to the utmost against the agitation for Union. The Imperial Government itself, however, in order not to make itself hated irrevocably, affected to be an advocate of the Union. At the first Conference of Paris, the Russian plenipotentiary reserved his opinion till the others had spoken, and then pronounced in favour of the Rouman claims as soon as he had satisfied himself that his voice would not turn the scale in their favour. Lord Palmerston could not have served the Court of Petersburg better than he did, however little he meant it; it is not solution but confusion that Russia wants for any Turkish question, and his lordship weakened Russia's destined prey, while throwing the *onus* of the cruelty upon England. There is something strange in the good fortune of this Power; one of her children called her policy "wide as space and patient as time;" her despotic sway spreads like a glacier, cold, silent, and resistless; and the men who think themselves her enemies accomplish her purposes! Now that years have rolled on, and that many of the Moldavians, disgusted by the government of Bucharest, are beginning foolishly to agitate for a dissolution of the Union, Russia betrays her real wishes, and helps the malcontents.

At the first election of a Divan to express the wishes of the Moldavians, the Kaimakan Vogorides, a creature of Austria, acted in a way so arbitrary, that it would have been laughable if it were not odious. Seven-eighths of the electors were

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struck off the lists; the remnant were brought up to the poll by gendarmes, and voted under the lash. It was the Divan so created that Lord Palmerston took under his protection, and his insinuation that the second Divan, with opposite sentiments, was elected through foreign influence, was backed by the *Times* in that strong and positive tone which imposes on so many readers. Now the *Times* had apparently silenced its own correspondent when he began to tell the truth; at least his letters suddenly ceased. It had been copying for months the falsehoods that appeared in the Austrian papers on the subject of the Principalities; but it was entitled to the copyright of the idea that a rabid anti-Unionist like Vogorides had intrigued in favour of the Union. No statesman in Europe, except Lord Palmerston, was prejudiced enough to entertain such an absurdity.

The *Saturday Review* somewhere says that Lord Palmerston had the habit of looking upon all created things as the raw material for a joke. We are persuaded that his lordship had no idea how cruelly he was denying the rights and wounding the feelings of the Roumans when he treated them as simple subjects of the Porte. He did not care to know inconvenient facts; and he was wanting in the sort of imagination that realises the position of others. He ought to have been aware that, by a treaty the conditions of which had been executed for nearly four centuries, no Turk is allowed to buy or sell on the Rouman territory, or to build a mosque on it, or even to take up his abode in it. Is that a ridiculously subtle distinction, or one of the broadest and most palpable? If the members of the House had so much as remembered our own position in India, they would have understood that there is a very real, practical distinction between subject provinces and vassal states, and they would not have allowed a witty minister to laugh away, so far as in him lay, the rights to which millions fondly clung.

The perseverance and unanimity of the Roumans secured the union of the two provinces in spite of us; but we were able to put off for years the establishment of a foreign dynasty; and according to all appearances the attempt is now made under less favourable auspices than it would have been in 1857 or 1858. The red or extreme democratic party, which relies upon the mob in the towns, has got completely hold of Prince Charles, and the curse of brigandage is spreading over the country.

There is less religious bigotry and prejudice among the Roumans than among other races of the Turkish Empire;

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and as for Transylvania, it is the one country in Europe which can boast that there has never been a drop of blood shed in it for religion's sake. The Moldo-Wallachians are very solicitous to obtain their ecclesiastical independence. In May, 1865, when the patriarchs of Constantinople sent a bishop to Bucharest to threaten excommunication for recent laws on civil marriage, the secularisation of Church property, and the independence of the Rouman national Church, the prelate was sent to the frontier like a vagabond, escorted by the police.

We have been obliged to inflict this mass of details upon the reader in order that he may rest his judgment of the Eastern Question on the broad basis of facts, and on the real state of the populations. It will be well also to recall the project of distribution of the provinces of the Ottoman Empire that was discussed at Tilsit between Napoleon and Alexander I. sixty years ago. This project was known for many years but partially, from the passages that were overheard by M. de Méneval, Napoleon's secretary, and from the letters of Savary and Caulaincourt, who, when ambassadors at St. Petersburg, spoke to Napoleon of Alexander's references to that interview. Russia was to have Finland, and the provinces of the Danube as far as the Balkan; France was to have Albania and Greece; Austria was to be comforted with Bosnia and Servia; Roumelia with the City of Constantinople was to be left to the Sultan. Alexander pleaded hard for the key of his house, as he called Constantinople; but Napoleon, starting up and looking at the map, exclaimed: "Constantinople! Constantinople! Never. It would be the empire of the world!"

At last, M. Thiers discovered a memorandum written for Alexander by M. de Romanzoff, detailing the interview, and which was forwarded to Napoleon in February, 1808, with new proposals. Alexander's scheme involves the total expulsion of the Turks. Austria to have Turkish Croatia, the Herzegovina, Bosnia, Servia, and Macedonia, on condition of co-operating in the proposed march upon India (!). France to have Greece, Cyprus, Syria, Egypt, and the conquests in India. Russia to seize Constantinople with both the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. There is a tone of embarrassment in the memoir, implying a consciousness that its contents would not be palatable. Alexander used to tell Caulaincourt he would leave the rest of Roumelia to whom they pleased, did they but give him Constantinople and a "cat's tongue" along the Straits. At the meeting of the Emperors at

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Erfurt, September, 1808, it was finally settled that Alexander should have the Roumans, and Napoleon nothing in the East; but the determination was to be kept secret in order not to arouse the Turks for the present. It was about this time, we believe, that Lord Gower and Mr. Wilson told Alexander, England was as ready as Napoleon to give him the Roumans.

M. Thiers says, "When the Russian Colossus will have one foot on the Dardanelles and another on the Sound, the Old World will be enslaved; liberty will have fled to America. This may be a chimera now for narrow minds," continues the historian, "but these melancholy anticipations will one day be realised. For Europe, awkwardly divided like the cities of Greece before the kings of Macedon, will probably have the same fate." Our policy in the East has been eminently calculated to prepare the fulfilment of this prediction; let us hope both that the policy may change and the prediction fail; but there is a geographical analogy between Greece and Europe, which struck us even in boyhood, and makes the warning more emphatic. Russia, like Macedonia, is the base of the Pyramid. The *Revue Moderne* for February, 1866, has shown good reasons against the authenticity of the document called the Testament of Peter the Great, but the policy sketched there is that which has been pursued and will be continued by Russia. Her ambition is that of a people, not merely of a court. The very conspirators of 1825 had a seal with the arms of the thirteen Slavonic nations. The antagonism of Russia and Western Europe is increasing. The Russianisation of the peasants of the Baltic provinces by force or guile, is a new proof of her exclusiveness. We are separated by race, by religion, and by the principle of autocracy.

Alexander von Humboldt used to call the French "the most amiable of nations, and the most ignorant of geography," a designation the latter half of which is amusingly illustrated by the short but rather pretending pamphlet which we have taken for our text. It speaks with anxiety of the rapid onward progress of Russia through Turkestaun and the *Punjaub!* Well, if the Muscovite has not crossed the Khyber Pass yet, he is making the best of his way to it; and since 1856, Affghan is one of the languages taught at the University of St. Petersburg. Meantime, before a Russian advanced guard will have need of Affghan guides and interpreters, the Russians intend, in military phrase, to secure their base of operation in the Turkish Empire. Be it by arms or diplomacy, the fate of the world will be decided in the valley of the Danube. As Talleyrand

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once said, "The centre of gravity is there; the Rhine has lost its old political significance."

It appears that when Alexander and Napoleon were in thought dividing the spoil of the Osmanli, they considered themselves obliged to admit Austria to a very respectable share. In truth, if we had to look outside of the Turkish Empire for an heir to its territories, a more suitable one than Austria could not be found. She is already a kind of Christian Turkey, embracing populations of different races, languages, and religions, and these precisely akin to the Roumans, Servians, Croats, &c. If the Turks were driven from Europe, one could cross the Austrian frontier at almost any point for a length of six hundred miles without perceiving from the language and aspect of the people that one had entered a different country. Nor would this great accession of power to the House of Hapsburg be a danger to the rest of Europe; such an arrangement necessarily supposes compensation given to Prussia in Germany, to England and France in the Levant, in Asia, and in Africa, and the Italian Tyrol ceded to Italy. Even Russia would allow herself to be bought off with Moldo-Wallachia, rather than make war with united Europe; nor could she try to be beforehand with us at Constantinople, if a natural fortress like Transylvania were in the hands of enemies threatening her communications. As far as the simple balance of power is concerned, it would seem really secured by such a distribution of territory. Russia, Austro-Græcia, United Germany, France, would then remain military powers practically equal, and wars of aggrandisement in Europe would apparently have ceased for ever.

We have no confidence in the success of this, at first sight, promising scheme. Our objection is not its magnitude. It may deal with imperial territories and millions of people, as if they were gold pieces to be swept off the green table by the shovel of a Hapsburg banker; but the English mind has a natural distaste for these operations, and is unwilling without some overpoweringly urgent reason to consider the reconstruction of the map of the world. But in any great crisis petty tinkering measures are the most expensive. Our political education is wholesome for ourselves, but it makes us bad judges of what is to be done in cases of urgency for larger and less healthy organisations than our own, and we are apt to advise a change of diet where amputation is necessary. While we are turning the cushions and trying to keep up an equable temperature in the sick man's room, his death may surprise us unprepared.

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Our objection to this scheme is that it would be unjust. It would be a renewal of the iniquities of the Congress of Vienna, a disposal of whole populations against their wills. The very relationship of the races on both sides of the frontier, which helps to give the plan its most plausible aspect, is really the strongest reason against its execution. These people know Austria too well, and the experiences of their brethren under her sway make the Slavonic Christians of the East prefer remaining as they are, with a chance of becoming one day their own masters, to being incorporated in her empire. The repugnance of the Roumans and the Greeks to the proposed changes would be still stronger. Until of late, every Turkish pasha who oppressed the Christians under his government, was sure to have the countenance of Austria. The order in which the down-trodden nations of the East hate their neighbours, is that in which they are in contact. The Fanariot Greeks are hated most, then the Turks, the Austrians, the English.

The question of right is in our eyes paramount to all considerations of expediency, but we are also convinced that honesty is the best policy in all spheres, and that political justice will be found in practice to be identical with political expediency. Were we to repeat the misdeeds of the Congress of Vienna, our work would go to pieces as theirs is doing. However convenient it may appear to make our calculations without calling into council the millions who are most concerned in the matter, they would one day force us to reckon with them. Instead of pacifying Europe, we should have an Eastern Question still unsettled, and thirty millions of discontented Austrian subjects; that is to say, the thirteen millions now under the Turks, with the already existing seventeen millions of Austrian Slavonians, all ready to rebel at any moment Russia should give the signal.

If indeed the question could be shelved for one or two generations, and if during the interval Austria reversed all her traditions, as she seems at this moment disposed to do, then there might be some hope that the nations upon the Danube would submit with a good grace. But it is to be feared there will not be time to make the experiment: the rayas are in a hurry to be emancipated, and Austria, so far from being in a condition to claim the succession of Turkey, may have to struggle for existence at home. The fact is, there are two Eastern Questions, there are two illustrious [illegible]ts. The causes that are bringing Turkey to certain [illegible]n are threatening Austria likewise. Prince Metter-

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nich passed his life in perpetual fear of liberal propagandism on the one hand, and Panslavist propagandism on the other; the emancipation of Italy and the peaceful revolution in the principles of government at Vienna have fully justified his fear of the former, and the latter has never been so open, so aggressive, and so successful as it is now.

The numerical majority of Austrian subjects are Slavonians, and they consider themselves as sacrificed to the Germans on one hand, and the Magyars on the other. All Europe remembers how the Croats and Servians under Jellachich and Stratomirowitz helped to crush the Italians, the Viennese, and the Magyars, in 1848 and 1849; it was a nationality long trodden down and forgotten, rising for the first time in the consciousness of its strength. All these kindred races, Poles of Galicia, Czechs of Bohemia, Slovacks of Carinthia and Carniola, Croats and Serbs, consent to the separate position of Hungary, only because they are convinced that this is a step in the direction of the satisfaction of their own pretensions likewise. Francis Joseph has been reconciled to his Hungarian subjects; they are willing to bear their share of the burdens of the empire, and of debts which had not been legally contracted. At his coronation, a year ago, he stood upon a mound composed of sods from every county; when he swore to observe their ancient constitution, he put on the crown of Stephen, donned the mantle of Gisella, put his horse to full gallop, and cut the air with his sabre northward, southward, eastward, and westward. All this is archæological and picturesque in the highest degree, but the constitution thus inaugurated was restored as a matter of right and not of favour: the monarch practically confessed that he had been acting as a usurper ever since he ascended the throne, and his non-Magyar subjects jealously note every concession, that they may claim an equivalent. In Hungary there are seven languages spoken from the River Save to the Carpathians. M. de Beust has restored the De Smerling constitution on this side the Leitha, but each subject nation looks upon the welfare of the empire at large as secondary to its individual interests and aspirations. Like the Irish, they rake up grievances of centuries ago. They look as if they had just awakened after sleeping for ages, and advance claims incompatible with each other. Nothing less will satisfy them than special ministers of their own, and diets on a footing of equality with those of Vienna and Pesth; that is—a reversal of the compromise recently effected, and the reorganisation of the empire as a federal state, with five diets and as many ministers.

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So completely does the feeling of nationality outweigh all other considerations, that when a deputation of the Croatian Diet held conferences last May with a deputation of the Hungarian Diet, with a view to come to an understanding, the Roman Catholic bishop of Agram proclaimed openly, that if it was necessary for a union with the other South Slavonian races, he would not hesitate to go over with his flock to the Greek Church. The Czechs are the most resolute and noisy of all these peoples. They claim the prerogatives of the old kingdom of St. Wenceslaus, though there are two centuries and a half of proscription against them. They number about four millions and a half, being two-thirds of the population of Bohemia and Moravia, and they have accepted the advances of Russia with more eagerness than any of their brethren.

The *Gazette* of Moscow formally opened the Panslavist campaign on the seventeenth of last February in the following words:—

"The new era exhibits its features at last, and it is for us Russians that it has a special meaning; it is indeed our own. It summons to life a new world that had hitherto remained in the shade, and in expectation of the fulfilment of its destinies—the Græco-Slavonic world. After centuries passed in resignation and in slavery, this world is at last on the eve of renovation, races long forgotten and long oppressed are waking into light and preparing for action. The present generation will see great changes, great facts, and great formations. Already upon the Peninsula of the Balkan, and under the worm-eaten stratum of Ottoman tyranny, there arise three groups of strong and living nationality, the Greeks, the Slavons and the Roumans. Closely connected by the unity of their faith and of their heroic destinies, these three are equally bound to Russia by the ties of religious and national life. As soon as these three groups of nations shall have been reconstituted, Russia will be revealed under a light altogether new. She will be no longer alone in the world; instead of a sombre Asiatic power, of which she has had hitherto at least the appearance, she will become a moral force indispensable to Europe. The Græco-Slavonic civilisation will complete that of the Latino-Germans, which without it would remain imperfect and inert in its barren exclusiveness."

This manifesto only addressed itself directly to the Christian subjects of Turkey, but the great exhibition of Moscow soon took a wider range. At first the undertaking was called an *ethnological exhibition*; it humbly proposed to exhibit the costumes, arms, furniture of the various Slavonic groups, with the fauna and flora of the countries they inhabit, a number of photographs of persons honoured by being con-

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sidered characteristic types of the several branches of the family, and finally, dissertations on scientific and administrative questions. But it gradually came to be called the *Slavonic Congress*, and speeches upon political subjects had a large place even in the public proceedings, suggestive of the still larger attention which was doubtless paid to interests of this order in private.

It is remarkable that Poland, though the most illustrious member of the Slavonic family, was not recognised by name at the exhibition; the costumes from that country were called Mazovian, Cracovian, Samogitian, Lithuanian, &c. The deputies from the districts of Austria were received in great state at the frontier, travelled in first-class carriages at the Czar's expense, and drank champagne which was universally pronounced genuine and excellent. They had places in the front row of the theatres, and fraternised in banquets at Warsaw and Wilna, to the indignation of the Poles, who said their western and southern brethren were talking sentiment over the bleeding body of unhappy Poland with the men who had murdered her.

The Emperor Alexander's words of welcome, so chosen as to be intelligible in all the Slavonian dialects, and for that reason doubtless very brief, were no sooner spoken than they were transmitted by the telegraph to Prague, Agram, and Belgrade; but this witness of ethnological unity stood in somewhat unfortunate contrast to the fact that the deputies in general were obliged to speak German, in order to understand each other freely. The most enthusiastic were the Czechs, including Palasky, author of a celebrated History of Bohemia, and who had once declared that if Austria had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent her; Saffarik also, the learned author of the Antiquities of Bohemia.

During the festivities at Moscow, the Gospel idea of *one fold and one shepherd* was a favourite illustration in every kind of decoration. A lame attempt was made to intercede for Poland, "our absent sister," but the speakers merely saved their consciences, without any earnestness, and the strength of the attraction exercised by Russia may be estimated by their practical acquiescence in her cruel tyranny. The cards delivered for admission to the exhibition, had views of six of the principal cities of what the Moscow folks considered to be Slavonian territory, including Prague, Belgrade, and Constantinople. The most inflammatory toasts were drunk, and speeches made at the banquet of Socolniki, where the flag of Cyril and Methodius, the early Greek

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missionaries, spread its ample folds over the heads of the guests. "Let us be united in one compact body," shouted one speaker, "and the name of this great people will be—the giant." Another, M. Rieger of Bohemia, said, "All nations manifest their greatness upon the world's theatre in succession. It is now the turn of the Slavons. Russian brethren, it is for you to take the first place in this work of resurrection. Colossal nation! It was you who brought on the catastrophe of Napoleon, when all Europe had precipitated itself upon you, and it is for you now to take the offensive, and deliver the South Slavons from the Ottoman yoke. Let Russia accomplish her mission, and all the Slavons will bow before her. Hurrah for Russia!"

The *Russian Invalid* said that Russia was politically disinterested in all these advances made to her weaker brethren, that she only wanted to assist the Slaves in their reaction against the nationalities that are absorbing them. But the deputies were encouraged to make their complaints, and to ask for help, and were told to hope for a better future. They mourned in concert over the defeats of Kossovo and Weissemberg, which had delivered up the Serbs and Czechs to their several masters, as if they had been catastrophes of yesterday. They celebrated the battle of Sadowa, because it bid fair to prepare the emancipation of the Austria Slaves. In short, everything was said that could rouse the subjects of Turkey to immediate insurrection, and prepare those of Austria for future incorporation. And this, in an empire where the police has the control of everything, and no spontaneity is allowed, and in an age in which dreams speedily become realities, from Sicily to Schleswig-Holstein. It is all very well to talk of moral influence and ethnological sympathies, but monarchs, like husbands, should beware of strangers who profess a platonic affection for those belonging to them. It was only in 1858 that William I. said, "Prussia must make moral conquests in Germany!"

On the dissolution of the Congress, a permanent committee was formed "for the interests of Slavonic Unity," under the Grand Duke Constantine as its president. The Czechs are very proud of their ancient tongue, which was made the diplomatic language of Germany by the Emperor Charles IV. in his golden bull of A.D. 1336, and the literature of which has been exhumed from the grave in the present century with much difficulty, on account of the illiberal Austrian censorship. The Servians are equally enthusiastic for their dialect, so rich in poetry ancient and modern, but which has received

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a uniform orthography, and has been recognised as the classic language of all the Southern Slavonians, only within the last thirty or five-and-thirty years. Both races, however, consented by their representatives at Moscow to let Russian be the common language of the whole family, and this has since been abundantly ratified in the different centres. Four editions of a Russian grammar were printed in one month at Prague last autumn. The newspaper columns were full of Russian themes. The sokols, or musical and gymnastic societies in the Slavonian districts of Austria, have adopted the Russian costume. Russian theatres are being introduced in the towns; and the national air, "God protect the Czar," is played with such zeal as a marked political demonstration, that the police at Laibach, wisely or unwisely, thought itself obliged to prohibit it. The two millions and a half of Gallician Poles are the only Slavonians among her subjects upon whom Austria can reckon as incorruptible by her rival; the two millions of Ruthenians beside them belong to the Greek Church, and their priests are chiefly educated in Russia.

All this is very serious. As men who have been supposed to enjoy tolerable health sometimes surprise their neighbours by dying sooner than well-known valetudinarians beside them, so it is not absolutely impossible that Austria may go before Turkey. There is in Turkey at least the nucleus of a people, and one that has the instinct of command. Austria is but a court; its Germans threaten to escape in one direction; its Slavonians in another; its Hungarians are Magyars; there are no Austrians. A publicist in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Julian Klaczko, reminds the Austrian Government that Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland were one for a part of the fifteenth century, and that the reconstruction of Poland would be the radical way of resisting Russian aggression; but such a bold and truly imperial policy as this would require for its execution a genius greater than has ever glowed in the breast of a Hapsburg. And then Austria is almost bankrupt; she is like Turkey in finances as in all the rest. With the exception of the year 1817 there has been a deficit growing ever since 1781. Had she the millions that were thrown away in coercing Italy, she would now be solvent.

The Magyars have forgiven Austria; forgiven the enormities that drove four of Hungary's noblest children, Batthiany, Peteofi, Teleki, Szechenyi, all of them to put an end to their own lives. This is an immense gain, but it also involves future difficulties, for Austria must eschew Magyar supremacy or she is lost, and the races that are determined

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to assert their independence of the Magyars are so mixed up with them that it is almost impossible to unravel the former and make them the material for distinct organisations. The Court of Vienna must in the first place satisfy the Croatians and Servians, &c., without disgusting the Magyars. Its old traditional policy of reigning by dividing is telling against it, for it has now to reign by reconciling. The second condition of salvation for the empire is the carrying to the utmost the principles of liberty and self-government; it must offer such advantages as completely to outbid Russia, and outweigh the feeling of common origin. This is hard for an empire nurtured in despotism, but it is not impossible.

