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THE

CHURCHMAN

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ART. I.—M. RENAN.

NO branch of literature is more popular in our time than biography. In our lending libraries and railway bookstalls biographies compete with novels. The lives and letters of our leading statesmen and scholars are published as soon as materials can be collected from various quarters, and, before the interest attaching to their names has passed away, we are able to judge of their character and of the events with which they have been associated, from their own point of view, and with such expositions of their motives and principles as a friendly biographer may discover in unpublished documents or in the unrestrained intercourse of confidential correspondence. In one or two rare instances the work of the biographer has been anticipated. The distinguished man whom the public delights to honour has collected the materials for the biographer, put them together, and invited the whole world to contemplate the various phases of his life, to trace the growth and development of his character, and the separate influence of each successive stage in his career, as they appear to himself, looking back on them from perhaps the threshold of old age. Thus he himself is able, in some measure, to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and to value the work of his life, as it will hereafter appear to those who contemplate it from a distance.

The "Recollections" of M. Renan[1] will take a unique, but not a very high place in this department of literature. The student who passed his boyhood and youth in the seclusion of various ecclesiastical seminaries with a view to enter the Romish priesthood, and the larger part of whose subsequent

[1] *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse.* Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris: Calmann Levy. 1883.

life has been spent in publishing books which have given a greater shock to the creed of Christendom—Reformed as well as Papal—than any other writings of this century, cannot fail to tell us many things of a career full of startling changes and unexpected incidents which thousands will delight to read. No living writer can clothe his thoughts in words more appropriately chosen and gracefully combined. The fascination of his style, its transparent clearness, and the peculiar beauty and aptness of its illustrations, cannot fail to attract thousands of admiring readers in England, no less than in France. He traces the influences which have moulded his character, and have so completely altered its direction, that the favourite disciple of Dupanloup and the enthusiastic student of Aquinas has become the vehement opponent of supernatural religion and the popular champion of the philosophy of Comte.

He tells of his ancestors and of the share which each of his parents contributed to his character, of the physical features of his native province, the credulity of his infancy, the books he read or was forbidden to read, the growth of scepticism, the gradual settling down into permanent unbelief, until he felt that he was no longer a Christian, and could no longer wear the dress which marked his destination for the priesthood. But the temper and training of the *Seminarist* have never left him. He delights to find in these early days the germs of later development—the promise of future greatness. He is still "a priest spoiled." Sometimes he seems to himself like the submerged city, the towers and spires of which the Breton fisherman sees under the calm sea. Sometimes he listens to the vibrations which come from infinite depths like voices from another world. Sometimes these "Recollections" are like a carillon of bells repeating the old melodies, and bringing back the echoes of a far-off time. Sometimes he is like the harp of Orpheus, which, after the hand which swept it had passed away, continued to repeat the name of the ideal which had been loved and lost.

The lost ideal haunts him still. The religion of his childhood has been left behind in the Breton village, where "the things which men pursued elsewhere were called 'vanity,' and the things which *lay* people called 'chimeras' were the only realities." Christianity and Clericalism were convertible terms, and Renan abandoned both at the same time. He has never since taken the trouble to inquire whether the legends of Brittany and the tricks which used to be played with the wooden figure at Tréguier are to be placed on the same level with the Resurrection of Christ. Nay; he takes care to warn his readers that they have no choice. If they accept the supernatural in one case, they must be prepared to accept it

in all. As for himself, he cannot accept as true what he knows to be false, nor "amputate his reason" in order to preserve his faith. He describes the struggles through which he passed—the attempts to silence, to bribe, to coerce him, but never to show that faith in Christ is compatible with reason.

No confession could be more interesting than his explanation of the various influences which drove the disciple of Dupanloup farther and farther away from the unsuspecting faith of his childhood, until he became the most formidable enemy to Christianity that has arisen, even in France, since the days of Voltaire. He assures us that he has been impelled simply by the love of truth, and that no other motive than the desire to get rid of a position, the falsehood of which was intolerable, has compelled him to abandon the hopes of his early years, by severing himself from friends whom he dearly loved, and to whose memory he still clings with a tenacity of affection which lapse of time and dissolution of faith has not weakened. But the change was inevitable, for, the student of Locke, and Reed, and Herder and Hegel (and with such writers he became familiar even while he was a candidate for the Romish priesthood) could never bow to the decrees of an infallible Church, nor preach a pilgrimage to Lourdes. He found no resting-place between the extremes of ecclesiastical infallibility and hopeless scepticism. The student of Romish Divinity looks in vain for such books as Butler, Barrow, or Taylor. Of those Renan seems never to have heard. They might, under God, have changed the whole course of his life. But the strong bias of his early training; the church-towers dear to his childhood, destroyed, but not forgotten; the music of the bells, to which he listens in the quiet hours of declining life; recall the lost ideals of his infancy and childhood, and still dominate his spirit. He has never ceased to love what he has helped to destroy.

In all his writings there is an apparent unconsciousness of the gravity of the question, a frivolity of manner, and a tendency to exaggerate, to sacrifice truth and reality to picturesque grouping and dramatic effect, which, though not without precedent in the great writers of the Continent (as in the somewhat similar case of Goethe), is unbecoming in any case, and especially in a book professing to be a picture of the author's religious convictions. In a work of fiction, or in the lighter literature of the day, such a mode of treatment is not perhaps unbecoming, but in the personal recollections of a great man published during his life it is strange to be reminded that the author's own words are to be taken *cum grano*

salis.[1] No doubt very much of the charm of this book, as well as of the other writings of M. Renan, is due to his selecting those incidents which lend themselves most readily to picturesque description and rhetorical treatment. But it is evident that the real value of his writings as contributions to the history of religion and commentaries on the life of Christ is completely destroyed by this continual straining after effect, by his unfair selection of facts and tests, and by his avowed object to reject everything supernatural or miraculous.

The publication of the "Vie de Jésus" caused the greatest consternation in clerical circles on the Continent. In a crisis of extreme political and military excitement, it was the chief topic of conversation in the *salons* of Paris, the churches of Italy, and the counting-houses of the Levant. It was the occasion of "reparation services" in the cathedrals of every Roman Catholic country. But no serious attempt was made to meet the crisis by appealing to reason and history, and so exposing the many fallacies and misstatements of the dreaded book. Denunciations, and reparation services, and warnings of the faithful against pestilential books have been tried in abundance; but only with the effect of increasing its popularity, and making everyone believe that it is unanswerable. In France this reckless and infatuated policy has borne bitter fruit, and the Church of Rome finds herself, not as in Germany or in England fighting with believers of another creed, but with men who disbelieve all creeds, who preach a scientific crusade against all Churches, and who would gladly suppress every public expression of the Christian faith in churches and hospitals and schools, as well as in the public ordinances of Christian worship. By the recent laws of education in France every teacher is tolerated except the priest; chaplains in the army and chaplains in hospitals are to be removed. And if the Church of France were disestablished, the French bishops believe that whole departments would be left without the ordinances of religion; so that a whole generation would grow up to whom the name of Christ would be practically unknown. The laws recently passed in France are not only anti-Papal, but vehemently anti-Christian. It would be unjust to attribute this catastrophe to any one cause, or to any one man; but the works of Renan, unrefuted and therefore supposed to be triumphant, are regarded by the popular party as the sign as well as the cause of its triumph.

That the tricks of designing priests (such as are described in this book), who tell the people that the wooden statue of a

[1] "Bien des choses ont été mises, afin qu'on sourie; si l'usage l'eût permis, j'aurais dû écrire plus d'une fois à la marge—*Cum grano salis*." (Preface, p. iv.)

saint stretches out its arms to bless the devout worshippers in the village church, and refuses to perform the expected miracle if anyone is profane enough to look up at the appointed moment, have anything (except the name) in common with the miracles of the New Testament, one would have thought to be a self-evident truism. But the intellectual somnolency induced by studying the fables of saints, and the mixture of imposture and credulity in all those men's lives who are the agents and exhibitors of such palpable deceptions, destroy the faculty of discrimination, and make men judge the life of Christ as if He were no better than a mediæval saint or the manipulator of the movements of a wooden statue. There could not be a worse training than this for the man who was afterwards to become the interpreter of the New Testament, nor a more misleading standpoint from which to contemplate the life of Christ and the miracles recorded in the Gospels. The New Testament is removed, by the whole diameter of human thought, from the stories of the mediæval saints and from the tricks of their modern worshippers.

M. Renan tells us (without any apparent consciousness of the irony of the combination, and of the light which it throws on his own fitness for the task of criticizing the Gospels) that he understands better than any other man the life of Christ and of St. Francis! If he understands the one, we may be quite certain that he does not understand the other; and if he admires the life and character and teaching of Christ, we are at a loss to know how he can find the embodiment of the same divine ideal in the life and legend of the founder of the Franciscans, or by what method of interpretation he can discover the rules of this Order in the commands of Christ. But here we have the ex-Seminarist—the *spoiled priest,* the dreamer who listens for the old bells, and sees in the waters which have swept away his old beliefs the church towers and spires of his childhood. He puts his ear to the trembling vibrations which seem to come from infinite depths, "like voices from another world." The echoes are confusing. But only the associations of such a childhood as his could have blended in one common eulogy the names of "JESUS and FRANCOIS D'ASSISE."

It is impossible to say what effect this book of "Recollections" may have on the admirers of M. Renan. But it throws a strange light on the history of his life, and helps us to understand some of the perplexing inconsistencies and contradictions of his other writings. In his infancy he had witnessed the clumsy tricks by which the priest of his native village had taught him to believe in the miraculous powers of the Church. Legends equally absurd and equally dishonest formed the

staple of the education of his boyhood. In his opening manhood he was taught that the miracles of the New Testament were to be placed on the same level with these, and that all were to be equally accepted on the authority of an infallible Church. Therefore he came to study the life of Christ with the conviction that all miracles were to be rejected everywhere and at all times as incredible, irrational, and absurd. Even the books in which such things were to be found were not to be treated like other books. "An inspired book is a miracle. It ought to present itself under such conditions as no other book." One can understand these words coming from the lips of one who believes in revelation. In the pages of Bishop Butler, for instance, we see at once the propriety of his reminding us that principles of interpretation which may be applied to other books cannot always be applied to the Bible, because it refers to an incomprehensible system of which we must be incompetent judges. So Christians accept many passages in the Bible, not because they understand them, but because they have already accepted the Bible as a revelation from God.

In our endeavours to ascertain the meaning of revelation we employ all the resources of learning and industry. We press into this service all the discoveries of scholars and travellers, who may represent more vividly the countries and scenes described by the Evangelists. And in this way the "Vie de Jésus" itself may help us to make the Gospels more real, so as to bring before our imagination the geographical features of Palestine, and the feuds of the religious and political parties in Galilee and Jerusalem. We can accept also, so far as it goes, his testimony to the character of Christ; and we shall have little trouble in showing that the moral difficulties of his theory are not only irreconcilable with the Gospels, but vastly greater than belief in the miracles which he rejects.

We cannot, indeed, ask those who do not share this belief to respect our convictions, and to admit that there may be some things which, while they never contradict science or morality or reason, are to be accepted on the authority of God. But we have a right to ask that men who disbelieve in miracles shall not, under the plea of a mocking reverence for the miraculous, examine the Gospels under conditions which no historical records could satisfy. Let them not display such wantonness of capricious selection and arbitrary criticism in interpreting St. Matthew and St. John, as would not be tolerated for a moment in a commentator on Plato or Thucydides. For disbelievers in revelation the difference between inspired and uninspired books does not exist.

But there are some disputed points in connection with the Gospels on which the testimony of M. Renan may be worth

much. In some matters, where prejudice against the miraculous has not led him astray, he has borne strong testimony to the truth; and his researches have sometimes led him to results which are irreconcilable with other portions of his writings. He believes that St. Luke was the author of the Acts of the Apostles and of the third Gospel. He admits the general historical character of the first and second Gospels, and he finds ample evidence that the author of the fourth Gospel had personal knowledge of the facts of Christ's life. It is evident that nothing but the predetermination to reject the miraculous under all circumstances, and by whatever evidence attested (the growth of which prejudice he has now enabled us to trace), has kept him in many places from accepting the words of the Evangelists in their plain meaning. His single rule has been to get rid of the miraculous at whatever cost, and to accept any theory of the life of Christ which will exclude the divine and miraculous, and do as little violence as possible to those parts of the text which he is compelled to admit. He tells us that the Gospels are purely legendary, "for the reason that they are full of miracles." "It is not in the name of this or that philosophy, but in the name of a constant experience that we banish miracles from history. We do not say that a miracle is impossible, but that no miracle has ever been proved." He admits that the record of miracles cannot be taken out of the Gospels. The only question is whether these miracles were real or pretended.

He assumes that the miracles of Jesus were an after-thought, an expedient to which He was driven by the expectation of the multitude, which demanded miracles from the Messiah. Every reader of the Gospels must know that this theory is irreconcilable with many passages of the Sacred Text. It is not to be determined by simply begging the question and assuming that no miracles have ever been performed. It is an historical question—as to the personality of Christ, whether this theory be consistent with all else that we know of Him; as to the character of the disciples and the multitude in whose presence the miracles are said to have been performed; as to the enemies of Christ—by none of whom the imposture was detected; and as to the effect of these miracles on the whole world, and their place in the propagation of Christianity, and the foundation of the Church.

Physical difficulties are not the only difficulties in this case. In reference to these, indeed, we may confidently challenge those who deny them on the ground of science to show that any of them is impossible, if belief in Christ as a Divine Person be conceded. The miracles are only part of a manifestation, every part of which is equally superhuman. They cannot and ought

not to be judged separate from the whole character of Him Who is said to have performed them, nor separate from the whole tenor of His teaching, nor from the authority which He claimed. To such a case the argument from general experience of mankind does not apply. Experience is gathered from the actions and powers of men. If anyone ever lived in the world possessing higher powers than man, as we believe of Christ, the inferences drawn from the powers of other men and from the limits of such powers are not applicable to Him. You may make the tests of so wonderful a belief as rigorous as you please (and we shall not shrink from their application), but you have no right to dismiss it as incredible, nor to assume without examination that it *cannot* be true. But this is what men do when they judge the life of one claiming to be Divine, by precedents drawn from the history of mankind. "What think ye of Christ?" is still the main question of all theology. This cannot be answered without taking into account the uniqueness of His Personality, the sublimity and tenderness of His character, and the purity of His teaching, as well as His superhuman works, and the superhuman results which have followed from His life.

M. Renan stints not his admiration of the character of Christ: "He was the highest consciousness of God that has ever existed in the bosom of humanity." "A living creative genius entirely differing from anything in Judaism." Elsewhere he enlarges on "the splendid originality of Jesus in His conception of God as a Father—as Our Father in Heaven." "This is His grand act of originality; in this He owes nothing to His race." "We have not left behind, we shall never leave behind the essential idea which Jesus created." It seems incredible that the man who wrote these words should have said, also, that Christ (we quote the words with reluctance) was a "thaumaturgist and an exorcist in spite of Himself." Certainly, "the grain of salt" with which the reader is permitted to season the "Souvenirs," must be applied in large quantities to everything else which Renan has written. In their plain meaning, these words are absolutely irreconcilable and contradictory. The highest consciousness of God in the bosom of a thaumaturgist! The creative genius—the splendid originality—the unapproachable perfection of the man who became an exorcist *in spite of Himself!*

This, moreover, is the writer who, looking back on these his earlier writings, tells us, in his latest book, that "*he alone of his age has been able to comprehend Jesus*" (p. 148). Few men would be prepared to assert so much of themselves. Few men have given so many and so conspicuous proofs of their own incompetence.

There is, in truth, an affectation of enthusiasm, a want of manliness, an inability to appreciate real nobility of character and inflexibility of purpose, all of which show him to be eminently unfitted by nature and by education to understand the nobility and moral strength of our Lord. Of this he himself discloses the secret. From a very early age he preferred the society of girls to boys. "The latter did not like me, as I was too effeminate for them. We could not play together, so they called me 'Mademoiselle,' and teased me in a variety of ways. On the other hand, I got on very well with girls of my own age." For such a person it is easier to understand weakness than strength; and so he draws his imaginary Christ with all his own contradictions, imagining Christ to be such an one as himself, or perhaps Francois d'Assise.

Of all persons in the world, we should say that an exceptionally effeminate French rhetorician, self-confident, egotistic, emotional, and irreverent, is the least likely to understand the life of Christ. To the popular leaders of His day Christ said: "How can ye believe, who receive honour one of another?" M. Renan sets every sail to catch the breeze of popular favour. His idol is popular applause, and to this he delights to sacrifice his independent judgment as a man of letters and an historian. "Public applause is the grand corrupter," he says. "It encourages me to do evil. It leads the writer to commit faults for which it blames him afterwards: like the respectable *bourgeoisie* of former times, which applauded the actor and expelled him from the Church. When I am well pleased with myself I am approved by ten persons; when I let myself run to perilous confidences, when my literary conscience hesitates, and where my hand trembles, thousands implore me to go on." It is not enough to say that this is in the worst taste. The writer has no proper sense of the dignity of his work as a public teacher, nor of his responsibility as a man of genius and an interpreter of history. It is no little strange that he should claim to understand the life of Christ, and to sit in judgment on the words of the Evangelists.

"*Je suis un prêtre manqué.* My faults are priests' faults; my virtues are the virtues of my early training." We have seen the gravest of the *faults* of his early training—as they will appear to most Englishmen, especially to English men of letters. Among the *virtues*—as they probably appear to himself and to many of his countrymen—is his contempt for the Protestants as well as for the Roman Catholics who have tried to defend their ecclesiastical system and their belief on any other grounds than the simple appeal to authority. "One of the worst intellectual dishonesties," he says, "is to play upon

words, to present Christianity as imposing scarcely any restraint on the reason, and by the help of this artifice to attract to it people who do not know to what they are really pledging themselves. . . . *Whoever has gone through his theology* is no longer capable of such a want of logic. As all rests for him upon the infallible authority of the Church, there is no room left for choice. One single dogma abandoned, one single teaching of the Church rejected, is the negation of the Church and of Revelation." This is the Nemesis of rejected infallibility. Renan is a priest still, though "a *spoiled priest.*" He has never forgotten the logic of the schoolmen. He has been welcomed, indeed, as the most learned, as he is certainly the most eloquent exponent of infidelity in Europe. Though his book has been received by the Church of his youth with horror, so as to be the occasion of "services of reparation" innumerable, in the country of his birth he fancies himself again in the halls of St. Sulpice, and listening to the old text-books of the Jesuits. "WHOEVER HAS GONE THROUGH HIS THEOLOGY IS INCAPABLE OF SUCH LOGIC." The slave is not free who drags after him a portion of his chain. The scholastic logic is the only protection against the theology of Protestants; that is, against the opinion that the Church has fallen into a single error. If such be his virtues and such his logic, they are the virtues and the logic of his early training. Here also we see the source of the strongest and most mischievous of all his delusions, that the believer in revelation is required "to *amputate the faculty of reason,* and renounce for ever the search after truth."

This is a part of his Seminarist theology—almost the only part which remains with him still—and still poisons everything that he writes. If the Bible had been regarded by Dupanloup and his other patrons as intended for any higher purpose than to be a book "to furnish fine passages for their speeches" he would have found there the antidote. He would have seen that unreasoning credulity is not, in the estimation of the Apostles, the same thing, but the very opposite of Christian faith. He would have found that St. Paul's hearers are praised for comparing his teaching with Scripture, and that St. Peter charged his converts to be always ready to give a reason for the hope that is in them.

Having read these memoirs, we shall be better able to judge of the present religious condition of France and of its prospects. This is dark and discouraging in many ways. In none more than in this, that many of the leaders of French thought—the brilliant writers who draw multitudes after them by an irresistible fascination—have never learned to distinguish be-

tween the purity of the Gospel and the corrupt theology and lying legends of St. Sulpice and Lourdes.

It is perhaps not difficult to understand the panic which the publication of M. Renan's famous book produced twenty years ago in France. The sphere of its influence has not been contracted, nor its power diminished since that time. A Church which appeals only to authority, and which claims to be the inheritor of supernatural power, can only refurbish its old weapons and trade on the fears and superstitions of mankind. But the danger arising from such books as this comes not from any new discovery of science or of criticism, nor from any greater cogency of argument. To answer them by threats and denunciations only is to choose to meet them in a field where they are sure to conquer, and to leave them in secure possession of the only ground from which they are easily dislodged, and where, in the estimation of all competent judges, defeat would be final and irretrievable. The life of Renan is exceptional only in the influence which flows from his genius and his popularity. It is probably an example of hundreds of similar lives of which the world never hears.

On the whole, the impression left on the mind by the Souvenirs is very painful. There is an utter want of any real effort to grapple with the difficulties, or even to understand the momentous issues involved in the truth of Christianity. He abandoned the Christian faith, he says, because he was unable to reconcile certain discrepancies in the four Gospels. To those who have read his writings it is evident that he entered on this inquiry with the predetermination to make the most of any apparent contradictions, and to deny to the Evangelists that fairness of construction which would be readily conceded in every other case; as, for instance, when he assumes that St. John did not know any of those events in Christ's life which he has not himself expressly recorded, like Christ's birth in Bethlehem and the Ascension. He never raises the question whether such events were already known to the readers of the Gospels, and taken for granted in other parts of the Gospel of St. John, but rushes to the conclusion that the writer *must* have been ignorant of that which he does not mention.

