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also in the Poor Law Act of 1879, by which guardians are authorized to subscribe to hospitals, or institutions for blind, for deaf and dumb, and for providing nurses for the benefit of those who need the treatment to be had at these hospitals or institutions.

No field for religious work is so favourable to ministers as that in hospital wards. They find there people in that state of ill-health, or with the prospect of approaching death, which makes them glad to receive advice and consolation, while the quiet which reigns in the wards, and the absence of occupation, all conduce to a readiness to give attention, and a thankfulness for the kindness shown. Committees almost always supply funds necessary for the maintenance of a chaplain, or a scripture-reader, or both, while the Roman Catholics and Jews are cared for by priests of their own faith. Christianity is sympathy in its highest development, and sympathy is the *raison d'être* of such magnificent charities as our hospitals are, while their supporters and managers believe it to be a work which "is twice blest. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

J. H. BUXTON.

ART. III.—BURTON'S REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

The Reign of Queen Anne. By JOHN HILL BURTON, D.C.L.
3 vols. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.

SLOWLY but gradually the history of our country is being rewritten. The labours of the historian are no longer limited to a reference of second-hand authorities or to a bird's-eye view of an extensive period. With the throwing open to the public of the State papers of the country, and the disclosures made by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, a curiosity has been excited to trace the stream of history to its fountain-head. And since it was impossible for men, busy amid ancient documents and volumes of important MSS., to take a wide survey of the past, each writer began to occupy himself with a special period and to deal with it in a thorough and exhaustive fashion. Before the distinctive labours of these modern historians, the works of the old-fashioned school—the school of Kemble, Rapin, Hume, and of our old friend Mrs. Markham—were found to be grossly inaccurate and compiled from sources not to be relied upon. Gradually books which had been recognised as authorities in the days of our youth became thrown aside as feeble and unsound, and their places

occupied by new studies by new men. Between English history in its present garb and English history as it appeared to the past generation there is all the difference between a picture which is to be looked upon at a distance and a picture which will bear the closest and most minute examination. The old school of historical artists crowded their canvas with scenes and characters, and were content if the general effect was satisfactory; the modern school limit their efforts, but aim at the most exquisite completeness as to harmony and detail as they lay on their colours. The one is the work of a scene painter, the other of a Meissonier. Century after century of the history of England has now been depicted according to this new standard of criticism, until little more remains to be filled in. Mr. Freeman, raking amid chronicles and charters, has given us the period preceding Domesday. Professor Stubbs has shed a new light by aid of the public records upon our earlier constitutional history. Mr. Longman has retold the life of our third Edward. Mr. Gairdner, from his familiarity with ancient documents, has written the reign of Richard the Third and the imposture of Perkin Warbeck. With the history of the Reformation and the glories of Elizabeth as narrated by Mr. Froude we are all acquainted. Mr. Rawson Gardiner takes up the cue and gives us the latest State Paper interpretation of the reign of James the First and of personal government under his son Charles. The brilliant pages of Macaulay bring our history down to the death of William the Deliverer. Earl Stanhope, from his own family memorials, is the historian of the House of Hanover, whilst Mr. Justin McCarthy is busy occupying himself with recording the events of the present reign.

One important period has too long been allowed to remain inadequately treated. The reign of Queen Anne has hitherto been a stumbling-block in the path of the historical writer. Lord Stanhope has tried his hand at it; Mr. Wyon has made it a special study; and now Dr. Burton, the sober historian of Scotland, has published three volumes on the subject. Yet, if the truth be told, they all have to a certain extent failed. Dr. Burton is undoubtedly the best of the three; he has carefully studied original authorities; he has kept his mind free from party prejudices; he knows how to weigh evidence; he is familiar with the foreign and domestic policy of the period he describes. But he has failed to imbue himself with the spirit of the age of which he writes; he lacks humour and sympathy; he is too much the mere historian of deeds and events as interpreted by the senator and the soldier; and thus he does not reveal to us the reign of Queen Anne as it really existed—the Anne of Pope and Addison, Swift and Steele, the Anne of political feuds and political

pamphlets, the Anne of the chocolate houses, of Wills's, Jonathan's, and Garraway's, the Anne of the October Club and the Kit-Kat Club, the Anne of the High Churchman who believed in the divine right of kings, of the non-juror who looked to Versailles and Marli for inspiration, and of the Dissenter who moaned the loss of his friend the Dutchman—in short, the Anne of the *Spectator*, of Daniel Defoe, of Ned Ward and Tom Brown.