The condition of Europe as a whole is this—the Latins and Germans are irrevocably broken up into distinct nations, while the ninety millions of Slavonians menace us with the formation of one great aggressive empire. Europe should strain every nerve to hinder this. Turkey and Austria are the two sickly Powers, the former at least moribund, the existence of which saves us for the present. We should by all means sustain these frail barriers as long as we can; but we should do it in such a way as not to spoil the future of the stronger barriers that are growing up behind them. The Slavonian populations themselves had rather be their own masters than the subjects of Russia. In that lies the safety of Europe; in their right lies our might. It is possible that there may be one day a confederacy of minor States, occuping the whole of South-eastern Europe, instead of both Austria and Turkey, doing efficiently and unassisted that which Austria and Turkey are now doing badly. We think with Mr. Gladstone that there is no barrier like the breast of freemen; it is our materialism that hinders us from conceiving any States but big ones; small States present this advantage, on the contrary, that once established it is always their interest that the peace of the world should be kept up.

But we must not speculate. We want an Austria so liberal as to be the model and envy of Europe, and we want to help the Christian subjects of Turkey to gradual emancipation, as far as it can be done without forcing Turkey to a death struggle. The nation in possession should have fair play; if they can maintain themselves, it is just that they should be allowed to do so. If they cannot, then the native Christian populations must have fair play. In our eyes they are the hope of the East. They could not be transferred to Austria with either justice or safety, and if they are to be hindered from throwing themselves into the arms of

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Russia, they must learn to look upon united Europe as their friend.

Our exposition of facts has been inordinately long; but our conclusions may be expressed as briefly as possible, because they suggest themselves at once while we are in the very act of surveying the facts. They may be put in M. Guizot's words. Our policy should be "To maintain the Ottoman Empire in order to keep up the balance of power in Europe; and where, from the force of things, from the natural course of events, some dismemberment occurs, some province detaches itself from this decaying empire, then to favour the transformation of this province into a new and independent sovereignty to take its place in the family of States, and one day to contribute to a new balance of power."

Such a policy would after some time issue in the natural distribution of the territory of Turkey in Europe according to the various predominating populations. The boundaries of Roumania are already settled; there would be according to circumstances either one or two Servian principalities; Bulgaria would be extended southward over a considerable part of Macedonia and Thrace. The Greeks and Albanians would possess the whole space south of a line drawn a little below the forty-second degree of north latitude, and for military reasons should have what the Czar Alexander I. called a *cat's tongue* on the Asiatic side of both the Straits. It would have been desirable to give the keeping of such a position as Constantinople to a stronger nation than one which would then number a little under five millions; but in politics as in all other spheres we must cut our coat according to our cloth. We are obliged to put up with Denmark, a nation of a million and a half, as guardian of the corresponding position, the Sound; and similarly in the case of the Bosphorus we must even content ourselves with the means that are upon the spot. Most assuredly a free people of thrice the population of Denmark would be a stronger barrier against Russia than Turkey is now; most assuredly, as St. Mark Girardin says, it would be as easy for Europe to protect a cradle as it is for it now to protect a coffin.

Geographically, Europe and Asia look towards each other. From Alexander the Great to Mahomet—that is, for nine centuries and a half—there had been peace between them. Then came a period of wasting and cruel war for eight centuries, until the Greeks, selfishly neglected by Europe, were allowed to succumb. The position is one of vital importance for the equality of the nations, and therefore for the order

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and happiness of the world. In ordinary times, Europe can by vigilance and determination protect the Turks against a Russian surprise; but let any great quarrel arise in Western or Central Europe, Russia will seize the opportunity at once and take possession of Constantinople with the applause of thirty millions of Turkish and Austrian subjects. To leave matters thus may be in accordance with all diplomatic tradition, but it is sheer stupidity, and every difficulty eluded to-day will become an increasing danger to-morrow. If a confederacy of five Powers, with more than sixteen millions of inhabitants, held the place of European Turkey, with recognised rights and liberties of their own to defend, the dangers of Panslavism would be set aside for ever, and no temporary disturbances in Europe would encourage Russia to attack it.

Let us add, however reasonable it may seem to judge of the capacities of the Greeks by what they have done or left undone in Greek proper, the estimate is not the less false. The Greeks would have been wise if they had suspended all ambitious projects for a time, and given themselves wholly to the improvement of the emancipated part of their country, and to the payment of their debt. They would not then have left their country without roads, their plains undrained, and Maina and other districts in a state of utter barbarism. They should have justified their pretensions to extend their narrow limits by moral and material conquests at home. But we ought not to refuse our sympathies altogether to the dethroned monarch, who, when he has recovered one province, neglects it in a certain degree in his efforts to recover the whole. In any case we are not to judge of the energy he would display in the government of the whole by the partial failure of his intermitting efforts for the prosperity of the emancipated province, when his thoughts were elsewhere. As long as Greece remains cramped within its present dimensions, it cannot find its own resources, its army will be disproportionably large, it will be a petty focus of intrigue and dissatisfaction.

As to the immediate question of Crete, the principle we have explained would lead us of course to make it over to Greece. The Constantinopolitan correspondent of *Evangelical Christendom* said, in December, 1866:—

"In my opinion, the time has not come to take up the Eastern Question as a whole, and settle it. It would now have to be done by force, and the bloodshed which would follow, in the way of massacres all over Turkey, would be terrible. The Eastern Question can be

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arranged without bloodshed, and nothing but the selfish views of certain Powers leads them to urge this question now.

"But there is a special question, which may be taken up at once, and which may be made the key to the whole difficulty. The Cretan Question is a practical and tangible one. If the European Powers would interfere, and secure the independence or the semi-independence of Crete, the Eastern Question would be so far in the way of settlement. If it be said that such interference would encourage other islands and other provinces to revolt, I would reply, very good; let them revolt one by one, and one by one secure the same relative position. It would not be twenty years before the whole question would have settled itself. The Turks would gradually make up their minds to submit to fate; and European Turkey would be divided into several powerful Christian kingdoms. The Turkish Empire would thus disintegrate naturally, without any violent shock, and without exciting the fanaticism of Islam. I believe that such a settlement would be far more favourable to the religious, as well as to the social and political condition of the people, than any forcible interference on the part of the Great Powers of Europe."

The Ottoman and Egyptian armies in Crete have been wasted away by disease, and the Porte, by entertaining the thought of a cession to Egypt, has shown that it despaired of being able to retain this ravaged, famishing wilderness for itself. It is only for the example's sake that it will not consent to put Greece in possession. Four Powers have virtually consented to its doing so; the recommendation of Austria and England would be decisive. Every province that we can separate from the Turkish Empire will escape its wreck, every province that we retain by force secures it but a momentary respite; we loosen the knot upon the neck of the hanging man, we make his suffocation a little slower, but we can neither untie nor cut the rope.

Could the Cretan insurrection be suppressed, it would be the utter ruin of Greece, whose communes have already taxed themselves to support the helpless thousands and tens of thousands cast upon their shores, and who in that case would also be filled with desperate men giving themselves up to brigandage and piracy. But this will not happen; the Cretans can keep up a perpetual war from their impregnable fastnesses, as the Mainotes did of old in the Morea. There were Cretan deputies at the conference secretly held at Gythium by Djanim-Bay, in 1797, when General Bonaparte was encouraging the Greeks to insurrection. The late King Leopold thought Crete so necessary to Greece, that he made its cession one condition of his acceptance of the throne, when it was offered to him. The Cretans rose in 1821, and

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did not altogether lay down their arms until 1830; and now, they have nothing more to lose, and it is evident that they are determined. If we force them to accept a semi-independence, they will dissemble for a little moment, and then use it to give themselves to Greece.

In the present state of the Turkish Empire, it were much to be wished that the British Government and capitalists lost no time in constructing the Euphrates Valley Railway. Within a few years, at latest in less than ten, Varna, Galatz, and Odessa, will be in communication with the West of Europe. The result of this, from mere trade expansion, will be the formation of closer bonds between Asia and Western Europe. The Russians will within the same time have finished the line from Poti on the Black Sea to Tiflis; this must speedily be prolonged to the Caspian, and bring Teheran within a week's journey from London. The effect, as the *Saturday Review* remarks, will be, that, "by taking instantly in hand a line of railway from the Caspian to the Indus Valley, following the present route of commerce by Meshed, Herat and Candahar, we should in five or six years' time from this, have a through railway from London to India." That is to say, a railway passing through Russian territory, and opening the way for Russian armies to India. We trust the engineer who will make that railway is not yet born; but just because we do not wish the construction of the wrong road to India, we ought to anticipate it by making the right one. The way by the North of Syria and the valley of the Euphrates, would be the most direct route for Indian commerce. It would offer troops and civil travellers a route free from the intense and unwholesome heats of the Red Sea. It would offer a transit for goods to Persia, altogether out of the reach of the Russians; and if, in case of war, a Russian army reached it, the command of the Persian Gulf would be necessary to make it a road for them to India. Were such a railway in existence at the moment of the final break-up of the Ottoman power in Asia, it would give England ground for insisting upon the appropriation of the soil it occupied, and without much political complication we should travel the whole overland route through our own possessions.

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ART. VI.—1. *Abyssinia Described.* Edited by J. C. HOTTEN, Fellow of the Ethnological Society. London. 1868.
2. *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia.* By Sir S. W. BAKER. London. 1867.
3. *The British Captives in Abyssinia.* By Dr. C. T. BEKE. Second Edition. London. 1867.
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6. *Lectures on the Sources of the Nile.* By Dr. C. T. BEKE. London. 1864.
7. *Wanderings among the Falashas.* By the Rev. H. A. STERN. London. 1862.
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9. *Travels in Eastern Africa.* By the Rev. Dr. KRAPF. London. 1860.
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16. *Voyages and Travels of George Annesley, Viscount Valentia.* London. 1809.
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THE name "Habesh," corrupted by Europeans into "Abyssinia," is an Arabic word, signifying *mixed*, and was long ago given, most appropriately, to a country unrivalled for the

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variety and the sudden transitions of its physical features and productions, and inhabited by peoples of many races, whose religious beliefs are an amalgamation of all doctrines capable of combination, and whose usurping ruler seems to-day to embody in his proper person all the contradictory qualities that belong to an ideal despot. The name is rejected with indignation, however, by the people. They pique themselves on purity of descent, and on a succession of emperors, unbroken almost from the time of Solomon. They will have none of the history which would rudely disturb their faith in such fables. The national theory is that the Queen of Sheba was their sovereign, and that, married to Solomon, she transmitted the crown to her son Menilek, ordaining that it should descend only to his heirs male, and that all princes of the blood royal should be, from infancy, secluded in a palace on the top of a mountain, until a vacancy in the throne should require the nobles to elect the most worthy of her descendants to occupy her seat. Menilek is said to have come to the throne in 986 B.C., after being educated and crowned in Jerusalem, whence he brought to his native country a colony of Jews, a copy of the Law, and a son of Zadok the priest, to interpret it. What shadow of foundation this tradition has, it is difficult to say: but one thing is certain; that Judaism was long the religion of the land, and is now held in purity by a large body of Jews, or Falashas, who, until the seventeenth century, kept themselves distinct, under their own rulers, in the central provinces.

The history of the world in general goes to favour the theory that Abyssinia,—the representative, the relic of the ancient empire of Ethiopia,—was inhabited by a race, kindred to, if not identical with, the ancient Egyptians. Herodotus speaks of a King of Ethiopia, who seized and held Egypt for sixty years; and Nubia to the north, and undefined regions to the south, certainly belonged to the sovereigns, the ruins of whose capital of Axum bear distinct trace of intercourse with the Greek settlements at Alexandria, if they do not, indeed, date back beyond the time of the Ptolemies. Axum was the centre of a flourishing kingdom in the first and second centuries of our era, and was known as a considerable place up to the time of the first crusade. In the fifth century its kings even extended their conquests into Arabia Felix, and held the province of Yemen for sixty years.

But meanwhile the conquering state had undergone an important change. In the year A.D. 300, there, or thereabouts, a Tyrene philosopher, of Greek birth and religion,

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set out for India to establish in trade two youths, his companions. Their vessel was wrecked on the Abyssinian coast. Brigands attacked them, killed the old man, and sold the youths in the interior. The slaves soon rose to honour at Court, and Frumentius was appointed tutor to the future king, whom he imbued with faith in the doctrines of the Greek Church. On the accession of the young king, Christianity was declared the State religion, and Frumentius was sent to Alexandria to obtain episcopal ordination. Athanasius then occupied the patriarchal chair, and happened to be full of schemes for sending a mission to convert the Jewish kingdom in the South. So Frumentius easily got what he came for, and returned to Axum as Salama, Abuna, or Patriarch of Abyssinia. A century later the Scriptures were translated into the vernacular—a language closely allied to the Arabic, and called "Geez." The national conversion, however, was not complete. When Christianity became the State creed, a large body of the people,—possibly a colony of Jews who may have settled there after the destruction of Jerusalem,—refused to accept the change, and held to the Levitical law, under the rule of princes of their own. In A.D. 960 a princess of this race, Judith by name, availed herself of the facilities afforded by the collection of the royal princes in one place,—the happy valley of Rasselas,—to murder them all at one sweep,—all but one, who made good his escape. This second Athaliah seized the throne; but, unlike her prototype, held it for forty years, and was succeeded by five kings of her own race,—a dynasty distinguished by honest and wise government. But their toleration of the Greek Church brought them at last to a fall; for in 1260 the Abuna, who was a native of the name of Tekla Haimanout, acquired so much influence over the mind of the reigning king as to induce him to abdicate in favour of Aikum Amlak, the representative of the supposed legitimate line of Solomon, and a descendant of the child who had, three centuries before, been hidden from the fury of Judith, in the mountains of Lasta.

The retiring sovereign accepted the government of the province of Lasta in exchange for his own, and Tekla Haimanout secured from the new emperor a grant of one-third of his dominions to the Church. He also procured a law that his successors in the Patriarchate should invariably be Copts, appointed by the Patriarch of Alexandria.

Dr. Beke throws great doubt on the genuineness of this part of the story, and is disposed to place Tekla Haimanout six centuries earlier. Tellez, a Portuguese Jesuit of the

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seventeenth century, who wrote a history of Ethiopia, says that about the end of the fifth century Monachism was preached in Abyssinia by some missionaries from the Greek Church of Constantinople, which held views directly opposed to those of the Church of Alexandria on the nature of Christ. These missionaries are all found in the Abyssinian Calendar. One of them claims to have converted the devil, and induced him—probably in some period of sickness—to turn monk for forty years. Through them, then, the Greek doctrines were introduced into Abyssinia. The same authority says that Tekla Haimanout was ordained deacon about A.D. 615 or 620, by Cyril, Abuna of Ethiopia, and held the faith as it was preached at Alexandria. This doctrinal controversy would account for Tekla Haimanout's regulation that his successor must be a Copt, and designated from Alexandria. So that probability points to the seventh, instead of the thirteenth, century as the time when he flourished.

Again, Dr. Beke, travelling in 1843, in the province of Lasta (the district of the Agows, who are generally supposed to represent the aboriginal stock of the country), heard traditions which altogether deny that Aikúm Amlak was a descendant of the ancient dynasty, or that the governors of Lasta obtained their territories in the way popularly believed. He believes Amlak to have been a foreign conqueror, who, like Theodore and some of his predecessors, proclaimed himself of the old line in order to secure his power. It would be no difficult thing for loyal chroniclers to bring the date of the patron saint far enough forward to give the *prestige* of his name to the reigning house. This view, however, is not shared by other travellers.

In whatever century, however, he plotted, Tekla Haimanout is a historical person, and the services which he rendered to the Church have given him a very high place in the Abyssinian Calendar. Nay, more, he is often spoken of as the Creator, or as one of the Persons in the Holy Trinity; while the church decorators, not content with the ordinary glories of a saint's nimbus, represent him as covered with gorgeous plumage. Endless are the miracles ascribed to him. He is supposed to be still living, but perched on a rock so inaccessible that he could not have reached its summit, had not a serpent offered to take him up in its mouth. This required more than human faith, so the devout reptile offered a less alarming alternative, and crept up the precipice with the [illegible] holding on to his tail.

[illegible] the same time with these civil and religious changes,

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whenever it may have been, the kingdom began to suffer from the assaults of tribes of Gallas from the south, a strong and soldierly race. The invaders did not long confine themselves to mere forays. A large body, by-and-by, entered the country, and, settling chiefly in Amhara, gave their name to that district. They endeavoured to adopt the language, the manners, and the religion of the people among whom they had come. But, though the less polished, they were the stronger people, and in the result imposed their own language upon the natives. Still they remained for some considerable time altogether distinct, and are even now looked upon by genuine Abyssinians as an inferior race. The attacks of the Turks in the early part of the fourteenth century forced the natives and their invaders into closer relations; but, while the efforts of the united peoples were directed to the defence of the northern frontier, it was easy for fresh hordes of Gallas to overrun and occupy several of the provinces in the South. In the course of the struggles which ensued, Abyssinia first came into the region of European history. In the last decade of the fifteenth century, Prince Henry of Portugal, eager to find that other Continent which his mathematical studies had led him to conjecture, induced his father to send an expedition to seek the Christian African kingdom of Prester John. Vague rumours of this potentate had from time to time been brought from Jerusalem by monks who had there met with Abyssinian pilgrims. His kingdom would surely be a good point of departure for further discovery. The Portuguese visited the country, and for a few years, until the passage of the Cape of Good Hope rendered it less advantageous, kept up a friendship with the Abyssinian kings, and acquired great influence in their dominions. In 1542 a Portuguese, one John Bermudez, was Abuna. The Turks attacked Abyssinia, and he led an embassy to Portugal to implore assistance. Five hundred Portuguese troops landed at Massowah, and were joined by twelve thousand Abyssinians. In true African fashion, the allied army halted for several months within sight and hearing of the enemy, busied with a war of taunts and personal insults. At last they joined battle; the Abyssinians fled, the Portuguese were routed, and their general was taken prisoner and killed. But shortly afterwards the Abyssinians rallied and gained a victory over the Turks so decisive as to secure the kingdom from any further attacks. It is worth remarking, at this juncture, that the Portuguese force suffered in no degree from the climate, but succeeded in bringing off all of its number who escaped the chances of war.

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The period of this war is also marked by another change; for Bermudez seized the opportunity of the mission to Europe to ask for the Pope's confirmation of his dignity, and the allegiance of the Abyssinian Church was transferred from Alexandria to Rome.

These inroads of Turks and Gallas had, in the sixteenth century, reduced Abyssinia to her present dimensions, and a survey of the provinces in those days suffices for modern description. Unable to withstand the overwhelming masses of the Turkish armies in the plains, the Abyssinians entrenched themselves in the triangular plateau, the mountain ramparts of which abut on Nubia and Sennaar to the north and west, on comparatively unknown sandy wastes, inhabited by Gallas, to the south, and, to the east, on a desert strip of land bordering on the Red Sea. This sea-board is roamed over by tribes of Pagan or Mahomedan Gallas, nominally under the control of the Governor of Massowah, but practically independent. It is only habitable during the rainy season, from January to March, when the air is cool and brisk, and the brilliancy and sweet scent of the tropical flowers give no warning of the pestiferous odours which bring death alike to man and beast so soon as the cessation of the rains leaves the rank vegetation to wither and rot in the sun. Then the wandering tribes follow the rains into the lower of the three terraces of valleys which penetrate the mountain frontier of Abyssinia. They are safe here till the end of April; and move up farther and farther till the end of June brings them to the edge of the plateau, which they do not pass. In the interior the showers are slight and intermittent in April and May, and the wet season sets in from July to October.

The coast-lands show evident traces of a gradual elevation. Half-buried ruins are scattered up and down. Rivers completely disappear in the sand, and their original course to the sea can only be found by digging for the fresh water which wells up abundantly through every available opening. There is a strange basin close to Tajourah Bay, sunk five hundred and seventy feet below the sea-level, and nearly filled with glittering salt. Only in the centre is a little dark blue lake, supplied so scantily from its spring that it is gradually drying up by evaporation. There are also two volcanoes in this region, both of which have been active in this century. The desert is about twenty miles wide at Massowah, which is at the northern end; but it widens southward, and stretches and at its southern extremity two hundred miles, from

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the port of Zeila to the mountains of Sho, which bound Abyssinia on the south.

The table-land which contains the kingdom of Abyssinia presents features of peculiar interest to scientific explorers, and of the greatest attractiveness to the traveller in search of picturesque scenery. The broad, fertile plains, well irrigated by artificial as well as natural streams, are crossed by rivers running in precipitous ravines some three thousand feet deep, clothed in luxuriant tropical foliage; and they end abruptly at the feet of snow-covered ranges from ten to fifteen thousand feet high, or are diversified by solitary peaks, which rise in every variety of fantastic shape, and defy all attempts to scale them. The geologist finds all possible formations exhibited in almost exaggerated distinctness; the botanist passes in the course of a single day's march from the flora of northern latitudes to that of the equator; and the sportsman may be bewildered by the abundance and variety of beasts and birds, which thrive unchecked by anything but the natural preying of the stronger on the weaker species. The natives eat very little flesh meat.

The slope of the northern province of Tigré is towards the north-west, sending the Mareb, the Tacazze, and other streams to swell the Nile. The Tacazze is the principal bearer of the slime which is washed from the highlands and fertilises Egypt. This river might be easily diverted into the Red Sea, and Theodore and his predecessors have frequently threatened to ruin Egypt in that way. It is for a practical reason that the Egyptians lay claim to Abyssinia. The plains of Tigré are inhabited by a race whose language is nearly allied to the ancient Geez, now the sacred tongue, which needs an interpreter at court, where Amharic is spoken. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, who travelled in Abyssinia in 1843, speaks of the Tigréan peasantry as singularly free from vice, but very poor and ignorant. They are certainly very turbulent.