Perhaps such a spirit might have been permitted in discussing a question of pure literature, such as the authorship of the Homeric poems, the personality of Homer, or the various discrepancies and contradictions of the "Iliad"—though even literary criticism should be conducted in a more honest and appreciative spirit. But the truth of Christianity is not a matter of criticism, of literary taste, or of artistic excellence. The Bible was not given to furnish models for rhetorical declamation. Whatever be the literary reputation of its critics,

such capacity is not the highest, still less is it the sole qualification for understanding the life of Jesus. It is no slight confirmation of the truth of the Gospels. that they have extorted from the most unfriendly and unsympathizing critics the highest praise. But Christian faith is not a matter of criticism nor of literature. Its truths are not critically and artistically, but morally and spiritually, discerned. They are remedial and restorative. They speak peace and pardon to hearts burdened with the weight of sin and sorrow. "The secret of the Lord is for them that fear Him." The life of Christ is not to be written nor understood unless by those who keep in view the purpose for which St. John tells us that he wrote his Gospel: "That we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, we might have life through His Name."

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

ART. II.—IN THE YŌSEMITÉ VALLEY.

ALREADY a week has slipped by since the beautiful May morning when I woke to find myself in the heart of these glorious mountains; and already I have learnt to feel thoroughly at home in the pleasant little wooden bungalow which is here dignified with the title of "Hotel." It stands on the brink of the calm Merced river, facing the most worshipful Yosemité Falls, in a lovely green valley, encompassed on every side by stupendous rock-walls of the whitest granite.

All arrangements here are of the simplest: everything is quite comfortable, but there is nothing fine, and it is amusing to watch the evident disappointment of some American ladies on first arriving at "The Hotel," a word which, to them, conveys only the idea of such vast palaces as those we saw in San Francisco, one of which provides sleeping accommodation for a thousand persons, and every detail is ordered on a scale of downright magnificence. As multitudes of American families avoid the troubles of housekeeping by having no "home," but only permanent apartments on one of the many flats of these huge buildings, the hotel becomes a substitute for home, and affords a standard of measurement for American ideas of things in general. No wonder that they are on so large a scale!

In comparison with these "palaces" this little wooden house may well seem simple! The main bungalow, which is surrounded by a wide veranda, has on the ground-floor, first,

a minute post-office, booking-office, and bar. Then a large dining-room, with a row of windows on each side, occupies almost the entire space, and opens at the farther end into a clean, tidy kitchen, where a Chinese cook attends to our comfort. An outside staircase leads to another wide veranda running round the upper story, which consists entirely of bedrooms. A separate wooden house stands just beyond it, also two-storied, and all divided into minute sleeping-rooms. I have chosen one of these, as it commands a splendid view of the Falls, and from the earliest dawn I can watch their dream-like loveliness in every changing effect of light; sunshine and storm alike minister to their beauty.

It must be confessed that the rooms are rough and ready, and the partitions apparently consist of sheets of brown paper, so that every word spoken in one room is heard in all the others! I am so well accustomed to this peculiarity, from long residence in the tropics (where ventilation is secured by only running partitions to within a foot of the ceiling), that it does not trouble me much, but must be somewhat startling to the unaccustomed ear, which finds itself unwillingly compelled to share the varied conversation of the inmates of neighbouring stalls!

On the opposite side of the road is the Big Tree Room, which is the public sitting-room, and takes its name from a quaint conceit, namely, that rather than fell a fine large cedar which stood in the way of the house, the sympathetic builder resolved to enclose it; so its great stem now occupies a large corner of the room! Of course it is considered a great curiosity, and all new-comers examine it with as much interest and care as if it were something quite different from all its brethren in the outer air! It certainly is rather an odd inmate for a house, though not, as its name might suggest—a Sequoia Gigantea. It stands near the great open fireplace, where in the still somewhat chilly evenings we gather round a cheery fire of pitch-pine logs, which crackle, and fizz, and splutter, as the resinous pine-knots blaze up, throwing off showers of merry red sparks. It is a real old-fashioned fireplace, with stout handirons, such as we see in old English halls. Round such a log-fire, and in such surroundings, all stiffness seems to melt away, and the various wanderers, who have spent the day exploring scenes of beauty and wonder, wax quite sympathetic as they exchange notes of the wonders they have beheld.

Beyond the Big Tree Room, half hidden among huge mossy boulders and tall pines, stands a charming little cottage, which is generally assigned to any family or party likely to remain some time. At a little distance, nestling among rocks, or overshadowed by big oaks, lies a small village of little shanties and stores, *alias* shops. There is a store in which you can buy dry

goods and clothing, on a moderate scale; a blacksmith's forge; a shop where a neat-handed German sells his beautifully-finished specimens of Californian woodwork, of his own manufacture, and walking-sticks made of the rich claret-coloured manzanita. Then there are cottages for the guides and horse-keepers, and an office for Wells Fargo's invaluable Express Company, which delivers parcels all over America (I believe I may say all over the world). There is even a telegraph office, which, I confess, I view with small affection. It seems so incongruous to have messages from the bustling outer world flashed into the heart of the great, solemn Sierras. As a matter of course, this glorious scenery attracts sundry photographers. The great Mr. Watkins, whose beautiful work first proved to the world that no word-painting could approach the reality of its loveliness, is here with a large photographic waggon. But a minor star has set up a tiny studio, where he offers to immortalize all visitors by posing them as the foreground of the Great Falls! And last, but certainly not least, the baths for ladies and for gentlemen, got up regardless of expense, and in the most luxurious style. They are a speculation which seems to pay uncommonly well, their attractions being greatly enhanced by the excellence of the iced drinks compounded at the bar of such a bright, pleasant-looking billiard-room, that I do not much wonder that the tired men (who, in the dining-room, appear in the light of strict teetotalers, as seems to be the custom at Californian *tables d'hôte*) do find strength left for evening billiards, with a running accompaniment of "brandy-cocktails," "mint juleps," and other potent combinations.

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After a long spell of fine weather, we have had three real rainy days, greatly to the misery of the tourists. I suppose the rain has accelerated the melting of the snows, for the Yōsemité and Merced rivers, which were in flood a week ago, now at the close of May, have passed all bounds, and the Merced has washed away the strong carriage bridge just above this cottage-hotel. All the flat parts of the valley are under water, so that there are broad mirror lakes in every direction, and most lovely they are; these, with the temporary spring falls, add greatly to the beauty of this grand spot, which certainly is the veriest paradise that artist ever dreamt of. No need to go in search of subjects, for they meet you at every turn, and you long for many hands, and eyes, and minds, to work a dozen sketches at a time!

But while a thousand exquisite "bits" attract the sketcher, the main attraction must ever centre around the glorious Falls, whence the valley derives its name, and which are on so vast a scale, that when you think you have left them miles behind, you

look around, and lo! they still form an important feature in the landscape. Like a true worshipper, I like to keep as much as possible within sight of this vision of beauty; so, not content with having secured a bedroom looking directly towards it, I have also taken permanent possession of a corner in the big dining-room next a window commanding a capital view, both of the Falls and of the quiet river, framed by tall poplar trees. So though "men may come, and men may go," I remain faithful to my original position, by right of being already "an old inhabitant."

To me, half the charm of the place is, that though there are now a great number of people in the valley (including some who are very pleasant), there is not the slightest occasion ever to see anyone, except at meals, and then only supposing you come in at the fixed feeding-hours, which is quite voluntary, as it is well understood that people do not come to the Sierras to be tied to regulation hours. So there is never any audible grumbling, however irregular may be the return of the wandering flock. It is a matter of wonder, how well so large an influx of summer visitors are provided for, in this remote oasis in the great rock-wilderness. Though our commissariat is never fine, it is always abundant. Good wholesome beef and mutton, milk and butter, fresh vegetables and excellent bread —all the produce of the valley, besides all manner of good things, imported from the plains, such as "canned" fruits and vegetables. A standing dish is so-called green corn (which is yellow maize, canned in its youth). It is customary here for each person to have a separate little plate for each kind of vegetable, so that each large plate is encircled by a necklace of little ones.

I am told that the pastry is capital; but I eschew it, not liking the Chinese cook's method of preparing it! I know he makes the bread in the same way, but I am compelled to ignore that! The fact is, that all Chinese bakers and washermen have but one unvarying method of damping their bread and their linen. They keep beside them a bowl of water, and with their long thin lips draw up a mouthful, which they then spurt forth in a cloud of the finest spray. Having thus damped the surface evenly, and quite to their own satisfaction, they proceed to roll their pastry, or iron their tablecloths, with admirable results. Here, as in some other matters, it does not do to pry too carefully into antecedents. Results are the main point! Some folks are so prejudiced, that they object to John Chinaman's method of getting up snowy linen, and are content to pay a far higher price to have their washing done by any other race; so that a family of half-caste Spanish washerwomen who have settled in the valley make a very good thing of

it. Bar this peculiarity, there is much to be said in favour of servants who are always ready, always obliging—at work early and late, and always trig and tidy, their hair as smooth as their calm faces; their clothes spotless.

The servants here, are a scratch team of various nations. You would wonder how so few, get through so much work, till you see how much people in this country do for themselves. For instance, to obtain such a superfluity as hot water at bed-time, I must come from my sleeping quarters beside the river, to the main bungalow; there find a candle in one place, and a jug in another, and draw for myself from the kitchen boiler. It is all very primitive; but far more to my taste than a palace hotel would be. You see so much more of life and character.

There are a great many people in the valley at this season, of all sorts and kinds, but all are in their happiest holiday frame of mind. Good temper must be infectious, for no one ever seems put out about anything, and everyone exchanges kindly greetings in this most easy, unstiff manner. Anyone who keeps entirely aloof is either set down as an Englishman, or is said to be giving himself airs. So the rapidity with which angles get rubbed off, and strangers become sociable, in this invigorating mountain region, is most remarkable.

I find that my vocabulary is rapidly becoming enriched by various phrases which strike my ear as novel, though I believe that in truth many of them are good old English, and have been retained by our American cousins in their primary sense, whereas we have departed from their old meaning. Such, for instance, is the use of the word *rare*, as applied to under-done meat. I was very much astonished, the first time I was asked, at table, whether I liked meat "rare;" and I was equally startled at hearing men come in at daybreak or at midnight and call for "lunch." But on referring to the great Dr. Johnson, as to the standard authority on all such disputed questions, I find that *lunch* simply means "a handful of food," and *rare* means raw. One thing to which I fail to attain, is the invariable custom of addressing one another as "sir," and "ma'am." And yet, I have no doubt that this is another instance in which the practice of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers has been handed down unchanged to their descendants, and that this is really a relic of the studied courtesies of the last century. But, on the other hand, this admirable conservatism does not extend to modern language, and some of our commonest colloquial phrases convey a totally different meaning to that which we intend to express, or should wish to utter. There are also various words, not recognised by Dr. Johnson, which, though in use in the New World, as well as in the Old, express wholly different ideas. Thus, the sense of failure conveyed to the ear

of an English schoolboy by the expression "having bossed his work," or of a sportsman having made a boss-shot, would be the last thought suggested in a country where "to be boss" is to be master and superior. Apart from phrases bordering on slang, many simple adjectives convey very different ideas to what they do in England. Here, to say a person is "homely" is no praise; on the contrary, it implies personal ugliness; while to say he is "ugly" means that he is in bad temper, and the most hideous woman may be described as "lovely," to express mental charm. Then, again, "cunning" conveys no fox-like sneaking; on the contrary, it is high praise. It may be applied to a pretty bonnet, or any other attractive object; while to speak of a cunning little child does not even imply the much-esteemed sharpness, but just that it is a winsome child—the very last idea which the word would convey to English ears. The same distinction is to be observed with respect to various objects. Thus, suppose you ask for a biscuit you will be supplied with a hot-roll, and will then learn that you should have asked for "a cracker." The hungry American who calls for crackers at an English restaurant, would feel somewhat aggrieved at being supplied with jocular sugar-plums! So it is if you enter a draper's store, intending to purchase muslins, calicoes, or cottons. You find that each name means one of the others, and the shopkeepers look as if they thought you an idiot for not knowing what to ask for.

The frequent use of the word "elegant" as applied to such objects as the moon, or its light, is also somewhat startling to the unaccustomed ear, especially when preceded by the word "real." Imagine these majestic waterfalls, half revealed by the pale spiritual moonbeams, being described as "real elegant!" Far pleasanter, to our ears, is "the language quaint and olden," recalled by the use of the old Saxon terminations in such words as "gotten" and "waxen," which we retain only in the Bible and in some of the most primitive of our rural districts; as, for instance, on the Northumbrian coast, where I well remember a fisher-wife greeting me, after an absence of some years, with the exclamation: "Eh! but ye are sair waxen!"

But numerous so-called Americanisms are simply old English phrases, which were in common use in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Such are "to be mad," in the sense of being angry, and "to be sick," as used to describe any illness. What we consider the peculiarly American use of the word "guess" is sanctioned by no less authorities than Chaucer, Locke, Milton, Spenser, and Shakespeare. The latter is quoted as the authority, not only for the frequent use of "guess" in this sense, but also for that of the much-criticized Americanism "Well!"

as, for instance, in 'Richard III.' Act iv. Scene 4, where King Richard replies to Stanley in what we should call pure Yankee phraseology:

"Well, as you guess?"

It is still more startling to learn that even the verb "to skedaddle" is our own by birthright—a heritage from our Scandinavian ancestors. And while Sweden retains the original word *skuddadahl* and Denmark the kindred *skyededehl*, the milkmaids of Ayrshire and Dumfries still use the word in its old meaning; *e.g.*, "You are skedaddling all your milk." The word is to be heard in various other counties, and is even to be found in an old Irish version of the New Testament, which runs thus: "I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be sgedad-ol."

After a morning of heavy rain, the sky suddenly (May 24th) brightened, and I joined a party to drive to the Bridal Veil Falls, at the entrance to the valley. They are now a grand sight—but indeed the whole expedition was beautiful. The atmosphere seemed even clearer than is its wont, the brilliant sunlight casting sharp shadows, and bringing out the rich colouring of the spring verdure. Now all the trees are bursting into leaf; each willow is a misty cloud of delicate young foliage, and the showers of white down from the cotton-wood are wafted by every breath of air, like feathery snowflakes. But the green meadows have vanished, and in their place lies a tranquil lake, calm and still, reflecting the clumps of dark pine and oak. The ordinary course of the river is only to be traced by the fringe of alders, willows, poplars, cotton-wood, and Balm of Gilead which love its banks.

There are waterfalls in all directions. Down every steep ravine they come, flashing in brightness, clouds of white vapour and rockets that seem to fall from heaven. All the water-nymphs are keeping holiday, and a thousand rainbows tremble on the columns of sparkling spray which flash in and out among the tall pines—such fine spray, that as you pass near, it soaks you unawares. These extempore falls merely flow across the main road, in sparkling rills and rivulets, but the regular falls form roaring, foaming torrents, through which even at the fords horses have considerable difficulty in passing, and the heavily-laden coaches cause their drivers some anxious moments when the waters are rushing with more than their wonted force. Loveliest of all the temporary falls is that which is now playing round the summit of El Capitan, the huge crag which guards the entrance to the valley. This ethereal foam-cloud is caught up by the wind, and borne aloft high in mid-air—a filmy veil of the finest mist, white as steam, floating above the grim rock.

On the opposite side of the valley, the so-called Bridal Veil is now a thundering cataract of surging waters, raging tumultuously, and rushing down across the valley, in a perfect network of streams, all hurrying to pay their tribute to the Merced.

Keeping well to the left of these extempore torrents, we picked our way through the pine-woods, and after a stiff scramble among the fallen rocks at the base of the crags, we reached a point whence we obtained a magnificent view of the falls, shooting past us sideways, which is always the finest aspect of a heavy fall. These rushing waters have an indescribable fascination which held us riveted, till at last, giddy with their noise and motion, and drenched with spray, we returned on our downward scramble, half envying the streams which leaped so lightly from rock to rock.

Grand as these falls now are, in flood, I thought them more graceful when they were less full. Then they really were suggestive of a gossamer veil of light and mist, woven by the fairies for the bride of the Sierras, for never was fall more exquisite than this cloud of tremulous vapour, silently swayed by every breath of air, enfolding the rock—sometimes entwining its feet, then tossed aloft as a gauze-like cloud, far above the brink, blending it with the white clouds of heaven; the rainbows playing on the spray, like the light from flashing diamonds—a cincture of gems, ever in motion.

I am becoming daily more and more enamoured of the valley (June 4th). Its grandeur impresses one more and more every day one stays in it, becoming more familiar with the endless loveliness of all its details. Moreover, I delight in its free and independent life, with abundant comfort and no stiffness; with plenty of kindly folk always ready to be friendly, if one is inclined for society, but who never think of intruding uninvited. And the valley with its surroundings is so vast, that though there are now fully two hundred people in it, including various camping-parties, and though about fifty ponies start every morning from the hotels, one may roam about from morning till night, and never meet a living soul, except perhaps a few harmless Indians. These still come in summer-time to camp in the valley, which for so many years continued to be their undiscovered sanctuary. They are few in number, and lamentably dirty, but their comical huts of rough bark, the smoke of their camp-fires, and the tall thatched towers of woven branches, in which they store acorns for winter use, form picturesque foregrounds for many a beautiful scene.

This place is an artist's paradise. I constantly come down at about five in the morning—sometimes earlier. The waiters

know my manners and customs, so they leave bread and butter and cold meat where I can find them, and, as the kitchen fire seems never to go out, and the coffee is always on the boil, whether John Chinaman is at his post or not, I forage for myself, and after a comfortable breakfast, prepare my luncheon, shoulder my sketching-gear, and start for the day, with the delightful conviction that I can work or be idle, as inclination prompts, from dawn till sunset, unmolested.

Early rising is here really no exertion, and it brings its own reward, for there is an indescribable charm in the early gloaming as it steals over the Sierras—a freshness and an exquisite purity of atmosphere which thrills through one's being, like a breath of the life celestial. If you would enjoy it to perfection, you must steal out alone, ere the glory of the starlight has paled—as I did this morning, following a devious pathway between thickets of azalea, whose heavenly fragrance perfumed the valley. Then, ascending a steep track through the pine forest, I reached a bald grey crag, commanding a glorious view of the Sierras, and of a range crested with high peaks. Thence I watched the coming of the dawn.

A pale daffodil light crept upward, and the stars faded from heaven. Then the great ghostly granite domes changed from deep purple to a cold dead white, and the far-distant snow-capped peaks stood out in glittering light, while silvery-grey mists floated upward from the canyons, as if awakening from their sleep. Here, just as in our own Highlands, a faint, chill breath of some cold current invariably heralds the day-break, and the tremulous leaves quiver, and whisper a greeting to the dawn. Suddenly, a faint flush of rosy light just tinged the highest snow-peaks, and gradually stealing downwards, overspread range beyond range; another moment, and the granite domes and the great Rock Sentinel alike blazed in the fiery glow, which deepened in colour till all the higher crags seemed aflame, while the valley still lay shrouded in purple gloom, and a great and solemn stillness brooded over all.

I spent most of the day at that grand watch-post, till the purple clouds gathering on every side, warned me of a coming storm, when I hurried down, and (wading knee-deep across a flooded rivulet) reached a cattle-shed just in time to get into its shelter, when a tremendous thunderstorm burst right overhead, followed by a rattling hailstorm, each hailstone the size of a large pea. Then the sky cleared, and the evening was radiant as the morning.

Since my arrival here, at the close of April, I have watched the magic change from winter to summer—from melting snows to sheets of flowers; and the fields of wild strawberries have

gone a step farther, and have changed from blossom to berry. I have watched the chapparel—*i.e.*, the flowery brushwood—which clothes the base of the crags, change from wintry undress to the richest summer beauty. First there came a veil of freshest spring green, and now a wealth of delicate blossoms perfume the whole air. There is the California lilac, here called "the Beauty of the Sierras,"[1] which bears thick, brush-like clusters of fragrant pale-blue blossom, consisting chiefly of stamens, with very little calyx. Then there is the buck-eye, or Californian chestnut,[2] and the blackthorn and the silvery-leaved manzanita,[3] which is a kind of arbutus, akin to the ruddy-stemmed madroña of the Low Coast Range, which is also an arbutus, with dark foliage, and rich clusters of white blossom-like tiny balls of white wax.

The madrona ranks as a first-class forest tree, occasionally attaining to a height of fifty feet, and a diameter of from six to eight feet; the bark always retains a warm chocolate colour, very pleasant among the forest greens, and in the spring-time the tree is dear to the brown honey bees, which find store of treasure in its blossoms.