And yet it would seem as if the history of the reign of Queen Anne were one of the easiest to write. Few periods are richer in material to work upon. Essays, diaries, tracts, a vast mass of manuscripts, innumerable pamphlets and the like, present us with a picture of the manners and customs of the day which ought to render life in the time of Anne as clear and familiar to us as life in the time of Victoria. In the rooms of St. James' and the galleries of Windsor we see Mrs. Morley, alias the Queen, writing to her "dear friend," Mrs. Freeman, alias Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, asking her for advice, mourning over the hours of separation, vowing that she is ready to die for her, and then, woman-like, getting tired of the intimacy, squabbling with "her dear friend," and at last throwing her over for one who was not fit to sew the rosettes upon the high-heeled shoes of the great Sarah. In the House of Commons, we see Bolingbroke rising rapidly to office, whilst Walpole at first miserably breaks down in his maiden speech, and then becomes so great a power that the Tories conspire to imprison him in the Tower. Swaggering down St. James' Street is the dandy of the period, powdered, patched, and periwigged, clad in velvet and ruffles, and a perfect master "in the nice conduct of a clouded cane," which he does not scruple to lay across any vulgar person who comes between the wind and his nobility. Shy, retiring, but ever studying human nature, we see Addison, taking his daily walks abroad. "There is no place," writes the genial satirist, "of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Wills's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in the little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Tuesday night at St. James' coffee-house, and sometimes face the little committee of politicians in the inner room, as one who comes to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the 'Grecian,' the 'Cocoa Tree,' and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these two years; and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stockjobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I

see a cluster of people I mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club." He had, however, opened his lips to some advantage a little before this. The battle of Blenheim had been fought and the Government were anxious for the victory to be commemorated in immortal verse. Poetasters and the scribblers of Grub Street had been busy invoking the Muses, but Halifax and Godolphin declined to notice their efforts, and were rude enough to consider that no poem had as yet appeared to do honour to Marlborough's triumph. Addison, who was then living in an attic in the Haymarket, was asked to undertake the task. He gladly consented. Who does not know his famous lines in the "Campaign"?—

'Twas then that great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror and despair
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

From Addison to Swift is in the natural order of things. There, courted at levées and *fêted* at dinners, we see the savage dark-visaged Dean of St. Patrick's, bitter and cynical since the publication of that terrible "Tale of a Tub" has debarred him from a bishopric, whilst feebler men have been rewarded with the mitre. All acknowledge his genius, and bow down before him. With what a mixture of intense vanity and assumed contempt he receives the homage of the great! Read a few of the entries in his "Journal to Stella":—

"I was at Court and church to-day. I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me. One passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the Queen to-day."

"I dined with the Secretary; we were a dozen in all; three Scotch lords and Lord Peterborough. Duke Hamilton must needs be witty, and held up my train as I walked upstairs. The Secretary showed me his bill of fare to encourage me to dine with him. 'Pooh,' said I, 'show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner!'"

And the company that the Dean then lived amongst—dukes, earls, and ministers of State, were only too glad to receive him, to

silence his bitter tongue; and like the beggar on horseback, their guest insulted them to their face with his airs of superiority and aggressive independence. "I make bargains," writes this polished divine, "with all people that I dine to let me scrub my back against a chair, and the Duchess of Ormond was forced to bear it the other day," says the quondam hack to Sir William Temple, in his loftiest manner:—

The Earl of Abingdon, has been teasing me these three months to dine with him: and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company—Lord Stawell, Colonel Disney, and Dr. Arbuthnot, but the two last slipped their necks and left Stawell and me there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash-Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand a year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He shall not catch me in haste again.