South of Tigré rise the mountains of Lasta towards the eastern boundary of the plateau, and of Simyen in the centre. Lasta is inhabited by the representatives of the original race, and includes the province of Waag, whose governors claim equal sovereign rights with the emperors of Abyssinia. In Simyen, a wild mountainous region, which contains the highest peaks in the country, the Jews held their semi-independence until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when a severe persecution diminished their numbers, deprived them of their native rulers, and compelled them to live in scattered communities throughout the neighbouring provinces.

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To the south of Lasta lies what is properly called Amhara, the region where the first settlements of Gallas were made. But the name is now loosely used to include as well this province as also Dembea, with its Lake Bellesa, Woggera, Begemder, and others occupying the centre of the kingdom, and comprises within its limits the towns of Gondar, Debra-Tabor, Magdala, and Gaffat.

Towards the west and south-west of Lake Dembea are Kuara, Theodore's native province, a knot of mountains inhabited by Pagans of a strongly-marked negro type, and by Jews, and Agamider, also a great Jewish centre. Farther to the south of the lake lies Godjam, surrounded by the Blue River, strong by its wealth, and because the adjacent Galla tribes of the south are always ready to aid any insurrection. This province, now in arms against Theodore, is governed by Tedla Gualu, a representative of the ancient race of emperors, who has upheld his standard against the usurper since 1859.

Shoa, to the south of Amhara Proper, is also wealthy, and is also in a state of insurrection. Lying near to the convenient port of Tajourah, it has been more frequently visited and described by Europeans than any other province except Tigré.

The climate of all these districts is found by travellers to be exceedingly healthy, except where malaria rises in the river beds, and proves fatal to natives and foreigners alike. Dr. Beke thinks it more salubrious than that of any country he knows; and appeals to the fact that the European captives have so long endured hardships which in any less invigorating air must have destroyed them. It is a singular fact, that the common punishment by amputation of hand and foot is seldom fatal, however rudely executed, if the sufferer is allowed water to drink and shelter from the sun; while in European hospitals such an operation is regarded as very perilous. This is attributed partly to the regular moisture and great lightness of the atmosphere, and partly to the spare vegetarian diet of the people. Some Abyssinians who came to France were quite perplexed to find themselves exhausted and perspiring under cover of umbrellas. They were accustomed at home to walk and climb mountains without distress under a far fiercer sun, and with no protection but the pat of butter on the head which Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, following the native fashion, wore as his only head-dress during a three years' stay in the highlands.

The land is parcelled out by the old constitution of the country—a system partly of natural growth and partly

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recast in the time of Tekla Haimanout—among a large class of yeomen, who held from the feudal lords on conditions of military service proportionate to the size of the farms. These domains were distributed into parishes, under the direction of mayors. The mayor was held responsible for all disorders in his parish; but was, in compensation, the heir of all intestate persons. To prevent abuse of his power, the feudal lord was associated with him, and as his superior, in the local court of justice. The principal nobles, who were also generally governors of provinces, large or small, together with the Abuna or Patriarch, and the Etchegué or chief of the monks, who, as a celibate native priest, enjoyed great influence, composed the great council, where votes on all matters concerning the general affairs of the realm were given in order from the youngest upwards to the Emperor, whose decision was final. Besides this council there was a court of twelve judges who look cognisance of the more important legal questions, leaving a right of final appeal to the Emperor. He alone exercised the power of life and death, except where it was claimed by a father over his child. Professional advocates practised in all the courts.

The nation was classed into the nobles; the priests, who might marry and who lived among the people; the monks, who might not marry, and lived chiefly in the groups of houses round the churches; the debteras, or learned men; the soldiery; and, lastly, the peasant proprietors, who held much of the power in their hands. The debteras were the only educated class. They had charge of what national literature there was—chiefly of a theological character—and of public instruction. As for the priests, it was enough if a deacon knew his alphabet, and could repeat or read a liturgy: a priest ought to read a chapter in the Gospel. Deacon's orders were commonly taken: after a short service the Abuna conferred them by blowing towards the candidates. There is a story of a whole army, amazons and all, having been thus consecrated *en masse*.

At the period to which we have brought down the history—the final repulse of the Turks, in 1543—all this machinery was out of gear, and Clandues, the Emperor, wisely resolved upon ecclesiastical and administrative reforms. Bermudez had presumed upon his nationality and his success to introduce great abuses, and was not inclined tamely to submit when he saw himself superseded by a Coptic Abuna from Alexandria. He endeavoured to maintain his ground; and the two rituals being thus brought into conflict, the toleration,

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or rather the unity, which had hitherto subsisted between them was at an end for ever. Many of the Gallas had embraced Mahomedanism; Judaism flourished among the Falashas; Bermudez and his co-religionists had set up the worship of the Virgin and of many Roman saints; while the Abyssinian Church, distinguished from the Latin by its use of liturgies in the vernacular, and by a variance of doctrine on the divine and human natures of our Lord, had added the Roman to the Greek fasts, and had joined the Mahomedan rules about unclean animals to those of the Levitical law, which it had never shaken off. These differences could not be healed by any ruler: but the Alexandrian doctrine could be proclaimed as the creed of the State, and was so maintained, in spite of Bermudez, and in spite of mission after mission sent out by Loyola and his successors, until the year 1604. Then a Portuguese Jesuit, named Paez, who had established a school in Tigré fourteen years before, was summoned to court to receive a reward for the good work he was doing, and so cleverly confuted the arguments of the native clergy as to convert the king. The first result of this triumph of Romanism was a persecution of the Jews; and the second, a proposal of alliance with Philip the Third of Spain. The consequent agitation in the country was not confined to argument. The king was killed in battle. His son, who reigned only for a very short time, was succeeded by one Socinius, who took Paez into high favour and granted him a peninsula which runs at a considerable elevation into Lake Dembea, and is famous for its beauty, fertility, and salubrity. Paez built a convent here, and soon afterwards, at Gondar, a stone palace with cedar-lined rooms for the king, which has only ceased within the last half-dozen years to be the pride of the capital. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns gives a view of it, which makes the story of its having been chiefly constructed by Paez himself, difficult of credence, not to say impossible. Since the time of Paez the country has been distracted by quarrels for which the intrigues of Romanist emissaries are in a great measure responsible. Constant attempts to displace the established religion and introduce Popery embroiled the provinces till all order was destroyed.

The great points of controversy between the Orthodox Abyssinians and the Jesuits were the language of the liturgies and the questions already alluded to about the nature of Christ. The Abyssinian Church early adopted the heresy, upheld by Eutyches, and condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, as to the change of the two natures into one. It

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contrived to divide itself into three parties on the subject, all intensely inimical to Rome and to each other, but the shades of whose opinions are not easy for foreigners to distinguish, though they were marked enough to give pretexts if not causes for endless intestine wars. In fact, the intellectual energies of the Abyssinians seem to have been wholly concentrated upon metaphysical theology. Not only the studies of the learned, but the homes of the peasantry, are to this day excited by subtleties long obsolete in Europe. "*Filioque*" is a dangerous word in the mouth of a foreigner. The mysteries of the incarnation, the "confusion of substance" or "unity of person," are pressed upon any traveller with a Bible as abruptly as once the simple question at Jacob's Well. Shoa is accused of inclining to Arianism; and its heresy furnished Theodore with a plausible excuse for invasion. Tigré opines that the Son of God was incapable of receiving the Holy Ghost; Godjam and Lasta interpret His anointing as equivalent to the uniting of His natures. Ten principal sects find standing room on this vanishing point, and split again into speculations of hair's-breadth distinction.

In the time of Socinius, however, the question of liturgies was uppermost; and he positively abdicated because he could neither get his people to submit to, nor his Roman Catholic Abuna to dispense with, the use of Latin in the churches. His son, Facilidas, who came to the throne in 1632, warned the foreign priests from the country. They fled to the rebel governor of the sea-board provinces, who refused to give them up, but offered to sell them to the Turks. They did not command a high price; for the Turks resold them to Rome for 4,300 crowns—doubtless at a profit. Fresh missionaries met with misfortunes by sea and land; and the few who reached Abyssinia were put to death by order of the Emperor, who was determined, if possible, to restore tranquillity.

The end of the century found an emperor on the throne who was less jealous of an influence the evil of which he had never felt. In 1698 the Jesuits again got a footing, greatly to our advantage, for they wrote glowing letters home, describing the condition and magnificence of Abyssinia, its capital and court. These are to be found in a volume of letters from missionaries in all parts of the world, collected and published for the Jesuit Society in 1726, by Joseph Stoecklein. The Romanist influence was not more happy than before.

No striking features mark the succeeding reigns, most of

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which were as short as they were illegitimate. But religious disputes fill the chronicler's tedious pages, varied only by the tale of one great massacre of clergy. Then a king of some real originality of character comes on the stage, Bacuffa by name. He had heard a prophecy that he should have a son, but should be succeeded by a man called Nalleta Georgis. The simple expedient of christening his child accordingly did not occur to him; but he set himself to kill all who bore the fatal names. By such tyrannical acts, he earned the hatred of his people, and in disgust retired, soon after the birth of a son, leaving his wife regent. General rejoicings were celebrated throughout the land; when suddenly Bacuffa reappeared. But he had learned the lesson, and reigned with singular wisdom and moderation for ten years more.

The next reign, that of Yasous II., who came to his dignity in 1729, was distinguished by the prominence of Sabul Michael, a governor of Tigré, and by the visit to Abyssinia of Mr. Bruce, the famous traveller, whose book was long the limit of most people's acquaintance with the history, features, and manners of Abyssinia. Educated for the Scotch bar, Mr. Bruce early determined to abandon his profession, and travel in search of adventure. His friends had some influence with Government, and sent him to London to ask for an appointment abroad. But in London he made acquaintance with the widow of a brewer, married her daughter, and devoted himself to business, till the early death of his wife renewed and increased his restlessness. He was sent out in some semi-official capacity, and spent five years in Abyssinia. His stories were scouted at first, and never fully accepted till recent years. But they receive fresh confirmation from every succeeding traveller, and many generations of school-boys have been reading facts in earnest which their parents meant for fables.

At the time of Bruce's arrival in Abyssinia, this Governor of Tigré, Michael, was in revolt. He had been accused of some crime or other to the Emperor, and when called upon to appear at Gondar and defend himself, refused to attend, and took up arms instead. He was defeated but pardoned; and had to wait a while longer for his day of power. Yasous had violated the traditions of the empire by marrying a Galla woman named Wobit. This princess became regent on her husband's death, and used her power, as other queens have done, to raise her kinsfolk to high places. Her son pursued the same course. Great jealousy was created in the country, and at a critical moment Michael came forward and pacified

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the nation. A second step he gained by a successful expedition against a recalcitrant provincial governor, whom he subdued and killed, seized his office, and married his widow. Grown too powerful for a subject, Michael became practically supreme, and transmitted to his house, with the hereditary title of Ras, or Vizier, the tutelage of a long race of sham emperors. Nor was the vexed kingdom left to the mere substituted authority of a line of *Maires de Palais.* From this time every local chief who rose a little above his neighbours assumed the title of Ras, and set up his mock sovereign. The central authority dwindled; and Abyssinian politics have consisted in the rivalry of this and the other provincial despot, their favourite European missionaries and consuls. At the end of the last century Mr. Salt found four pseudo-emperors in hiding in different parts of the land, besides the legitimate puppet.

The attempt of Napoleon to gain a footing in Egypt directed the attention of England to the Red Sea; and an expedition was sent out under Lord Valentia to reconnoitre all those coasts. It resulted in the establishment of a settlement at Aden, and in friendly communications with Abyssinia through Mr. Salt, who had been Lord Valentia's secretary, and who was sent in 1810 with presents and an autograph letter from George the Third to the Emperor. The Ras in possession of the real Emperor just then was Guksa, the Governor of Amhara, whose claim derived some shadow of legitimacy from the fact of its having descended to him from his father. Mr. Salt should, in strict propriety, have taken his gifts to Guksa; but he thought it better to ingratiate himself with the Governor of Tigré, whose friendship it was essential to gain if English commerce was to penetrate into the interior. The policy was successful; and under the patronage of the next Governor, Sabagadis, M. Gobat and other Protestant missionaries were allowed to establish themselves in the country. But diplomatic intercourse between the two nations became less desirable in the eyes of English statesmen when the loss of the Isle de Bourbon, of the Mauritius, and of settlements on the coast of Madagascar destroyed all fear of French influence in Eastern Africa; and no communication was kept up, except casually, through Messrs. Pearce and Coffin. This latter gentleman deserted from a British ship, settled in Abyssinia, and rose to a position of authority under Sabagadis. In 1831 he was sent to India for arms to enable his patron to defend himself against Marie, the son of Guksa, and so the legitimate Ras, and Ubié, the Dejatch, or Governor of Samien. Before

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Mr. Coffin's return, Sabagadis was killed in battle, and his family lost all chance of making good its claims to the Rasdom; though Mr. Coffin and the English missionaries in Tigré threw all their material and moral weight into their scale. Marie also fell on the same field. Ubié was left master of Tigré and Samien till 1855; while Marie's son, Dori, and then his nephew, Ras Ali, succeeded to the Rasdom of Amhara —the *cordon bleu* of Abyssinian politics.

The French did not long put up with their exclusion from these regions. In 1835 they bought from Ubié two small villages on the coast. It was nothing to them that the soil belonged to the Turks, and that, had it belonged to Abyssinia, no governor of a province had any right to sell it. However, under Ubié's favour, French expeditions and settlements became numerous. A Catholic mission soon followed, and was posted at Adowa, a town in the centre of Tigré. By the year 1838 Ubié had been so far brought under French and Romanist influence as to dismiss the Protestant missionaries, Isenberg and Krapf, who took refuge in Shoa, and were replaced by M. Jacobis. This Jesuit is admitted on all hands to have been a man of great political acumen, fond of intrigue and unrestrained in his practice of it, but not distinguished by the qualities which Protestant Churches hold desirable for a missionary life. His career was not a successful one. He acquired a great deal of power, but his aims were not missionary in our sense of the word, and his secular occupations scandalised even a Church which does not nicely weigh its modes of propagating the faith. His own consul calls him the prince of political intriguers. He took the sword and perished by it.

But in the department of exploration the French influence has done nothing but good. In 1839 a commission of scientific gentlemen under the presidency of M. Lefebvre was sent to view the country; and MM. Ferret and Galinier were sent after them twelve months later. It would be tiresome to enumerate all the painstaking and valuable books of French travellers, official or private, written since that time. Two, however, stand out from the crowd: first, the seven volumes, published by Government authority, containing an exhaustive analysis of the structure, productions, and capabilities of the land, its divisions, political and natural, and accompanied by maps and plates, which form the report of M. Lefebvre's commission; and secondly, a light, comprehensive and amusing hand-book, which was printed in 1865 by M. Lejean, French Consul at Massowah, and which may be found useful

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to anyone who wishes to get easily a broad view of the subject, and who is prepared to pass by a host of venomous attacks upon the Protestant missionaries. He respects, indeed, their private character; but spite colours his whole view of the modern political history of Abyssinia. We may, perhaps, as well say here that the English compilation to which many would turn, rather than to M. Lejean, is edited by Mr. Hotten, but is a curious instance of a well-planned manual badly executed. Mr. Dufton's is very much the sort of work to be expected from a young banker's clerk of enterprise and vivacity enough to start for Abyssinia from Khartoum alone, driving before him a donkey, which carried his luggage. It is quick-sighted and sensible.

Encouraged by the reports of their agents, the French Government at last succeeded, in 1840, in purchasing a plot of land from the Governor of Massowah, where they built a consulate to form a base for political and missionary effort. While M. Jacobis pushed his way in Tigré, another Jesuit—M. Rochet d'Héricourt—was sent to Shoa. He found there the refugee Protestant missions under Messrs. Blumhardt and Krapf. At first his coming did not seem to affect the current of the king's inclinations towards England; for overtures were made to the Indian Government, which resulted in an embassy being sent to Shoa under Major—now Sir William—Harris, to make a treaty of trade and general friendship. But by the time Major Harris had arrived, in 1841, Dr. Krapf was finding his movements impeded; and the French influence had so far increased that the treaty was obviously mere waste paper. Two years later the Protestants were compelled to retire. But they left behind them eight thousand copies of the Scriptures.

If, however, the Jesuits had outwitted their rival missionaries, they did not find it so easy to deal with the native religion. In 1849 the settlement in Tigré was much disturbed by the determination of Ubié to send to Alexandria for an Abuna to fill the long vacant see. M. Jacobis had already acquired the title by popular use, and was vexed to see his shadowy dignity endangered. So he offered to accompany the envoy, in hope of persuading the authorities to choose a candidate favourable to Romanism. His anger was great at the appointment of a young man trained in Mr. Lieder's* school at Cairo, who, consecrated by the name of Salama, in

* We scarcely need remind our readers that Mr. Lieder was the English Chaplain at Cairo, a man of great learning and a kind friend to all travellers.

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memory of the first bishop, is now Abuna, but is in prison at Magdala. His career has done no credit to his early education; but his consecration was received with the greatest joy, and the national faith again lifted up its head.

In 1849 the English appear again. The three great divisions of Abyssinia were then ruled, Tigré and Samien by Ubié, Amhara by Ras Ali, and Shoa by Sahela Selassie, with none of whom had we any treaty. But in that year, through the efforts of Dr. Beke, who had travelled there in 1841, and was anxious to try if a supply of labourers for our sugar-growing colonies could not be obtained from among the adventurous race of the Abyssinian Highlands, Mr. Walter Plowden was appointed British Consul at Massowah, duly accredited to Abyssinia, and a treaty was signed between England and Ras Ali in the same year. Mr. Plowden found a countryman and a former fellow-traveller, Mr. John G. Bell, in high favour at Court. He had married the daughter of a native chieftain, and adopted Abyssinian habits; and had been of great use to Ras Ali in his contest with Ubié, his only formidable rival. Tigré was in insurrection; and it seems probable that Messrs. Bell and Plowden attached themselves to Ras Ali in the belief that he was the man most likely to obtain a firm hold in the country if Ubié fell. Mr. Plowden's policy obtained the approval of his Government,—even when he meddled with Abyssinian affairs so far as to raise a body of musketeers for the army of which his friend was commander-in-chief. This act procured him a nickname in Abyssinia, which has descended to his successor Captain Cameron. The natives, in their attempts to pronounce his name, got as far as "Buladen;" then, shortening this to "Bulad," and prefixing "Basha," they dubbed him "General Gunlock." This is a fair instance of the characteristic love of punning, to which their light-mindedness and the genius of the language constantly tend. Their very poetry, abundant as it is, is nearly all satirical and full of verbal quibbles.

But Ubié, backed by the French, Ras Ali, by the English, and Sahela Selassie in Shoa, were all soon to find their master in a young bandit chief of whose existence, perhaps, they were scarcely aware. Going back to the year 1818, we find the province of Kuara under the regency of the widow of Haïlo, the recent governor of the province. She was of low birth, and the nobles resented her appointment. She was soon driven from the throne and reduced to sell kosso in the streets,—a drastic drug of universal use in Abyssinia, and recently adopted by our own medical men,—while her son

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Kassai was sent to a convent on Lake Dembea to be educated for a "debtera." He had remained there long enough to acquire so much knowledge as entitled him to be considered an accomplished man according to the Abyssinian standard, when the convent was pillaged by a marauding party, and Kassai fled to his native mountains, where he soon collected a rabble of followers. He then set out for the seat of war between Ras Ali and Ubié, determined to join the stronger party. Meeting on the way with a troop under Menena, a famous Amazon, mother of Ras Ali, and governor of Dembea, a woman of indomitable pride and fierce temper, he attacked and defeated them, wounding and making her a prisoner. Ras Ali at once appreciated his talents, made him joint-governor of Dembea with Menena, gave him high rank in the army, and, with Menena's consent, married him to his daughter. Kassai next undertook to recover the district of Galabat in Kuara, which had been seized by the Egyptians during the disturbances after his father's death; but he was repulsed and wounded. His doctor demanded a cow for his fee before he would do anything. Kassai wrote for one to Menena, who, however, thought that he was down, and might safely be insulted; so she sent him a quarter of one, saying that it was enough for a man of his condition. As soon as ever he was able to sit in his saddle again, she paid for her message by the loss of her authority and liberty. She had few qualities to recommend her to our pity. One saying describes her ideas of policy. Being remonstrated with for destroying a large portion of the palace at Gondar, which bore witness to the magnificence of the earlier kings, she said, "We have no time to leave similar traces of power; so we will destroy the works of others, which give the people ground for despising us." It is confidently said that she was known to kidnap and eat children.

On the capture of his mother, Ras Ali offered to make terms with Kassai, and obtained her release. But his son-in-law kept Gondar, declared himself Ras, and seized the tribute due from Gocho, the Governor of Shoa. Ali at once promised Gocho all the territory which he could conquer from Kassai, and war followed, in which the young adventurer was compelled again to fly to his native mountains. But in 1852 he reappeared at the head of a force sufficient to defeat Gocho, who was killed. Ras Ali fled to his kinsfolk the Gallas; and Kassai was left master of Amhara, Kuara, and Dembea. He had also taken prisoner Birru, Gocho's son, and Shoa was at his feet.

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The question of supremacy now lay between him and Ubié, and was by mutual consent to be left to the decision of a council of nobles, who met at Gondar, in February, 1854. The council soon showed symptoms of favouring Ubié, the Abuna declaring himself ready to crown his patron emperor. But Kassai promised M. Jacobis, that if he, as Roman Catholic "Abuna," would crown him, the empire should profess the Catholic faith. Jacobis instantly complied; and when Salama excommunicated Kassai, he was simply told that, though French absolution was as valid as Coptic excommunication, there was room for negotiation. Salama took the hint; and a bargain was struck, by which he came over to Kassai, and the Catholics were banished. Ubié tried the fortune of a battle; but was totally defeated on the field of Dereskié, and taken prisoner. This was in February, 1855. Seven years later, he regained his liberty, on the marriage of his daughter to the conqueror, but has been again confined on some pretext unknown.