But whereas the madrona, like the redwood cedars, belongs exclusively to the forest-belt which lies within the influence of the Pacific sea-fogs, this kindly manzanita flourishes throughout the State, and is the most characteristic shrub of California, where its glossy foliage and pink waxy bells meet us at every turn. It is a small shrub, but mighty in strength, for it works its way through cracks and crevices and splits the solid rock as silently but as effectually as does the frost. On the bleakest exposures where soil is scantiest, there, above all, it flourishes, and its smooth, rich, maroon-coloured bark gives a point of warm colour to the cold grey cliffs. Walking-sticks made of its curiously twisted ruddy branches find great favour with travellers. as mementoes of the valley.

It seemed like a dream of English shrubberies, when, in many a sunny nook, I came on banks of crimson ribes and white bird-cherry, and day by day watched them first bud and then burst into bloom. One shrub new to me is the dogwood,[4] a small tree, literally covered with starry blossoms, like large scentless roses, snow-white, and about three inches in diameter. But the palm of delight belongs to the enchanting thickets of most fragrant yellow azalea, not the large gorgeous blossom, but the smaller and more highly-scented pale flower, which to me is more suggestive of heavenly summer evenings than any perfume. Here it grows in dense thickets at the base of the

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[1] *Ceanothus.*
Arctostaphylos glauca.
[2] *Æsculus Californica.*
[4] *Cornus nuttallis.*

crags and among the mossy boulders, and here and there a spray of its delicate blossom overhangs the quiet river.

Wherever you turn, in the meadows or the canyons, there has sprung up a carpet of flowers of every hue in amazing profusion. It is as if all the glory which so amazed us in April on the sea-level, had been transferred to this upper world, where every valley is now flower-strewn. Sweet wild roses, blue and yellow lupines, scarlet columbines, and painter's brush, blue nimophela, purple spotted nimophela, blue larkspur, scarlet lychnis, yellow eschcoltzia, scarlet and blue frittilaria, heart's-ease, pentstemon, golden rod, maripora lilies, dandelion, blue gentian, blue-bells, phloxes, white ranunculus, yellow mimulus, marigold, and many another other lovely blossom, each add their mite of gay colouring to the perfect scene, like threads in some rich tapestry.

Every evening I carry home a handful of the loveliest to adorn my special table in the dining-room, at which the excellent American landlord takes care always to place such new arrivals as he thinks likely to prove most agreeable to me. And I am bound to say he has provided a succession of very pleasant companions, some from England, some from the Eastern States. And there is no denying that after a long day alone with the bees and the squirrels, it is cheery to find nice neighbours at dinner.

Of course everyone who comes here is on the travel. They have either been exploring South or Central America or New Zealand, or they have just arrived from India, China and Japan, or from the Eastern United States. The latter seem to consider a journey here a far more serious undertaking than a tour over the whole continent of Europe. Altogether this strange chasm in the mighty mass of granite mountains is really quite a large little world. Heads of departments, legal, military and medical, from various British colonies, stray members of foreign embassies, Oxford and Cambridge men on vacation tours, ecclesiastical authorities of all denominations, mighty hunters, actors, artists, farmers, miners, men who have lived through California's stormy days when derringers and revolvers were the lawgivers—these are but a sample of the mixed multitude who meet here, with one object in common, and who, one and all, confess that their expectations are surpassed. I know of no other "sight" save the Taj-Mahal which so invariably exceeds the fancy pictures of its pilgrims.

The worst of it is that the majority of "*bonâ fide* travellers," ignorant of the country, arrive here, having made their irrevocable plans, by the advice of coach agents, on certain cut-and-dry calculations of time, which generally assume that three days in the valley is ample allowance. So they spend

their three days, rushing from point to point, missing half the finest scenes, and then resume their dust-coats and rattle away again, with a general impression of fuss and exhaustion. An instance of such aggravating miscalculation was afforded by two English gentlemen who, being bound to catch a particular steamer at San Francisco, discovered on arriving in the valley that they had exactly two hours to remain in it, and must start by the afternoon coach. Like true Britons they devoted their short visit to a refreshing bathe in the ice-cold waters of the Merced, followed by a hasty luncheon, and then bade a regretful farewell to the scenes they would so fain have explored at leisure.

Some of these travellers have so recently left England that they bring me much welcome home news, for some prove to be old acquaintances, and others are friend's friends, a title which (however little it may mean in England) is a great reality in far countries; so that it is with true interest that, on returning to the hotel every evening, I look over the register to see who may have arrived by the three daily coaches. Very different coaches, by the way, to the extremely uncomfortable one in which we jolted all the way here, in the early spring. Now, the roads are in good order, and large luxurious open coaches rattle over the ground. I am bound to say, however, that this season has one terrible disadvantage in the clouds of dust. The wretched travellers arrive half suffocated, and looking very much as if they had walked out of flour-bags, but the flour is finely sifted granite-dust, most cutting to the eyes. As the coach draws up, out rush the waiters and other attendants, armed with feather brushes, which they apply vigorously to the heads of the new-comers, and then help to pull off their dust-coats—most necessary garments in this country.

I have been much struck by the number of ladies, both English and American, who find their way here. During eight years of very devious wanderings, I have hitherto only met one woman travelling absolutely for pleasure. Here there are many, amongst whom I am especially attracted by a very nice gentle old lady, who, at the age of sixty-eight, has taken a craving to see the world before she dies, and although her means are so small that she has to study economy at every turn, she is exploring the earth in the most systematic and plucky manner, like a second Ida Pfeiffer.

Last week the valley was invaded by a large noisy family party from Southern California, overflowing with exuberant life, which could not be quelled even by the toilsome ascent of every high point, but had to find vent in the evenings by riotous, infantile games, in which all around were urged to

join. One evening they sang prettily in chorus. Suddenly my patriotic soul was thrilled by the sound of "God save the Queen," so I drew near to listen, and heard unknown words. Wondering, I asked what they were singing. They looked amazed at such ignorance, and answered,

> "My country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty!'

and seemed quite astonished at my being unable to refrain from a slight expression of unsympathetic feeling at this appropriation of Britain's national air, to the "Land of the Stars and Stripes." This storming-party held the valley for a week, and then departed, saying they had had "a real good time!"

Happily, most folk seem rather hushed by the solemn beauty of the place and the awful stillness of the mountains. Boisterous merriment seems as much out of place as it would be in a grand cathedral; indeed, there are few who do not unconsciously shrink from loud mirth as almost irreverent.

On several Sundays we have had very interesting services, held in a large room,[1] by representatives of divers denominations who chance to find their way here. Curiously enough, the first was conducted by the Rev. George Müller, of the Bristol Orphanage, whose name is so familiar to English ears. It so happened that on Whit-Sunday there were in the Valley an unusual number of parsons of all manner of sects, so they agreed to hold a joint service in the Cosmopolitan Hall, where Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and a Unitarian minister gave addresses by turns, interspersed with exceedingly pretty part-singing, in the Moody and Sankey style, most of the congregation being apparently trained singers. I doubt whether a similar promiscuous gathering in England could produce as pleasant music. It struck me that this good hymn-singing seemed a great promoter of harmony among these preachers of divers denominations.

Of course the natural loveliness of this rock-girt shrine affords ample material for illustration, and the texts which naturally suggests themselves are those which draw their imagery from the mountains. "As the hills stand about Jerusalem, so standeth the Lord round about His people." "The strength of the hills is His." "The earth is full of His praise." "The Lord shall rejoice in His works." "He clave the hard rocks in the wilderness, he brought waters out of the stony rock." "Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers; the mountains saw Thee and they trembled; the overflowing of

[1] Since the above was written, a small chapel has been built in the valley.

the waters passed by." "His voice is as the sound of many waters." "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary."

Such words as these seem fitting, as we look up to the sheer granite cliffs and massive rock-towers, gleaming in dazzling brightness against the azure sky, whence the water-floods seem to pour down in snow-white cataracts.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

Art. III.—THOMAS BECKET, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE great and familiar names of history are every now and then served up to us as a new dish by historical writers. But to make the dish new and attractive there must be a piquant sauce added, and some fresh surroundings. These Mr. Froude has certainly provided in his essay on Thomas Becket in the latest volume of his "Short Studies." It is a singular coincidence that of the two brothers Froude, one should have been the first to oppose the tide of invective long poured on Becket by Protestant writers, the other should have shown himself the most elaborate writer-down of the once popular saint. We are obliged to dissent somewhat from both the brothers. It is, indeed, a patent absurdity to maintain that Becket had any true title to that saintship with which the accident of his death invested him; it is also equally unhistorical, in our view, to hold that he had no good qualities, that he was a swindler, a traitor, and a liar. According to our view, Becket was an able man, with some high aims, but of a perverse and headstrong disposition—incapable of seeing more than his own view of the question, or of believing that anyone who differed from him could have any right on his side. His temper was extremely violent. His notions of right and wrong were the notions of his age. His morality was what we describe as *positive*, not founded on principle. He held that the end justified the means, and he worked sometimes unscrupulously for what he held to be the highest end, namely, the freedom and supremacy of the Church.

Mr. Froude, as it seems to us, sometimes misstates the case against him. For instance, he appears to attribute Becket's first quarrel with the King to the claims made by him for clerical exemptions, whereas it was due simply to a secular matter—the King's attempt to make the Danegelt a govern-

ment tax, instead of leaving it in the hands of the sheriffs who were to pay a composition to the Crown.[1] For some reason or other, Becket violently opposed Henry on this matter, and hence the first open estrangement between them. No doubt the King had been bitterly disappointed when he found his new Archbishop resign the Chancellorship. It had been his pet scheme to have the highest offices of Church and State held by the same person, that thus, through him, he might act indifferently in secular and ecclesiastical matters. This scheme was at once frustrated by Becket's resignation; but we can hardly blame Becket for thinking the two offices incompatible. Better would it have been for the Church of England had many of his successors held the same views—had Archbishops Hubert Walter, and Stratford, and Kemp, and others, been equally averse to the blending of the spiritual and secular.

Again, Mr. Froude seems to think that Becket was not really discharged from his financial liabilities before becoming Archbishop, or at any rate that this discharge mattered little, and that the demand suddenly made on him at the Council at Northampton, to account for all the revenues of vacant bishoprics and abbeys received by him as Chancellor, was a fair one. "The question is whether his conduct admitted of explanation. He would have done wisely to clear himself if he could, and it is probable that he could not" (Froude). Canon Robertson, in his excellent "Life of Becket," does not appear to be aware that the Archbishop had received any discharge. But both Mr. Froude and the Canon would have done better to refer to an authority than which there is no more valuable one for the life of Becket—we mean the "Annals" of Ralph de Diceto, Dean of St. Paul's. Diceto was a contemporary of Becket, and his great antagonist Bishop Foliot, and was well acquainted with them both. He is an eminently impartial writer, not betraying that eager advocacy to be found in the numerous "Lives of Becket," nor, on the other hand, any partizanship with Foliot. Now, the Dean states distinctly that Becket had received full acquittance and discharge for all his complicated money transactions before his consecration, and that only on that ground would he consent to be consecrated.[2] To call upon him, therefore, suddenly and without warning, when he had had no time for preparation or for obtaining the necessary documents, to explain complicated money transactions, which he had been led to regard as closed, was nothing less than sheer tyranny. We do not

[1] See Stubbs, "Const. Hist.," i. 462.
[2] R. de Diceto, i. 314.

think that any charge of dishonesty or peculation can be substantiated against Becket; and we hold that the insinuations about his luxurious living at Pontigny, adopted by Dr. Hook and Mr. Froude, are baseless.

Again we must differ from Mr. Froude in his estimate of the character of Henry II. That he was an able and politic prince all will admit; but he was not only grossly licentious in his life, but was subject to such fits of ungovernable passion and ferocity, that at times he lost sight of all his politic plans, all sense of justice and equity, and was the creature of the most savage impulse. There is scarcely a more ferocious act recorded in history than his banishing in midwinter 400 of Becket's relatives, friends, and supporters with the deliberate intention of letting them starve in Becket's sight at Pontigny. We cannot, indeed, at this period find one prominent person on whom we can contentedly dwell. The King was unscrupulous, passionate, sometimes brutal. The Archbishop, bitter, uncharitable, full of hatred and malice. Foliot, his antagonist, shifty, treacherous, untruthful. The Pope, full of mean truckling, without honour or principle. To construct an heroical history for the period, either for King or Archbishop, is in our view a hopeless task. Everywhere there are littlenesses, tricks, as well as violence and outrage. Even the "Constitutions" of Clarendon, so often vaunted as a grand declaration of the ancient customs, manifestly falsify ancient custom in favour of the Crown. Compare, for instance, the twelfth constitution, which says that all vacant Church benefices are to be held by the Crown which is to receive their rents, with the first article of the Charter of Henry I., which expressly abjures the right of the Crown to take anything from a vacant Church preferment—the whole of the accumulation belonging to the successor. It is manifest that the custom declared at Clarendon to be the ancient law, was not so in truth, but was stated thus to suit the convenience of a rapacious monarch, who kept the great See of Lincoln for seventeen years without a Bishop, all this time appropriating its revenues.

But while we can't find any prominent person at this period to regard with unmixed satisfaction, we confess that we regard the Archbishop with the least satisfaction of all. For Becket was an able man, as his early work as a Canonist and as Chancellor shows; he was a brave man, as all his life as well as his death testifies; he was, in our judgment at least, a man above care for pelf and money-getting; and yet withal he was a man most mischievous in his life, and who by his death brought the sorest calamity on the English Church.

The old romantic story as to Becket's mother being a

Saracen, who made her way to England and found out her Gilbert in London, simply by repeating his name, has now met with the fate which has overtaken so many old stories. Canon Robertson is also ruthlessly severe on M. Thierry's attractive theory that the family was of the old English stock, and that the vast popularity which the saint attained was due in great measure to race-antipathy between the English and Norman stocks. The first solid ground which we reach in the Archbishop's life is his being sent to Bologna, as a youth, by Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, to make himself acquainted with canon law. This is a matter of extreme interest, and of no small importance in our Church history. Up to near the middle of the twelfth century the canon law of the Romish Church did not exist *as a code*, although there were numerous scattered formulæ of it, as, for instance, the famous false decretals of Isidore of Seville. But about 1140 an attempt was made to construct a complete code of this law, in imitation of the civil code to be found in the Pandects of Justinian. Manuals were drawn up by Burchard of Worms, Ivo of Chartres, and lastly by Gratian, a Benedictine monk. Archbishop Theobald desired to introduce the law thus codified into England, and with this view sent Thomas Becket to Bologna, the headquarters of these legal studies, to make himself acquainted with it. This implies that Thomas in his early days showed much ability. It may also account, in some measure, for the strong bias which he afterwards exhibited for Church law as compared with the common and statute law of England.

Becket performed many useful services for his patron the Archbishop, and preferment was literally showered upon him. Rector of St. Mary le Strand and of Otford, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Lincoln, Provost of Beverley, Archdeacon of Canterbury—a lucrative and important post—finally Chancellor of England. As Chancellor he threw himself into all the secular policy of the King with the greatest zeal. He routed out the foreign mercenaries, judged and condemned malefactors, razed castles, established justice. Nor did he spare the Clergy, or in any way take their part against the King. He defended the King's claims as against the Bishop in the matter of Battle Abbey. He acquiesced in the Clergy being liable to scutage. He showed no disposition to protect them from the secular courts. In fact, he was regarded by them as a persecutor, as their long refusal to accept him as Archbishop testifies. The gay and gallant courtier, rich, profuse, ostentatious, worldly; leading his knights to battle with skill and bravery; conducting diplomatic affairs with keen insight; living with the King as "hail fellow, well met," without

a trace of clericalism about him—such was Becket till the Archbishopric was forced upon him. Everyone is familiar with the history of his sudden and complete change. What is the account to be given of it? In our view, it was due to the absence of moral principle in the man, and his merely positive and conventional views of duty. We thus explain his long hesitation, which no doubt was a genuine reluctance, as to taking the proffered Archbishopric. He knew well the King's mind about the Clergy, and what he would be expected to do as Archbishop. He knew that the same policy and conduct would be looked for in him, when raised to the Primacy, as had been exhibited by him as Chancellor. But, in his view, the two offices had two different sets of obligations. As Chancellor, in merely deacon's orders, he might lawfully join with the King in "persecuting" the Clergy. As Primate, entrusted with the supreme government of the Church, he would be imperatively called upon to contend for their liberties to the utmost against the secular power. Hence his long shrinking from the office. Could he make up his mind to enter upon what he knew must be a violent and terrible struggle? Had he strength of character and will sufficient, sufficient firmness of purpose, to carry him through? It was a trifling matter to be lax and careless, and secular, as a semi-ecclesiastical Chancellor. It would be quite another thing to display any of these qualities as Primate.

Becket knew well the King's character. He knew well his strong and resolute will, his fierce and unbridled passions. Could he venture upon what he was persuaded must be a severe struggle with him, sacrifice his friendship which he had long enjoyed, and perhaps experience defeat and humiliation from his powerful and resolute hands? Hence Becket's thirteen months' deliberation as to whether he would accept the Archbishopric, and hence, when he did accept it, the complete revolution in his life. He had, he thought, entered upon a new set of obligations and duties. Things which were right before, were no longer right to him. That which he was called upon to oppose before, he was now obliged to uphold. Thus his view of duty was entirely conventional and positive; founded on circumstances, not on principles. What was right in one place, was wrong in another. Had Becket been persuaded that right and wrong, truth and falsehood, were no shifting and mutable quantities, but principles fixed as the everlasting hills; that his duty to God and his King was precisely the same when he was Chancellor as when he was Primate, though the details of that duty might vary, we should have been saved the miserable conflict which distracted England, and indeed Europe, for so many years; which brought

out in such evil colours the character of the King, the Pope, and the Archbishop; which showed that the highest pretensions of Churchmanship, the most exaggerated asceticism, the loudest expressions of devotion, were compatible with spite, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness; with falsity, treachery, and deadly rancour; with all qualities least befitting a follower of Him Who "did not strive nor cry, neither did any man hear His voice in the streets."

Becket's life at Pontigny affords a curious psychological study. The singular contradictions which it exhibited, illustrate the view that the Archbishop had in fact no fixed principles to guide him; but adapted his principles and his conduct to the particular position which he had for the moment taken up. As regards his diet and way of life, he seems to have adopted an elaborate system of deceit. Rich viands were placed before him, while he secretly fed on the pulse and water of the Cistercians. A comfortable bed with costly coverings was supplied for him, while he (as is said), after horrible flagellation, "lay down on the bare floor, with a stone for his pillow, and yielded himself to a short slumber, which the galling cilice and the gnawings of the multitudinous vermin rendered a pain and additional weariness rather than a refreshment" (Robertson). But while thus adopting the senseless mortification of the ascetic for the benefit of the brethren of the Abbey, towards the outer world he displayed an unnecessary and extreme luxury and grandeur. The Bishop of Poitiers had to remonstrate with him on this, and tell him: "Your wisdom ought to know that no one will think the less of you if, in conformity to your circumstances and in condescension to the religious house which entertains you, you content yourself with a moderate number of horses and men such as your necessities require." He devoted himself to study, but his studies were of such an unedifying nature that his friend John of Salisbury wrote to remonstrate with him upon this, and to recommend the study of the Scriptures. "You would do better," he writes, "to confer on moral subjects with some spiritual man, by whose example you may be kindled, than to pry into and discuss the contentious points of secular learning." But the most terrible contradiction in the conduct of the Archbishop at this time was furnished by his proceedings at Vezelai. In the midst of his austerities and mortifications, instead of being really humbled, Becket had been nourishing the pride and malice of an uncharitable heart, and in spite of the Pope's attempts to keep him quiet, at length he broke forth. At Vezelai, "from the pulpit after sermon, on Whit Monday, with the appropriate ceremonies of bells and lighted candles quenched, he took vengeance at last

upon his enemies. He suspended the Bishop of Salisbury. He cursed John of Oxford and the Archdeacon of Ilchester, two leading Churchmen of the King's party. He cursed Justiciary de Luci, who had directed the sequestration of his See, and was the author and adviser of the 'Constitutions' of Clarendon. He cursed Ranulf de Broc, and every person he employed in administering his estates. Finally, he cursed everyone who maintained the 'Constitutions.' He did not actually curse Henry, but he threatened that he shortly would curse him unless he repented" (Froude). From this time forward, in fact, the Archbishop's life may fairly be described as a series of curses. "His mouth was full of cursing and bitterness." A remonstrance which his curses drew forth from the English Bishops only led him to repeat them with additional ferocity; and during the four years during which he remained at Sens, under the protection of the King of France, there was a constant repetition of the same horrible threats, denunciations, and curses.