These insufferable airs on the part of a man with Swift's antecedents, however, plainly prove a fact to which Dr. Burton fails to give due prominence. At no period of our history were men of letters more courted and more handsomely rewarded than during the reign of Anne. Addison was a Secretary of State; Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps; Swift was a Dean, and, if he had not outraged decency, would have been raised to the bench of bishops; Prior was a Secretary of Embassy, and subsequently blossomed forth into the glories of an Ambassador; Tickell became an Under-Secretary; Congreve was a Commissioner of Licenses; whilst Rowe, Gay, Stepney, Hughes, and Ambrose Phillips all held valuable public appointments. No wonder that Voltaire exclaimed, "*En Angleterre les lettres sont plus en honneur qu'ici!*" The cause of this advancement is not difficult to discover. Parliament in those days appealed to its own special audience, and not to the nation; it could only appeal to the nation through the medium of the man of letters and the pamphleteer. The earlier part of the eighteenth century is essentially the age of pamphlets. At the present day, what with speeches fully reported, newspapers of every phase of opinion, circulating libraries and magazine literature, the publication of party brochures is gradually falling into desuetude. A speech in Parliament which can be read throughout the country within a few hours of its delivery, a leading article in a newspaper, or a few pages in a periodical review, answer now the same purpose for which pamphlets were formerly intended. But during the reigns of Anne and the earlier Georges, a member of Parliament spoke only to his brother members; his words, however weighty, were confined to his audience, and their exact reproduction to the world outside was forbidden by the rules of the House. Hence, matters most vital to the interests of the nation might

be brought before Parliament, and yet the public, so far as the deliberation of the Legislature was concerned, be not a whit the wiser. The pamphleteer stepped in as the middle man between the Parliament and the public. Without encroaching upon the prerogatives of Parliament, he discussed in his few brief pages all matters agitated at Westminster, and, according to his opinions or hopes of reward, abused or applauded the action of the Government. A powerful pamphlet which could be read by all was therefore a far more able ally or dangerous foe than a powerful speech which could be heard only by a few. Hence it was that Whigs and Tories kept in their pay and rewarded with office men of acknowledged eminence in literature to advocate their policy. The pen of Addison, of Swift, of Steele, of Locke, or of Defoe, was to the country at large what the speeches of Godolphin, St. John, and Harley were to the House of Commons.

In the rarely to be met with works of Thomas Brown, there is a curious diary of his, which reveals to us somewhat of the habits and fashions of our forefathers in the days of "decent, chaste, and formal" Queen Anne. Let us run through the brief entries of one week:—

Sunday.—Great jangling of bells all over the city from eight to nine. Psalms murdered in most parishes at ten. Abundance of doctrines and uses in the meetings, but no application. Vast consumption of roast beef and pudding at one. Afternoon, sleeping in most churches. Scores of handkerchiefs stolen at St. Paul's at three. Informers busy all day long. Night not so sober as might be wished.

Monday.—Journeymen tailors', shoemakers', and prentices' heads ache with what they had been doing the day before. Tradesmen begin the week with cheating as soon as they open shop. If fair, the Park full of women at noon. Great shaking of the elbow (*i.e.*, gambling with dice) at Wills's, &c., about ten.

Tuesday.—Muslins and pepper rise at the East India House at twelve. Calicoes fall before two. Coached masques calling at the chocolate houses between eight and nine.

Wednesday.—Crowds of people gather at the Exchange by one, disperse by three. Afternoon noisy and bloody at Her Majesty's bear garden in Hockley in the Hole. Night sober with broken captains and others who have neither credit nor money.

Thursday.—A constable and a watchman killed or near being so in Westminster, whether by a lord or a lord's footman the planets don't determine.