Two days after the battle, Kassai was crowned "king of the kings (Negus) of Ethiopia." He took the name Theodore, perhaps from mere policy, perhaps himself partly deceived, in order to secure the *prestige* given by an ancient prophecy, which declared that a prince of that name should restore the glories of the Ethiopic empire, and spread Christianity throughout the world. From this time he claimed descent from the original line of kings, and counted it high treason to remember his mother's lowly occupation.

Messrs. Plowden and Bell had already joined his party, for the same reason that they had attached themselves to Ras Ali, and were now his right-hand men and intimates. Mr. Bell aided him in the revision of the laws, and advised and supported him in carrying out many most needful reforms. Indeed, under this influence, he reigned so well as to appear, in the eyes of missionaries and travellers of all nations, one of the most virtuous, amiable and pious, as well as firm and judicious, men who ever adorned a throne. His handsome person, charming manners, wisdom in projecting and ability in carrying out schemes for the benefit of his people, made him, in M. Lejean's opinion, one of the most remarkable men of the century. The dark traits of his character,—his pride, his violent bursts of passion, his ambition, his drunkenness, licentiousness, were kept in check by his two friends, and by his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached.

A few instances will show that his good character was not undeserved. One great necessity of the kingdom was to reduce the

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power of the clergy. Ecclesiastical disputes had long been the bane of the country; and the new emperor was not sorry to find an opportunity of holding them up to public ridicule. Said Pasha, of Egypt, sent his Abuna as an envoy to Gondar, in 1856, to ask for guarantees against the persecution of Mahomedanism, to which Theodore was inclined. Abuna David thought he would also do a little for himself in the way of buying slaves,—the Christians of Abyssinia being allowed to buy, but not to sell, in that trade. He took grave offence when the Emperor asked him contemptuously whether he had come to further Egyptian interests or the cause of toleration, and used his great weapon of excommunication. Salama at once absolved his sovereign; David was confined in a tent, surrounded by a thorny hedge, close to the similar abode of his rival; and the two dignitaries were left to have their quarrel out in the presence of the soldiery. David told Salama that his absolution was of no avail against the punishment of his superior, "and I excommunicate thee." "In Abyssinia thou art nothing, and I am supreme. I excommunicate thee," shouted back Salama; and so the wordy war went on till Theodore thought his men had learned their lesson of contempt for the Church.

The country was overrun by brigands; and Theodore issued a decree that every man should return to the occupation of his forefathers. A village of robbers came before him, and pleaded that their ancestors had all been highwaymen. Theodore offered to stock their farms if they would quietly set to work. But they left him apparently baffled by their adherence to the letter of his order. On their way home a troop of the royal cavalry taught them that there was an older law to put down violence and kill robbers.

Hitherto two modes of marriage had been recognised, the one sanctioned by the Church, and indissoluble, the other simply a civil contract, to be broken at the whim of either party. This latter connection, which was universal in the army, common throughout the country, and fashionable among the nobility, Theodore strongly discountenanced. Married himself at the altar, he enforced the ceremony on his soldiery, and favoured it to the utmost of his power where he did not feel himself able to compel it.

His judges were all venal to the last degree; and he resolved to take the administration of justice into his own hand. To do this without unfairness, be brought before them a cause to which he was himself a party. They hesitated to give sentence, saying, "Your Majesty is the law." He said that, if

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so, he would be his own executive, and stripped them of all but their titles. Thenceforward not merely appeals, but ordinary cases were brought before him. He listened with the greatest patience and diligence, and was always accessible. Often he was waked by the lamentable cries and howlings of suitors long before the proper State official came to arouse the palace, and drive away the hyænas from the gates, with the crack of his whip.

Theodore also began one work which alone remains, amid the ruin caused by his ungoverned savagery, to tell of the bright and hopeful beginning of his reign. It was the making roads in the neighbourhood of Gondar, his capital, and of Magdala, where the State prison and the arsenal are.

Under the shadow of Mr. Plowden and Mr. Bell, the Protestants again came into favour. Dr. Krapf replaced M. Jacobis. Encouraged by the promise of the new *régime*, M. Gobat introduced a number of artisan missionaries, trained at the college founded at Basle, by Spittler, in 1840. Theodore was delighted, received them with great kindness, and sent them to Gaffat, a village near to Debra Tabor, where they worked for him in iron, built houses, made roads, and attempted to make a carriage—but forgot the wheels. In later and worse times, they were set perforce to make mortars, an art which is not instinctive: no wonder if the guns blew up. A little later, in 1860, Mr. Stern was sent out by the Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, and obtained leave to undertake a mission to the Falashas, who, scattered through the central provinces, keep the Levitical ritual almost intact, so far as it is possible to do so without a temple. A Scotch mission went out about the same time, one of whose members was Mr. Staiger. Mr. Stern did not stay in the country; but came home for a couple of years, wrote a book about his journey, and returned with Mr. Rosenthal, also now in imprisonment. Mr. Flad, whose name so frequently occurs in the newspapers, was one of the first batch of artisans. It has sometimes been found difficult for missionaries of different sects to work together in a narrow field; and it is said that these rival embassies did not always live on the best terms with each other. It was a "happy family" that Theodore collected in his cage at Magdala; and if our Christian missions outlive our warlike one, doubtless greater harmony will prevail.

In spite of his good conduct, the Emperor had lost none of his appetite for power, and broke out, from time to time, when his English friends were not at hand, into acts of diabolical cruelty. He had not been on the throne more

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than three years, when he set up an accusation of heresy against Shoa, and, marching against it, took the capital and its governor, and put one of his relatives in charge of the province. He was called thence to suppress a rising in Godjam, where he showed barbarous severity. It was vain, if he hoped so to overawe the rebels. For, the next year, the province again rebelled under Tedla Gualu, the governor whom he had himself placed over it, and who also traces his descent from the legitimate dynasty. This man has succeeded in making good his position from that time till the present—a period of eight years.

In 1859 the Chief of Tigré raised the standard of revolt. Not daring to risk the life of the captive, Ubié, by setting one of his sons at their head, they agreed to combine under a leader of the name of Negousyé, who had been once in high office, but had retired into private life, and was loth to make himself prominent again. But he had distinguished himself at Dereskyé, and the nobles proclaimed him Emperor against his will. This war lasted for some time with varying success, and led to results as disastrous to the conquerors as to the conquered. Consul Plowden was attacked by a body of men under Gerred, a cousin of Negousyé's, and was wounded and taken prisoner. Theodore at once ransomed him,—an act of generosity which was suitably acknowledged by both the Home and the Indian Governments,—but he died of his wounds. Shortly afterwards Mr. Bell, at the head of the royal troops, struck down Gerred; but was himself killed; and Theodore completed the tragedy by killing Gerred's brother, the only remaining leader of the rebels, who at once laid down their arms. But the king, maddened by grief for the loss of his friends, and of his queen, who had recently died, put 150 of the defenceless troops to the sword, and amputated the feet and hands of the other 1,500. This was the beginning of a great change in him. Thenceforth he abandoned himself to all savage impulses in war and to all vicious excesses in private life.

Strange to say, he received a formal letter of thanks from our Government for thus revenging the deaths of two British subjects. Negousyé himself soon fell into his hands, suffered amputation, and was left to die in the sun. Theodore entered Axum in triumph, and was met by the clergy of the monastery, of which the city chiefly consists. He made a grand oration to them, which reached this climax: "I have made an agreement with God. He will not come down to earth to smite me, and I shall not go up to heaven to molest Him."

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Returning to Godjam, Theodore took with him the newly-appointed French Consul, M. Lejean, who tasted his severity in a twenty-four hours' arrest for a trifling breach of court etiquette. Here Captain Cameron, the successor of Mr. Plowden, also joined him, bringing in his train Mr. Bardel, who has since attained an unenviable notoriety. Disorders abounded in the interior; and M. Lejean puts into the Emperor's mouth the reflection that, finding his efforts at good government baffled by universal insubordination, he had come to know that his first idea of being a herald of peace and order was a mistake, and that really he was a rod in the hand of God. He had "Theodore, the Scourge of the Perverse," inscribed on the carriages of his cannon.

Hoping to strengthen himself by external alliances, he next despatched M. Bardel as ambassador to France, and commissioned Captain Cameron to send letters for him to England. Captain Cameron also went, at his request, to try to prevent hostilities with the Egyptians in the territory of Bogos—a mission which he combined with a journey he had been directed by the Foreign Office to take, to investigate the capabilities of the cotton districts on the western frontier. It proved an unfortunate expedition altogether. On his return to Court, he received letters from home, blaming him for mixing himself up with Abyssinian politics—though Mr. Plowden had been approved for doing the same; bidding him tell Theodore not to count on English support against Egypt; directing him to return to Massowah; and taking no notice of Theodore's letter to the Queen, or his offer of friendly relations. Every particular of these instructions of Lord Russell's was vexatious to the King, and added to the suspicion he entertained against Cameron for having dismissed his Abyssinian attendant on the frontier, and gone to stay for some time on Turkish ground. He put him on parole till a formal answer should come to the letter, and thus prevented his return to Massowah in obedience to orders.

Meanwhile, M. Bardel returned with a letter from M. Drouyn de Lhuys, but not from Napoleon himself, expressing approbation of Theodore's conduct in tolerating Catholic missions—which he had not done, but had banished them all; warning him to calculate his strength before entering on a war against Egypt; and expressing friendly sentiments. This tone of distant patronage was more than Theodore could endure. He called all the Europeans together to hear his denunciation of the French Emperor, and dismissed M. Lejean, who vainly tried to explain matters.

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The French Consul sent home, and Captain Cameron out of favour, the Emperor's wrath was increased, early in September, 1863, by a difficulty about some letters which Captain Cameron sent down to Massowah, but which were seized by the governor of Woggera. The servant who went to ask for their restitution was, by royal command, beaten severely on the morning of October the 15th, 1863. That same evening, Mr. Stern, returning from a missionary journey, presented himself at Court with two servants. The time was inconvenient, and the interpreters mistranslated Mr. Stern's speech. Theodore's fury broke bounds, and the two servants were beaten to death. In great distress and excitement at the shocking scene, Mr. Stern bit his thumb. Some courtiers standing near, saw him, and represented the act to Theodore as a threat of revenge. Next day, Mr. Stern was himself seized, and beaten so severely that his life was long in danger. Captain Cameron, who wished to interfere on his behalf, was refused an audience; and Mr. Flad with difficulty got leave to attend to the sufferer. That Theodore had no personal quarrel with Mr. Stern, and felt that he had none, is obvious from his sending to Gaffat, a fortnight later, to propose that the workmen should come to Gondar, and formally reconcile him to Mr. Stern in the Abyssinian fashion, according to which the peacemaker ceremoniously introduces the parties to each other, that they may mutually ask forgiveness. But before this could be done, fresh complications arose. Mr. Stern had written in his pocket-book, and in some letters not yet despatched, several things about Theodore likely to increase his anger—comments on his evil life, and on his bad government. He was anxious to destroy these, and asked his seeming friend, M. Bardel, to do it for him. M. Bardel afterwards came to share the imprisonment, he confessed to having betrayed these notes to the Emperor. Another cause of offence was trumped up. Mr. Stern, in his book, told the story of Theodore's youth, not omitting mention of his mother's humble industry. Somehow or other, this came to Theodore's knowledge, and gave him huge offence; and it has ever since furnished him with a topic for constant reproach and ill-will against the missionaries.

The result of this treachery of M. Bardel's was, that first all the missionaries, together with the artisans and their wives, were taken and imprisoned; and then all the Europeans who could be found, including Captain Cameron. This was at the end of October, 1863. A few days after, a sort of trial

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was held, and the lay missionaries were released: Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal, accused of crimes of precisely the same nature, were declared worthy of death, but were respited at the petition of the Waag-Shum Gobazye (Governor of Waag), then one of the principal men at Court; but who now, at the head of a considerable force, is in revolt against Theodore, and claims independent sovereignty. The Scotch missionaries were also set at liberty.

Two days later, on the 22nd of November, 1863, a young Irishman, Mr. Kerens, arrived at Gondar as Secretary to Captain Cameron, bringing with him presents to the Emperor. One of these chanced to be a rug, with a picture upon it of a Zouave attacking a lion, and aided by a mounted European. Theodore at once interpreted this as a studied insult: the lion must be himself, "The Lion of the House of Judah," as his State seal entitles him; the Zouave was a Turk attacking him, while the armed European, a Frenchman, helped. "Where is the Englishman to help the lion?" he asked. Kerens was imprisoned; and Cameron, who having received a fresh order from home to go to Massowah, had asked Theodore for his dismissal, and was for the first time put chains.

Early in December, news of these transactions reached England; and the eyes of our readers have since that time been so constantly turned to Abyssinia, that it is unnecessary to detail here the sufferings of the captives and the efforts made for their release, culminating in the present expedition. It will be remembered that in 1864 a demand for their release, contained in an autograph letter from the Queen to Theodore, was made through Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, the assistant to our political resident at Aden. This gentleman, a native of Mosul, of Christian parentage and English education, who had shown ability in Mr. Layard's work at Nineveh, was thought peculiarly fitted, by his antecedents, and by his diplomatic and personal gifts, for the difficult post. At first he seemed certain of success; and a report reached us in January, 1866, that the prisoners had actually been released. But it proved that Theodore was only playing the game of the cat with the mouse; and Mr. Rassam was added to the number of the victims of his caprice. All were sent to Magdala; where, in the State prison on the top of a high rock, loaded with chains which give no respite from distress, but otherwise meeting with all varieties of treatment which the drunken caprice of their captor, or the temper of their gaolers suggest, they have now

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(with one exception) for years kept up health and spirit and constant communication with their friends. Their captivity is shared by all the powerful chiefs of the country upon whom Theodore has managed to lay hands, including Salama, Ubié Birru, the son of Gocho, and legitimate ruler of Shoa, and many others. The detention of these chiefs does not secure tranquillity in the country. The Waagshum Gobazye is at the head of revolt in Lasta and Waag; Tedla Gualu in Godjam; Menilek, Theodore's son-in-law, and son of the last governor, in Shoa; and a relative of Negousyé, named Tessu (*Qu.* Kassai) Gobazye, in Tigré; while large masses of Egyptian troops on the frontier, increased garrisons in the ports lately ceded by Turkey to Egypt, together with our own threatened invasion, combine to make Abyssinia politically as tossed and torn as the wildest of its rugged hill-ranges.

And now, what chance have we in our endeavour to bring off our countrymen? We have to do with a clever strategist and a man of bold and desperate resource; who has never risked his power by concentrating it in any one city, but has within the last two or three years entirely destroyed his capital, and now lives in a flying camp. But the troops which he commands, at best imperfectly armed, unaccustomed to resist disciplined force, and physically weak through the vegetable diet to which their fasts confine them for more than nine months in the year, are few in number, and decreasing daily through disease and the mad severity of the Emperor. Yet they are said to be capable of almost any efforts, so powerful is the devotion or fear with which the savage monarch inspires friend and foe.

It is commonly hoped that we may procure some one of the rebel chiefs to do for us what we doubt our power to do for ourselves. If, indeed, while we are making our marches, any one pretender to empire should obtain possession of our envoys—especially if it should be the Waagshum Gobazye—it is possible that we may find him more easy to treat with than Theodore; and a bribe to him would not touch our national honour. But the Turks are the *bête noir* of the Abyssinians; we are known as their allies; Egyptian troops are in Massowah: and it would take very little to unite all the contending parties in a common hatred and distrust of the "Frankis" or "Gypzis," as they call us. Our commanders have so far received help and encouragement; but its continuance must not be relied upon. Our success is not a military question: it concerns the lives of our envoys; and

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the chances of war in an uncivilised state are incalculable. We can destroy, but how can we conquer?

When this quarrel of ours is laid, and supposing that the country should by any means be united under one ruler, is it capable of becoming anything like a civilised country? Its original institutions are good, could they only be carried into effect; and the people cherish a vague reverence for the ancient civilisation from which they have been retrograding through centuries of disorder. More western than eastern in their social habits, whatever disgust we may feel at their feasts of raw flesh, we cannot but admit that the equality of the sexes, the general education—so far at least as reading and writing go (and M. Lejean says that in this respect Abyssinia compares favourably with France), the universal obedience to the discipline of even so vitiated a form of Christianity as they possess, their toleration and even encouragement of missionary effort, their agricultural industry; are all good materials ready for some skilful workman, or some powerful impulse. They are clever to learn anything that does not require an arithmetical process (which is a final stumbling block to them); they are enterprising. They have the means of commercial wealth—a soil which produces, with little artificial aid, two or even three crops in a year, four-and-twenty sorts of bread stuffs, fine indigenous breeds of cattle and horses, the most rare and valuable drugs, cotton growing in profusion, unutilised and uncultivated, but of fine staple, the tea and coffee plants wild, gold, silver, and iron of good quality, and coal in abundance, and in many cases lying on the surface. The coal, indeed, they did not know the use of, till a little was carried to Gaffat for the ironworks there.

What, then, is wanting to them? A settled government and access to the sea-coast. The energies of a restless people, shut up in an isolated region from all the civilising influences of intercourse with other nations, have turned to constant internal dissension,—energies which, in a people fond as we are ourselves of travel, undaunted by hardships, and surrounded by regions whose fertility becomes more patent to us as every fresh traveller returns from the great Nile enterprise, might have continued and prospered a great Christian power in the East, had it not been for the Turk, whose very neighbourhood seems able, and able only, to bring ignorance, misrule and decay.

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ART. VII. *The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* By HENRY PARRY LIDDON, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Prebendary of Salisbury, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury. London: Rivingtons. 1867.

IT has been said that these lectures, however eloquent or able, do but adapt to modern thought the ancient, and staple, and conclusive arguments of the great historical divines on the subject of our Lord's Divinity. This is, in a sense, true; but it is not all the truth. And if it were the whole truth, it would imply that these lectures possess a high value. The old arguments needed to be adapted by a master-hand to modern modes of thought. There is, however, besides the substance of the old, new-woven, real originality of apologetic argument in some parts of this volume, as we shall presently see.

Mr. Liddon is a comparatively young man, although he is said to possess at Oxford an extraordinary influence, by which he is able, on behalf of High Church orthodoxy, effectually to counterpoise the influence of Jowett, as the chief of the rationalising party. We cannot but regret that so able a man and so devoted a Christian should be, as appears even in the present volume, so completely identified, as to the question of sacramental efficacy, with the doctrines taught in the late Archdeacon Wilberforce's volumes on "The Eucharist" and "The Incarnation." It was, indeed, to be expected that an "examining chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury" should hold these views. Nevertheless, we cannot but deeply deplore it. Their presence in this volume is to us as the fly in the apothecary's ointment. And they expose to the keen and clear-sighted leaders of heresy, a weak place amid the joints of the orthodox champion's armour, at which they will not fail to direct their aim.

Mr. Liddon was unexpectedly and on short notice called to take the place of the clergyman who had been appointed to deliver the Bampton Lectures for 1866, but who had been disabled by a serious illness. The admirable method and the great ability of the lectures are therefore the more remarkable. Here and there the style seems to show some traces of haste, even after the lecturer's careful revision;

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occasionally the language is less precise than it might have been, and certain current words (such as *calculated*) are used in a sense which can scarcely be regarded as either elegant or accurate. But, generally, the style is equally exact and free, and rises easily into genuine eloquence. Throughout there is the glow of earnest and rapid thought on a subject with which the writer is profoundly familiar. Occasionally, the paragraphs become rhetorical in their animation and eloquence. In a mere theological argument this might not be admired; in lectures delivered to large audiences of young men, on a subject of such transcendent importance for the whole world and for all eternity, it may perhaps be approved.

The first lecture, founded on Matthew xvi. 3, defines the question to be discussed. The Humanitarian says that Christ is but a man; the Arian that the Christ, the pre-existent Logos, was a created being. Arianism, however, is an "intermediate, transient, and unsubstantial" heresy, in which it is impossible to rest. The real question is between Humanitarianism and the Catholic doctrine. The lecturer maintains the necessity of having definite views respecting this fundamental question. He thus deals with some modern forms of objection to dogmatic definition and teaching:—

"One objection to our attempt in these lectures may be expected to proceed from that graceful species of literary activity which can be termed, without our discrediting it, Historical Æstheticism. The protest will take the form of an appeal to the sense of Beauty. True Beauty, it will be argued, is a creation of nature; it is not improved by being meddled with. The rocky hill-side is no longer beautiful when it has been quarried; nor is the river-course, when it has been straightened and deepened for purposes of navigation; nor is the forest which has been fenced and planted, and made to assume the disciplined air of a symmetrical plantation. In like manner, you urge, That Incomparable Figure Whom we meet in the pages of the New Testament, has suffered in the apprehensions of orthodox Christians, from the officious handling of a too inquisitive Scholasticism. As cultivation robs wild nature of its beauty, even so, you maintain, is 'definition' the enemy of the fairest creations of our sacred literature. You represent 'definition' as ruthlessly invading regions which have been beautified by the freshness and originality of the moral sentiment, and as substituting for the indefinable graces of a living movement the grim and stiff artificialities of a heartless logic. You wonder at the bad taste of men who can bring the decisions of Nicæa and Chalcedon into contact with the story of the Gospels. What is there in common, you ask, between the dead metaphysical formulæ and the ever-living tenderness of That Matchless Life? You protest that you would as readily essay to throw the text of Homer or of Milton into a series of

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syllogisms, that you would with as little scruple scratch the paint from a masterpiece of Raffaelle with the intention of subjecting it to a chemical analysis, as go hand in hand with those Church-doctors who force Jesus of Nazareth into rude juxtaposition with a word of formal thought, from which, as you conceive, He is severed by the intervention of three centuries of disputation, and still more by the chasm which parts the highest forms of natural beauty from the awkward pedantry of debased art.