It is difficult to understand how a man in whose life these things are certainly the main and distinguishing characteristics, could by any possibility, or under any circumstances, be dubbed a saint; and nothing more strikingly illustrates the absolute perversion of religious sentiment which existed at that day. "The most vehement enemies of Rome," writes Canon Robertson, "might enrich their abuse of the mediæval Church from the language and imputations which her eminent members lavish on each other. She appears distracted by schism and faction, corrupted and degraded by a multiplicity of evils, pitiably subjected to the variations of temporal affairs, and attempts to assert herself against the world, not by leavening it with a higher and purer element, but by setting up pretensions, unfounded, mischievous, and of a rival worldliness." The excommunications of Vezelai have furnished a considerable difficulty to the apologists for Becket. Dr. Lingard endeavours to get rid of the effects of them by a "series of transpositions," and by arranging the facts of the history, not in the order of their occurrence, but in the order which he thinks most calculated to serve the reputation of the saint—to make it appear that they were a response to the tyrannical and persecuting acts of the King, instead of the cause of them. But could even these be explained away or apologized, for there remains ample matter of the same sort in the life of the *saint* to testify "what manner of spirit he was of."

At Sens he renewed his curses. The Pope and Cardinals were at their wits' ends with him. What could be done to keep this disturber quiet? When, at one of their meetings, Henry said that all he desired was that he should carry himself towards him "as the most sainted of his predecessors had

behaved to the least worthy of his," even then Becket was not satisfied. What did he want? Did he expect absolutely to control and rule the land, and to make the King his subordinate, according to his theory of the priestly power being superior to the secular power? At any rate, he was perfectly impracticable. Every one, even his own supporters and friends, was heartily sick of him. The man's indomitable will was marvellous. "He fought for victory," says Mr. Froude, "with a tenacity which would have done him credit had his cause been less preposterous." And now a new grievance arose—a new cause of quarrel. Prince Henry had been crowned in England by Bishops hostile to him, led by the Archbishop of York, his especial enemy. This was a terrible blow to Becket. In his view the greatest issues were at stake. "The coronation was the symbol of the struggle in which Becket was engaged. The sovereign, according to his theory, was the delegate of the Church. In receiving the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the sovereign formally admitted his dependent position; and so long as it could be maintained that the coronation would not hold unless it was performed either by the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Pope himself, the sovereign's subject state was a practical reality" (Froude).

The Pope, a vacillating and time-serving man, had first given the Archbishop of York license to proceed in this matter, and then, at Becket's instance, had revoked the license. But the revocation never reached the Archbishop, and he proceeded under the original license. Becket, in prosecuting his schemes of vengeance against the Bishops who had officiated at the coronation, seems to have concealed this fact both from the Pope and the King. He obtained from the Pope letters of excommunication against the Bishops, and from the King a permission to censure them, though there is no reason to think that Henry consented to their excommunication. Becket, overjoyed at the near prospect of vengeance, was at once reconciled to the King. "The Archbishop sprang from his horse in gratitude to the King's feet. The King alighted as hastily, and held the Archbishop's stirrup as he remounted" (Froude).

Mr. Froude, we think, clearly establishes the fact that the King had never assented to the Papal excommunication of the Bishops, but only had agreed that Becket might inflict some censure upon them, if he would agree to conduct himself quietly and orderly on his return to England. But the threatened Bishops had received from friends in the Papal Court some intimation of the danger which menaced them, and they were prepared to take steps to seize the Papal letters immediately on Becket's arrival, it being illegal to introduce such

documents into England. Their precautions were frustrated by an artful stratagem to which Becket had recourse. Before his own return, the letters of excommunication were secretly sent to England by the hands of a nun who was disguised in boy's clothes, and by this bold emissary actually served upon the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of London, Salisbury, and Rochester, by an absolute surprise. The boy then disappeared, and probably at once resuming her nun's dress, and taking shelter in a convent, contrived to elude the strict search made for the messenger. Becket having delivered this crushing blow in advance, soon afterwards landed at Sandwich, being received with the greatest transport by the people, who looked upon him as a champion contending against their oppressors—the King, with his severe laws, and the Norman Barons who were little scrupulous in their dealings with them.

In the midst of a grand ovation, Becket proceeded to London; but even now he must needs hurl forth fresh excommunications and curses against his enemies. His proceedings were almost tantamount to raising rebellion against the young King, whose title to the crown was invalidated by the excommunication of those who had performed the ceremony, and Becket was peremptorily ordered to return to Canterbury. He answered that he should not do so were it not that the great festival of Christmas was approaching, which he desired to celebrate in his cathedral. How he celebrated the great festival the chroniclers tell us: 'On Christmas Day he preached in the cathedral on the text, 'Peace to men of good will.'"[1] There was no peace, he said, except to men of good will. He spoke passionately of the trials of the Church. As he drew towards an end he alluded to the possibility of his own martrydom. He could scarce articulate for tears. The congregation were sobbing around him. Suddenly his face altered, his tone changed. Glowing with anger, with the fatal candles in front of him, and in a voice of thunder, the solemn and the absurd strangely blended in the overwhelming sense of his own wrongs, he cursed the intruders into his churches; he cursed Ranulf de Broc; he cursed Robert de Broc for cutting off his mule's tail; he cursed by name several of the old King's most intimate councillors who were at the Court in Normandy. At each fierce imprecation he quenched a light and dashed down a candle (Froude). A terrible preparation indeed for what was soon to follow. For now the aggrieved Bishops had sought out the old King in Normandy. Already

[1] The Vulgate rendering of Luke ii. 14, now adopted in the Revised Version.

the passionate monarch had, in the bitterness of his heart, uttered the well-known words which sent four of his knights in hot haste to Canterbury. On December 28th they arrived at Saltwood. On the 29th they reached Canterbury: on that afternoon they demanded an audience with the Archbishop, and entered his presence without their arms. He received them with studied discourtesy, as if he wished to goad them on to acts of violence. Fitzurse reproached him with having abused the King's confidence by publishing the letters of excommunication, and demanded that he should go with them to the King. He declared that they had been sent to bring him. But this could not have been true, as Henry had evidently given no commission to the knights. Mr. Froude remarks very well that much has been left untold that passed at Henry's Court. Various projects as to dealing with Becket must have been discussed, as well as the great difficulties which surrounded them all. The difficulties consisted in the danger of the Papal excommunication of the King being incurred, which, in the state of his dominions, would be a serious blow to him. The knights probably started quite uncertain as to what they would do, but determined, at any rate, to humble Becket and make him submit himself to the King. There was no thought, either in Henry or in the four knights, of murdering the Archbishop, but no doubt they were prepared to use violence in his capture. The altercation with Becket determined them at once to resort to this. They left his presence, and calling their men-at-arms, set a guard around the cathedral. Then they buckled on their swords. Word was brought to the Archbishop, but he was perfectly unmoved. The courage of the man was complete. The knights forced their way into the house. The Archbishop would not move. The frightened monks besought him to take refuge in the church. He refused to stir. Then he was told that Vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in his place. Upon this he moved, but refused to advance without his cross being carried before him. Upon his reaching the church the monks desired to fasten the door which opened into the cloisters. Becket ordered it to be opened, and when none dared to do it, opened it with his own hands. The armed men entered. The monks dispersed in all directions. The Vespers ceased. The only one who stood by Becket in the transept, which he had entered, seems to have been the Monk Grim, who afterwards wrote a most interesting account of the whole scene. The knights overtook Becket as he was ascending the steps which led from the transept into the choir. He turned to meet them, descending the steps. The dauntless courage of the Archbishop excited them to fury. They demanded that he should

release the Bishops. He refused. They threatened him with death. He scorned their threats. Fitzurse tried to induce him to escape. He refused. Then he seized his robe to drag him away as a prisoner. Becket thrust him away calling him a vile name. Then Le Breton and Fitzurse both seized him and tried to force him on Tracy's back. The Archbishop seized Tracy and hurled him to the ground. This decided his fate. Up to this point the knights had evidently been trying to capture him, and had not intended to murder him. But Tracy, rising furious from his fall, struck with his sword, with all his force, at the Archbishop's head. His faithful companion Grim, interposed his arm, which was broken by the fierce blow; but the force of the blow was so great that it also laid open the Archbishop's head and caused the blood to flow. Then Tracy struck him again, and Le Breton finished the murder, while a wretched apostate monk came forward and spread his brains upon the pavement. "Such," says Mr. Froude, "was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time." He then asks, "Was Becket a martyr? or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign?" To both of these questions we answer in the negative. He was no "martyr," for he perished in a chance medley, the fruit of a quarrel; in which neither of the contending parties were free from blame, but in which he, especially, was greatly to blame, for the fierce and unfair weapons which he had used. He was not "justly executed," for he had done nothing to incur so severe a punishment; neither was his execution intended, nor, if it had been, had those who slew him any commission or title to act. But the greatness of the man on whom the eyes of Europe had long been fixed; the importance of the issues involved; the solemnity of the place; the undaunted courage of the victim; the belief of the day, that only in and through the Church was there any shelter for the oppressed, and that of this hope the bold prelate of Canterbury was the foremost champion—invested the deed done that day in the Canterbury Cathedral with a character of intensity which, perhaps, no other event in history has ever surpassed. A thrill of horror went through the land, and not through England only, but through the whole of Christendom. Then came the spectacle of the most powerful monarch in Europe grovelling in sackcloth and ashes, flogged by the monks, fasting and barefooted; the beatification and glorification of the Saint; the whole country, with intense enthusiasm and wealth of costly offerings, devoting itself to the worship of St. Thomas. Becket had been a grievous trouble to the Church during his life. He was a far greater mischief to it in his death. To his murder not only the vast development of creature-worship

among the people, but the almost entire obscuration of the nationality of the English Church is distinctly due. John, holding the realm of England as the vassal of Innocent III., is the natural outcome of the fierce Archbishop falling under the swords of the knights in the dimly-lighted church on that December evening.

GEORGE G. PERRY.

ART. IV.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAKE POETS.

FEW names have, in their day, been more intimately associated with each other, in the public mind, than those of the three Lake poets, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. There was a time when the mention of one would recall to mind the image of the other two. Nor is this chain of association, even *now*, altogether broken, though it is not so firmly riveted as in former days, when their writings and their respective characters were less known and understood than they afterwards became. At that time a sort of general notion prevailed that they were "birds of a feather," and therefore "flocked together." Their style was supposed to be similar, and the word *Lakish* was used to designate the poetry of their school, which was regarded by most persons as mawkish, childish, and insipid. But in due time the public became more or less aware of the fact, that in reality no three men could possibly have been more unlike, both in their cast of intellect, habits, and style of writing, than were the three poets of the north.

This must have been always apparent to those who knew them, and was so to us in respect of two of them; of Coleridge we can only judge by hearsay, for we were never in his company, though we knew his son Hartley intimately. Wordsworth and Southey we saw frequently, though our acquaintance with the latter began, unfortunately, at a time when the powers of his mind were beginning to give way, the commencement of that decay of intellect which was destined to end in a state of total fatuity. But having been intimate with several of his relatives, we are tolerably well able to conceive what he must have been in his best days, especially with the help of his works, which are a picture of his mind. The contemplation of the character of two such men as Wordsworth and Southey is in itself interesting; but the interest is en-

hanced when we compare them, and observe the striking contrast which they present. They were, in fact, so dissimilar that, strong as was their mutual friendship, they had, probably, not as much sympathy with each other as they had with Coleridge, who, being larger minded than either of them, could take in the nature of both. In some cases two persons are drawn together by their very differences; they are, as it were, the complement of each other, mutually filling up a gap in one another's mind. But such was not the case with Wordsworth and Southey. Their tastes and interests flowed in totally different channels, and could not easily mix.

This may be best exemplified by giving a description of the two men, their characters and their habits. Southey, when first we saw him, was tolerably advanced in years, but there was nothing in his outward man which could indicate that the process of mental decay, of which we were just now speaking, had commenced. His appearance was certainly most peculiar and striking. If faithfully represented in a picture, it would have seemed like an exaggeration, or even a caricature. The features were so prominent, and the profile so strongly marked. And in addition to these peculiarities, the hair, which time had whitened, but not thinned, stood erect from his head in a thick and bushy mass, insomuch that it was made the occasion of an elaborate compliment from a gentleman who once met him in company. He remarked that his hair was so luxuriant that it would hide the laurels which the public awarded to him, but receiving no response from the poet, and thinking the remark too good to be lost, he repeated it to his wife (the second Mrs. Southey, Caroline Bowles that was). Had the compliment been addressed to Wordsworth (to whom, however, it would have been inapplicable) he would have received it with gratification. We have seen portraits of Southey in his earlier days, and in these there was very little eccentricity of appearance; but they do not represent him as exactly handsome, nor is it easy to conceive that he could ever have been so, though Byron once remarked that to have his head and shoulders he would almost have written his sapphics!

Southey's place of residence presented as great a contrast to that of Wordsworth, both in its outside and inside, as did his personal appearance; the external was perhaps accidental, but the interior was characteristic of the man. Greta Hall stands on the top of a hill, from whence it looks down on the vale of Keswick in front, and commands a view of the great Skiddaw, which stretches its vast length like a lazy giant, and seems to regard the plain beneath in an attitude of indolent repose. But the house itself (we are speaking from the

recollection of many years ago) did not, like Wordsworth's, strike the eye as an appropriate residence for a poet. It was plain-looking, and perhaps too much exposed to view. But its interior was just what we might expect, considering the habits and tastes of its owner. The rooms literally swarmed with books, in any of which (if opened at random) you were very likely to find a paper of notes and memoranda, testifying to Southey's unwearied industry. All these were written in a neat, methodical, and upright hand, very unlike the writing which is supposed to be characteristic of a man of genius and a poet, and very dissimilar to that of Wordsworth, which was less neat, less upright, and rather sprawling. But nevertheless it was not the hand of an ordinary man, and was indicative both of a powerful and industrious mind. And such the mind of Southey certainly was. In fact, his industry was carried almost to an excess. There was scarcely any time given to pure relaxation.

Perhaps the composition of his smaller and more facetious poems, and the light reading which supplied the subjects for them, may have afforded him a certain amount of rest from more laborious studies, and from the toil attendant on the composition of graver productions; but even these must have involved a certain amount of mental exertion, and it was probably this excessive and continuous application, combined with the distress of mind from which at one period of his life he suffered, owing to the prolonged illness of his wife, which contributed very much to that total loss of intellect which clouded his latter years. At one time he read, while taking his daily walk; latterly, however, he had a friend who generally accompanied him, so that this unhealthy habit was stopped.

There was no man who made literature more entirely his profession than Southey. But his success was hardly equivalent to his exertions. And though, with the help of the Laureateship, he managed to support himself and his family, yet, on the whole, his career is rather a confirmation than a refutation of what Sir Walter Scott said with reference to literature, "that it was a good stick to walk with, but not a crutch to lean upon;" far more so, indeed, than it was in Sir Walter's own literary career, for he (if his affairs had been properly managed by his publishers) might have maintained himself in affluence, free from pecuniary embarrassments. Southey, indeed, succeeded in earning a livelihood, and was never, to our knowledge, burdened with debts; but it was at the expense of his brain. His may not, however, be a fair specimen of what literature can do for a man, for there have been other writers far less voluminous, whose works

have brought them more profits *relatively*, and perhaps even *actually*, than his. But even *their* case does not disprove Sir Walter's assertion; for public favour is at best an uncertain thing. This is true, even with regard to novelists, much more with those who engage with more solid literature. And with respect to Southey, his own expression, "that the *Quarterly Review* was that by which he made the pot boil," is alone a proof that the sale of his other productions was by no means great. His most popular prose work was "The Life of Nelson." This, it has been said, he rather regretted having written, because it induced so many youths to go to sea, or to wish to do so.

His poems (at least his longer ones) had a certain run, but after a time they ceased to be popular. Macaulay said of them that he doubted very much whether they would be read some years hence; but that if they *were*, they would be admired. The first part of this prophecy has certainly come true, for no one now knows "Thalaba," "Kehama," or "Roderick," except by name perhaps, and it is only a few of his minor poems which have survived. His own favourite among the larger ones was "The Curse of Kehama." And this verdict is not perhaps so much at variance with public opinion as that of authors generally. They usually regard their works as parents do their children, loving best those which give them the most trouble. And this we believe was Southey's great reason for preferring "Kehama." Besides which, the Hindoo mythology on which it is founded, hideous as it is, had probably great attractions for him. His taste for what is marvellous, strange, weird, or fantastic, was very strong, and is displayed in his graver as well as in his facetious poems, and exhibited itself in his social and domestic life. His love of jokes extended to some which might perhaps be called childish; but if so, this taste rendered him the more lovable, and showed the heartiness and geniality of his temperament. It is pleasant to see a man of great intellect amused by trifles.

In all the private and social relations of life Southey was most amiable. It seems strange, therefore, that in his writings he should have shown (as he occasionally did) such a harsh and bitter spirit towards those who differed from him. It seemed as if that were the medium by which his poetical irritability found its vent. But it is probable that had he mixed more in society with his fellow-men, and with those of different views, his literary acrimony would have been softened; but he led very much the life of a recluse, and even when in society was silent and reserved, unlike his friends Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were both of them great talkers.

It is characteristic of the two men, Southey and Wordsworth, that Spenser was to Southey what Milton was to Wordsworth, his favourite, and to a great extent his model. Though to read "Roderick, the last of the Goths," one would have thought that it was modelled on Milton, for it has all his mannerism, though it is devoid of his power.

There is little more that remains for us to say of this great man, except to notice his melancholy end; melancholy to others rather than to himself. For the state of fatuity into which he gradually sank, in his latter days, probably saved him from much suffering. It is singular how his old habits clung to him till the last, even when they had become unmeaning and purposeless. He would sit turning over the leaves of books when he was no longer able to read them or understand their contents. Another thing is also curious to remark, as regards his outward man. We mentioned the thick crop of white hair which contributed to his personal peculiarity. It is remarkable that it grew darker in his latter days, as if some of the nourishment which had ceased to feed the brain had given colouring matter to the locks.

We must now turn to Southey's brother poet, Wordsworth, a man whose works live far more in the minds and hearts of many at the present day than his, and who, if he be still unappreciated by the mass of mankind, has gained more than an equivalent, in the intense admiration of those who do appreciate him, and in the high intellectual character of his admirers.

Though Coleridge and Southey, as well as Wordsworth, are both called Lake poets, the latter alone deserves the name of "the poet of the Lakes." For with the former two their connection with that part of England was a separable accident; with Wordsworth it seemed inseparable from the essence of the man. We cannot conceive of him living in any other region than that from which he derived his chief inspiration, whose mouthpiece he was, giving its mountains and lakes a tongue, though it must be confessed that he made them speak *his* language rather than their own, so that his poems bring Wordsworth before us rather than the image of the scenes which he describes. Still he is essentially the poet of the Lakes, and the only one who deserves that title. And as *we* cannot imagine him living elsewhere, so *he*, on his part, was never quite in his element when absent from his mountain home. Those who had met him in London, remarked that though he talked a good deal when in society, he did not seem so much at his ease as at home. In person he was (at least in his old age, which was the period at which we knew him) exactly the beau-ideal of what we should fancy the poet of the Lakes ought to be. His hair was white, scantier, and standing

less upright than Southey's. The forehead, lofty and dome-like, betokening (phrenologists would say), an ample development of some of the moral and intellectual organs, and a face nearly as rugged as his own beloved mountains. So appropriate was his appearance to the peculiar niche which he filled in the intellectual world, that a stranger entering for the first time the small chapel which he attended on Sundays, would have found little difficulty in singling him out from the rest of the congregation, and identifying him as Wordsworth. His portrait (at least that one which was attached to his collected works) failed to do him *quite* justice, perhaps because they tried to do him *more* than justice. Hartley Coleridge remarked that they lost the grandeur of his countenance in the endeavour to make him appear, what he was not, a handsome man. His house with its surroundings was as suitable to, and as characteristic of, the man as was his personal appearance. It was (as many already know, and as its name, "Rydal Mount," implies) situated on a hill, overlooking the high road from Keswick to Kendal; thoroughly rural in aspect, perhaps a little too much shut in by trees. Everything about it, its garden and shrubberies bore the stamp of poetical repose. In wandering over the garden, we frequently met with tablets containing verses appropriate to the place. The interior of the house was simple and pervaded by a spirit of calm, enhanced by the presence of its venerable owner. It filled the mind with a sort of repose to sit and listen to his conversation, or rather his *talk*, for he was more of a talker than a converser, at least when he could get a good listener, for he was not like Coleridge and Macaulay, a man to insist on monopolizing the conversation. He would on some occasions readily give place to a great talker. But his pleasure was to deliver (when he could do it without interruption) a sort of extempore declamation, worded in somewhat stilted English, very different from the language of his poems, which showed that the simplicity of the latter was the result of *theory* rather than of *nature*. One of his grandchildren, an intelligent child, once made an unconscious comment on his style by exclaiming, "Grandpapa reading without a book!" His talk was generally pleasing, and characterized by strong common-sense when his prejudices did not intervene to warp his judgment, but we very seldom remember his exhibiting any poetical feeling, or giving expression to any political ideas, so that there would have been little in his conversation to remind us of what he was, were it not that he would occasionally discuss the merits of certain poets. Among these, the one whom he constituted his oracle, and to a certain extent his model, was Milton. His next favourite was Burns. The style of that poet is indeed very unlike his

own, but there was this point of similarity between them which probably attracted Wordsworth, *i.e.* that both loved to extract poetry out of homely scenes and incidents. But it is remarkable that, admiring Burns as he did, he denied the merits of one of his most popular songs, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." He said there was only one good line in it—"Wha would fill a coward's grave?" But after all, the poet whom he liked most to speak of, and to quote, was Wordsworth, and some persons thought that he carried this too far. But it is what we should naturally expect from the character of his poems, which show a mind very much occupied with itself. Of Coleridge we did not often hear him speak, perhaps because the memory of him was connected with some things which were painful; but he once related an interesting incident in his life connected with him.