Friday.—Much swearing at three among the horse-courers at Smithfield; if the oaths were registered as well as the horses, what a volume 'twould make. Several tails turned up at St. Paul's School, &c., for their repetitions.

Saturday.—People's houses cleansed in the afternoon, but their consciences we don't know when.

The history of politics during the reign of Anne is a curious study of action and reaction. On the accession of the Queen wild were the hopes of the Tories. It was known that the new sovereign's sympathies were hostile to the Whigs, that she was easily led, and that, by her education, sentiments, and religious convictions, she was no admirer of the principles of the revolution. Therefore it was expected that the reign of the Tories would be long and supreme, and a new political creed be circulated amongst the nation. It was fondly anticipated that the Dutch intimacies forced upon the country by the late king would be set aside, that in the war then being waged against France, on account of Lewis supporting the claims of the Pretender, England would be indebted more to her fleet than to the aid of foreign mercenaries, that the funded debt would be relieved of its burdens, that the Dissenters would return to the position they had occupied under the Stewart kings, and that the agricultural interest would enjoy peculiar advantages. This was the high Tory programme, but it was soon apparent that its propositions were impracticable. It was found that the war with France could only be carried on by maintaining the alliances formed by William in all their integrity. The country still continued to be heavily taxed to support the Treasury; the Dissenters, an active and prosperous class, were left very much to their own devices; whilst the farmers, in spite of their selfish objections, still saw themselves pressed by the burdens of the past. This condition of things cut both ways. The extreme Tories, finding that they had only changed a Whig Ministry for a Tory Ministry with a Whig policy, held themselves aloof from the Government. The moderate Whigs, seeing that, though a Tory Cabinet was in power, Whig measures were adopted, had no objection, in return for certain favours accorded them, to give their votes to Godolphin, who then held the seals as Lord Treasurer. The current of politics thus setting towards a compromise, a coalition Ministry, partly composed of Whigs and of Tories, came into office. And since it is in the nature of such fusions for the rival elements to struggle for supremacy, intrigues were speedily set on foot by which each party might dominate over the other. At first the Tories, aided by the subtlety of Harley and the influence of the Court, were in the ascendant, but the Whigs soon showed themselves conscious of their strength and of the sympathies by which they were backed. The country was in favour of the Whigs. The Tories were divided, and personal animosities were rife among their leaders; in spite of their maintenance of the Grand Alliance, they were wearied of the war and anxious for peace. Nor was implicit trust placed in their friends. The country party and the High Church party were the great supporters of Tory measures, but the nation

at large was inclined to be suspicious. At the bottom of the country party was the Pretender, at the bottom of the High Church party were an un-English bigotry and sacerdotal arrogance. On the other hand, the Whigs enjoyed that union which, when rightly directed, is force. They possessed a large majority in the Commons; they were sincere in their efforts for the humiliation of the House of Bourbon, they had no sympathy with the exile at St. Germain, and they were loyal in the maintenance of their Protestantism. Gradually the posts in the Cabinet became conferred upon those who swore fealty to the views of Somers and Halifax instead of to those of Harley and Bolingbroke; with the exception of Godolphin, who possessed the confidence of the commercial classes, and Marlborough, whose brilliant victories had justly won the applause of the nation, the Ministry was now composed wholly of the Whigs. Such was the situation of affairs at the close of the year 1708.