"Well, my brethren, if the object of the Gospel be attained when it has added one more chapter to the poetry of human history, when it has contributed one more Figure to the gallery of historical portraits, upon which a few educated persons may periodically expend some spare thought and feeling;—if this be so, you are probably right. Plainly you are in pursuit of that which may nourish sentiment, rather than of that which can support moral vigour or permanently satisfy the instinct of trnth. Certainly your sentiment of beauty may be occasionally shocked by those direct questions and rude processes which are necessary to the investigation of intellectual truth and to the sustenance of moral life. You would repress these processes: you would silence these questions; or at least you would not explicitly state your own answer to them. Whether, for instance, the stupendous miracle of the Resurrection be or be not as certain as any event of public interest which has taken place in Europe during the present year, is a point which does not affect, as it seems, the worth or the completeness of your Christology. Your Christ is an Epic; and you will suffer no prosaic scholiast to try his hand upon its pages. Your Christ is a portrait; and, as we are all agreed, a portrait is a thing to admire, and not to touch.

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"A Christ who is conceived of as only pictured in an ancient literature may indeed furnish you with the theme of a magnificent poetry, but he cannot be the present object of your religious life. A religion must have for its object an actually Living Person: and the purpose of the definitions which you deprecate, is to exhibit and assert the exact force of the revealed statements respecting the Eternal Life of Christ, and so to place Him as a Living Person in all His Divine Majesty and all His Human Tenderness before the eye of the soul which seeks Him. When you fairly commit yourself to the assertion that Christ is at this moment living at all, you leave the strictly historical and æsthetical treatment of the Gospel record of His Life and Character, and you enter, whether it be in a Catholic or in an heretical spirit, upon the territory of Church definitions. In your little private sphere, you bow to that practical necessity which obliged great Fathers and Councils, often much against their will, to take counsel of the Spirit Who illuminated the collective Church, and to give point and strength to Christian faith by authoritative elucidations of Christian doctrine. Nor are you therefore rendered insensible to the beauty of the Gospel narrative, because you have discovered that thus to ascertain and bear in mind,

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so far as Revelation warrants your effort, what is the exact Personal dignity and living Power of Him in Whom you have believed, is in truth a matter of the utmost practical importance to your religious life.

"You say that the main question is to know that you are justified? Very well; but, omitting all other considerations, let me ask you one question: Who is the Justifier? Can He really justify if He is only Man? Does not His power to 'save to the uttermost those that come unto God by Him' depend upon the fact that He is Himself Divine? Yet when, with St. John, you confess that He is the Eternal Logos, you are dealing quite as distinctly with a question of 'metaphysics,' as if you should discuss the value of οὐσία and ὑπόστασις in Primitive Christian Theology. It is true that such discussions will carry you beyond the region of Scripture terminology; but, at least to a sober and thoughtful mind, can it really matter whether a term, such as 'Trinity,' be or be not in Scripture, if the area of thought which it covers be identical with that contained in the Scripture statements? And to undervalue those portions of truth which cannot be made rhetorically or privately availing to excite religious feeling is to accept a principle which, in the long run, is destructive of the Faith. In Germany, Spener the Pietist held no mean place among the intellectual ancestors of Paulus and of Strauss. In England a gifted intellect has traced the 'phases' of its progressive disbelief; and if in its downward course it has gone so far as to deny that Jesus Christ was even a morally righteous Man, its starting-point was as nearly as possible that of the earnest but shortsighted piety which imagines that it can dare actively to exercise thought on the Christian Revelation, and withal to ignore those ripe decisions which we owe to the illuminated mind of Primitive Christendom."—*Bampton Lectures*, pp. 52—63.

The Second Lecture, in which Mr. Liddon journeys over well-trodden ground, is occupied with the important subject of the "Anticipations of Christ's Divinity in the Old Testament." The subject of the Third Lecture is, "Our Lord's Work in the World a Witness to His Divinity." Our Lord's purpose, which may in a guarded sense be termed His "plan," was to constitute "a world-wide spiritual society in the form of a kingdom." This is set forth in His discourses and parables. Mr. Liddon, whose pages here carry with them a reminiscence of *Ecce Homo*, speaks at some length of the "originality" and the "audacity" of this plan or purpose. He then sets forth its "success," as demonstrated in the history of the Church, losses and difficulties notwithstanding, in the "internal empire of Christ over souls," and in the "external results of His work observable in human society." Finally, he shows that this success cannot be reduced to a merely human result, either by reference to the growth of other religions, by the "causes" assigned

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by Gibbon, or by the hypothesis of a favourable crisis, "but only by the belief in, and truth of, Christ's Divinity." There are many pages in the last section of this lecture which we should like to quote, if it were possible. The extracts which follow lose some of their force, because we are unable to present in unbroken context the whole sequence of pages from which they are taken :—

"If however we are referred to the upgrowth and spread of Buddhism, as to a phænomenon which may rival and explain the triumph of Christianity, it may be sufficient to reply that the writers who insist upon this parallel are themselves eminently successful in analysing the purely natural causes of the success of Cakya-Mouni. They dwell among other points on the rare delicacy and fertility of the Aryan imagination, and on the absence of any strong counter-attraction to arrest the course of the new doctrine in Central and South-eastern Asia. Nor need we fear to admit, that, mingled with the darkest errors, Buddhism contained elements of truth so undeniably powerful as to appeal with great force to some of the noblest aspirations of the soul of man. But Buddhism, vast as is the population which professes it, has never yet found its way into a second continent; while the religion of Jesus Christ is to be found in every quarter of the globe. As for the rapid and wide-spread growth of the religion of the False Prophet, it may be explained partly by the practical genius of Mohammed, partly by the rare qualities of the Arab race. If it had not claimed to be a new revelation, Mohammedanism might have passed for a heresy adroitly constructed out of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. Its doctrine respecting Jesus Christ reaches the level of Socinianism: and, as against Polytheism, its speculative force lay in its insistance upon the truth of the Divine Unity. A religion which consecrated sensual indulgence could bid high for an Asiatic popularity against the Church of Christ; and Mohammed delivered the scymetar, as the instrument of his Apostolate, into the hands of a people whose earlier poetry shews it to have been gifted with intellectual fire and strength of purpose of the highest order. But it has not yet been asserted that the Church fought her way, sword in hand, to the throne of Constantine; nor were the first Christians naturally calculated to impose their will forcibly upon the civilized world, had they ever desired to do so. Still less is a parallel to the work of Jesus Christ to be found in that of Confucius. Confucius indeed was not a warrior like Mohammed, nor a mystic like Cakya-Mouni; he appealed neither to superior knowledge nor to miraculous power. Confucius collected, codified, enforced, reiterated all that was best in the moral traditions of China; he was himself deeply penetrated with the best ethical sentiments of Chinese antiquity. His success was that of an earnest patriot who was also, as a patriot, an antiquarian moralist. But he succeeded only in China, nor could his work roll back that invasion of Buddhism which took place in the first century of the Christian era.

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Confucianism is more purely national than Buddhism and Mohammedanism: in this respect it contrasts more sharply with the world-wide presence of Christianity. Yet if Confucianism is unknown beyond the frontiers of China, it is equally true that neither Buddhism nor Mohammedanism have done more than spread themselves over territories contiguous to their original homes. Whereas, almost within the first century of her existence, the Church had her missionaries in Spain on one hand, and, as it seems, in India on the other; and her Apostle proclaimed that his Master's cause was utterly independent of all distinctions of race and nation. At this moment, Christian charity is freely spending its energies and its blood in efforts to carry the work of Jesus Christ into regions where He has been so stoutly resisted by these ancient and highly organized forms of error. Yet in the streets of London or of Paris we do not hear of the labours of Moslem or Buddhist missionaries, instinct with any such sense of a duty and mission to all the world in the name of Truth as that which animates at this very hour those heroic pioneers of Christendom whom Europe has sent to Delhi or to Pekin.

"From the earliest ages of the Church, the rapid progress of Christianity in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, has attracted attention, on the score of its high evidential value. The accomplished but unbelieving historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire undertook to furnish the scepticism of the last century with a systematized and altogether *natural* account of the spread of Christianity. The five 'causes' which he instances as sufficient to explain the work of Jesus Christ in the world are, the 'zeal' of the early Christians, the 'doctrine of a future life,' the 'miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive Church,' the 'pure and austere morals of the first Christians,' and 'the union and discipline of the Christian republic.' But surely each of these causes points at once and irresistibly to a cause beyond itself. If the zeal of the first Christians was, as Gibbon will have it, a fanatical habit of mind inherited from Judaism, how came it not merely to survive, but to acquire a new intensity, when the narrow nationalism which provoked it in the Jew had been wholly renounced? What was it that made the first Christians so zealous amid surrounding lassitude, so holy amid encompassing pollution? Why should the doctrine of a life to come have had a totally different effect when proclaimed by the Apostles from any which it had had when taught by Socrates or by Plato, or by other thinkers of the Pagan world? How came it that a few peasants and tradesmen could erect a world-wide organization, so elastic as to adapt itself to the genius of races the most various, so uniform as to be everywhere visibly conservative of its unbroken identity? If the miracles of the early Church, or any one of them, were genuine, how can they avail to explain the *natural*ness of the spread of Christianity? If they were all false, how extraordinary is this spectacle of a moral triumph, such as even Gibbon acknowledges that of Christianity to be, brought about by means of a vast and odious imposition! Gibbon's

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argument would have been more conclusive if the 'causes' to which he points could themselves have been satisfactorily accounted for in a *natural* way. As it was, the historian of Lausanne did an indirect service to Christendom, of that kind which our country has sometimes owed to the threatening preparations of a great military neighbour. Gibbon indicated very clearly the direction which would be taken by modern assailants of the faith; but he is not singular in having strengthened the cause which he sought to ruin, by an indirect demonstration of the essentially supernatural character of the spread of the Gospel.

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"It is true that the world was weary and expectant; it is true that the political fabric of the great empire afforded to the Gospel the same faculties for self-extension as those which it offered to the religion of Osiris or to the fable of Apollonius Tyanæus. But those favourable circumstances are only what we should look for at the hands of a Divine Providence, when the true religion was to be introduced into the world; and they are altogether unequal to account for the success of Christianity. You say that Christianity corresponded to the dominant moral and mental tendencies of the time so perfectly, that those tendencies secured its triumph. But is this accurate? Christianity was cradled in Judaism; but was the later Judaism so entirely in harmony with the temper and aim of Christianity? Was the age of the Zealots, of Judas the Gaulonite, of Theudas, likely to welcome the spiritual empire of such a teacher as our Lord? Were the moral dispositions of the Jews, their longings for a political Messiah, their fierce legalism, their passionate jealousy for the prerogatives of their race, calculated—I do not say to further the triumph of the Church, but—to enter even distantly into her distinctive spirit and doctrines? Did not the Synagogue persecute Jesus to death, when it had once discerned the real character of His teaching? Perhaps you suggest that the favourable dispositions in question which made the success of Christianity practically inevitable were to be found among the Hellenistic Jews. The Hellenistic Jews were less cramped by national prejudices, less strictly observant of the Mosaic ceremonies, more willing to welcome Gentile proselytes than was the case with the Jews of Palestine. Be it so. But the Hellenistic Jews were just as opposed as the Jews of Palestine to the capital truths of Christianity. A crucified Messiah, for instance, was not a more welcome doctrine in the synagogues of Corinth or of Thessalonica than in those of Jerusalem. Never was Judaism broader, more elastic, more sympathetic with external thought, more disposed to make concessions than in Philo Judæus, the most representative of Hellenistic Jews. Yet Philo insists as stoutly as any Palestinian Rabbi upon the perpetuity of the law of Moses. As long, he says, as the human race shall endure, men shall carry their offerings to the temple of Jerusalem. Indeed in the first age of Christianity the Jews, both Palestinian and Hellenistic, illustrate, unintentionally of course, but very remarkably, the supernatural law of the expansion of the

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Church. They persecute Christ in His members, and yet they submit to Him; they are foremost in enriching the Church with converts, after enriching her with martyrs. Wherever the preachers of the Gospel appear, it is the Jews who are their fiercest persecutors; the Jews rouse against them the passions of the Pagan mob, or appeal to the prejudice of the Pagan magistrate. Yet the synagogue is the mission-station from which the Church's action originally radiates: the synagogue as a rule yields their first spiritual conquests to the soldiers of the cross. In the Acts of the Apostles we remark on the one hand the hatred and opposition with which the Jew met the advancing Gospel, on the other the signal and rapid conquests of the Gospel among the ranks of the Jewish population. The former fact determines the true significance of the latter. Men do not persecute systems which answer to their real sympathies; St. Paul was not a Christian at heart, and without intending it, before his conversion. The Church triumphed in spite of the dominant tendencies and the fierce opposition of Judaism, both in Palestine and elsewhere; she triumphed by the force of her inherent and Divine vitality. The process whereby the Gospel won its way among the Jewish people was typified in St. Paul's experience; the passage from the traditions of the synagogue to the faith of Pentecost cost nothing less than a violent moral and intellectual wrench, such as could be achieved only by a supernatural force interrupting the old stream of thought and feeling and introducing a new one.

"But if success was not forced upon the Christian Church by the dispositions and attitude of Judaism; can it be said that Paganism supplies us with the true explanation of the triumph of the Gospel?

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"Was such an epoch, such a world, such a 'civilization' as this calculated to 'force success' on an institution like 'the kingdom of heaven,' or on a doctrine such as that of the New Testament? If indeed Christianity had been an 'idyll' or 'pastoral,' the product of the simple peasant life and of the bright sky of Galilee, there is no reason why it should not have attracted a momentary interest in literary circles, although it certainly would have escaped from any more serious trial at the hands of statesmen than an unaffected indifference to its popularity. But what was the Gospel as it met the eye and fell upon the ear of Roman Paganism? 'We preach,' said the Apostle, 'Christ Crucified, to the Jews an offence, and to the Greeks a folly.' 'I determined not to know anything among you Corinthians, save Jesus Christ, and Him Crucified.' Here was a truth linked inextricably with other truths equally 'foolish' in the apprehension of Pagan intellect, equally condemnatory of the moral degradation of Pagan life. In the preaching of the Apostles, Jesus Crucified confronted the intellectual cynicism, the social selfishness, and the sensualist degradation of the Pagan world. To its intellect He said, 'I am the Truth;' He bade its proud self-confidence bow before His intellectual absolutism. To its selfish, ...tless society, careful only for bread and amusement, careless of the

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agonies which gave interest to the amphitheatre, He said, 'A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.' Disinterested love of slaves, of barbarians, of political enemies, of social rivals, love of man as man, was to be a test of true discipleship. And to the sensuality, so gross, and yet often so polished, which was the very law of individual Pagan life, He said, 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me;' 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; it is better for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.' Sensuality was to be dethroned, not by the negative action of a prudential abstinence from indulgence, but by the strong positive force of self-mortification. Was such a doctrine likely, of its own weight and without any assistance from on high, to win its way to acceptance? Is it not certain that debased souls are so far from aspiring naturally towards that which is holy, elevated and pure, that they feel towards it only hatred and repulsion? Certainly Rome was unsatisfied with her old national idolatries; but if she turned her eyes towards the East, it was to welcome not the religion of Jesus, but the impure rites of Isis and Serapis, of Mithra and Astarte. The Gospel came to her unbidden, in obedience to no assignable attraction in Roman society, but simply in virtue of its own expansive, world-embracing force. Certainly Christianity answered to the moral wants of the world, as it really answers at this moment to the true moral wants of all human beings, however unbelieving or immortal they may be. The question is, whether the world so clearly recognised its real wants as forthwith to embrace Christianity. The Physician was there: but did the patient know the nature of his own malady sufficiently well not to view the presence of the Physician as an intrusion? Was it likely that the old Roman society, with its intellectual pride, its social heartlessness, and its unbounded personal self-indulgence, should be enthusiastically in love with a religion which made intellectual submission, social unselfishness, and personal mortification, its very fundamental laws? The history of the three first centuries is the answer to that question. The kingdom of God was no sooner set up in the Pagan world than it found itself surrounded by all that combines to make the progress of a doctrine or of a system impossible. The thinkers were opposed to it: they denounced it as a dream of folly. The habits and passions of the people were opposed to it; it threatened somewhat rudely to interfere with them. There were venerable institutions, coming down from a distant antiquity, and gathering around them the stable and thoughtful elements of society: these were opposed to it, as to an audacious innovation, as well as from an instinctive perception that it might modify or destroy themselves. National feeling was opposed to it: it flattered no national self-love; it was to be the home of human kind; it was to embrace the world; and as yet the nation was the highest conception of associated life to which humanity had reached. Nay, religious feeling itself was opposed to it; for religious feeling had been enslaved by ancient false-

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hoods. There were worships, priesthoods, beliefs, in long-established possession; and they were not likely to yield without a struggle. Picture to yourselves the days when the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter was still thronged with worshippers, while the Eucharist was secretly celebrated in the depths of the Catacombs. It was a time when all the administrative power of the empire was steadily concentrated upon the extinction of the Name of Christ. What were then to a human eye the future prospects of the kingdom of God? It had no allies, like the sword of the Mahommedan, or like the congenial mysticism which welcomed the Buddhist, or like the politicians who strove to uphold the falling Paganism of Rome. It found no countenance in the Stoic moralists; they were indeed its fiercest enemies. Between the new doctrine and the old Paganism there was a deadly feud; and the question for the Church was simply whether she could suffer as long as her enemies could persecute. Before she could triumph in the western world, the soil of the empire had to be reddened by Christian blood. Ignatius of Antioch given to the lions at Rome; Polycarp of Smyrna condemned to the flames; the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne, and among them the tender Blandina, extorting by her fortitude the admiration of the very heathen; Perpetua and Felicitas at Carthage conquering a mother's love by a stronger love for Christ;—these are but samples of the 'noble army' which vanquished heathendom. 'Plures efficimur,' cries Tertullian, spokesman of the Church in her exultation and in her agony, 'quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum.' To the heathen it seems a senseless obstinacy; but with a presentiment of the coming victory, the Apologist exclaims, 'Illa ipsa obstinatio quam exprobatis, magistra est.'"—*Ibid.* pp. 205—210, 213—218.

The Fourth Lecture undertakes to demonstrate that the "Christ of History" is none other than the "Christ of Dogma." The lecturer adduces in evidence of this "the Miracles of the Gospel History," and "Our Lord's Self-assertion." On the latter head he refers to His teaching, as implying, as admitting, on His part, no moral defect whatever, and as distinguished by an "intense authoritativeness," and to His dogmatic revelations of His Divinity, in which He claims co-equality with the Father, asserts His essential oneness with the Father, and refers to His own pre-existence. It was for His assertions of His high and absolute Divinity that Jesus was condemned by the Jews. Unless it be allowed that He claimed to be, and was in very deed, God and the Eternal Son of God, it is impossible to maintain the integrity of His moral character. His sincerity, His unselfishness, His humility, are all impeached, must all be disallowed. "The argument," insists the lecturer, "necessarily assumes the form of a great alternative." This last strain of argu-

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ment is directed specifically against M. Rénan. We quote two paragraphs from near the close of the lecture:—

"Thus our Lord's human glory fades before our eyes when we attempt to conceive of it apart from the truth of His Divinity. He is only perfect as Man, because He is truly God. If He is not God, He is not a humble or an unselfish man. Nay, He is not even sincere; unless indeed we have recourse to a supposition upon which the most desperate of His modern opponents have not yet ventured, and say with His jealous kinsmen in the early days of His ministry, that He was beside Himself. Certainly it would seem that there must have been strange method in a madness which could command the adoration of the civilized world; nor would any such supposition be seriously entertained by those who know under what conditions the very lowest forms of moral influence are at all possible. The choice really lies between the hypothesis of conscious and culpable insincerity, and the belief that Jesus speaks literal truth and must be taken at His word.

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"Of a truth the alternative before us is terrible; but can devout and earnest thought falter for a moment in the agony of its suspense? Surely it cannot. The moral Character of Christ viewed in connexion with the preternatural facts of His Human Life, will bear the strain which the argument puts upon it. It is easier for a good man to believe that, in a world where he is encompassed by mysteries, where his own being itself is a consummate mystery, the Moral Author of the wonders around him should for great moral purposes have taken to Himself a Created form, than that the One Human Life which realizes the idea of humanity, the One Man Who is at once perfect strength and perfect tenderness, the One Pattern of our race in Whom its virtues are combined and from Whom its vices are eliminated, should have been guilty when speaking about Himself of an arrogance, of a self-seeking, and of an insincerity which, if admitted, must justly degrade Him far below the moral level of millions among His unhonoured worshippers. It is easier, in short, to believe that God has consummated His works of wonder and of mercy by a crowning Self-Revelation in which mercy and beauty reach their climax, than to close the moral eye to the brightest spot that meets it in human history, and—since a bare Theism reproduces the main difficulties of Christianity without any of its compensations—to see at last in man's inexplicable destiny only the justification of his despair. Yet the true alternative to this frightful conclusion is in reality a frank acceptance of the doctrine which is under consideration in these lectures. For Christianity, both as a creed and as a life, depends absolutely upon the Personal Character of its Founder. Unless His virtue was only apparent, unless His miracles were nothing better than a popular delusion, we must admit that His Self-assertion is justified, even in the full measure of its blessed and awful import. We must deny the antagonism which is said to exist between the doctrine of Christ's Divinity

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and the history of His human manifestation. We must believe and confess that the Christ of history is the Christ of the Catholic Creed."—*Ibid.* pp. 305—308.

The Fifth Lecture is addressed wholly to modern questions. It occupies a hundred pages, and is at the same time a vindication of the Gospel by St. John, and a demonstration of its essential harmony with the synoptical Gospels. The last twenty pages contain some profound inquiries and reflections in regard to the complex person of Christ as God Incarnate.