The two poets having agreed to take a tour together to the south of England, determined to compose a few poems in order to pay their expenses. It was at that time that Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner," and we were surprised to learn that the most ghastly incident in that strange and weird production, *i.e.* that of the dead men rising up to pull the ropes of the ships, was Wordsworth's suggestion. Had it been Southey's we should not have been astonished, but in Wordsworth the taste for the marvellous seemed utterly wanting; but this fact only shows that there were perhaps in him, as in many others, veins of thoughtful feeling which were seldom worked and therefore yielded little produce. The same may be said with reference to another gift, the faculty of humour. It was very little of this, indeed we may say none, that Wordsworth displayed in his conversation. But there is one of his poems, and (as far as we recollect) only one, *i.e.* "The Waggoner," which is of a humorous cast. The little poem called "We are Seven," which has been both admired and ridiculed, was composed during the same tour, in the course of which Coleridge wrote the "Ancient Mariner;" Coleridge gave a little assistance in its composition. It was written at the house of a mutual friend, and composed backwards. When Wordsworth had finished all but the first verse, he was summoned to tea; and Coleridge told him he would write that verse for him, which he did—the verse which commences "A simple child."

We do not like to close this slight sketch of the poet of the Lakes without giving some thoughts respecting his works; not, indeed, any detailed criticism, for, even if we had space for it, we should feel ourselves hardly competent for such a task, being what his worshippers would call a heretic on this subject; so far, at least, as this, that though we have repeatedly tried and earnestly desired to take a pleasure in his

writings, we felt ourselves unable to do so. We do not, however, doubt that poetry which could produce such an effect on the minds of some of the greatest intellects of the age must possess great power, for it would be presumptuous in anyone to deny the reality of a great intellectual magician, merely because he has never come within the magic circle of his wand; though this is an error which men often fall into, especially in judging of works of taste. We will not, however, make ourselves out to be more insensible to the merits of Wordsworth's poems than we are. There are parts of them which we *can* admire, but the amount of our admiration is what we fear his worshippers would consider as an insult, rather than a tribute to his memory. Therefore we must only stand at a distance, and respectfully wonder at the mysterious power which this poet has exercised over so many minds. A lady of our acquaintance, a person of considerable powers of thought, once told us that the reading of Wordsworth's poems afforded her positive happiness. And John Stuart Mill, in his gloomy "Autobiography," says that he was brought out of a state of despondency and weariness of life by the perusal of "The Excursion." Being an infidel, and having been educated as such, he never thought of seeking peace of mind from a higher source.

On us, however, the poems of Wordsworth generally produce a feeling of uneasiness, which we could not account for till we had read Hutton's "Essays." What he says on this subject is too long for quotation, but the substance of it is this, that Wordsworth never plunges directly into the beauty of his subject, is never led away by it, but by an act of self-restraint hovers round it, tasting, as it were, only its edges—a mode of procedure which to some minds is tantalizing, because it awakens desires without gratifying them. Now if this manner of handling a subject is consistent with the highest style of poetry, as distinguished from prose, then the whole world before Wordsworth's time, and the larger part of it now, must be utterly wrong in their conceptions of poetry and in their poetic instincts, which is hardly probable. Without, therefore, questioning Wordsworth's genius, or the merits of his poetry, we may be allowed to doubt whether the poetic element existed to any high degree, either in the man or in his works. As regards the man, the fact we have already noticed with respect to his conversation shows, either that this element was not strong in him, or that it was repressed by habit and on principle. Perhaps this was attributable to both causes. As regards his poetry, J. Stuart Mill seems to have entertained something of our view, for when he speaks of the calming effect which "The Excursion" produced on

his mind, he adds that a more poetical poet would have had less influence on him, because his own temperament was not highly poetical.

William Howitt tells us that Wordsworth's views of life, and his theories respecting the spirit in which it should be regarded, so far from being new, are the same that the Quakers have always held; but if so, they certainly did not produce on Wordsworth the calming effect they have on that placid body of men—though there were not wanting those who supposed that they had done so. We recollect that once a gentleman, not intimately acquainted with Wordsworth's daily life, spoke of him as a man who, in his old age, had learned to soar above the cares and trials of the world. Those who knew the poet intimately, smiled at such a description of him; for they were well aware that there was scarcely a man living to whom it would less apply. He possessed a large share of the poetic sensitiveness of temperament, and was easily ruffled by the smallest worries; more so, indeed, than the average of mankind. We have, however, reason to suppose that this restlessness was much calmed down as he approached nearer to the confines of eternity. We scarcely ever saw him in the last few years of his life, but we have heard that in his latter days his mind seemed increasingly occupied with the great truths of religion, for which he had always a reverence. He dwelt continually on the subject of the atonement, and the contemplation of such a theme must have exercised a more calming power over his mind than any theories of life, which stopped short of this great truth. And in the hours of weakness and failing strength he probably learnt,

> The teaching then best taught
> That the true crown for any soul in dying
> Is Christ, not genius; and is faith, not thought.[1]

We must now turn to a a very different person—*i.e.* Hartley Coleridge, the eldest son of the poet. He, in a measure, served to fill up the gap which the death of his father, S. T. Coleridge, made in the Lake poets, and was better fitted than the rest of his kindred to stand in his father's place, and carry the family reputation into the second generation. Not that this generation were wanting in ability—far from it; for it is remarkable that since the death of the great Coleridge, there has been scarcely one of that name who was not possessed of talents more or less above the average. It would seem as if nature has been endeavouring to make up for lost time, and

[1] Bishop of Derry.

to indemnify the family for their former obscurity, by an unusual bountifulness in the distribution of mental gifts. But the one among them on whom the mantle of S. T. Coleridge fell, both for good and evil, was his son Hartley. It is with a mixture of pleasure and pain that we recall the memory of this singular man; of pleasure, when we think of his lively and interesting conversation, and his poetical gifts; of pain when we call to mind the faults and infirmities which injured his usefulness, his happiness, and his respectability. His life and character remind us of what Macaulay says of Lord Byron, where he compares him to the child in the fairy-tale, at whose birth several beneficent fairies attended, each bestowing a gift—gifts of which the good was marred by the intervention of a malevolent fairy, who added something of evil to each of them.

The parallel, in the case of Hartley Coleridge, was not so complete as in that of Byron, but still there is a sort of similarity. He was born of an illustrious father, and his own natural gifts were neither few nor contemptible. He was endowed with a lively, delicate, and refined poetical fancy, a poignant and discriminating wit, and acquiring faculties, which enabled him with little difficulty to become a ripe and accomplished scholar, and with great powers of composition. But, on the other hand, his father's want of self-control was exaggerated in him, insomuch that he was a lamentable verification of the proverb which says, "Genius to weakness ever is allied." Indeed, weakness of will seemed in him to amount almost to a disease, so that we cling to the hope that (though he certainly could not be called insane) he might possibly not have been so entirely responsible for his conduct as others. The same tendency which in his father led to the fatal habit of opium-eating, in his case took a grosser form of intemperance. But besides this drawback to his success in life, he possessed others, which were simply misfortunes, not faults. Such, *e.g.*, as an utter helplessness in the ordinary affairs of life, which rendered him in some respects like a grown-up child, and a personal appearance decidedly strange and eccentric, to the defects of which he was not (like some in the same case) blind, but was bitterly conscious of them. He gave as one of the mottoes to his volume of poems, those lines from Chaucer where some man speaks of himself as one who "ne dare to love for mine unlikelyness." As a converser he was delightful; for though he did not inherit his father's fluency of speech, or his melodious voice, he had even greater wit, and his general remarks were full of liveliness and penetration. We regret that we cannot at this distance of time remember as many of them as we could wish. He showed himself to

the greatest advantage when he read out some of his favourite poets, which were Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and accompanied these readings with his criticisms, which were always pointed and acute, and generally just. With Wordsworth, however, though he was lavish in his praises of him, he was also unsparing of his satire, insomuch as to suggest the idea to some that he was jealous; and perhaps he might have been, for though no one admired Wordsworth more enthusiastically, and though he was most ready to acknowledge his inferiority to him, yet it was not improbable that other feelings of a less amiable nature may have co-existed with these. When in Wordsworth's company neither of them showed to advantage, for he generally made a point of contradicting whatever the latter said.

As a writer, both in prose and poetry, his merits were such that we can only regret that we have so little of him; but the fact was, that though the publishers would have given him any amount of work if they could have been sure that it would be completed in time, or indeed completed at all, could never reckon on this, and therefore his publications have been few, consisting merely of a small volume of poems, a preface to the plays of Massinger and Ford, and a book containing the lives of several of the northern worthies. These are the only productions of his which, as far as we remember, ever saw the light, with the exception of a few essays which his brother published after his death. The history of the publication of the "Northern Worthies" is rather a singular one. He had engaged with a publisher at Leeds to write this book; but when a considerable time had elapsed, and the work was, we believe, not even commenced, the publisher, thinking it was necessary to take strong measures, drove down to Westmoreland, intending to call at Hartley Coleridge's lodgings. He met him, however, on the way, took him into his gig, drove him to Leeds, and kept him a prisoner in his house till the book was completed, or at least as much of it as was ever written, for a rich friend, pitying his captivity, paid a sum of money to release him from part of his engagement, which was indeed a kindness to the author rather than to the public.

Of the merits of his writings we can only speak from the impressions which they made upon us when we were very young; viewing them as we did then, we should say that his prose works were, like his conversation, always interesting and entertaining. His style was elegant and piquant, though with a certain degree of mannerism about it which verged on affectation. His poetry, if not of the highest order, was perfect in its kind, full of delicate and airy fancy, and imbued

with strong and often highly pathetic feeling. He might have said of himself very much what the fairy in "Lalla Rookh" says:

"Mine is the lay that lightly floats, and mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea, and melt on the heart as instantly."

Sir Aubrey de Vere described his verses by a simile as apt as it was beautiful; he compared them to the moonlight of a warm country. This exactly expresses what they are: they emit no dazzling brilliancy, but a soft silvery lustre like that of the moon, but without the coldness which accompanies that luminary in northern climates.

All his writings are characterized by a sound moral tone, as was his conversation generally; and on those occasions where he advocated wrong principles, it was, perhaps, in a great measure from a spirit of bravado. His feelings on religious subjects were reverential, but they had not the effect of restraining him from his unfortunate habits of intemperance. His never having been led into infidelity, he attributed to his father's influence, whose own views were in the latter portion of his life, free from any taint of scepticism, and who, we have reason to hope, died a sincere Christian.

Hartley Coleridge's religion, such as it was (though it is not for us to judge him, or to say what he would have been without it), seemed to have no other effect than, perhaps, to make him unhappy. He was an occasional, though not a regular attendant at church; but when there, seemed restless and uneasy. This was owing to his peculiar temperament, and was satisfactorily accounted for, in a characteristic remark which we once heard him make. "He could not," he said, "understand how anyone could go to hear a sermon, except from a sense of duty; because, in the first place, you had to sit still, and in the next place you had to hold your tongue." Two conditions, which *he* must have felt most irksome! At his death, however; which took place (we believe) before he was fifty, it is said that he was very penitent. He died regretted by his friends and relatives, to whom he was warmly attached, and greatly beloved by the lower classes in his neighbourhood.

Wordsworth, though a much older man, survived him some years. He was the last of the tuneful throng, and now the Lake Country, once prolific of literary talent, is silent. Its presiding genii have all passed to their rest. But the memory of them will, in the hearts of many still living, be always interwoven with the spots which they graced with their presence; and when those who knew them in former days shall revisit

those spots, "the thought of other years" will come "like the odour of brine from the ocean,"—the more powerfully because the aspect of the country where they dwelt cannot be so materially altered by buildings and other improvements, or disfigurements, as many parts of England. As long as the world lasts the mountains will retain their stern rugged grandeur, and the lakes their serene beauty, untouched by the hand of man. Were it otherwise, we could hardly imagine Wordsworth as resting quietly in his grave; for we well remember how disturbed he was when some landed proprietor meddled with the banks of the Rotha, in order to make alterations which he thought improvements, but which, in Wordsworth's eyes, were injurious to the beauty of that river; and as there was probably no spot so dear to him as the Lake district, there was none in which it would have been more painful to him to see any alteration. It would be strange if he really thought the scenes which surrounded his own home superior to any others—for he had visited not only Scotland but Switzerland; and yet, we are not quite sure that in point of mere beauty, as distinguished from the grandeur produced by gigantic height, he would not have given the preference to the former. The only spot which we ever heard him compare with Westmoreland was the Lakes of Killarney; and on the whole, he thought them inferior to his own lakes, though he allowed that the view between the Upper and Lower Lake was superior to any in Westmoreland. But whether or not we agree with him on these points, we cannot deny that the English Lakes have associations connected with them peculiar to themselves, and which add to their charms, from having been the residence of so many eminent literary characters. Wordsworth, Southey, and the two Coleridges, De Quincey, Dr. Arnold, and Miss Martineau, besides one or two other persons of talent less known to the public. Perhaps it is well for some of these that they do not live now, at least as inhabitants of a country which is visited by tourists; for if Wordsworth was subjected (as he often was) to the impertinent intrusion of strangers, what would it be now, when the number of tourists multiplies almost every year? For though the mania for lion-hunting, so characteristic of our country, is not quite what it was some thirty or forty years ago, still it exists. Up to a point we can sympathize with the feeling which makes people desire to have a sight of an eminent man, or still more, to have speech of him; but it becomes worse than ridiculous if it leads them, as it sometimes has done, to break through all the laws of decorum, and that when, perhaps, they have never read the works of the man whom they are so desirous of seeing, and if they had read them would not be able to appreciate their worth. Wordsworth

was perhaps more tolerant of being made a lion of than some other eminent men; but even his equanimity was disturbed, when tourists called on him without an introduction, or without any other pretext for doing so. And it could not have been otherwise than disagreeable to his feelings to have them looking in at his windows when they went to see his garden and grounds.

On one occasion, we recollect, a young Irish lady (who certainly must have been dipped in the Shannon, as the saying is) gave him her company in a walk, saying only by way of apology, "I am sure the poet will excuse me," and entertained him with details about her own family, which probably were more interesting to her than to him. Such are the penalties which a man has sometimes to pay for celebrity, especially if he lives in a place which is resorted to by visitors. But every condition of life has its drawbacks.

We must now bring this paper to a close. We have not (as the reader will see) attempted anything like a sketch of the lives of the distinguished men of whom we have spoken. But these, after all, may be obtained from their published memoirs, while the personal recollections which we have recorded are not known to many, and therefore may, by some, be considered more valuable than a mere summary of facts which may be found elsewhere.

EDWARD WHATELY.

ART. V.—THE DIACONATE.

IN a most able, learned, and interesting article which appeared in THE CHURCHMAN of July, 1882, on "The Extension of the Diaconate," the Rev. Jackson Mason has gone over the whole ground so exhaustively as to leave little else to be said on the subject. It is, however, one so full of interest, and is just now so much in the thoughts of Churchmen who are anxiously casting about for recruits to serve in the army of the Lord under His commission, that I cannot but respond to the invitation given to me by the editor of THE CHURCHMAN, and endeavour to supplement Mr. Mason's article by a few remarks of my own, even at the risk of repeating in less appropriate language what he has already written.

During the last year the subject of the Permanent or Self-supporting Diaconate has been discussed at the Church Congress of 1882, and at several Diocesan Conferences. So far as

I have been able to learn the result, I believe that the general idea of reconstituting the third order of the ministry, and of admitting to its ranks men who will, as a general rule, maintain themselves by secular employments, and who will not, as a matter of course, aspire to the priesthood, has been received with remarkable favour, except in the Diocese of Norwich.

On one important point there is no difference of opinion. It is universally agreed that upon her present system the Church of England cannot satisfactorily perform the duties entrusted to her by her Divine Head. What I said at the last Church Congress I venture to repeat here:

> Once, perhaps many years ago, there was some fair proportion between the numbers to be ministered to and the number of ministers. But the Church has, despite the gigantic efforts of the last fifty years, failed even to overtake the arrears of long neglect, and in each and every year the numbers are increasing upon her; at the rate of a thousand a day they still come on. Her clergy need to be increased in number by three each week, in order to meet this growing demand. The actual increase is under three each year. And this is not all. The population of our villages is decreasing. The villagers migrate into the large towns, and make these increasing numbers still vaster. Within a few square miles in the agricultural districts you have six clergymen, of whom only one perhaps has a sufficient income, and none has enough to do. Their parishioners leave them, and they stagnate for want of occupation. They and their income should follow their people into the centres of industry. Yet the few sheep left in the wilderness must not be left without a shepherd. It may be urged that the wealth of England increases faster than the population; that the demand for more clergy will create the supply, and there is plenty of money to pay them. No; that very wealth increases the difficulty. It has rightly raised the standard of average comfort, it has raised prices, and larger incomes are required. In other professions, and in commercial pursuits, larger incomes are obtained. These callings have greater worldly attractions than the ministry; and experience shows that so long as the Church has to maintain her clergy, their number will not increase in proportion to the needs of her people. So long as the Bishops refuse to ordain a man until he has found some clergyman who will give him, as his "title to orders," a sufficient salary, the scarcity must continue to grow worse.

I have not been able to ascertain the exact relative proportions in which the clergy, beneficed and unbeneficed, are distributed throughout England and Wales; but the Report of the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation of the province of Canterbury, appointed on May 20, 1881, to consider the working of the Acts relating to Pluralities, has supplied some useful information as to the benefices. In dealing, however, with the figures of this Report, it must be remembered that—though written in 1881—it is based on the census

of population taken in 1871, and therefore understates the case considerably.

According to this Report, there were in 1881 13,598 benefices, or one to every 1,900 people. Of these, 4,614 benefices had a population under 500. These, with an assumed average population of 330, account for a million and a half; and there remain 8,984 benefices for twenty-four and a half millions of people—or one to every 2,740. Yet averages are misleading, and this tells but half the tale. Of what use, for instance, is the clergyman who has the care of 167 people at Tatsfield to the 24,000 in St. Mary's, Bermondsey? Yet these two parishes are in the same diocese of Rochester, and the Vicar of Tatsfield helps to keep down the average. In that diocese, the average thus kept down was one benefice to 5,000 people; in the diocese of London, one to 6,000; in Manchester, one to 3,800; while the diocese of Hereford rejoices in the possession of one benefice to every 600 of her people.

In the ten years which passed away between 1871 and 1881 the average population of each benefice in the diocese of Rochester rose to 6,000, and there are forty-seven benefices with a population exceeding 10,000 apiece, and of these eight have more than 15,000, and the Vicar of five more has above 20,000 souls committed to his care.

It is unnecessary for me to describe in detail the social and spiritual condition of a poor parish with 15,000 people and only one church. In such parishes scarcely one householder keeps servants beyond the "slavey" or slip of a girl who drudges incessantly from morning to night under the keen and unsympathizing eye of a mistress, little removed from her in social position. In such poor town parishes there is but little Dissent, for religious bodies which maintain their ministers on a purely voluntary system are compelled to avoid neighbourhoods whence subscriptions cannot be looked for. The poorly paid and overworked Incumbent, assisted by the Pastoral-Aid Society or Additional Curates' Society to secure the aid of one young curate, is thankful if one-fourth of the 15,000 people in his parish can be brought within his reach—at the 11,000 left he casts a longing look of love and of despair, knowing that Christ died for them as for him, but knowing also that they are practically as much without Christ, and are as far from the sound of the Gospel as if they dwelt in the centre of China. Let us leave this sad scene and go by almost any railway out of London, and in two or three hours we shall find ourselves amid very different surroundings.

A group of some half-dozen villages, each within a walk of the others; in each a church, parsonage, and parson; the total income of the six benefices may be put at £2,400, the total

population of the six villages at 3,000; and for the last twenty years this population has been gradually diminishing, as the young men and women have migrated in search of work or excitement to the larger towns. Probably in each village is a little Bethel or Ebenezer, served by an itinerant preacher from a neighbouring town; for in the early part of this century there was, alas! no religious life in the large majority of country churches, and the few seekers after the glad tidings of salvation heard them only from the Dissenting ministers, who have naturally been slow to abandon their small followings even when men of the right stamp succeeded to the church livings.

The clergy desire to do their duty, and do it, but there are too many of them. Probably only one of the six has enough parochial and ministerial work to occupy his time; only one (and most likely not that one) has a sufficient income from his living to live upon. Yet they are all *ascripti glebæ*, like the villeins of old, and find it difficult to get away, for a Sunday, once in a year. Month after month, in seed-time and harvest, they go on the same round, preaching to the same small congregation in the morning; and though, at evensong, more people are present, many of them go to church only for their one weekly excitement of looking about them during the prayers; and during the sermon, generally an old one, they "just puts up their legs and thinks of nothing." For, kind, charitable, and well-educated as their country parson is, he and his small flock cannot but in these long years, without a change, get mutually tired of each other; and so stagnation sets in, until

An universal dulness buries all.