For a time it seemed as if the Whig tenure of power would be unlimited. Thanks to Marlborough, the throne of Anne was safe from all the plots of the Jacobites; England had risen to a supreme position in the councils of Europe, whilst everywhere the policy of the House of Bourbon had suffered defeat; the union between England and Scotland was, in spite of doubts and fears, a success; the country was prosperous, and the prospect of a permanent peace seemed now more than probable. But in politics there is no gratitude; and a measure or a sudden course of action may shake the strongest Government. Though the Tories were in the cold shade of exclusion, they did not lose heart. The Queen, now that she had nothing to fear from the Pretender, her brother, was more Tory than ever. Harley was busy with his schemes and intrigues to oust Godolphin. Marlborough had done his work, and his enemies now thought they could dispense with his aid. His wife, no longer the cherished Mrs. Freeman, had been dismissed the Court. Swift with his bitter pen was lashing the country squires and Anglican clergy into action, complaining of the heavy taxation, the toleration granted to Dissenters, and the short-sighted foreign policy that had been adopted. Here were elements which, if deftly put in motion and favoured by fortune, might bear the Tory party back to office. All that was wanted was for the Whigs to commit some grievous mistake, and the opportunity would not be lost upon their rivals. The moment was offered them. Various causes—an unpopular bill, a mistaken foreign policy, a deficit in the finances, a war misconducted, and the like—have helped to turn out a Government, but the Cabinet of Godolphin is the only instance in political history of a Ministry being overthrown by a sermon. It happened after this fashion.

Henry Sacheverell, the rector of St. Saviour's, Southwark, a

vain and mischievous clergyman, who had become famous, or rather notorious, by incessant invectives against the Dissenters, had published a sermon on the "Perils of False Brethren" which he had preached in St. Paul's Cathedral before the Lord Mayor and a large congregation. In this now historical discourse Sacheverell had inveighed, in the style of the coarsest declamation, against the doctrine of resisting the divine authority delegated to kings, against the toleration accorded to Nonconformists, and the dangers with which the Church was beset from her political and religious enemies. At this distance of time it is difficult to account for the sensation that followed the publication of this party address. Dr. Burton does his best to transform the feeble preacher into one of the pillars of the pulpit, and his sermon into a masterly discourse, but the evidence we possess fails to support such capricious statements.

Sacheverell had obtained a position for himself by employing very much the same arts as do his disciples of the present day. He objected to the control of the Church by the State, to the interference of the secular law in matters ecclesiastical, and, whilst doing all in his power to create schism, to the liberty enjoyed by those outside the Anglican fold. Acrid, spiteful, and turbulent, he had none of the charms of intellect to soften or illumine his splenetic bigotry. His sermon is before us: it exhibits no learning, no eloquence, no satire; it is simply a dull diatribe against a constitutional and Protestant Government, picked out here and there with vulgar personalities and tawdry rhetoric. Yet the sensation it created was immense. It took the town by storm and was the one topic of gossip throughout the country. Its sale was enormous, and edition after edition issued from the shops of the booksellers, in Little Britain. The greatest preachers of the reign of Lewis XIV., the greatest preachers of the reign of Charles II., never caused a tithe of the excitement which was excited by this sorry composition from a man one of whose similes had been "like parallel lines meeting in a common centre." But coarse invective and bitter personalities always succeed in commanding a large and attentive audience.

Unfortunately for the cause of the Whigs, Godolphin, who had been lampooned under the name of Volpone in the sermon, determined to prosecute the preacher. He vowed that Sacheverell should be impeached at the bar of the House of Lords in the name of all the Commons of England. In vain the leaders of his party endeavoured to turn him from his purpose. The Lord Treasurer, like many cool, calm men when goaded out of their natural prudence, completely lost his judgment, and declared that nothing would satisfy him but the gratification of revenge. His resolve was complied with. A committee was appointed to draw up articles