The Sixth Lecture relates to the doctrines of St. James, St. Peter, and St. Paul, respecting the Divinity of the Lord Jesus. It is shown that the teachings of all three agree fully, in all that is essential, both with each other, and with the doctrine of St. John; and that "the contrasts between the Apostles do but enhance the force of their common faith in a Divine Christ." The subject of the Seventh Lecture is the "Homoousion." In this lecture the adoration of Christ is vindicated, specifically against Bishop Colenso.

The Eighth and last Lecture contains some of the finest and deepest thinking of the volume; but it also contains that leaven of anti-evangelical sacramental superstition of which we have spoken. The general title of the lecture is, "Consequences of the Doctrine of our Lord's Divinity." The lecturer speaks of the "Conservative Force," the "Illuminative Force," and the "Ethical Fruitfulness," of the doctrine. Let us quote some paragraphs from his illustrations of the "Conservative Force" of the doctrine of Christ's Godhead.

"Observe, first, the conservative force of the doctrine. It protects the truths which it presupposes. Placed at the centre of the creed of Christendom, it looks backward as well as forward; it guards in Christian thought the due apprehension of those fundamental verities without which no religion whatever is possible, since they are the postulates of all religious thought and activity.

"What, let us ask, is the practical relation of the doctrine before us to the primal truth that a Personal God really exists?

"Both in the last century and in our own day, it has been the constant aim of a philosophical Deism to convince the world that the existence of a Supreme Being would be more vividly, constantly, practically realized, if the dogma of His existence were detached from the creed of Christendom. The pure Theistic idea, we are told, if it were freed from the earthly and material accessories of an Incarnation, if it were not embarrassed by the 'metaphysical conception' of distinct personal Subsistencies within the Godhead, if it could be left to its native force, to its spirituality of essence, to its simplicity of form,—would exert a prodigious influence on human thought, if not on human

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conduct. This influence is said to be practically impossible so long as Theistic truth is overlaid by the 'thick integument' of Christian doctrine. But has such an anticipation been realized? Is it being realized at this moment? Need I remind you that throughout Europe the most earnest assaults of infidelity upon the Christian creed within the last ten years have been directed against its *Theistic* as distinct from its peculiarly Christian elements? When the possibility of miracle is derided: when a Providence is scouted as the fond dream of an exaggerated human self-love; when belief in the power of prayer is asserted to be only a superstition, illustrative of man's ignorance of the scientific conception of law; when the hypothesis of absolutely invariable law, and the cognate conception of nature as a self-evolved system of self-existent forces and self-existent matter, are advancing with giant strides in large departments of the literature of the day:—it is not Christianity as such, it is Theism which is insulted and jeopardized. Now among the forces arrayed against Christianity at this hour, the most formidable, because the most consistent and the most sanguine, is that pure materialism, which has been intellectually organized in the somewhat pedantic form known as Positivism. To the Positivist the most etherealized of deistic theories is just as much an object of pitying scorn as the creed of a St. John and a St. Athanasius. Both are relegated to 'the theological period' of human development. And if we may judge from the present aspect of the controversy between non-Christian spiritualists and the apostles of Positivism, it must be added that the latter appear to gain steadily and surely on their opponents. This fact is more evident on the continent of Europe than in our own country. It cannot be explained by supposing that the spiritualistic writers are intellectually inferior to the advocates of materialism. Still less is an explanation to be sought in the intrinsic indefensibility of the truth which the spiritualists defend; it is really furnished by the conditions under which they undertake to defend it. A living, energetic, robust faith, a faith, as it has been described, not of ether, but of flesh and blood, is surely needed, in order to stand the reiterated attacks, the subtle and penetrating misgivings, the manifold wear and tear of a protracted controversy with so brutal an antagonist. Can Deism inspire this faith? The pretension of deists to refine, to spiritualize, to etherealize the idea of God almost indefinitely, is fatal to the living energy of their one conviction. Where an abstract deism is not killed out by the violence of atheistic materialism, it is apt, although left to itself, to die by an unperceived process of evaporation. For a living faith in a Supreme Being, the human mind requires motives, corollaries, consequences, supports. These are not supplied by the few abstract considerations which are entertained by the philosophical deists. Whatever may be the intellectual strength of their position against atheism, the practical weakness of that position is a matter of notoriety; and if this weakness is apparent in the case of the philosophers themselves, how much more patent is it when deism attempts to make itself a home in the heart of

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the people! That abstract and inaccessible being who is placed at the summit of deistic systems is too subtle for the thought and too cold for the heart of the multitudes of the human family. When God is regarded less as the personal Object of affection and worship than as the necessary term of an intellectual equation, the sentiment of piety is not really satisfied; it hungers, it languishes, it dies. And this purely intellectual apprehension of God, which kills piety, is so predominant in every genuine deistic system as to determine, in no long lapse of time, its impotence and extinction as a popular religious force. The Supreme Agent, without whom the deist cannot construct an adequate or satisfactory theory of being, is gradually divested of personal characteristics, and is resolved into a formula expressing only supreme agency. His moral characteristics fall into the background of thought, while he is conceived of, more and more exclusively, as the Universal Mind. And his intellectual attributes are in turn discarded, when for the Supreme Mind is substituted the conception of the Mightiest Force. Long before this point is reached, deistic thought is nervously alarmed, lest its God should penetrate as a living Providence down into this human world of suffering and sin. Accordingly, in a professed anxiety for his true dignity and repose, it weaves around his liberty a network of imaginary law; and at length, if he has not been destroyed by the materialistic controversialists, he is conducted by the cold respect of deistic thinkers to the utmost frontier of the conceivable universe, and there, throned in a majestic inaction, he is as respectfully abandoned. As suggesting a problem which may rouse a faint spasmodic intellectual interest, his name may be permitted to reappear periodically in the world of letters. But the interest which he creates is at best on a level with that of the question whether the planets are or are not inhabited. As an energetic, life-controlling, life-absorbing, power, the God of Deism is extinct.

"Now the doctrine that Jesus of Nazareth is the Incarnate God protects this primal theistic truth which non-Christian deism is so incapable of popularising, and even of retaining. The Incarnation bridges over the abyss which opens in our thought between earth and heaven; it brings the Almighty, Allwise, Illimitable Being down to the mind and heart of His reasonable creatures. The Word made Flesh is God condescending to our finite capacities; and this condescension has issued in a clear, strong sense of the Being and Attributes of God, such as is not found beyond the frontiers of Christendom.

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"Instead of presenting us with an etherealised abstraction, inaccessible to the intellect and disappointing to the heart, the Incarnation points to Jesus. Jesus is the Almighty restraining His illimitable powers; Jesus is the Incomprehensible voluntarily submitting to bonds; Jesus is Providence clothed in our own flesh and blood; Jesus is the Infinite Charity tending us with the kindly looks and tender handling of a human love; Jesus is the Eternal Wisdom speaking out the depths of infinite thought in a human language. Jesus is God

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making Himself, if I may dare so to speak, our tangible possession; He is God brought 'very nigh to us, in our mouth and in our heart;' we behold Him, we touch Him, we cling to Him, and lo! we are θείας κοινωνοὶ φύσεως, partakers of the Nature of Deity, through our actual membership in His Body, in His Flesh, and in His Bones; we dwell, if we will, moreover in Him, and He in us."—*Ibid.* pp. 665—671.

In his remarks which follow on Pantheism, we do not think that Mr. Liddon has rightly, or at least fully, stated, where "the strength of Pantheistic systems lies." It is strange that he and other able English thinkers (as Dr. Farrar) should not understand what is yet so evident, and what they might so easily learn from a real study of the systems of all the great teachers of Pantheism whom the world has known, that the real strength and fascination of Pantheism is not sentimental, but logical and intellectual. Shelley's, indeed, was a sentimental Pantheism; he was a Nature-worshipper and a poet. But if there had been no stronger or deeper Pantheism than Shelley's, it would not now be, as it is, the great power antagonist to the Christian faith by which the intellects of so many thinkers are spell-bound, the only antithesis to Christianity, besides hierarchical superstitions, which has any vitality and force, *the intellectual anti-Christ.*

"But if belief in our Saviour's Godhead protects Christian thought against the intellectual dangers which await an arid Deism, does it afford an equally effective safeguard against Pantheism? In conceiving of God, the choice before a pantheist lies between alternatives from which no genius has as yet devised a real escape. God, the pantheist must assert, is literally everything; God is the whole material and spiritual universe; He is humanity in all its manifestations; He is by inclusion every moral and immoral agent; and every form and exaggeration of moral evil, no less than every variety of moral excellence and beauty, is part of the all-pervading, all-comprehending movement of His Universal Life. If this revolting blasphemy be declined, then the God of pantheism must be the barest abstraction of abstract being; He must, as with the Alexandrian thinkers, be so exaggerated an abstraction as to transcend existence itself; He must be conceived of as utterly unreal, lifeless, non-existent; while the only real beings are these finite and determinate forms of existence whereof 'nature' is composed. This dilemma haunts all the historical transformations of pantheism, in Europe as in the East, to-day as two thousand years ago. Pantheism must either assert that its God is the one only existing being whose existence absorbs and is identified with the universe and humanity; or else it must admit that he is the rarest and most unreal of conceivable abstractions; in plain terms, that he is no being at all. And the question before us is, Does the Incarnation of God, as taught by the Christian doctrine, expose Christian thought

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to this dilemma? Is God 'brought very nigh to us' Christians in such sort, as to bury the Eternal in the temporary, the Infinite in the finite, the Absolute and Self-existent in the transient and the relative, the All-holy in the very sink of moral evil, unless, in order to save His honour in our thought, we are prepared to attenuate our idea of Him into nonentity?

"Now, not merely is there no ground for this apprehension; but the Christian doctrine of an Incarnate God is our most solid protection against the inroads of pantheistic error.

"The strength of pantheistic systems lies in that craving both of the intellect and of the heart for union with the Absolute Being, which is the most legitimate and the noblest instinct of our nature. This craving is satisfied by the Christian's union with the Incarnate Son. But while satisfying it, the Incarnation raises an effective barrier against its abuse after the fashion of pantheism. Against the dogma of an Incarnate God, rooted in the faith of a Christian people, the waves of pantheistic thought may surge and lash themselves and break in vain. For the Incarnation presupposes that master-truth which pantheism most passionately denies. It presupposes the truth that between the finite and the Infinite, between the Creator and the Cosmos, between God and man, there is of necessity a measureless abyss. On this point its opposition to pantheism is as earnest as that of the most jealous deism; but the Christian creed escapes from the deistic conception of an omnipotent moral being, surveying intelligently the vast accumulation of sin and misery which we see on this earth, yet withal remaining unmoved, inactive, indifferent. The Christian creed spans this gulf which yawns between earth and heaven, by proclaiming that the Everlasting Son has taken our nature upon Him. In His Person a Created Nature is joined to the Uncreated, by a union which is for ever indissoluble. But what is that truth which underlies this transcendent mystery? What sustains it, what enhances it, what forbids it to melt away in our thoughts into a chaotic confusion out of which neither the Divine nor the Human could struggle forth into the light for distinct recognition? It is, I reply, the truth that the Natures thus united in the Person of Jesus are radically, by their essence, and for ever, distinct. It is by reason of this ineffaceable distinctness that the union of the Godhead and Manhood in Jesus is such an object of wondering and thankful contemplation to Christians. Accordingly, at the very heart of the creed of Christendom, we have a guarantee against the cardinal error of pantheism: while yet by our living fellowship as Christians with the Divine and Incarnate Son, we realize the aspiration which pantheism both fosters and perverts. Christian intellect then, so long as it is Christian, can never be betrayed into the admission that God is the universe; Christian intellect can never be reduced to the extremity of choosing between a denial of moral distinctions and an assertion that God is the parent of all immoral action, or to the desperate endeavour to escape this alternative by volatilizing God into non-existence. And Christian love,

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while it is really Christian, cannot for one moment doubt that it enfolds and possesses and is united to its Divine Object. But this intellectual safeguard and this moral satisfaction alike vanish, if the real Deity of Jesus be denied or obscured: since it is the Deity of our truly human Lord which satisfies the Christian heart, while it protects the Christian intellect against fatal aberrations. A deism which would satisfy the heart, inevitably becomes pantheistic in its awkward attempts to become devotional; and although pantheism should everywhere breathe the tenderness which almost blinds a reader of Spinosa's ethics to a perception of their real character, still pantheism is at bottom and in its results not other than a graceful atheism. To partake of the Divine Nature incarnate in Christ is not to bury God in the filth of moral pollution, nor yet to transcendentalize Him into an abstraction, which mocks us, when we attempt to grasp it, as an unmeaning nonentity."—*Ibid.* pp. 672—676.

Mr. Liddon has done noble service to the cause of Christian orthodoxy by this volume. All the more do we lament that the authority of such a writer should be thrown into the scale in favour of the doctrines, to borrow an apt phrase from Archdeacon Hare, of baptismal and eucharistical transubstantiation.* Any doctrine of regeneration or sanctification which separates the operation of the Spirit from the apprehension and belief of the Truth is equally contrary to Scripture, in many and very plain passages, and to reason. Such, however, is the doctrine of the sacramental "extensions of the Incarnation," as taught in the theology of which the Bishop of Salisbury is now the most outspoken representative on the Bench, and as taught unhappily in this volume by his accomplished Examining Chaplain. Mr. Liddon admits that "there have been and are believers in our Lord's Divinity," who refuse to accept the High Church teachings as to the realities of sacramental grace; but he holds that all such are in a "transitional state" and on the direct way to Socinianism. Mr. Liddon must be told that not we evangelical Christians, who repudiate his doctrine on this point, but himself and his party derogate from the glory of the One Mediator, and separate between Christ as the Living Head and His true believing members. His doctrine materialises Christian grace; provides a means of saving influence, of regeneration and sanctification, for man, by means of human instrumentality, and mere material channels, by means of priestly consecration and agency, operating through water, bread, and wine, apart from any sense on the part of the recipient, of his direct relation to Christ, from any consciousness of dependence on Him

* Pp. 718, 725, and 735.

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alone for salvation, of spiritual longing after Him, from any proper faith in Him as dying for us, as interceding for us, as "exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and the forgiveness of sins." Where the full High Church doctrine takes place, all is made to come through the priest, all is vested in him and the channels over which he presides. The human priest hides the person and the glory, the cross and throne, of Christ from the view of the worshipper.

We have before us a number of unpublished sermons written by John Wesley, at Oxford, during the ten years which followed his ordination. In those years he was a most orthodox High Churchman, but he was a High Churchman. In not one of them is there any view whatever, any glimpse, afforded of Christ in any of His offices. His name occurs in the benediction. That is about all. Frequent communion is insisted on as a source of spiritual quickening; regeneration by baptism is assumed as the true doctrine of the Church; but Christ is nowhere, either in His life, His death, or His intercession. Church formalism and strict morality, ceremonies and ethics, are all in all. Nor was it till Wesley was taught the doctrine of justification by faith that there was a change in this respect. We tell Mr. Liddon, that such is the natural tendency of the doctrines of which he has mixed up the leaven in his otherwise excellent book. He is at one extreme of his school, at the warm and quasi-evangelical extreme; though high, he is yet an experimental Christian. But Archdeacon Denison, high, dry, business-like, dispensing "sacramental grace" (as he supposes) with a callous formalism which disdains all doctrinal preaching and all tender sentiment, is the true type of the High Churchman. And all such men of devout spirit, and high aspirations, and noble intelligence, as Mr. Liddon, are, after all, only in a "transitional state." They are leading the way to that descent which conducts to dead orthodoxy, between which and real infidelity there is no discernible boundary line. We admire the ability and we love the Christianity of such men as Mr. Liddon, and we cannot but admire many points in the character, and many things in the writings, of Dr. Pusey; but we dare not forget, or allow our readers to forget, that the school to which they both belong, as a school, is essentially contrary to all which, both as patriots and as Christian believers, we hold to be the most precious portion of our national inheritance.

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BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.*

The Reign of Law. By the Duke of Argyll. Third Edition. 1867.

ALTHOUGH the matter of these pages was, according to a now prevalent custom, first printed in the successive numbers of a magazine, it deserves a more extended review than we can give it. Not that the main ideas developed in the chapters are absolutely new; but they are newly presented, clearly explained, and illustrated with wonderful felicity. The book is the work of a well-read and accomplished Christian gentleman, to whom philosophical speculations and natural history alike furnish delight, and whose devout spirit gives him a free range of thought, and a cheerful interest and hope in the world of speculation, as well as of politics.

The discourse is of the supernatural, the proper sense of that word, and its relation to the scientific idea of rigid sequence, which has acquired so strong a hold on modern thought. And the fundamental position of the argument is that phenomena are not the results of single forces, whose effects are uniform unless the action of the forces be violently interrupted, but of combinations of forces, each of which pursues invariably its unchanging course, but which can, by human or Divine will, be so displaced, re-combined, and caused to play on each other, as to produce results in the strictest conformity with their nature and extent, but nevertheless variable.

There is no need—so begins the Duke—to imply in the word 'supernatural' any suspension of a natural force. Divine power, acting by means, is nevertheless Divine, and we know of no action without them. It would be equally a miracle so to employ natural forces as to produce a result which human science does not or did not know how to employ them to produce, as to lay violent hands on the forces themselves. It is not in any way necessary to the Christian faith to say that a miracle is against nature. What is necessary, is to believe in the supreme intelligent will, working in and by the machinery of nature, and producing, on fit occasion, effects which reveal a—so to speak—supernatural knowledge of that machinery. This is not a novel thought, nor is it here much dwelt upon. The author's main

* We had intended a somewhat lengthened critique of the *Bampton Lecture* for the last year (1867) to take position at the head of these Notices. Its length, however, compels us to hold it in reserve for our next Number. Let us here—since we can do no more—announce the new Lecture to our readers as a very suggestive and seasonable work. The Rev. Edward Garbett, the well-known author of the *Boyle Lecture* for 1863, on the *Divine Plan of Revelation*, is the lecturer, and the title of his work is *Revelation and Dogma*.

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work is with Mr. Darwin and the materialists, and here his natural history stands him in good stead. He has especially studied birds. Great is the material which he extracts from the writings of Mr. Darwin himself. All things in nature, though, indeed because, closely confined to their own grooves of action, indicate contrivance, purpose, means to a foreseen end. Indeed no one, certainly not Mr. Darwin, can write of nature without expressing, in spite of himself, those ideas at every turn. But the established order which he sees, the belief in a fixed mode of production which grasps every mind, does not really lead to any kind of materialism.

A whole chapter of illustration of the wonders of natural contrivance, is devoted to a detailed exposition of the mechanism of the flight of birds. This is perhaps the most original part of the book, and it will be read with the liveliest interest by many who do not trouble themselves with speculation, but resting on their instinctive recognition of the likeness of their own mind to the creating mind, delight themselves in tracing exquisite adaptations and contrivances which men are framed to admire. God is a spirit, and only a spirit can worship Him.

Passing on, the Duke plunges into the subject of the vestiges of creation, and the doctrine of natural selection. Creation is in conformity with order everywhere, an order which points to law. But he will not go himself, or suffer anyone to go beyond the state of our knowledge. Mr. Darwin, he notices—and these remarks are worthy of attention—has not really even given any theory of the *origin*, but only of the *preservation* of species. Nor has he shown in any way how the diverse races and species differ according to *purpose*. Correlations of growth—though not understood—so far as they imply the subtle principles by which changes of one limb of an organism accompany changes of another, come under the category of facts, whose sequence leads the mind perforce to believe in a rule not yet discovered. And the same may be said of the innumerable slightly distinguished varieties of species, which yet our science has made no step towards referring to any known method of production. No relation between single organisms and the world without them is either discovered or plausibly conjectured, and if it were possible to conjecture a cause—such as the stretching and development of limbs by use—which correlates variation of the species with its function in the kingdom of nature, it would in no degree apply to the innumerable examples of variation for the mere sake of ornament and fancy. Beyond a very limited range, we are almost hopelessly ignorant; one thing we can see, and that is purpose, and therefore, mind.

The subject is more difficult when it passes into the realm of mind: but here our author thinks he can see light. Free will, he says, does not imply the absence of motives; indeed, analysis and consciousness show them everywhere present. Fixity of character is not opposed to freedom of will; and we no more suppose arbitrary variableness in the highest will than in our own. Nor is the dependence of mind on brain opposed to free will. The mind can only work through its means,

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whether the means are limbs or brain. But, as physical phenomena arise from the play of innumerable forces, so mental resolves come from the combination and solution of innumerable motives, and consciousness testifies to a selecting power which virtually decides the result. Intuitions, the Duke seems to define as results reached by processes of which the mind is not conscious. As some men can calculate by a kind of intuition, without consciously working out their arithmetic, so some minds see truths which to others require proof. We may cite a passage; "Thus the distinction breaks down between self-evident truths and truths which are not self-evident. A truth may be self-evident to one mind which is not self-evident to another, but may require, on the contrary, a laborious process of verification. And does not this lead us to see again, how entirely dependent are the phenomena of mind upon the power of special faculties, and how this power is itself dependent on the adjustments of organisation? In the world of physics we know that we are surrounded by movements which never make themselves sensible to us—pulsations which excite in our eyes no sense of light—and others which excite in our ears no sense of sound—and all this for want of adjusted organs. And so it would seem as if the mind of man were an instrument attuned only to a certain range of knowledge, but as if within that range it were capable of finer and finer adjustments to the harmonies of truth. These cannot make themselves heard where there is no ear to catch the sound. Nor can that organ translate them into thought—into that conscious apprehension of which an idea essentially consists, had it not its own pre-adjusted relation to the verities of the world."