Of cultivated society, beyond that of his fellow clergy in the immediate neighbourhood, the country parson gets less and less each year, and so he suffers from a twofold "agricultural depression." The duty of visiting his parishioners (who very easily have too much of it) and of preparing two weekly (or weakly) discourses, leaves energies untaxed and aspirations unsatisfied. Some find vent for their pent-up activity in the harmless, though not very profitable, diversions of rose-growing, lawn-tennis, or bell-ringing. Others gradually settle down into a languid state of hopelessness and unconcern.

We have then to face these facts. In the towns, a vast population rapidly increasing; in the villages, a small population growing less each year. In the towns, comparatively few clergy suffering from over-work: in the country, many clergy suffering from want of work. Both in town and country the average incomes of the clergy are insufficient to attract larger numbers into the clerical profession, or to maintain those

already in it, and there is no prospect of making any appreciable addition to their numbers, or their incomes.

For the result, let the reports of the Additional Curates' Aid and the Church Pastoral Aid, and the London City Mission Societies speak, and the statistics recently obtained in various parts of the country of the proportionate numbers of the people who attend regularly, and who never enter a place of worship of any kind. What remedies are proposed? By what means can the Church multiply her agents adequately to the need for them? Various proposals have been made; but in some way or other they all come to this: "Make more use of laymen." With all my heart; laymen can do, and are doing, much: but something more than lay ministration is required. I have myself, some years ago, both in speech and in print, advocated the employment of laymen, licensed by the Bishop, to take services and to preach in mission-rooms certainly, and perhaps in churches. But the law on the subject was then imperfectly known to me.

In 1861, the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, now Dean of Wells, writing in the *Contemporary Review* (vol. viii. pp. 397-416), expressed his opinion that the Incumbent of a parish "is at liberty to authorize a layman to read in church all that is not specifically appropriated in the Prayer Book to a priest," and to conduct in other places services differing from those of the Prayer Book in omissions, alterations, abridgments, and additions. Dean Plumptre so wrote because the Act 18 & 19 Vic., c. 86 (commonly called Lord Shaftesbury's Act), provides that nothing in the three restriction Acts of 1 William and Mary, Sess. 1, c. 18; 52 George III., c. 155, and 15 & 16 Vict., c. 36, shall apply to any congregation or assembly for religious worship held in any parish or any ecclesiastical district, and conducted by the Incumbent, or in case the Incumbent is non-resident, by the curate of such parish or district, or by any person authorized by them respectively. But the Act in no way mitigates the restriction imposed by the Acts of Uniformity of Elizabeth and Charles II., which appear to have been overlooked by Dean Plumptre.

It was my lot in 1878, at the request of the Bishop of Rochester, to take the opinion of Sir James FitzJames Stephen (now a judge) and Mr. H. R. Droop upon the rights and powers of laymen in such matters; and these learned counsel advised that laymen may not read the service nor preach in churches, and that what they may not do in churches they may not do in unconsecrated places; that if, indeed, a layman were of his own authority to conduct a service in some mission-room or schoolhouse without any formal authority to do so, the Court would probably not inter-

fere, because by the simple process of registering the place as a place of worship for Protestant Dissenters, he could make himself free to continue what he was doing. But counsel also advised that if, under the express sanction of the Bishop, an order of lay preachers or lay readers, set apart according to some newly-devised ceremonial, and formally licensed by the Bishop and recognised by the clergy, were to preach and conduct services in places of worship unconsecrated, but still appropriated permanently to the purposes of divine worship; if, in short, all those things were done to give decency and order and regularity to lay ministrations which are being done in many dioceses, then the law would be broken in such a way that the Courts, if appealed to, must interfere, and the offending layman would, if he used the Prayer-Book service, be subject to ecclesiastical admonition and the payment of costs; and be liable, if he used a different service, to indictment before the Crown Courts; and if he preached, to three months imprisonment—fortunately without hard labour!

This is sufficient to show that in the present state of the law, little help of the kind required can be obtained from laymen, as laymen. And even if the law were altered, at least so far as to remove the unlawfulness and the punishments, it seems to me unlikely that public opinion would tolerate the appearance in the reading-desks or pulpits of our churches of unordained persons. It would certainly take many years to overcome the prejudice against it; and in the meantime unseemly rows would probably be got up in the churches by all the idlers and loafers in the parish, whose zeal for religion is confined to protesting against innovations.

Another proposal is that the age for ordaining deacons shall be lowered from twenty-three to twenty-one. To this I say, God forbid! We want men with more, not less, special training than now; the quality would grow worse, while the increase in the quantity would be so slight as to be practically useless. I doubt whether this course would add one hundred to the number of deacons; it would not increase by one that of priests, and would spoil them all.

There remains only that remedy which forms my subject—the revival of the third divinely ordained order of deacons, which at present does not really exist in the Church of England, and to permit these deacons to imitate the example of the Apostles, by waiving their right to live of the Gospel, and glorying to preach it free of charge, because their own hands and their own brains minister to and supply their necessities. "There are," said the Bishop of Winchester at the Croydon Church Congress in 1875, "thousands of persons at this moment in this country who would very gladly indeed

add to their secular labours the duty and calling of a deacon in the Church of Christ." These are "men of virtuous conversation and without crime, and sufficiently instructed in Holy Scripture;" but some of them probably are not "learned in the Latin tongue." Well, in case of need, the Crown, Convocation and Parliament may be moved to pass a law dispensing with this qualification; though if I may draw an inference as to their unaquaintance with Latin from the profound ignorance of Greek displayed by many a priest, some easier way of getting over this difficulty has been discovered already.[1]

The deacons would not necessarily all be immediately licensed by the Bishop to preach. The diversity of gifts would be recognised, and some discrimination shown. Would it not be more in accordance with the spirit of the Service for the Ordering of Deacons, if only those "annual deacons" who are able were licensed to preach? Probably no one but themselves would mourn their enforced silence. If you increase the number of clergy without making a proportionate addition to the revenue of the Church, you diminish the income of each, which is already small enough. Every curate takes so much from the poor incumbent's portion. If, indeed, you revert to the Romish plan of a celibate clergy, or to the state of things described by Brockert as existing in Cumberland in the eighteenth century, when "an harden sark, a guse grassing, and a whittle gait were all the salary of a clergyman" —when, in other words, his entire stipend consisted of a shirt of coarse linen, the right of commoning geese, and the privilege of using a knife (whytel) and fork at the table of his parishioners; if you revert to this state of things, you may divide the present income of the clergy among twice their number. But, says old Fuller, "a beggarly clergy makes a bankrupt Church;" and I need not stay to point out the objections to a celibate clergy. It follows that these new deacons must be permitted to maintain themselves wholly, or for the most part, by their secular occupations.

Next let us consider the legal difficulties; and here we are

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[1] A few weeks ago, a priest (whose hood proclaimed him to be an Oxford M.A.) told a wondering congregation, of which I happened to be a member, that the word "creature" in Romans viii. meant a Christian. "The strict primary literal meaning of the Greek word *κτίσις*," said he, "is a thing created. But St. Paul uses the word differently; for he writes in Gal. vi., 'If any man be in Christ he is a new creature,' using the same word; and in Eph. ii. he says that Christians are 'created in Christ Jesus unto good works,' from which it is evident that this word *κτίσις* means a Christian!" The good man ought to have added that, by a similar process of reasoning, Mark xvi. 15 should be translated "Preach the gospel to every Christian!"

confronted with (1) the laws or customs of the early Church; (2) the canons and services of our own Church; and (3) statute law. Let us take them in order.

(1) The early Church. Until the fourth century the inferior clergy were not only permitted to trade, but were encouraged to do so, by being exempted from the payment of the trading tax called Chrysargyrum, provided only that their operations were confined within moderate bounds; and it was not until the year 364 that, because of their abuse of this privilege, they were forbidden to trade by the Roman Emperor Valentinian. Thus the prohibition was political, and not a matter of Church law at all. The Council of Carthage, A.D. 397, interdicted all three orders of the ministry from working farms, or acting as agents, or from "growing their food by any discreditable employment." There seems to me to be nothing in these decrees to affect the right of our Church to make such regulations on the subject now as seem good to her in her present needs.

(2) The Canons bearing on the subject, and quoted in the report of the committee of the Norwich Diocesan Conference, as preventing deacons from earning their own livelihood, are the 32nd, the 33rd, and the 76th. The 32nd speaks of the office of deacon as a step or degree to the ministry—wherefore a man is not to be made deacon and minister in one day. The 33rd requires as a title to be ordained deacon and priest, that the man shall have some certain place where he may use his functions—such as a benefice or church, a minister's place, or a fellowship; but even here exception is made in favour of a M.A. of five years' standing who liveth at his own charge; the whole point being that the new deacon may not become a pensioner of the Bishop. This Canon was intended to limit the number of deacons and ministers to the number of offices and benefices; but the Statute of Uniformity of Charles II. (passed after consulting Convocation), by prohibiting the admission of deacons into benefices, practically freed them from the restriction of this Canon.

The 76th Canon prohibits deacons and ministers from forsaking their calling and becoming laymen again. It does not seem to me to touch the question of the secular employment of a deacon while exercising his sacred calling; and this Canon has been virtually repealed by 34 & 35 Vic., c. 91.

To argue from the 32nd canon that no man ought to be ordained a deacon who is not desirous of becoming a priest, is futile, unless it is also contended that a deacon must seek the priesthood as a step to becoming a Bishop; and this last contention is untenable in the face of the well-known duty in-

cumbent upon every priest of replying "Nolo episcopari" to the offer of a Bishopric—even that of Durham!

(3) There remain for consideration the Statutes 41 Geo. III., c. 63, and 1 & 2 Vic., c. 106. These Acts place deacons as well as priests in the same category of "spiritual persons," as to whose disqualification for secular callings the law, put briefly, is as follows: a spiritual person holding any curacy or lectureship, or who shall be licensed or otherwise allowed to perform the duties of any ecclesiastical office whatever, may not farm more than eighty acres (as tenants) without the Bishop's permission; he may not engage in trade, unless he has more than six partners, or unless the interest in such trade has come to him by will, marriage, descent, or bankruptcy, and then he must not do it in person; but he may keep a school; he may be a director of an insurance office, and he may write novels, and (if a Bishop) books impugning the veracity of the Scriptures, or recommending polygamy and other breaches of the marriage law. This statement of the law shows that the only thing required to make a self-supporting diaconate legal is a short amending Act, containing one clause, to the effect that in future a deacon shall not be a "spiritual person" within the restrictions of the recited statutes.

It is not quite clear to me whether barristers, solicitors, doctors, engineers, and other professional men can be ordained deacons and yet follow their secular callings, and it would be well to make this clear in the proposed Act.

There remain to be considered some of the practical results of the proposed change. In populous places there will probably be a fair range of choice among men of piety, education, and mature age, who either having private means can give their whole time to the work of the Church, or maintaining themselves by some profession will gladly devote their Sundays and some evenings in the week, without desire for remuneration, to such ministerial duties as their Bishop and Rector shall entrust them with. In this way in many places a curate's salary will be saved, to the great relief of the poorly paid Incumbent. Divine services may be held at all hours of any day at which it is found that a congregation can be collected, and all excuse for their rarity will be taken away. A Rector with 15,000 souls committed to his care will no longer despair of reaching them, for he will be assisted by a zealous band of faithful men, whose ministrations being voluntary and unpaid will be accepted with greater readiness and less suspicion than the professional offices of his regular curates. The thickly peopled parish will be mapped out into convenient districts, manageable by one man,

and the Rector, as a *quasi* Bishop, will overseer and organize the whole.

In country districts double good may be looked for, direct and indirect. In such a group of villages as has been described, for the six incumbents should be substituted six permanent deacons and one Rector (or Archdeacon) of the six united parishes. The Rector should have a good house (if possible in the most central, or at least in the most important parish), and £1,000 a year. Sell the other parsonages, and with the purchase-money, compensate the patrons, if necessary. Let the remaining £1,400 a year be thus applied: first, a sum not exceeding £400 a year may go for the payment of such of the deacons as may require such assistance (and for many reasons some small payment for services rendered may be advisable); the remainder should be applied in endowing churches in the towns to which the agricultural population has migrated, and to which also the five superseded Incumbents may follow, and there find abundant work for God, and the active life which is so good for us all. Each of the six country parishes will be under the charge of a deacon: the schoolmaster, one of the farmers, the doctor, the squire's agent—or, better still, the squire himself—the professional man of the neighbouring town, who resides in the village. Or perhaps the deacon may even be taken from a lower grade. He will conduct Divine service, baptize, and marry, visit the sick, and bury the dead, happy in being able to devote, as the commissioned officer of his Church, to the good of those around him, such spiritual gifts as God has given him, carefully overseen by his Rector, who will visit each parish frequently, and preach and celebrate the Holy Communion at stated times.

What with Sundays and holy days, every communicant may thus have the opportunity of drawing near to the Lord's table twice in the month in his own church; and if he desires to do so oftener, some of the other churches would be within an easy walk.

It has been objected to this proposal that there will be a confusion in people's minds about their deacon; they won't know whether he is a layman or a clergyman, and whether he is to be dubbed "the reverend" or not; that if he is "reverend" he is not a layman; if a layman he is not "the reverend." It seems to me, however, that the real confusion in the people's minds has been between a priest and a deacon, no difference between them being popularly discerned; that as a judge is "my lord" only on the Bench, so a deacon may be addressed as "the reverend' when engaged in his ministerial duties. The difficulty, such as it is, did not interfere with George Herbert's usefulness; and as, after all, the title "reverend" is

a mere courtesy title, applied not only to clergy, but to every man who holds forth at a chapel or meeting-house, the question of its adoption by a self-supporting or permanent deacon is not worth answering. Enough if (in Milton's words),

> A Reverend Sire among them came,
> Who preached conversion and repentance.

If it be urged as an objection that men who are not educated gentlemen will not go down as ministers with the poor, and that secular occupations are incompatible with spiritual usefulness, let this objection be answered by the experience of Wesleyan local preachers and class-leaders. Would that we had in every large town such a man as the blacksmith Samuel Hick, rescuing the wandering sheep and folding them within the Church of England, instead of outside it! Would that we had in every country village such a deacon preacher as the Yorkshire farmer, William Dawson, of whom it is said that "he could sway the people like the summer breeze that swept over his own golden corn; whose words could play with cloud and sunshine across the listening hosts, and who, thrusting in his sickle, saw hundreds of sheaves gathered safely for the Lord, with shouts of harvest home!" Had Hick, and Dawson, and Silas Todd, and Richardson the Lincolnshire thrasher, and other men like them, been laid hold of by our Bishops and clergy, and could they have been made deacons in our Church, we should not have now to regret that 1,200 Wesleyan ministers, and some 8,000 class-leaders, and half a million of "Church members" were halting on neutral ground outside our pale, and only too likely to march away and join the ranks of the enemies of our Church. Of course the law as to pluralities must be altered, and patrons of livings must be willing to make some sacrifices. But there is, thank God, a growing feeling amongst them that their patronage is held, not for their own advantage, but exercised for the benefit of the Church, and for the glory of God.

Lastly, let me refer my readers to Macaulay's "Review of Ranke's History of the Popes."[1] He there portrayed in glowing language the wonderful manner in which the Church of Rome has ever dealt with enthusiasts. In young Churches, he says, enthusiasm is allowed to be rampant and gets beyond control. In long-established Churches it is too often regarded with aversion. The Church of Rome neither submits to enthusiasm

[1] Curiously enough, the same post which brought me the proofs of this article for correction brought me also *The Battle Axe; or, Gazette of the Church Army*, for 1st August, in which a full extract is given from Macaulay's article on this very point. May I advise each of my readers to buy that number of the *Battle Axe*?

nor proscribes it, but uses it. This is what the Church of England will do if she will now take advantage of her opportunity, and enlist in her services, as duly commissioned volunteer officers, the many men of mature wisdom, practical experience, and ardent zeal who stand ready, waiting and anxious to go forth with authority from the Church they love, to preach, and to pray, and to fight in the van, in the great battle which is being waged against sin, the world and the devil, for the extension of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

SYDNEY GEDGE.

MITCHAM HALL, *August*, 1883.

NOTE.—The Committee of the Norwich Diocesan Conference seem to prefer to any such proposal the present state of things in the rural districts. What that is will appear from the following extract from a letter recently written to me (without any view to publication) by a clergyman in that diocese:

"No one who has not lived in the country, as I have done, can have any conception of the immovable resistance of the country Clergy to any modification even of the existing state of things. The old fight between prophet and priest, which probably caused John the Baptist, the forerunner of a layman, to be chosen from a priestly family, is as strong as ever; and the fact that in the early Church anyone could be called upon for 'a word of exhortation' is utterly ignored and rejected. This confining in the Church of preaching to the Clergy has been the main source of the strength of Dissent. Still, under the cover of the Diaconate, the prejudice may perhaps be got over. . . . But anything that might tend to render the present arrangement less of an anachronism is hooted at directly. Sometimes I think *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* It is a fact that if you place anything before the ordinary country clergyman to read, which is uncomfortable to his prejudices, because it has something in it, he will generally refuse to read it. I am certain that whilst the infusion of the influence of a man of broader views and superior education than the farmers possess is most necessary, it is hopeless to expect that the mass of the country people will attach themselves to the ministry of the educated clerical gentleman, while they have the more congenial Dissenting minister as an alternative. When they do so, it is from old habit, or for some advantage; but once let the habit be broken, and most of the farmers be themselves Dissenters, and the parson have no squire to back him, and be not himself a *quasi*-squire, with money and social weight, and the Church, as at present constituted, has no chance at all. The introduction of such a class of men as you propose, as Church ministers in some shape, would be of infinite value for the resuscitation of Church influence among the people. But you will never get a hearing among the country Clergy. They will look upon your proposed amalgamation of benefices as the destruction of so many nests of comfortable social dignity—for the sake of which Englishmen will bear any sort of difficulty and even of poverty. In this neighbourhood are several fat livings and some very lean ones. On the whole there is a very large disposable income, very badly and irregularly ap-

plied. Dissent is rife, the chapels being large and well-attended in all the parishes; and none but the gentry and a small minority of farmers, who like to be churchwardens or to sit under the same roof with the squire, would trouble themselves if the Church ceased to exist to-morrow. In this, as in everything else now, popular opinion will carry the day; and if the Church does nothing to popularize herself, and give new classes an interest in her, she must go. Mere personal character may make a parson welcome to his people in other ways, but it will not fill his Church, or attach the masses to the Church. The idea is alarmingly prevalent that the parson is not so much a minister as an official—a sort of moral policeman and representative of State order."

NOTE.—*The questions put to counsel, and their opinions, are subjoined.*

COUNSEL are requested to advise in consultation on the following points:

1. What part or parts, if any, of the Morning and Evening Prayers may be conducted by a laymen in a church, if licensed thereto by the Bishop, and requested by the Incumbent?
2. May a layman, so licensed and requested, preach a sermon or deliver an address in a church?
   (*a*) As part of the Morning or Evening Prayers?
   (*b*) When the sermon is followed by an administration of the Communion?
   (*c*) Under what other circumstances?
   (*d*) May the sermon be of the layman's own composition, spoken or written, or must it be a homily or some written sermon previously approved by the Bishop or Incumbent?
3. May a layman, so licensed and requested, conduct in a church some other form of service not such as a clergyman is tied down to, under any and what circumstances and limitations?
4. May a layman, so licensed and requested, perform the funeral service in a consecrated chapel and churchyard?
5. May a layman, so licensed and requested as aforesaid, do any and which of the above-mentioned things in an unconsecrated building?
6. Will the answer to question 5 be in any way affected or modified by the fact that the unconsecrated building is what is called conventionally "licensed," as explained in the case?
7. Can a room or building be itself licensed by the Bishop in any other way?
8. To what penalties, (*a*) civil or (*b*) ecclesiastical, would a layman be subject who conducted such service or part of it in contravention of the law?
9. Is there any law of England to prevent a Bishop from, after due examination and inquiry, setting apart, by laying on of hands or otherwise, an order of *quasi*-clerical persons who, while they continue as laymen to maintain themselves by their trade, mercantile business, or profession, shall, so long as they hold the Bishop's license, act within his diocese as (*a*) preachers and (*b*) readers or conductors of Divine service, in such churches as shall be offered to them for that purpose by the Incumbent thereof, such persons having no care of souls and no benefice?
10. If there be no law of England to prevent this, is there any ecclesiastical law binding upon Bishops to prevent it?
11. Counsel will kindly add any further opinion as to the subject submitted to them above, which will assist the Committee in reporting to the Bishop of Rochester.

3rd December, 1878.

JOINT OPINION

OF

SIR J. FITZJAMES STEPHEN, Q.C., AND MR. H. R. DROOP.