and Sacheverell was imprisoned. The trial took place in Westminster. Four distinct charges were brought against the malevolent preacher. He was accused of declaiming against the Revolution, of disapproving of the law of toleration, of suggesting that the Church of England was in danger from the conduct of the Ministry, and of declaring that the Government was bent upon the destruction of the Constitution. The end of this miserable episode is well known. The sympathies of the nation were on the side of the persecuted preacher. The Tories regarded him as the martyr of a latitudinarian Government, and extolled the virtues he had never displayed, and the learning he never possessed. The Anglican clergy rallied round their brother, and proclaimed all who differed from them as enemies to the Church. The crowd thronged about the coach of the prisoner, as he drove to Westminster Hall, and eagerly implored his blessing. Had Sacheverell been a patriot, withstanding the tyranny of a despot, or a soldier whose gallantry had retrieved the fallen fortunes of his country, he could not have been more the idol of the hour. By the slenderest majority he was found guilty, but a sentence so light was passed upon him, that it was regarded as a victory by the Tories and celebrated with bonfires and illuminations. "I intend to disappoint him," said the late Lord Palmerston, in reference to the obstinacy of a certain Ritualist. "I shall certainly not make a martyr of him." Had Godolphin been imbued with a little of this worldly wisdom, he would have taken no notice of the vituperations of Sacheverell, and have thus spared the overthrow of his party. The trial had sounded the knell of dissolution in the ears of the Whigs. The Queen openly espoused the cause of the Tories. Marlborough was humiliated. The stout and loyal Whigs were dismissed from office, whilst the servile and ambitious were bribed with promises. Parliament was dissolved, and the elections went in favour of the Tories. Godolphin was commanded to break the white staff, and the Tories under Harley once more reigned supreme.

Those who wish to study the history of the political fluctuations of the reign of Queen Anne, may safely be referred to these volumes. The intrigues of the Tories and the counterplots of the Whigs, the literary warfare between Swift and Steele, and the feud between Harley and Bolingbroke, are duly set forth and enlarged upon. But soon graver matters than party conflicts were to occupy public attention. The health of Anne was failing fast, and the one topic that engrossed the public mind was the question of the succession. Three parties divided the State: the Jacobites, whose cry was "God save James the Third!" the Tories, who were willing to welcome the Pretender back provided he agreed to turn Protestant; and the Whigs, who pledged themselves to stand by the clauses of the Act of Settlement and the principles of the

Revolution. Into the political intrigues that now took place we cannot enter. Bolingbroke was scheming to supplant Harley and paving the way for the accession of the Pretender; Harley, now Earl of Oxford, was removed; but the white staff was delivered, not to Bolingbroke, but to Shrewsbury. Then came the demise of the Queen. The Whigs, feeling assured that the country would support their measures, at once stood at the helm of Government. It was one of those occasions where the firm and the resolute win the day. No Pretender, with his priests and images and subservience to an Italian prelate, was to ascend the throne, and lower the pride and independence of England. The Whigs sternly gave their voice in favour of the House of Hanover. Troops were ordered to protect London. The fleet stood out at sea. All the ports were closed. The Tories were nonplussed, and heralds proclaimed the new King without disturbance. What a comment upon the vanity of human wishes and the insecurity of ambition is contained in the few lines written by Bolingbroke to Swift: "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the Queen died on Sunday. What a world is this! And how does fortune banter us!"

The "History of the Reign of Queen Anne" is undoubtedly an important contribution to the literature of the day. Compared with the works on the same period of Tindal, Swift, Bolingbroke, Smollett, Stanhope, Wyon and Lecky, the volumes of Dr. Burton at once display their superiority. It is evident that their author has taken great pains in the compilation of his political history. He has collected his facts with judgment, his opinions are the result of much reflection, and he has declined to be fettered by the conclusions arrived at by his predecessors. He vindicates the character of Marlborough from many of the unjust charges heaped upon the head of the great general by both Whig and Tory detractors. He has made a special study of the wars of the period, and his descriptions of the battles that took place, if they are wanting in the verve and brilliancy of Mr. Kinglake, are at least clear and accurate. The best part of the work is, however, as was to be expected, the chapters relating to Scottish matters. His criticism on the state of art, science, and literature at that time is meagre and unsatisfactory. Dr. Burton, however, it must be admitted, is not a master of English. His style is heavy and often involved; he lacks the power of narrative, and that grasp of facts which makes the story he relates clear and continuous; his rhetoric is as laboured and overladen as that of Canon Farrar. Still, his history is the outpouring of a mind rich with stored knowledge, conscientious and tolerant; it is a work of great value.