Here, however, we presume to think that the Duke is weak. The difference between immediate self-evidence and the certainty of logical inference will be held by thorough metaphysicians to be real and not merely seeming. Moreover, unless we are to admit fully the necessitarian philosophy, volition, however it may be connected with motives present and felt, must be distinguished and held apart from the chain and sequences of mere cause and effect. The Duke's exposition of law is the finest we know. His definition of the supernatural is, we think, defective and to some extent misleading. We should desire to combine and harmonise his general views with those of Dr. Bushnell. And, after all, the mystery of creative agency—before all means—remains where it was.

We are not disposed to give sanction to all that is said in this volume. It has not solved the fundamental problem of nature. Some persons may think that it accepts prematurely some scientific conclusions. But it is an admirable specimen of handling, and will help many a Christian who has a reverence for the truth both of observed and of revealed things. And it has the grand advantage of being simple and readable.

In the last chapter, politics are treated. Perhaps this will not arouse the keenest interest. Yet there is no subject on which definite ideas are more desirable or more rare. Modern politics, as a study,

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the Duke specifies as founded on observation of the natural laws of society, and of the prevailing motives of human nature, and not on abstract ideas. No definite results are laid down. What we value in these closing pages is the example of a wholesome and cheerful religious policy. Religion has certain strong affinities to indolent Conservatism. It craves humility and obedience—it fosters the desire to be guided, and not to trust too much to one's own judgment. More: it leads many away from worldly matters of fact, concentrates interest in the narrower circle of the Church, despairs of renovating the world except by specific action on each individual conscience. And when these tendencies are over-developed, there is no little danger of settling down to private business, varied only by social religion. Religion in politics is in danger of dwindling into a narrow contest on the points on which government comes into contact with ecclesiastical interests. We think that the spirit of a book like this may serve to check these tendencies. There is no work so necessary to be done, so high in the rank of benevolence—short of direct spiritual influence—as the intelligent working of a free government. The danger of our country is, that the respectable, virtuous, well-to-do classes should make themselves comfortable and neglect the State; and it is the special duty of the vast mass of Christian people, who are the strength of society, to be diligent in this vital matter. Government may be good if it is well attended to. And here is a man whose politics are founded on a principle, and sustained by his belief in its universal and Divine origin.

We recommeud this book to all Christian young men.

1. A Handbook of Sanskrit Literature: with Appendices descriptive of the Mythology, Castes, and Religious Sects of the Hindus. Intended especially for Candidates for the India Civil Service and Missionaries to India. By George Small, M.A. London: Williams and Norgate. 1866.
2. The Missionary's Vade Mecum; or, a Condensed Account of the Religious Literature, Sects, Schools, and Customs of the Hindus of the North-West of India. By the Rev. J. Phillips. Calcutta. 1847.
3. A History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature so far as it illustrates the Primitive Religion of the Brahmans. By Max Müller, M.A. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

The contents of Mr. Small's book answer well to his title-page. He gives us within moderate limits such a bird's-eye view of the ancient literature of India, of its religious beliefs, its philosophical schools, and its existing social economy, as is indispensable for all missionaries and persons holding Government office in that great country—such a view, indeed, as every educated Englishman ought to take of the history and condition of one of the most venerable fatherlands of language, theology, and civilisation on the face of the globe.

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The author discusses the Hindu literature under the three heads of literature religious, literature philosophical, and literature poetical and miscellaneous. The Vedas and the writings usually regarded as supplements of the Vedas, form, of course, the subject of the first of these divisions, and the reader will obtain from Mr. Small not only very satisfactory general descriptions and analyses of the works falling within this charmed circle, but will likewise hear what the latest and most trustworthy investigations have to say as to their origin, their date, their history, and the other great questions which are asked respecting them. Under the head of "Philosophical Literature," the six schools, or systems of philosophy, which have obtained among the Hindus, are made to pass in review before us; the personal history of their founders being related in brief where it is known, and such exposition of their respective doctrines being furnished as sufficiently paves the way for more thorough and detailed examination of them. The great Hindu epics, with the Puranas, the dramatic poetry, and other later Sanskrit literature, come under consideration in the third division of this part of Mr. Small's volume; and so the cycle is completed amidst the marvel which even the faintest and most broken sketches of so vast a panorama of intellectual and literary creations cannot fail to awaken in the dullest mind.

The two appendices to the work contain succinct but very valuable notices of the principal objects of religious faith and worship among the Hindus, together with descriptions of the castes and sects of which Europeans have usually heard so much and know so little. This portion of our author's book is full of interest, and though it does not pretend to originality, its contents are commended to us by the fact that they are in many instances the witness of one who has lived among the Hindus, and has had the opportunity of testing on the spot the correctness of allegations which might possibly admit of scruple.

Mr. Small has done wisely in using the Sanskrit, as well as the English character, for the proper names and technical terms which occur in his volume. If this could have been done more uniformly, so much the better. In another edition the accent of words should be marked as well as the quantity of the vowels. At the same time Mr. Small will, no doubt, prune the work, as it now stands, of a few redundancies, and will modify and add to it here and there to his own fuller satisfaction and the advantage of his readers. As it is, there is no work of the same class of equal value with Mr. Small's, and he has our best thanks for thus popularising and bringing near to us knowledge, which otherwise might have been unattainable by its costliness, extent, or the inaccessible altitude of learning on which it was planted.

Mr. Phillips' work has been long out of print. He does himself injustice by his title-page. It is true that certain portions of his volume are constructed for the horizon of North-Western India, and that it particularly contemplates throughout the wants of the Christian missionary and preacher. But Mr. Phillips travels over pretty much the

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same ground as Mr. Small, and though his plan excludes the drama and other secular Sanskrit literature, his account of the Puranas, and of the philosophical and religious sects, is often fuller and more exact and methodical than anything to be found in the later handbook. Mr. Small says in his preface, "Lastly, but very especially, the editor would acknowledge his indebtedness to the valuable little work of a very similar character with the present, but now out of print, entitled, *Missionary Vade Mecum*, by the Rev. T. Phillips, formerly Missionary at Muttra." This acknowledgment is well deserved. Indeed, it has often been matter of surprise with us, that Mr. Phillips' book was not long ago republished, with such changes as some enlargement of the plan and our better acquaintance with the treasures of the Sanskrit language might have rendered desirable. The work has by no means lost its value as yet.

Professor Müller's is an elaborate and very learned critical discussion of the Vedas and other religious literature of ancient India. It occupies, therefore, quite different ground from that of the Handbook and the *Vade Mecum*, and will only be likely to gain attention from scholars and divines. To these we commend it, not as an authority from which there is no appeal, but as a very masterly expression of views, which rest upon a foundation of prodigious learning and research, and which claim a respectful hearing from all whom they concern. We have more than once recorded in the pages of this Review both our sentiments of high respect for Professor Müller's learning and noble simplicity of character, and our disagreement with some of his opinions. We will only say now that the work before us is one of the most laborious and important of all the contributions which he has made to the philosophical history of mankind.

Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford, chiefly during the Years 1863—1865. Second Edition. Rivingtons. 1866.

There has again a great preacher risen at Oxford. Dr. Pusey's course must be drawing towards its close; Newman and Manning turned their steps away to Rome many years ago. Mr. Liddon is a preacher scarcely inferior to Newman or Manning; and decidedly superior to Dr. Pusey, at least as one who addresses himself to university graduates and undergraduates. Dr. Pusey's intense sermons appeal strongly to spiritual convictions and affections; but do not sympathetically touch the searching and speculative intelligence as Newman's sermons did; nor do they bring forth from Scripture thoughts and scrutinies, expressed in most apt and living words, as Manning did, whereby "the reins and the heart" of young men are "tried," in respect to the moral bearings and the eternal issues of their actual life, as mingling in society and contributing their influence to the world's activities and issues. Mr. Liddon often reminds us both of Dr. Newman and of Manning. Perhaps he has more glow than either. His pages are more strongly coloured with the joy of Christian faith and of divine fellowship; they are more "experimental" and more

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animated. At the same time, in perfect mastery of words, in serenity of power, in supreme self-control, in unerring certainty of touch or stroke, he falls short of those great preachers, whose white heat of still passion has also, at times, a force superior to anything in the volume before us. Mr. Liddon, let us add, is in this volume a safer, sounder guide, than either of those we have named was, even at his best. He is a fine orthodox theologian, free from all suspicious subtleties; he is a most earnest and evangelical Christian believer; and his unaffected eloquence is of a grave, sweet, elevated character. High Church he is; but in this volume his high sacramental views appear only incidentally and occupy little space. We lament all the more that such a man should have fully committed himself, as he has lately done, to union and co-operation with Archdeacon Denison, and the party which the Archdeacon represents.

A Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament, with a New Translation. By M. M. Kalisch, Phil. Doc., M.A. Leviticus, Part I. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1867.

THE following sentences from the preface of this very learned volume will be read with interest: "Nine years have elapsed since the publication of the second volume of this Commentary. But the author trusts that he has with some advantage adhered to the severe rule of the old master, 'nonum prematur in annum.' For, though he devoted a considerable portion of the interval to the composition of his Hebrew Grammar, he never lost sight of the continuation of the work which he has made the task of his life. However, delay appeared to him, in one important respect, even more than desirable: it seemed to him almost imperative. For, a survey of the intellectual history of England during the last decennium will render it manifest that a change has been wrought which it is not too much to describe as an intellectual revolution. The highest questions that concern mankind were discussed in works, which fell upon the public mind with the force of decisive battles, roused a spirit of regenerating enquiry, and tended perceptibly to alter the entire current of national thought. In general history a new impulse was given by the labours of Buckle, who, ignoring the idea of a supernatural education of our race, attempted consistently, if too sweepingly, to deduce the stages of human progress from psychological principles, no less unfailing in their operation than the laws which govern the physical world. In the natural sciences, something like an overpowering shock was produced by the fearless and penetrating investigations of Darwin, Huxley, and Lyell, who, striving to exhibit man and the planet he inhabits as organic parts of universal creation, courageously pierced into the mystery of the very genesis of men and things, and arrived at results startling by their boldness and incalculable in their scope and final bearing. And in the sphere of theology, an almost unprecedented commotion was caused by the *Essays and Reviews*, moderate as they are in tendency and reserved in enunciation;

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by the acute and incisive demonstrations of Colenso, unsettling, and in many cases uprooting, long-cherished opinions or prejudices; and by the writings of Renan and Strauss, which, thanks to the close literary intercommunion that has sprung up between the Continent and England, found here a no less powerful echo than in the countries to which they owed their origin. Thus traditional views are questioned in every branch of science and learning, and habits of logical thought, trained and fostered by works like those of John Stuart Mill, prove an invaluable auxiliary to comprehensive and trustworthy inferences. Our own time, disdaining to receive opinions from the past as an unalterable heirloom and with unsuspecting reliance, is determined to assert the right of forming its own convictions with unfettered independence."

Comparing this volume with those which preceded it, we can trace the gradual declension of Dr. Kalisch from the standard of orthodoxy, precisely as the above extract might lead us to expect. His learning is vast, and in the criticism of the Hebrew text perhaps unrivalled. But we can recommend no interpreter of the Old Testament, however learned as a guide, who does not view them in the light of the great Fulfilment.

This volume has an introduction of seven chapters, which treat of the connection between Exodus and Leviticus, the component parts of which it is made up, the chronological order of its laws, and its general importance in the scheme of revelation and the Mosaic economy.

The essay on "The Sacrifices of the Hebrew and other Nations" is nearly 500 pages long, and full of interest. When, after the exposition of the doctrine of "vicarious sacrifice," which may be read with some satisfaction, he approaches "the Christian sacrifice," we read with sorrow as follows:—

"Certain it is that the Jews at the time of Christ and His apostles did not expect a Messiah, who by His suffering and death would expiate the sins of the people: such a notion was not familiar to the contemporaries of Christ according to the New Testament itself, which, indeed, hoped from Jesus expiation and remission of sins, but also deliverance of the Jews from their enemies, and the inauguration of a glorious political era, not through His degradation and death, but through His honour and victory. When the disciples heard of His impending suffering, they were embarrassed and perplexed, because they could not reconcile it with the current notion of a triumphant Redeemer." "But the desire of maintaining His influence, and of contributing, if possible, to greater holiness of life, made it appear to Him expedient to promise *a second advent*, when He would realise all the Messianic story, and would judge the living and the dead. At last, deceived in His expectations and broken by resistance, He saw no hope but in death, which, sealing His convictions, might rouse His disciples to abandon all worldly thoughts, and to strive after the kingdom of heaven alone. He easily found allusions to that death in the Hebrew Scriptures, since His life and fate resembled in many points the life

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and fate of persecuted Hebrew prophets. He was not unwilling to see His end accelerated by the fanaticism of the powerful religious sects which He had embittered by His more liberal teaching, and He proclaimed that He gave up His life for the expiation, and therefore for the happiness, of the world—a doctrine repeated and expanded by His apostles and followers: but it was, in some measure, inconsistent with His principle, which, rejecting all external forms, declares 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth;' for the sacrifice of a Messiah for the purpose of securing atonement is no less a sacrifice than an offering of 'bulls and goats;' it is designed to effect by an outward act that which a truly spiritual faith works by the moral exertion of the sinner himself and alone."

This may be enough. The book is entirely destructive in its character. The well-protected reader may consult it with advantage. All others had better abstain from this book, and be content with Dr. Kalisch's invaluable help in the department of Hebrew grammar.

Novum Testamentum extra Canonem receptum. Edidit, Commentarium criticum et adnotationes addidit, librorum Deperditorum fragmenta Collegit et Disposuit, Adolphus Hilgenfield. Lipsiæ: Weigel. 1866.

However unsatisfactory, in every point of view, the general title of this book may be, this is a sumptuous edition of the writings and relics of writings which in early times found a transitory place among the canonical Scriptures. Both epistles of Clement, the Pastor of Hermas, and the epistle of Barnabas, are copiously annotated. But the chief value of the work is the careful exhibition it gives of the text of the apocryphal gospels embedded in early authors.

The Apologetics of the Christian Faith. By the late W. M. Hetherington, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Theology, Free Church College, Glasgow. With an Introductory Notice by Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: Clark. 1867.

From Dr. Duff's genial notice we gather that Dr. Hetherington, after a pastoral and literary career of considerable eminence, was appointed by the General Assembly of 1857 to the Chair of Apologetics and Systematic Theology in the Free Church College of Glasgow. The following lines refer to the present volume: "By the kindness and aid of Divine Providence, I have come to the close of my first session's duties as professor here,—weary and exhausted with my work, but not seriously injured. I commenced my course in the beginning of November last, and ended on Friday, 2nd April. During that time I have written out carefully not less than *sixty* lectures, as carefully as if they were for the press, and at least twenty more in outline, to fill up in an extempore manner." Very few years of this kind of labour exhausted him, and in 1865 he ended his career.

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Lectures written under this pressure must not be expected to be perfect. Many of these scarcely deserve permanence, but as a whole the volume is one of the best exhibitions of the evidences that English literature has seen. The first division, on "Natural Theology," is the most valuable. The sections on "Miracles" deserve careful reading. The last division, on the "Integrity and Authority of Scripture," does not come up to the requirements of the times.

We repeat, however, that on the whole it is a volume which deserves to be widely circulated, and we heartily wish it success in these days of growing scepticism.

Le Symbole des Apôtres: Essai Historique. (The Apostles' Creed: an Historical Essay.) Par Michel Nicolas. Paris. Levy Frères. 1867.

This is an elaborate attempt to exhibit the historical construction of the Apostles' Creed, from its earliest germ through all the accretions which protests against heresy added, till its final completion in the form which Western Christendom has almost universally accepted. It is written in the spirit of the negative criticism, but contains a vast amount of well-arranged materials, presented in the most luminous style of French composition and colouring. We shall at a future time set before the reader a detailed criticism of this volume.

Etudes sur les Evangiles Apocryphes. (Studies in the Apocryphal Gospels.) Par Michel Nicolas. Paris. Levy Frères. 1867.

This volume contains a summary of all that is known concerning one great and leading department of the apocryphal literature of the Early Church. It divides the apocryphal Gospels into the Judaising, the anti-Judaising, and the orthodox: a singular arrangement, which allows the author to introduce his free notions of the Christian faith in a subtle and dangerous manner. Its clearness and the fascination of its style go for nothing, however, as against the solid learning of Tischendorf and a few others who have set the bearing of the apocryphal Gospels on the Canon in a truer light.

Geschichte der Alten Kirche. Von Christi Geburt Bis Zum Ende des sechsten Jahrhunderts. (History of the Ancient Church. From the Birth of Christ to the End of the Sixth Century. By Dr. Philip Schaff.) Von Dr. Philip Schaff. Leipzig. 1867.

The early part of this learned and comprehensive volume was published by Messrs. Clark, in an English form, and has been very favourably received. The able author, who has the advantage of a thorough mastery of the German and English languages, seems to unite in himself the best qualities of German and English scholarship. We know of no better history of the first age of the Church than this; and hope to see it some day translated in its integrity.

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Het Johannes-Evangelie. Een viertal Apologetische Voorlezingen Van Dr. J. J. van Oosterzee. Utrecht. 1867.

Dr. Oosterzee is favourably known to the readers of Messrs. Clark's series of translations, as one of the contributors to the commentary of the New Testament brought out under the superintendence of Dr. Lange.

This little volume has not been done into English, but it deserves translation, and would be read with great profit just now, when the Gospel according to St. John is attacked with so much pertinacity. Certain professors and preachers of "the so-called modern scientific theology," delivered last winter a series of "Lectures on the Scriptural accounts of the Life of Christ, especially with reference to the Gospel of John;" and during the present season the chivalrous and loyal Dr. Oosterzee has delivered in the same place, the Odeon at Amsterdam, four lectures in defence of that Gospel. The first treats of the genuineness of the fourth Gospel; the second, its relation to the synoplus; the third, its miracles; the fourth, the Johannean Christ. The lectures are clear and true; their language is popular, and the style rounded and eloquent; while the whole question is exhibited in a most artistic style. May the good author be long spared to contend for the faith in a land which bids fair to become the stronghold of modern free criticism.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets; Lectures delivered to Students for the Ministry, on the Vocation of the Preacher. Illustrated by Anecdotes, Biographical, Historical, and Elucidatory, of every Order of Pulpit Eloquence, from the Great Preachers of all Ages. By Edwin Paxton Hood. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

Mr. Hood is a widely read and accomplished man. He has, however, too much to do, or he tries to do too much. He is often impetuous; his pen is too dashing; his judgments are not seldom hasty and unfair. As a consequence, he has sometimes got into trouble, especially in connection with the *Eclectic Review*, although all his talent has not availed to give much circulation or influence to that journal of ancient name and fame. Perhaps a larger admixture of wisdom with his talent; less haste; more care, both as to his judgments or those of his contributors, and as to the composition or the editing of the critiques; might have made Mr. Hood's management of the *Eclectic* a real success.

Mr. Hood is a great admirer of Wordsworth. He went to pay his respects to the aged poet while he lived, and was very civilly received by one who never was indifferent to admiration and personal allegiance. He has written a book about him: "Wordsworth: An Æsthetic

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Biography." Accordingly, whoever touches Wordsworth, however gently, with the probe of a discriminating criticism, which discovers that, like most other poets, he has some defects, might as well touch the apple of Mr. Hood's eye, and must expect to be roundly rated and summarily condemned, as narrow, or bigoted, or at least crass and unæsthetic. Mr. Hood seems to be quite ignorant of Professor Wilson's large, loving, and elaborate criticisms of Wordsworth's poetry in the *Noctes*, and more particularly in his *Recreations*, especially as regards its defect of properly Christian colour and power. No one knew better Wordsworth's special excellencies; no one did so much to awaken the public to a genuine admiration of the greatest of the Lake school; but no one has more clearly or more sorrowfully pointed out Wordsworth's shortcomings. Mr. Hood hardly dare pronounce Wilson narrow or bigoted, or deficient in æsthetic perception.