1. The Preface to the Ordination Service, which is part of the Prayer Book, and which received statutory authority from the Act of Uniformity of 1662, says that no man shall be suffered to execute any of the said functions, *i.e.* those of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, unless he be ordained as then mentioned.

The 23rd Article and the Ordination Service for Priests and Deacons show, in our opinion, that public preaching and ministering of the sacraments are to be considered as among these functions.

Whether reading Divine service is also part of their exclusive functions is not equally clear. But the office for the Ordination of Deacons includes among the duties of a Deacon "to assist the Priest in Divine service," and the rubrics of the Prayer Book constantly speak of prayers or sentences as to be said by "the Minister" or "the Priest," and although these directions are not so strictly interpreted in practice as to prevent Deacons from saying some of the prayers attributed by the rubrics to the Priest, we think they would probably be considered to indicate that these prayers and sentences, and other parts of the services of a similar character, were only to be said by ordained ministers in the public worship in church.

The Courts would probably apply to this question the same rule that has been recently applied to questions of ritual, viz., that the directions contained in the Prayer Book must be strictly complied with (*Liddell* v. *Westerton and Moore*). Moreover, this has been, so far as we are aware, the uniform usage since before the last Act of Uniformity.

The preceding observations answer the first question, except as to the Lessons and Psalms. As regards the Lessons, the substitution in 1662 of "he that readeth" for the minister, seems to indicate an intention to permit them to be read by persons who are not ministers, and this is customary in college chapels. As regards the Psalms, the Prayer Book is silent, and we are not aware of anything to prevent them from being read as well as sung entirely by laymen.

2. Having regard to the Preface to the Ordination Service, the second question must, in our opinion, be answered in the negative, so far as it relates to a layman's preaching in church. We are not aware of anything expressly preventing a layman from reading a homily, set forth by authority, but we do not see how reading any other sermon could be distinguished from preaching. We do not include under preaching speeches made by laymen as individuals at missionary and other meetings.

3. In our opinion, no layman may conduct in a church any other service than such as a clergyman is tied down to.

4. We do not think that a layman, though so licensed and requested, may perform the Funeral Service in a consecrated chapel or churchyard.

5. The above opinions as to what a layman may do in a church or consecrated churchyard do not in the main depend upon their having been consecrated, though no doubt the consecration gives the Ecclesiastical Court a jurisdiction *ratione loci*, in addition to any other jurisdiction it may have under the Acts of Uniformity or otherwise.

Until the Toleration Acts, the Acts of Uniformity of Elizabeth and Charles II. applied to every place of public worship, whether consecrated or not; and, so far as we are aware, they have not been expressly repealed, except as to the registered places of worship of Protestant Dissenters, Roman Catholics, and Jews. The 18 & 19 Vict., c. 86, only exempts certain assemblies from religious worship from being registered under 52 Geo. III., c. 155, and says nothing about exempting them from the Acts of Uniformity.

6. As regards unconsecrated buildings, however, the Ecclesiastical Courts would probably take circumstances into account, and therefore, if laymen were to hold a service with the permission of the Incumbent in a private house or schoolroom, whether he only read the Prayer Book Service or even delivered an address, or used a shortened or different service (so that there was nothing doctrinally objectionable), we think it not improbable that the Court would decline to interfere, having regard to the fact that, by registering the place as a place of worship for Protestant Dissenters, he could make himself free to continue what he was doing.

7. On the other hand, if a building be fitted up as a church and Divine service be regularly conducted in it, whether with or without the Bishop's license, we do not think the Ecclesiastical Court would abstain from or be prevented from interfering on account of its not having been consecrated. The license of the Bishop, indeed, would in such a case constitute rather a difficulty in the way of a lay minister than an assistance to him. The Courts would be, to the last degree, reluctant to interfere with any form of religious worship conducted by laymen, avowedly acting as such on their own authority. The aspect of such conduct

would be altogether changed if it was adopted under the express sanction of the Bishop, as in that case it would be regarded as constituting an attempt to establish a kind of supplementary ecclesiastical body, under episcopal sanction,

8. By reading the Prayer Book Service, a layman would not, we believe, subject himself to any civil penalties, but only to have articles filed against him in the Ecclesiastical Court, the only result of which (for a first offence) would probably be admonition and payment of costs.

By using a different service he might also subject himself to an indictment under Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity, and by preaching (supposing that his license was held void on account of his being a layman) to three months' imprisonment under the 19th and 21st sections of Charles II.'s Act of Uniformity.

9. As the Prayer Book provides in the Ordination Services a prescribed course for setting apart persons to officiate in Divine service and preach, which does not authorize what is here proposed, we do not think it would be at all prudent for a Bishop to do this.

If laying on of hands or any other religious ceremony were used, a question might be raised whether it was not unlawful under the Acts of Uniformity, and as the Prayer Book contains Ordination Services, the question would differ materially from that of the customary services for the consecration of churches.

J. F. STEPHEN.
H. R. DROOP.

THE TEMPLE, 14*th December*, 1878.

OPINION OF SIR J. FITZJAMES STEPHEN, Q.C.

Having been desired to state my opinion somewhat more fully than I have already stated it on the subject of the legality of religious ministrations by laymen in unconsecrated buildings, I proceed to do so.

In the first place, I think that the only legal difference between a consecrated and an unconsecrated building is that the one is, and the other is not, set apart by the sentence of an Ecclesiastical Court for the purposes of public worship. Unless the Consecration Service were accompanied by the sentence of the Court it would have no legal effect whatever.

As to the right of laymen to officiate in unconsecrated buildings with the assent of the minister of the parish and the Bishop, I think that the principle upon which the question must be decided is this:—The Church of England, in a legal point of view, is a common name for a variety of institutions recognised and regulated by the law for the purpose of public worship and religious instruction. Down to the Reformation the clergy practically regulated these institutions much as they pleased, subject, however, to interference by the lay power in some matters of great importance. By the legislation of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, and Charles II., the Pope was deprived of all legal power, and the supremacy of the King and Parliament was established, but the institution as a whole still continued to be exclusive. No form of public worship was allowed except that which was established by law.

From the time of William III. to our own days, a series of Acts made exceptions to this so wide, that for all practical purposes the exception has been the rule. Anyone can worship, teach, or preach, as he pleases, by virtue of a series of Toleration Acts, but the theory of the law has not been altered. Legally speaking, toleration is the exception, and intolerance the rule. If a man wishes to take part in or conduct services other than those provided expressly by the Act of Uniformity and the Book of Common Prayer, or if he wishes to take part in those services celebrated in a different way or by different persons from those prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, the only legal way in which he can carry out his wishes fully is by becoming a Dissenter.

I think that this general principle would not exclude services conducted by laymen, if the circumstances were such as to show that they were neither intended nor calculated to be a substitute for or rivals to our established services, and I think that the approbation of the Bishop and of the minister of the parish would be strong evidence that such were their nature. The fact that the place in which they were conducted was not appropriated by law exclusively to the purposes of a church, and the fact that formal authority was not conferred on the persons who

conducted the services, would tend to show that they were only measures of convenience and ancillary to the established system. If, however, churches not formally consecrated, but still practically appropriated permanently and exclusively to the purposes of public worship, were to be built; if an order of men not ordained in the regular way, but according to some newly-devised ceremonial, were to be set apart for the purpose of preaching and conducting services in them; if they were to be formally licensed by the Bishop, and recognized by the clergy; and if such a system were to assume a regular organized form—I think the Ecclesiastical Courts would be compelled to hold that the establishment of such a system was unlawful, inasmuch as it would obviously be both intended and calculated to set up by the side of the existing Church of England a completely new institution, similar in its general character, but under a new and unauthorized set of rules, and the greater the weight and authority of those who set such an institution on foot the more objectionable would it be.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to say precisely what it would and what it would not be lawful for laymen to do in the direction suggested; but I may say, in general, that for the laity to help the clergy in their ministrations appears to me lawful. As soon as they begin to supersede them, even by their own consent, I think their conduct becomes unlawful. The precise point at which the one process ends and the other begins is a question of degree which cannot be solved by the use of any general terms.

J. F. STEPHEN.

TEMPLE, *December 18th*, 1878.

This supplementary opinion is my own exclusively. I have not had the advantage of consulting Mr. DROOP upon it.

Reviews.

The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains. By MARTIN RULE, M.A. 2 vols. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1883.

IN reading Mr. Rule's two volumes, the first fact which forces itself on our notice—and which we do well not to disregard—is, that the author is a Roman Catholic. As such, he may perhaps be credited with a greater facility for entering into the monastic side of his hero's life than an English Churchman could lay claim to. On the other hand—and this is a source of serious detriment to the value of the work before us—it renders his views on the policy of the times not only one-sided, but absolutely untrustworthy. This is perhaps less surprising, when we remember that Mr. Martin Luther Rule (for such is his full name) *was* an English clergyman; he united himself to the Church of Rome, and is now filled with that zeal which characterizes every pervert.

Having said thus much, it is but common justice to turn to the other side of the picture. As a whole, with the one great exception named above, the book is one that commends itself to us. Mr. Rule has evidently spared no pains during the five years which he spent upon collecting his materials, and has left no stone unturned in order to obtain correct information on his subject. His work has been honest work. He has visited the haunts and home of St. Anselm; he has endeavoured to set before us a vivid representation of what his life was at school, in the monastery, and as Primate of Britain. One thing is evident throughout; that to Mr. Rule, Anselm is no more the austere prelate of eight centuries back, than he was at the time to his devoted companion and historian

Eadmer. The writer who coldly proposed to himself a short history, chiefly consisting of extracts, as he himself tells us in the preface, developed into the ardent admirer and the enthusiastic partizan. It is curious to read, side by side, the estimate formed of Anselm by Mr. Rule, and that formed by Dean Hook. Neither, as we think, is correct; they represent the two extremes in a degree seldom to be found in biographers, both of whom write with an honest purpose and in sober good faith. We appeal from them to Mr. Freeman's more matter-of-fact account of events, and particularly to Dean Church's masterly essay, which holds so well the even balance of impartiality, while recognising to the full the merits of the man. The danger of the work we are considering, lies, indeed, mainly in the enthusiasm of the writer. He is no novice in the art of arousing the interest of his reader. The facts are grouped together, and all work towards a common centre; the sympathies are awakened, and not suffered to flag; turn to which page you will, you will find a saintly man, harassed by an ungodly persecutor; and as you close the second volume, you may feel that your admiration and enthusiasm are as great as Mr. Rule's own, even if you are not carried away into believing that he is all in the right, and that all who wrote before him are considerably in the wrong.

How is this? How is it that readers are not undeceived early in the second volume at least? The question is easily answered. We have to deal almost exclusively with personalities, with personal animosities and personal holiness, whereas the barest notion of policy, or of the results of certain actions upon later generations, is kept carefully in the background. We constantly find the "slight, pale, attenuated monk," face to face with the "robust and rubicund prince;" the "aged and gentle monk" communicating with the "young ruffian," who, by the way, is called in another place the "ferocious despot" and the "royal boor." And so, because we have to do with actors in the drama whose character and aims were entirely different, and of whom Anselm must have the advantage in personal holiness, we are forced to put out of sight the question of what was, or would have been best for the interests of England and of the English people. In this lies the great danger of the book. We see it most clearly in the great conflict between Anselm and William II., concerning the former's wish to go to Rome, in order to consult the Pope, Urban II., on the spiritual welfare of the kingdom. No doubt it was perfectly natural and right, and perfectly consistent with his own feeling of duty to the King, that Anselm should look to the pontiff for advice in troublous times. But it was at least equally natural and right that William should object to any interference from the Eternal City in the affairs of his kingdom. The event has proved him to have had the greater discernment of the two. Anselm's appeal to Rome opened the door to incessant meddling and consequent difficulties on the part of later popes. It is impossible to judge a matter of history alone, without its natural consequences, as Mr. Rule has tried to do in this case. It is not surprising that he should have done so, considering that he is an ardent papist, and regards papal intervention in the affairs of the eleventh and following centuries in the light, not of an evil, but of a wholesome check upon the rights or pretensions of kings.

Another difficulty which presents itself to us, is a result of the way in which Mr. Rule has fulfilled his part as biographer. In order that we may get a full idea of the *probabilities* of Anselm's life, we are treated to long discourses on contemporary customs or possible reasons which we discover after all cannot establish any given fact with certainty, but merely prove that a thing may have been done, or indeed that to certain people certain things happened—therefore, why not to Anselm? This is obscure history, at the best. In fact, the story, in some places,

consists more in an argument from analogy than in anything else. Thus, eight pages are devoted to the treatment of St. Hugh and others, by a tutor, from which we are intended to gather that Anselm *may* have been treated in a similar way. Again, imagination is brought a trifle too freely into play when we learn the probable architecture of Lanfranc's church at Le Bec, and are let into the secret of whom it is that Mr. Rule suspects may have been the possible architect; or when we find him suggesting the actual matters on which Lanfranc may have sought counsel of Anselm during the latter's visit to England. We see this inaccuracy very plainly brought out in the short sentence which treats of Anselm's coming to England on the journey which terminated in his acceptance of the Archbishopric. The sentence runs thus:

> As an established usage no doubt forbade him to enter England for the inspection of his estates without, as a preliminary duty, paying his respects to the King, he lost no time in doing so.

Now more hangs upon those two little words "no doubt" than at first appears. They at once suggest to our minds the probability of this *not* being an established usage, little as they are intended to do so. They show that Mr. Rule himself does not at all know for certain that this was the custom. We have no intimation that on the former occasions when Anselm entered England "for the inspection of his estates," he was obliged to go through the formality of paying his respects to the King: and, if not then, is it likely that what Mr. Rule describes as a "usage" could have sprung up during the reign of the second William, and since Anselm's last visits. The answer certainly is that it is most improbable. Therefore, if there was no reason for his coming to Westminster, such as we are expected to conclude, there must have been some other equally, if not more, pressing. Viewed in the light of after events, the only reason that we can suggest is the necessity laid upon Anselm to rebuke the King for the state of his kingdom—a very different motive from the one assigned to him. This is a serious matter, and one which cannot easily be passed over; for it is almost impossible for any casual reader not to carry away the fixed idea that there existed, at that time, a custom in England which bound every foreigner coming over to inspect his estates to present himself before the King—an idea resting on no proof. It is easy to assume points such as these, and easier still to do as Mr. Rule has done in another place, namely "throw the *onus probandi* of the contrary opinion" upon those who think differently to himself—although, at the same time, he allows that there is no documentary evidence to produce on either side—and the matter remains, therefore, a mere question of personal opinion.

The author's style, though always readable, at times sinks rather into the colloquial; no very grievous sin, but still, in some sort, a blot in a work which makes pretensions to be a book of reference for future biographers. In two successive paragraphs we read of William of Veraval "hanging about" in Rome; in the translation of a speech of Anselm's to the King, we find him saying "Do you really mean to aver that it does not *square* with your consuetudo?" etc.; and again we hear of a "tearful and agitated *dowager*." These are decidedly familiar terms, even if no other name be applied to them. While we are upon the subject, we must also notice what can be but a slip of the pen on the author's part, when he applies to Lanfranc an epithet now well known in political circles, and for that very reason to be avoided, *i.e.* "the grand old man." It may also be remarked that a gentleman who has been at such pains to correct what he considers to be Dean Church's inaccuracies in translating from Eadmer's narrative, might have been one degree more particular in pulling out the beam in his own eye, before venturing to meddle with the

mote in his brother's. When we find "suasi sed non persuasi," rendered "I did much, but not enough;" "vestra paternitas," "your grace;" "dignitas," "sovereignity;" and "vestra sanctitas," first "your Eminence," and then "my Lord Cardinal," we are, to say the least, somewhat surprised. One more criticism may be allowed to us, and we put it in the form of a query. Why has Mr. Rule departed from the usual spelling of names, and transformed them into Norman-French, instead of using the English equivalents? Why do we find William of Warelvast under the name of Veraval, Walkelin altered to Vauquelin, Witsand or Whitsand to Wissant, and, above all, Robert Curthose Frenchified into Courthose?

Despite these defects and inaccuracies, however, Mr. Rule's book merits praise. It sets Anselm before us in his individual capacity. His conception of the man in Anselm brings very near to us what that man must have been in his common, everyday life. Even in his childhood, of which we know so little, the few traits that could be gathered for us from every source are carefully brought out. Above all, we are led to understand something of Anselm's mother, and of the care with which she surrounded his early years, and taught him the first elements of the beliefs he cherished so truly through life. The child was sent from home for purposes of study, and, through over-work, fell ill; on his return he was found to be timid and shy, for he had become unaccustomed to the bustle of a large household. Then we hear how Ermenberg, his mother, gave orders that none should take notice of him, so that, left to himself, the sick boy might recover the wonted balance of his mind. And the touching idea is suggested, that perhaps, even at that time, the boy was learning from his mother the tenderness which caused him, later on, to be so welcome a nurse in the sick chamber. The purpose of the boy to become a monk, and his relinquishment of it for a time, without, however, as some writers have suggested, leaving the path of virtue, is well portrayed, and we come to an important conclusion in consequence, namely, that the Sixteenth Meditation, commonly assigned to Anselm, cannot have come from his hand. This is an important point, for the arguments of those who would have us believe in Anselm's relapse into vicious habits, rest mainly upon this very meditation. Perhaps the happiest part of the book is that which describes the life at Le Bec. We have first of all an instructive account of Herlwin, the founder and abbot, with a description of the state of society in his time, followed by the story of all the difficulties connected with the building of the cloister and church. From Mr. Rule we glean that the most peaceful time in Anselm's chequered career was that between his entrance into the monastery and his elevation to the priorate, when he had his dearest friends, Lanfranc and Gundulf, at his side. His trials began immediately with his higher duties. The party against him seems to have been headed by a very young monk, Osbern by name, who harassed the new prior in every way that lay in his power. Anselm's forbearance never failed; far from treating the culprit with the harshness he merited, he gave way to him in every matter that was consistent with duty, until the wayward brother was forced to own the power of his gentleness and became deeply attached to him. Nothing is more indicative of Anselm's character than the fact that he had no sooner conquered his enemy and turned him into a friend, than he began to use a greater degree of severity towards him, and ended by making of him one of the holiest of his monks. When Osbern died, some years later, we realize that he was one of the nearest and dearest to Anselm's soul.

His ideas with regard to the teaching of children differed materially from those of his age. An abbot, whose name does not transpire, but who was accustomed to force his *nutriti* into the way of virtue with the

floggings usual in those times, is aptly rebuked through the simile of a tree, which may not be constantly hindered in its growth by being hemmed in on all sides, otherwise it will be but gnarled and crooked—and that of a babe to whom must only be given the food suited to its tender years. That the discipline should first be adapted to the constitution of each individual boy, and the boy only later on be required to conform to the severe rules in all their entirety, was Anselm's great principle.

The only thing we miss in this part, and throughout the book, is an adequate notice of Anselm's works. It is a fault to treat Anselm too much as a man of action, and too little as a man of thought.

The period during which Anselm filled the chair of Herlwin is marked by the great affection conceived towards him by William the Conqueror, apparently from the first moment of their meeting. Nor is this surprising, for they had the same end in view, and though differing entirely in character, were both bent on upholding the work of God in Normandy, and both contributed to procure for the dukedom a time of moral amendment. The attractiveness of Anselm's aspect was illustrated again in later years, when he disarmed the rude Duke of Burgundy by his simple majesty.

The subject of the archiepiscopate is an intricate, and often-contested point. Mr. Rule confesses to having met with much difficulty in elucidating the matter, such difficulty indeed as he never anticipated in undertaking the task. His efforts in one direction, at least, have proved successful. He has entered into a careful consideration of such terms as "usage," "custom," or "consuetudo" as opposed to the "lex" or law of the land, as also of investiture, homage, and simple or liege fealty. A clear understanding of all these terms is imperatively necessary before we can presume to judge either Anselm or the two Kings William and Henry. Sinning against the law of the land, or against a recently established *consuetudo*, are two very different things, and make a change in our opinion of Anselm's actions as well as of the King's. The history of those trying times is too well known to need anything but the briefest recapitulation. Anselm's disputes with William; the councils held in consequence; the conduct of the Bishops as opposed to that of the Barons; Anselm's forlorn situation, and his determined resolve to appeal to Rome, are all told in detail. The exile's reception by Pope Urban II., his residence in Italy and his journey back into France, are all vividly depicted. Then follows the death of Rufus, and the illegitimate accession of his brother Henry to the throne, immediately preceding Anselm's return to England, and renewed difficulties between him and the King, whose character is well portrayed. Of the second exile there is but little to say except that it ended in a complete triumph for Anselm. His last days are very shortly summarized, for there is but little to tell of them.

Whether Mr. Rule was as wise as he certainly was courageous in undertaking a work in which he had such predecessors as Dean Church and Mr. Freeman, Rémusat and Hasse, is a question which each must answer for himself. At least, and notwithstanding a good many shortcomings, we can candidly say that the book is worth more than a cursory perusal from any intelligent reader. Only let him beware of entirely pinning his faith on what he reads, but rather judge for himself, and so rectify in some degree the transparent partiality of the writer.

J. H.

Mexico To-day: a Country with a Great Future. And a Glance at the Prehistoric Remains and Antiquities of the Montezumas. By T. U. Brocklehurst. Pp. 260. John Murray. 1883.

A really good book about Mexico will be welcomed by many. That

country will once more, probably, occupy a prominent position, whether the United States annex it, or a Government of its own gains strength and stability. During the last eighty years a million miles or so of Mexican territory have passed under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes; and it is probable that Mexico will remain undisturbed, as regards the United States, for, at all events, a good many years. Our cousins are in no hurry to undertake fresh responsibilities; but in the meantime an American influence of one kind or another is gaining strength in the land which is so full of silver and gold. Half the silver used at present among the various peoples of the world came from Mexico; and the supply of gold yet in its mines is probably inexhaustible. From England the Mexican Republic has borrowed large sums of money; but unhappily neither capital nor interest has been paid by the borrower. It was a sort of truism that money lent to the Government of one year might be repudiated by the Government of the following year. To pay debts, no doubt, is inconvenient; and a revolution speedily solves the difficulty. Not many months ago it was stated that the Mexican President did not think the time had yet arrived for the settlement of the English debt. Surely the time has not yet come to make another appeal to English capitalists! Since 1861 England has had no diplomatic intercourse with Mexico; but the country is once more lifting up its head, and its "great future" may be as near as the author of the volume before us appears to imagine. An agent despatched by Lord Granville recently met with a very cordial reception, and friendly intercourse between the Governments of Mexico and the British Empire will probably be resumed.

The French invasion was a terrible blunder; and the pitiable end of the ill-fated Maximilian, and the still more distressful destiny of the Empress Carlotta, are not yet forgotten on the Continent or in England. It was not, however, with Mexico alone that the Emperor Maximilian had to contend. Whether or no the mouth and chin of the Archduke betokened weakness, and gave him "a vacillating expression," it is certain that when, on French instigation, he set himself as Emperor to rule a turbulent country, he had to contend with Mexico *plus* the United States. Mr. Seward never betrayed weakness or vacillation; and the Emperor Napoleon was forced by him (and Juarez) to withdraw his army. The connection between the United States and Mexico can hardly fail to become more and more intimate. It is fitting that the Mexican railways should be made and worked with American money. Fuel will always be scarce, and it will be costly to work them. In any case, let Continental companies find the funds. Enough, and more than enough, of English money has been invested in worthless American railroads; and it is high time that our capitalists showed themselves less speculative and more shrewd.

In regard to the progress of education in Mexico, and other matters of "social science," we are not able to follow Mr. Brocklehurst. But his book is not only readable—it gives a good deal of information; and most of his statistical suggestions are probably well founded. He gives a good sketch of the Monte de Piedad, the national pawnshop, answering to the Mont de Piété of Paris. He says:

> I visited the great vault, and stood in a veritable Aladdin's cave; around me in bags, made of the fibre of the maguey plant, were upwards of $7,000,000 the funds of the bank, in solid silver and solid gold, a mine of wealth. From this vault I was led to the picture, silver plate, candelabra, timepiece, and *bric-à-brac* rooms, and I will close the sketch with the jewellery department, one of the richest and rarest collections, perhaps, in the entire world. Such pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds; heirlooms descended from the times when loot was an institution in the country; some handed down from the date of the Conquest,

and at various periods deposited here, partly for safety and partly for the consideration of hard cash. The machine seems to work with marvellous precision, and the order is simply admirable. The sale-room is generally crowded, and it is no humiliation to have a little transaction at the Monte de Piedad! It is a banking affair, and everybody hies thither as to a bank, the dealings being as confidential as in Coutts's or any other London bank. It is needless to say that the Monte de Piedad is probably "fire-proof," and strongly guarded by night and by day.

In conversation one day with General Grant (the ex-President was in Mexico about railway matters), Prescott was mentioned; and the General said: "Ah! your Bulwer Lytton wrote romance, but made it history; and our Prescott has written history, but made it romance." Whatever may be said about Lytton's "romance," certainly Prescott's "history" has great charms; but a flavour of romance belongs to almost every Mexican incident. Two or three passages from the "Conquest of Mexico" are recalled to recollection by Mr. Brocklehurst's narrative, which is well-written, and full of interest. When he remarks, by-the-by, that if Prescott had but visited Mexico before his eyesight failed him, and inspected the localities of Cortes' most marvellous adventures, his book would have been of greater service to travellers in Mexico, he forgets that Prescott never visited the country. "One of our favourites rides," writes Mr. Brocklehurst, "was across some open country which eventually "landed us near Tacuba, and so on to Popotla, for the sake of looking at "the celebrated tree of the 'Noche Triste,' under which Cortes rested "some time at the end of the memorable night in 1520, when he had to "evacuate his position in the capital, and save himself and his few followers, "by a retreat effected under circumstances, for deaths, distress, and dan-"gers, unparalleled in the annals of his conquest. Chapter III. of Pres-"cott's fifth book is headed: 'Council of War—Spaniards evacuate the "city—Noche Triste, or the Melancholy Night—Terrible slaughter—Halt "for the night—Amount of losses.' The tree under which Cortes halted "to watch the remnant of his followers pass by is a fine old cypress, "similar to those at Chapultepec. It is preserved from depredation by "an iron railing, as the tree was once set on fire by the natives, as a "mark of detestation of their Spanish rulers . . . From this tree Cortes "went on a mile farther to Tacuba, or Tlacopam, as it was then called, "where he endeavoured to re-form his disorganized battalion, and bring "them to something like order. Here is still to be seen a portion of a "large pyramid, on the top of which stood probably the *teocalli*, or temple, "which he used as a refuge for his exhausted troops. The pyramid is "being rapidly destroyed by brickmakers, who are working up the old "material into new bricks." Of the tree of the "Noche Triste," or what remains of it, Mr. Brocklehurst has given a drawing; it stands on an open green in front of a church. That sorrowful night when the Aztecs, having risen in one final effort to shake off the hateful yoke, slaughtered an unparalleled number of Spaniards, was almost, if not the only occasion on which Cortes fairly broke down; he wept and moaned aloud.

Mr. Brocklehurst's chapter on Mexican idols has several illustrations, including one of a large stone deity, that at first sight appears composed of heads, claws, and hands. According to Señor Chavero, this monster represents Coatlicue, the translation being, the Earth at night, or Death.

The goddess represented (says Mr. Brocklehurst) was considered the progenitrix of mankind; she was worshipped in the grand temple of the City of Mexico, in a part of the building called Atlaulico, which is derived from Atlauhtli, signifying a large figure in the earth; a woman was sacrificed to her every year in the Tzacualli, which means "the place of snakes;" she appears to have had several different names, in accordance with her various attributes; and parts of the ornamentation of the statue were always introduced in the statues of Huitzilopochtli, Quetzalcoatl, and other deities descended from her.

Every treasure-trove, says our author, belongs to the State Museum of the country; and archæological treasures are continually unearthed. The great sacrificial stone of the Aztecs, on which most of the living sacrifices were stretched, is now in the garden of the Museum. Of curious stoneyokes, in the shape of large horse-shoes and horse-collars, there are many, and none of the savants in Mexico, or in the British Museum, which contains some specimens, can explain their use. The only supposition is, that they were used in holding down the victim on the sacrificial altar; but in all the ancient pictures of human sacrifice, the victim is represented as being held by cords from the feet and hands. Referring to ancient drawings, in the Mexican National Museum, it is worthy of note that the series of coarsely-drawn hieroglyphical coloured pictures, representing the immigration of the Aztecs into the country in the thirteenth century, corroborates that the Toltecs fled before the invaders, and gave up their cities without any struggle to defend them. Where the Toltecs came from, or what became of them, is a mystery.

To Bishop Riley's devoted work in the land of the Montezumas our author makes a brief but interesting allusion. A coloured illustration of the Protestant Cathedral in the capital is given, and Mr. Brocklehurst remarks that Dr. Riley has devoted the greater part of his fortune to the good work in Mexico, over which he presides. The writings of Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Liverpool, adds Mr. Brocklehurst, "had been the principal means of extending Protestantism there; and when I visited the schools, or was introduced to the local missionaries, Bishop Ryle's name was always uppermost, and I was requested, whenever I had an opportunity, to convey to him the blessings and thanks of one and all." About four years ago, as some of our readers may remember, a sketch of the work in Mexico, as connected with Bishop Ryle, appeared in THE CHURCHMAN. Nothing that we have either read or heard during the interval has in the slightest degree lessened our interest in the Mexican movement, as at once truly Scriptural and worthy of the warm support of members of the Church of England.

Short Notices.

Obadiah and Jonah. By the Ven. T. T. PEROWNE, B.D. Cambridge University Press; Warehouse, 17, Paternoster Row.

One of the best volumes of that useful series, "The Cambridge Bible for Schools." Archdeacon Perowne's Notes are what might have been expected from so sound and scholarly a divine.

Our Master's Footsteps. Bible Class Notes for Thoughtful Girls. By CHARLOTTE BICKERSTETH WHEELER, Author of "Memorials of a Beloved Mother," etc., etc. Pp. 400. Elliot Stock. 1883.

This volume, we can readily understand, has awakened deep, abiding interest in a Bible Class for educated girls in their teens, for whose use it was written. It is decidedly the best book of the kind—so far as our knowledge goes.

Sunday Meditations adapted to the Course of the Christian Year. By DANIEL MOORE, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Prebendary of St. Paul's, etc. The Religious Tract Society.

We can most thoroughly recommend these devout "Meditations."

They are short, but sufficiently full as "readings," and they are—though pleasingly suggestive—really simple.

Early Graves. A Book for the Bereaved. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Pp. 380. Nisbet and Co. 1883.

This is a profitable book, with an interest of its own. We regret that we are unable to notice it as its merits deserve. Part I. is "Illustrative Bible Cases;" Part II., "General Thoughts;" Part III., "Illustrative Cases: A Domestic Servant (Broomfield), A Missionary (Janson), and A Soldier (Captain Gill)." Dr. Macduff's soothing and suggestive style needs no comment.

His Handiwork. By Lady HOPE. S. W. Partridge and Co.

We gladly recommend these six stories; true and admirably told. "My Murphy," "A Mission Coffee House Story"—its scene a seaport town—is capital. Such a little book as this, simple and very interesting, should be widely circulated.

Lambeth Palace and its Associations. By J. CAVE BROWNE, M.A. With an Introduction by the late Archbishop TAIT. Second edition. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 1883.

We are by no means surprised to see a second edition of this delightful book (delightful, probably, to all readers in whose composition there is a spice of antiquarianism) so soon called for. The rapid sale of the book is a proof that the author has invested an archæological subject with much of popular interest; a very large section, in fact, of the general-reader class will reckon this book thoroughly readable; to the ecclesiastical section of that class it will seem a book not to be read merely, but to be bought and prized. For nine years the esteemed author was curate of the parish church of St. Mary, Lambeth; and by the courtesy of Archbishops Howley, Sumner, and Tait, he has collected information—from history, or architecture, or art—bearing on his favourite subject. The writing the history of the Palace has evidently been with him a labour of love. Such a book was really needed. Ducarel's, of course, supplied the basis. The year after Allen's book was published the whole of the Palace underwent a great change. To the second edition of our author's work, "Mediæval Life among the Old Palaces of the Primacy," with many curious and interesting details, has been added. To our necessarily brief notice of this very pleasing volume we should add that it is beautifully printed, and will make a handsome present.

Cassell's Old and New Edinburgh: its History, its People and Places. By JAMES GRANT, author of "Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh," etc. Illustrated by numerous engravings. Vol. III. Cassell and Co.

The two preceding portions of this work have already been recommended in THE CHURCHMAN, and we have pleasure, now that the third and concluding volume is before us, in strongly commending the whole, as a work of singular interest and merit. To those who, like the present writer, have carefully studied, with keen enjoyment, the specially attractive "places" of Edinburgh, that grand and beautiful city, with its stirring memories of a thousand years, visiting one "place" after another in the company of an enthusiastic antiquary, these volumes will afford a real feast. The work is admirably executed throughout, with painstaking diligence and literary skill, and the spirited descriptions are obviously the result of an eager and appreciative ability. In the concluding paragraph the author says: "Our task—a labour of love—is ended. It has been our

earnest effort to trace out and faithfully describe how the 'Queen of the North,' the royal metropolis of Scotland, from the Dunedin or rude hill-fort of the Celts, with its thatched huts amid the lonely forest of Drumsheugh, has, in the progress of time, expanded into the vast and magnificent city we find it now, with its schools of learning, its academies of art, its noble churches and marts of industry, and its many glorious institutions of charity and benevolence—the city that Burns hailed in song as 'Edina, Scotia's darling seat,' the centre of the memories which make it dear to all Scotsmen, wherever their fate or fortune may lead them. For the stately and beautiful Edinburgh, which now spreads nearly from the base of the Braid Hills to the broad estuary of the Forth, is unquestionably the daughter of the fortress on the lofty rock, as the arms in her shield—the triple castle—serve to remind us."

In the third volume, which opens with the Kirk of St. Mary-in-the-Fields, we have "The University," Newington, Leith, Corstorphine, Portobello, Inchkeith, and the environs of Edinburgh. There is a full-page drawing of the city from Warriston Cemetery. An illustration of Ravelston House, once the seat of the Keiths of Dunottar (Knight-marischal), has of course an explanatory note about Scott's Tullyveolan. The anecdote about Mrs. Keith (a connection of Sir Walter's) and Aphra Behn's novels, quoted from *Blackwood*, might have been given with greater fulness from Lockhart's "Life of Scott." In her old age Mrs. Keith was quite unable to get through more than a few pages of a novel, which when a young woman she had heard read aloud, without shame, in company. The illustrations and descriptions of Granton, Liberton, Cramond, Roslin, and other charming places, are exceedingly good. The whole work, indeed, as we have said, is excellent and enjoyable all through. In closing our brief notice we should add, that the type is good and clear, and that there is a sufficiently full index

The last number of the *Church Quarterly Review*, which reached us too late for notice in the August CHURCHMAN (Spottiswoode and Co.), contains some ably-written articles. "Church Organization in the Royal Navy," not too long, gives much the same information as a year or so ago appeared in these pages. The article on our Lord's "Human Example" is worth reading; so is one on the "London Lay Helpers' Association." "The Nomenclature of English Dissent" opens thus:

> A novel and unhistorical nomenclature is employed by the modern Liberationists in order to disguise or to avoid recognising three historical facts. These facts are: (1) that the Nonconformists were always Churchmen, were what Mr. Dale and Mr. Rogers now call "Conformists;" (2) that the Independents, Baptists, and other "sectaries" were never at any time Nonconformists, but were always Separatists; (3) that the Presbyterians only ceased to be Nonconformists and became Dissenters when they instituted and ordained a Separatist ministry.

The Nonconformists were a Church *party*, while the Separatists were an anti-Church *sect;* this is the key-note of an able article. In "The Catholic side of Anglicanism," a *Church Quarterly* writer labours to make out that Ritualists are High Churchmen. It is a weak article, but as bitter as it is disingenuous. In not a few of its papers, from the beginning, the *Church Quarterly* has shown how its theology differs from that of loyal "Anglicanism" (as with regard to the Holy Communion, Canon Trevor some years ago clearly proved). In one of its "Short Notices," in the number before us, an author is rebuked for quoting "Hooker's unfortunate statement that the real presence of Christ's most precious body and blood is not to be sought for in the Sacrament, but in the worthy receiver of the sacrament." *Unfortunate!*

We cordially commend, as a profitable book for Parents, Pastors, and Teachers, *Christian Ministry to the Young*, by SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.

The pious and learned author is evidently well qualified to speak on such subjects as Religious Services for the young, Catechetical Instruction, etc. The book is short, but full, and it richly merits the somewhat hackneyed epithet "fresh."

After "The Mission." An admirable little tract (Bemrose and Sons) by Dr. OGLE, the President of the Y. M. C. A. in Derby, is a suggestive invitation to search the Scriptures.

We are pleased to notice and recommend *Our Highways and By-ways*, the first number of the C. P. A. Society's "Home Mission Record for the Young."

In the *National Review* (W. H. Allen and Co.) appears a second paper by Mr. Hugh E. Hoare on the "Homes of the Criminal Classes," containing further results of his year and a half's residence in—— street. Of the work of City missionaries in the common lodging-houses, a very encouraging account is not given. Their "sermons—

are usually received in silence, the women nursing a baby or mending their clothes, or drinking their tea; the men reading a paper, smoking, or talking in low tones. After the sermon there is a little singing, and then the preacher goes away; and his audience criticise his sermon, as their social superiors do, with as great freedom, and much greater strength of language. Sometimes a man with a genius for the business gets up and preaches a burlesque sermon, which is listened to with much greater attention, and produces much merriment.

As to the Salvation Army, Mr. Hoare comes to the conclusion that—

so far as —— Street was concerned, the Army was a complete failure. It was regarded there with feelings of amusement or contempt. The men are too *blasé* for it; they have lived in their way so hard and so fast, that they have lost that simplicity and freshness which appear necessary to enable a man to enter into the Salvation Army spirit. It has often occurred to me that a parallel might be drawn between the men of —— Street, and a certain fast set in the upper classes. They are both thoroughly *blasé*, and have seen through most things. Both have four principal interests—drinking, gambling, women, and sport; all besides seems intolerably insipid.

The question was often recurring to my mind of what a parson, who gave himself up solely to them, could do for them. He must, I suppose, be unmarried, live very simply, and in their midst, and give away all his spare money. If he is living in luxury himself, and has money at his banker's, his position would be intolerable. He must have infinite tact, great strength, and marvellous patience. He must have a strong faith, an ardent hope, and boundless charity. He must be enthusiastically impressed with the idea that something can be done for them, and that their condition is a national disgrace.

We have received Part II. of *The Churchman's Family Bible* (S.P.C.K.); Bishop Walsham How's "Commentary on the Gospels," with illustrations.

Canon Clayton's sermon, entitled "The Great Gulf Fixed," Luke xvi. 26 is published by the Church of England Book Society (11, Adam Street, Strand); price one penny. This society also publishes another sermon by the honoured Canon, entitled "The Sure Test of Piety."

Miss C. F. GORDON CUMMING'S charming book, *A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War* (W. Blackwood and Sons) has already been recommended in these pages (CHURCHMAN, vol. v. p. 338), and we have pleasure in repeating our hearty praise. Instead of two rather large volumes, we have now one cheap and handy volume; this is printed in clear type, tastefully bound, and has an excellent map. It was in the spring of 1875 that Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon was appointed Governor of Fiji; and the author of this entertaining and very useful book was invited to form one of the party who accompanied Lady Gordon. Two more ably-written and enjoyable works than "At Home in Fiji" and "A Lady's Cruise" are not to be found. We strongly recommend this interesting account—full of incident—of adventures and discoveries in a cruise among the islands of the South Pacific. A cheap edition of *At Home in Fiji*—a companion volume to the one before us—has lately been published.

THE MONTH.

THE Government has received a second shock, not so severe as the defeat on the Affirmation Bill, in the virtually enforced abandonment of their agreement with the Suez Canal Company.

There has been much fighting in Zululand. In Madagascar the French have undone, we fear, much of the good work of devoted missionaries.

The condition of Ireland is perhaps in some respects improved. James Carey, the informer, was murdered while on his voyage to Natal.

The third reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill was lost by a majority of 5.

Lord Penzance, Dean of Arches, has at length pronounced the sentence of deprivation on the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, who is now deprived of all preferment in the province of Canterbury. The history of the Martin *v.* Mackonochie case was given by a well-informed legal contributor in THE CHURCHMAN, vol. iv. p. 102.

The appointment of Prebendary Cadman to a vacant Canonry of Canterbury has been viewed, very generally, with much satisfaction. No speaker is listened to with more respect in Congress and Conference; his work in committee rooms has been of the highest value.

Dr. Barry has accepted the Bishopric of Sydney.

The death of Professor Birks has removed one of the most prominent religious and philosophical thinkers of our generation. An interesting biographical sketch appeared in the *Record*.

The Rev. E. J. Speck, for some thirty years the Secretary of the Church Pastoral Aid Society; the Rev. Dr. Alfred J. Lee, Secretary of the Church Defence Association; the Rev. Canon Battersby, Dr. Moffat,[1] and Dr. Boyd, the Dean of Exeter, have entered into rest.

The Duke of Marlborough died suddenly; much lamented.

Mr. T. B. Smithies, the proprietor and editor of the *British Workman* and other useful periodicals, a much respected Christian worker, died after a long illness.

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[1] In an article on Dr. Moffat's career the *Times* says: "Robert Moffat has died in the fulness both of years and of honours. His work has been to lay the foundations of the Church in the central regions of South Africa. As far as his influence and that of his coadjutors and successors has extended, it has brought with it unmixed good. His name will be remembered while the South African Church endures, and his example will remain with us as a stimulus to others and as an abiding proof of what a Christian missionary can be and can do."

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