We are glad, however, to meet Mr. Hood on his present ground. He has given us a book, which would indeed be more valuable if many pages were left out, perhaps if some whole lectures were omitted; but yet it is a book which contains many valuable hints, much good illustration of good points, and some really beautiful studies of preachers. The feeling of the lecturer throughout is liberal, he writes as a Catholic Christian; at the same time his criticisms are discriminating. Perhaps of all his "Pulpit Monographs," the best written is that on "Frederick Robertson," as it certainly is the one which will be read with the most general interest. Mr. Hood being himself the pastor of a church at Brighton, was likely to write with the more fulness and vividness of the distinguished Brighton Broad-Churchman. His "monograph" is loving and detailed; his depiction is life-like; his judgment, although perhaps too partial to Robertson, is yet, on the whole, sound. He frankly admires Robertson, and loves his memory, but cannot help seeing and making others see that his life was in a great measure a failure, that he himself was the prey of disappointment, which sometimes grew into disgust; that he was very far indeed from feeling himself in his right place, or at his proper work. Seldom has so noble a man been so full of discontent, so far from being happy. We confess, indeed, that we have much more sympathy with the unhappiness of Robertson, than with the easy contentment, in the midst of the world's miseries and mysteries, in which many good people live. Still, the impression left on the mind, the impression plainly left on Mr. Hood's mind, is that there was something fundamentally at fault in the relations of Mr. Robertson to his vocation. In our opinion, the fault consisted, in good part, in doctrinal error. More remarkable, however, than any error in Mr. Robertson's teaching, as Mr. Hood faithfully points out, is his ignorance as a theologian. This is a feature in his case which has been also singled out for just emphasis of remark, by the writer of some excellent papers on *Robertson's Life and Letters*, which have lately appeared in the *Wesleyan Magazine*. Anglican clergymen are proverbially ignorant of historical and of systematic theology, and of much in other branches

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of ecclesiastical literature which is considered essential to the preliminary education of ministers in the great Presbyterian and Nonconformist denominations. But that a man of Mr. Robertson's reputation should have known so little of the learning proper to his profession, and should have been perfectly contented to know no more, is certainly very remarkable. And yet it is stranger still that the sermons of one who was thus ignorant, and who was so profoundly out of sympathy with his vocation, who was continually weary and disgusted with his work, should be so full of power and beauty, of searching insight and of practical truth. He was not a theologian, but yet he was a preacher of rare gifts, even although he had no abiding satisfaction in his work as a preacher. A sad and not uninstructive study is his life, and Mr. Hood has well set forth some of its lessons. So also, in his twelfth lecture and seventh "pulpit monograph," Mr. Hood has done generous justice to the merits of three great preachers and truly learned men, of a school precisely contrary to that of Mr. Robertson, "Pusey, Manning, and Newman." His monograph on Spurgeon does not appear to us to be very happy. Men should not lecture about contemporaries within their own circle; least of all should any man be guilty of such egregious bad taste as to deliver and publish a lecture about a great living preacher, and then to dedicate to that preacher the volume in which the lecture is published. This, however, is what Mr. Hood has had nerve and grace to do. Abbé Lacordaire and Mr. Binney are ably sketched. These, however, are the moderns with whom Mr. Hood finishes his volume. In the earlier portion he has given sketches of great preachers, patristic, mediæval, Puritan, and Carolian; and throughout he has interspersed descriptions of pulpit masters of different schools, such as Whitfield, William Dawson, Richard Watson, and Dr. Harris. The general impression which the volume leaves is very decidedly in favour of extemporaneous preaching, in regard to which the lecturer gives some excellent hints. As, in fact, most of the great English masters of the pulpit, with the exception of Anglican High Churchmen, have been extemporaneous preachers —witness such names as Whitfield, the Wesleys, Bradburn, Clarke, Bunting to a large extent, Watson when at his best, Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, Robert Hall, Robertson, and Spurgeon, to mention one living name—the total impression left by such a volume as this of Mr. Hood's, cannot but be in favour of extemporaneous preaching.*

Mr. Hood, however, we feel bound to note, has made one serious and discreditable blunder. He represents the doctrines of Arminius as neither more or less than Pelagian. Even Mr. Spurgeon, who has not failed to maintain his own Calvinistic views as opposed to Arminianism,

* "I fear," says Mr. Hood, "we must give to the late Dr. Harris the honour of introducing very largely into our pulpit, that other—which perhaps I may be pardoned for calling the most objectionable and fatal thing in the pulpit of modern times—*The Religious Essay.* It was a beautiful and affecting thing to hear Dr. Harris; but the style in other hands became as impressive as sweet oil on marble. I believe for consciousness and for conscience, the thing was, and is, useless."

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could tell him very differently from this. The ignorance which, at this time of day, can allow the editor of the *Eclectic Review* to deny the truly evangelical character of the theology of Arminius, is at least as remarkable as the ignorance of patristic and systematic theologies, which the lecturer signalises as so great a defect in Mr. Robertson.

Altogether, although the volume has some redundancies which are out of taste in such a subject as engaged the lecturer, and as hardly befitted the dignity of one who was addressing candidates for the ministry, and although it contains, also, some errors, such as we have noted, we can truly say that it is not only very readable, but contains much really valuable matter.

The Life and Reign of David, King of Israel. By George Smith, LL.D., F.A.S. &c. Longmans. 1867.

THIS is the latest—we hope not quite "the last—fruit off an old tree." Dr. Smith has written many volumes, and his volumes have found extensive acceptance in this country and in America. But we should not be surprised to find that the present volume is the most popular book that he has published. It is learned, judicious, and well composed. The writer is perfectly at home in his subject, and states the results of many years' meditation and research with clearness and with ease. The Psalms of David, wherever this can be done, are brought into connection with the history. No difficulties are blinked, and no unworthy subterfuges resorted to; while some important points are set forth in a fresh light. The typical character of David and his kingdom are very fully brought out. The book is worthy of a place in the library of the master of divinity, and will be very welcome, also, to the intelligent Sunday-school teacher. It is not only learned, but lucid, and very interesting.

The Book of God. An Introduction to the Apocalypse. London: Trübner and Co.

A DISH of strong meat for what the author calls "pap-fed biblicals!" We have seen several preparations of late belonging to the same *cuisine*. We have seen nothing to compare with this. This is done in the highest style of the art of Rationalistic gastronomy. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of its class. The anonymous author has written a book, which is little else than a tissue of blasphemy against the faith and person of Christ, interwrought with literary and linguistic absurdities such as no language can characterise for their audacity and grotesqueness. The only redeeming feature of the volume is, that it sometimes denounces in terms of just severity the vices and follies which co-exist with modern Christian civilisation, and that it calls upon the churches to vindicate their religious belief by more earnest and rational endeavours to raise the standard of social

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morality. On the whole, the most charitable construction which can be put upon this miserable production is, that the author of it is insane. If he is not, he ought to be.

Manual of Hermeneutics for the Writings of the New Testament. By J. J. Doedes, D.D., Professor of Theology, University of Utrecht. Translated from the Dutch by G. W. Stegmann, Jun. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1867.

In these days, when the eyes of myriads are straining with new eagerness of anxiety and hope towards the New Testament, a thoroughly satisfactory work on the Principles and Rules of Scripture Interpretation would be an unspeakable treasure. We fear we cannot congratulate ourselves upon finding such a treasure in the volume before us. It is not that it does not contain matter for which a student may be thankful, and which he may turn to good account. Generally speaking, the hermeneutical canons which the writer lays down are sound and trustworthy; and where he performs the part of a historian, he treads firmly, like one who knows well the unfrequented region through which he travels. But the book is hard, gnarled, and intractable. It is full of uncouth technicalities. The heavy style of the original is still further weighted by the unidiomatic English into which the translator has put it. The reader is often forced to pause at a sentence, and inquire what it can mean. And when the meaning is gained, it is sometimes so remote from English modes of thinking, and from the walks of practical utility, as scarcely to reward the pains taken to secure it. In several instances, Dr. Doedes illustrates the doctrines of his treatise by interpretations of certain New Testament passages. He is not always happy in these interpretations. Even where he seems to be substantially right, the truth is now and again stated with insufficient caution and exactness. For example, speaking of Ephesians ii. 8, he says that the neuter Greek pronoun "that," in the words "and that not of yourselves," "*cannot* refer to the feminine noun" for "faith." And again, explaining Luke xv. 10, he writes—or rather his translator for him—"'Joy in the presence of the angels of God;' this is sometimes translated 'before,' etc., but it is in Greek as in the English version: thus not—joy which the angels feel, but *which they see before them, viz. in God.*" In both these cases we have examples of what we have spoken of, a want of that precision and absolute correctness of statement which are so much to be desired in the critical interpreter of Scripture. Dr. Doedes has some good observations on the practice, so common among modern Biblical critics, of unduly pressing the grammatical meaning of the sacred text. Some of our best contemporary translations and expositions of the New Testament are disfigured by this uncritical process. Let etymological analysis run the full length of its powers. Let every fibre and

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element of the words of Holy Writ be exposed, and scrutinised, and valued. But let not grammar and dictionary be sole masters of the situation. Let history, poetry, convention, the genius of peoples, the spirit of times and seasons, individual idiosyncrasies—in a word, whatever can modify and give character to the expression of thought in language—let all this come in to help in balancing the scales of the etymologist and grammarian. The highest science not only allows of such auxiliaries, but demands them; and if an adequate conviction of the duty of using them should so come to prevail among us, as to reduce the number of those who undertake the task of Scripture interpretation, we do not know but that truth and the dignity of human nature may be gainers in consequence. Dr. Doedes might almost be suspected of falling into caustic playfulness, when he says—"We arrive at very incorrect interpretations by forcing the words too much (unnaturally), instead of considering that, as a rule, a writer or speaker counts on the common sense of readers or hearers."

That we have done this little work no injustice in speaking of the unattractive, half-unintelligible form under which it presents itself in its English dress, will appear from a quotation. "One continually," Dr. Doedes is made to say, "runs the risk of losing the context out of sight, also by the use of Scripture in the public preaching of the Gospel. That treating 'a text,' not seldom out of the context, for instance as a motto, or so as to be able to retain a theme once chosen, or an ingenious (or sensational) homiletical sketch,—the temptation has proved very strong to some, not to have a too strict exegetical conscience." What does this mean? Most Englishmen would have understood the passage nearly as well in the original Dutch. And this is one out of scores of similar examples scattered through the volume.

Dr. Doedes is said to be a brave and wise defender of Christian orthodoxy against the prevailing Rationalism of the Church of Holland. We honour him for this. But his New Testament Hermeneutics, as done into English by Mr. Stegmann, is not likely to make its way among biblical students on this side of the German Ocean. Messrs. Clark, in the present instance, have not been as fortunate as usual in catering for the needs of English students of theology and Scripture.

The Family Pen. Memorials, Literary and Biographical, of the Taylor Family, of Ongar. Edited by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A., Incumbent of St. Matthias, Bethnal Green, Author of "Words and Places," &c. Two Vols. Jackson, Walford and Hodder. 1867.

These memorials consist of the "Personal Recollections" of the lately deceased Isaac Taylor, a series of papers which during his lifetime appeared in *Good Words;* of the same writer's life of his sister, Jane Taylor, revised by him shortly before his death; and of

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what the editor evidently intends to be specimens of the literary powers of Jane and of Ann Taylor, and of their brother, Jefferys Taylor.

The promised life of the distinguished man, whose name undoubtedly stands most prominent in this list, will present a much more fitting occasion than the present for attempting to form some fair estimate of his character, talents and services to the religious thought and sentiment of his age. It is enough now to say, that his reminiscences of the extraordinary family with which he was connected, and especially of his sister, Jane, are written in his healthiest, because happiest vein, and give us an insight into the very nature of the shy, tender, warm-hearted man, of which readers of his general writings will avail themselves with pleasure, not perhaps without some mixture of surprise.

Jane Taylor's powers have never been sufficiently estimated. It were high praise to say of her that she is the rival, if not the superior, of Watts, in her sweet and wise metrical writings for children. But, especially as her powers developed, and she began to write for the public under a deep sense of religious responsibility, her essays, whether in prose or rhyme, entitled her, if possible, to a wider and more enduring reputation. They are essays of the English classical school, short, various, and often lively, such as Addison or even Goldsmith might have written, if the highest of all influence had rested on them as it rested on her. While she lived, she commanded but a restricted market. It is to be hoped that, again introduced to public notice under the auspices of her accomplished nephew, full justice may be done to her memory, and a wider scope given to her influence. Probably, however, her tale of 'Display' will never again attract much attention. Like Hannah More's religious novels, and for similar reasons, it had its day ,and the day is over.

One topic connected with Jane Taylor's history cannot be overlooked here. It was, apparently, amongst plain Cornish Methodists that a decision and a spring were given to her religious character which matured her mental constitution. Her biographer reveals rather than dwells upon this interesting fact; a fact which becomes curious when read in the light of his own subsequent exposition of the theology and polity of modern Methodism. Was it the fear of attraction that created so much of repulsion as is manifest in the pages of "Wesley and Methodism"? Still more interesting to some is the fact that in the cases of Isaac and Jane Taylor, as in that of John Foster, there should crop up, like a rock of gold in a mine of diamonds, the bright and venerable name of Josiah Hill, now almost unknown except by dim traditions to the denomination which his graces and his gifts alike adorned. Who does not feel grateful that such a mind exerted its gentle sway over such other minds; and thank God that, if Methodism as an organisation were blotted from the earth, its influences have more or less directly formed and moulded many a holy and beautiful character, and made many a

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tender spirit glad? In these very pages the name of Henry Martyn reminds us of another illustration of the same kind.

In the Year '13: a Tale of Mecklenburg Life. By Fritz Reuter. Translated from the Platt-Deutsch by Charles Lee Lewes. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. 1867.

THE works of Herr Reuter are hardly known at all in England, and, indeed, it is only here and there that we meet with a person who has heard his name. Even those who are acquainted with German do not undertake to learn North German (or Platt-Deutsch), the study of which is almost as difficult as that of a separate language. And in England we have only just begun to make even *high* German a regular study, so no wonder that our acquaintance with *low* German is of the most limited extent. A German, however good a knowledge he might have of pure English, would be staggered at the ordinary Scotticisms of Burns; but if asked to read and translate such pieces as the "Jolly Beggars" and "Hallowe'en," he would justly cry out at the demands made on his knowledge of English. But this imaginary task would be nothing compared with the undertaking of translating a book from the Platt-Deutsch, an undertaking which Mr. Charles Lewes has carried through with most commendable success. In translating from the Platt-Deutsch no perfectly trustworthy assistance can be obtained from glossaries or vocabularies of that dialect, and a Platt-Deutsch dictionary is an unheard-of thing, so that, in default of a complete practical knowledge of the dialect, such as no Englishman is likely to acquire, it is indispensable that the translator have a keen knowledge of the German national character, and be a thoroughly intelligent and systematic linguist. A literal translation, even from high German, would be ineffably flat and absurd, still more so one from a dialect which must lose in freshness by mere reduction to the normal tongue; so that to render the *English* equivalents of Herr Reuter's witticisms and descriptions is a task demanding great judgment and tact.

A translation, to be thorougly enjoyable and serviceable, should not bear the distinct impress of the original language, except as implied by the nationality of the characters and sentiments, but should have the air of a book *written* in the language in which it appears; and, for the most part, this is so in the present case. An Englishman tolerably acquainted with the relations of the Germans and French *In the Year* '13, may take up the book and enjoy it intelligently, gathering from it all that is essential, and feeling as if the narrator were his own countryman rather than a North German.

Herr Reuter is conspicuous for keen insight into character, sparkling fun, and wit, and power of vivid description. For a verification of this we need only refer to Mr. Lewes' translation, feeling sure that whoever reads it will at once own the debt which the British public owes Mr. Lewes for this its first introduction to the author.

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"The scene of the story," says Mr. Lewes in his preface, "is laid at Stavenhagen, or Stemhagen, as it is called in Platt-Deutsch, Reuter's native town. The characters introduced were all real people, and even their names have been retained.

"The story opens at the moment when the German people were at length beginning to rise against Napoleon, and it gives a vivid picture of the state of feeling which then prevailed in Germany towards the French. The Germans were in the galling position of being forced to treat the French as allies, whilst hating them with an intense and unconquerable hatred. And this hatred, wide-spread over the whole country, is shown in the expressions of detestation ever bursting forth at the mention of the French name."

The plot is almost nothing; but what there is of it tends to exhibit the wholesome influence of a simple-hearted, high-souled, though unlettered girl, on all with whom she is thrown in contact, and also the great fact that "honesty is the best policy." These lessons, instead of being offensively dogmatised in a dialect of sanctimonious cant, are wrapped up in a series of sparkling, spirited scenes, and interspersed with small sayings and observations irresistibly laughable. The characters are all of a simple, unsophisticated stamp, such as one may meet with every day, and such as only an artist of a high moral sense cares to inspire an interest in.

There is something supremely comical in the notion that a man who was marked with the small-pox looked "as if he had sat down on his face on a cane-bottomed chair;" and of the same man's "little rogue of a pigtail," Herr Reuter tells us that "it wagged merrily, and nodded over the collar of his blue coat as if it wanted to say to any one who would listen, 'Yes, look, old fellow! what do you think of me? I am only the tip of his hair, and if I can wag so comically out here, you may fancy how merry it must be inside his head.'"

The greatest drawback to the book is its shortness. But as it is only one of a series of tales (called by Herr Reuter "Olle Kamellen," Old Camomile Flowers), we may hope that Mr. Lewes will continue a labour so productive of pleasing and wholesome result, and which he is so admirably qualified to perform.

The Social Gospel. By R. J. Michael. First English Edition. London: Trübner & Co. &c.

THIS book is a very curious and interesting example of all the vagaries of the human brain, in an apparently pathological state. It is full of the maddest schemes for the reconstruction of society, put forward on the basis of calculations and statistics laid down with much seeming precision, but interrupted by spasmodic appeals to God and man. The author seems to have perfect confidence that his schemes will be adopted by England, and then by all Europe; and his nonsense is proclaimed not only with a calm effrontery almost inconceivable, but in the name of humanity, of religion, of Christianity, of God!

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His programme is stated in the following terms :—

"We are going to submit to the judgment of all, a practical method of social regeneration, which may thus be summed up :—*The rich man's future to be increased, the poor man to have a property settled upon him*, the liberal professions to be *dignified*, and *new outlets created for industry ;* in fine, the national greatness of the peoples to be enlarged, at the same time as the common happiness of the whole human race is being provided for."

With the details of the arrangements by which this marvellous revolution is to be effected we need not occupy ourselves : but it is obvious that a vast accession of property is the first essential. How is this to be obtained ? Thus : The Christian nations of Europe are to make war upon "the semi-barbarous nations of Northern Africa and Asia," and other similar noxious pretenders to manhood ; and having subjugated them, these same Christian nations are to use the conquered territories for the purpose of repaying with interest all deficits caused by the preliminary redistribution, still getting enough booty to compensate richly the plundering military hosts. The parts to be played by the various European Powers in this atrocious scheme, savouring of the shambles as well as of the maniac's den, but dignified by the author as a holy undertaking, acceptable to God and man, are all indicated in detail.

The man who would thus undo the good work of centuries, and merge the results of the great modern, social, and industrial movement in a re-introduction of the military *régime*, commencing with a series of bloody wars of aggression, sustained by greed and religious fanaticism, has yet the assurance to say of the Spinoza. "Spinoza, be it remembered, undermined the groundworks of faith, and strove to annihilate religion." Whatever were the errors of Spinoza, he was less of a heathen, with all his unbelief, than the writer of this passage. He was at any rate a disinterested and virtuous man.

A more wildly conceived and blasphemous book we have never had the misfortune to meet with ; and our surprise was not small that any rational publisher should have undertaken to bring it out : but on turning to the title-page, we observe that it is "published *for the author*," so that neither its apparently rational statements of fact, nor its loathsome, impious cant, are likely to have a large field for imposition. Whoever does take the trouble to read it, cannot make a more charitable comment than the epigrammatic speech of George Eliot's great-minded Romola, to the miserable prophetess Camilla Rucellai—"God grant you are mad ! else you are detestably wicked ! "

Memorials of the Life of Mrs. Newton. By her Daughter. Wesleyan Conference Offices. 1867.

A PLAIN, true, and very beautiful sketch of a very remarkable woman. All Methodists will read it with pleasure for the sake of her venerable husband, the late Dr. Newton ; some who did not know

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Mrs. Newton intimately will be surprised at the charm which attaches to her personal character and history. It is, more than any book which has recently appeared, a study for that increasing class of young Methodists who graft upon the true and ancient stock of original Methodism, the tastes which modern thought and culture inspire. It is an old Methodist tale told in the language of the day. We envy Miss Newton the pleasure of writing it, and her readers that of its first perusal. We commend it especially to the wives of young Methodist ministers; if not always as raising a strict standard of action, yet invariably as setting forth the spirit in which a young, lively, Christian girl, marrying for pure love a thorough Methodist minister, should set about her work and seek God's blessing on it. The wives of older ministers, too, will feel a deep sympathy in the history.

The Romance of Charity. By John de Liefde. Alexander Strahan. 1867.

THIS is a most attractive summary of much of the matter contained in Mr. de Liefde's larger work on the "Charities of Europe." We cannot speak too highly of the value and interest of this beautiful volume.

Anti-Secularist Lectures. By the Rev. J. M. Cann, M.A. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1867.

THE author of these lectures is a clergyman of the Church of England, occupying a curacy in the town of Huddersfield. In that town there is a considerable number of Secularists who are very zealous in their attempts to poison the public mind with their views. To counteract their influence, these lectures were delivered to very large audiences, and with very considerable effect. They are excellent productions, and are well worthy of the attention of ministers and others who are brought in contact with the sceptics of the day. The appendix to the lectures contains some very satisfactory answers to Secularist objections to the Bible.

English Monasticism: its Rise and Influence. By O'Dell Travers Hill, F.R.G.S. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

THIS is a sketchy volume, the style of which is occasionally eloquent, but sometimes tumid, and sometimes clumsy, and the matter of which is slight and destitute of critical power. An account of Glastonbury Abbey in the olden time is incorporated with the chapters. There could hardly be a more appetising title. The subject is worthy of the highest powers, both of historical criticism and of imagination. The disappointment to the serious student of history who takes this book in hand is so much the greater.

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An Autumn Dream: On the Intermediate State of Happy Spirits. With Collections on the "Separate State," and on the Immateriality of Mind; to which is Appended a Dissertation concerning the Mind of the Lower Animals. By John Sheppard. Author of "Thoughts on Devotion," &c. Third Edition. Enlarged. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1867.

We are glad to see a new edition of Mr. Sheppard's graceful and thoughtful poem, which needs no recommendation from us.

1. The Sunday at Home: a Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading. 1867.
2. The Leisure Hour. 1867. Religious Tract Society. London: Paternoster Row.

After conferring abundant pleasure during the weeks and months of the year, these two goodly volumes now offer themselves for preservation in their integrity. They deserve to be preserved and read; and we heartily recommend them to the shelves of our juvenile public, though not to them exclusively.

1. Ante-Nicene Christian Library. Translations from the Writings of the Fathers, down to A.D. 325. Vol. III. Tatian, Theophilus, and the Clementine Recognitions. Vol. IV. Clement of Alexandria, Vol. I.
2. Foreign Theological Library. Delitzsch's Commentary on Isaiah, Vol. II., and Auberlen on Divine Revelation. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

These admirable series of translations proceed with vigour and regularity. We observe no falling off in any respect; and still heartily commend these publications to those who desire to know what the earliest uninspired theology of the Church taught the earliest converts of Christianity.

*** We are compelled to postpone a crowd of Notices which we had prepared; including longer ones on the *Life of the Missionary Shrewsbury*, and other valuable books, and briefer ones on such beautiful Christmas Gift Books as *On Both Sides of the Sea*, *Helena's Household*, *The Boy's Own Book*, *&c.*

END OF VOL. XXVIII.

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