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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—1. *Sacred Annals: or, Researches into the History and Religion of Mankind.* By GEORGE SMITH, F.S.A., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, of the Royal Society of Literature, of the Irish Archæological Society, &c. London: Longmans:—

Vol. I. *The Patriarchal Age: or, The History and Religion of Mankind, from the Creation to the Death of Isaac: deduced from the Writings of Moses and other inspired Authors; and illustrated by copious References to the ancient Records, Traditions, and Mythology of the Heathen World.*

Vol. II. *The Hebrew People: or, The History and Religion of the Israelites, from the Origin of the Nation to the Time of Christ: deduced from the Writings of Moses and other inspired Authors; and illustrated by copious References to the ancient Records, Traditions, and Mythology of the Heathen World.*

Vol. III. *The Gentile Nations: or, The History and Religion of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, and Romans; collected from ancient Authors and Holy Scripture, and including the recent Discoveries in Egyptian, Persian, and Assyrian Inscriptions: forming a complete Connexion of Sacred and Profane History, and showing the Fulfilment of Sacred Prophecy.*

2. *The Doctrine of the Cherubim: being an Inquiry, Critical, Exegetical, and Practical, into the Symbolical Character and Design of the Cherubic Figures of Holy Scripture.* By GEORGE SMITH, F.A.S., &c. London: Longmans.

THE inquiries embraced in the subject of these volumes are deeply interesting and important. They bring us into contact

with the earliest races of mankind, and relate to the most solemn and difficult problems of our condition. In a merely antiquarian point of view, they have strong claims on our attention; but to the philosopher investigating the ultimate causes of all existing human phenomena, and to the statesman seeking among the annals of the past for the principles which should guide and govern the present policy of nations, they are of the highest importance. Above all, do they demand the earnest study of every enlightened Christian. To him it is of the utmost consequence to arrive at a true appreciation of the primitive condition of man; to ascertain the origin and progress of those complicated evils which every where meet his gaze, and afflict his soul; and to trace the course of that scheme of revealed truth and mercy with which his own hopes, and those of the world, are all identified. The divinity of his religion, the truth and authority of those documents in which it is embodied, its adaptation to the spiritual wants of mankind, and its final triumph in the world, are all bound up with these investigations. Many subordinate questions, too,—such as would almost exclusively attract the attention of the mere philosopher and statesman,—are to him invested with a solemn and thrilling interest, in consequence of their connexion with these fundamental topics. Man's material and temporal condition has always been more affected by his religion than by any thing else. The chief causes of individual and national well-being or misery are of a religious nature. The principal reasons of the greatness or littleness, the prosperity or adversity, the growth or the decay, of nations, are to be found in the history of their several religions.

The student of history must, of course, first of all settle the proper method of inquiry. Especially, he must verify the documents on which he is dependent. This, indeed, is often a laborious process; becoming more difficult as we go higher up the stream of time, and demanding qualities of the rarest description. Patience, candour, critical acumen, the ability to balance probabilities, and to decide between conflicting evidences,—a tone of mind neither too sceptical, nor too credulous,—are indispensable. The most remote records of history are generally the least trustworthy; but to decide upon their genuineness, and the authenticity of their contents, is the historian's first task. In the majority of cases, even of genuine documents, truth and fable are strangely commingled; and it is no small part of one's work to unravel the tangled web, and separate the threads of truth from the texture of myth and legend. Niebuhr, Arnold, Grote, and Macaulay have done good service to the cause of truth in this respect; and, however we may regret the loss, in point of historic value, of some of the beautiful

stories and incidents which were implicitly believed in our schoolboy days, we cannot but be grateful for the labours in question. In relation to the subject before us, the examination of historical evidence, and the adoption of the true "process of historical proof," are especially necessary. The inquiry ranges over a large field; it comprehends the written records and the traditionary lore of many nations; it involves the study of whole masses of fiction and diverse mythology; and, above all, it embraces the question of the relative value of all ancient records, and especially the position which is due to ONE BOOK,—a book professing to convey information on many topics common to all the rest, and on other topics, not a few, to which others make little or no allusion. On the very threshold of ancient history, we are met with the question, What is the true character of this book? what is its value as a collection of historical documents, in comparison with others? how are we to treat it in those pursuits which lie before us? Shall it be placed beside the rest, and subjected to the same processes? In all other cases, a careful collation leads to mutual check and correction. The statements of one writer or document cannot, in some cases, be reconciled with those of another; and we are called simply to decide between their respective claims to credibility, by the aid of such lights as we can obtain. In other cases, the two accounts may mutually supplement or correct each other, and we arrive at the truth by casting aside something related in each. Is THE BIBLE to undergo the same process? is its history susceptible of occasional emendation? are we at liberty to reject or modify any of its alleged facts, so as to make them quadrate with what we find in other quarters? These are obvious questions; they must occur at the very commencement of our studies; *and they must be answered.* Any wavering will be fatal. Better abandon the study altogether, than approach it with unsettled convictions, or no convictions at all, on this subject. And upon the quality of the convictions we may cherish will depend the value of the whole investigation. Our conclusions on all that constitutes the philosophy of history will be right or wrong, according as our views on this fundamental question shall be true or false. In the study of secular history, the necessity of such preliminary investigation is admitted; and the references just made to the explosion of many a classic tale show that it cannot safely be neglected. How much more should it occupy the most earnest attention of any man who would understand the most ancient religious history of his race!

We have been led into this train of remark by a consideration of the tone and tendency of much of our modern literature. Both historians and naturalists are apt to adopt a most unphilosophical view of the position and claims of Sacred History. Some of the former quietly degrade the Bible to the level of

other ancient documents, wilfully shutting their eyes to that *body of evidence* by which its uniform and universal authenticity is established; and, in too many instances, the latter, imagining that they discover facts at variance with its testimony, jump to the conclusion that little or no reliance can be placed upon it. An egregious instance of the latter kind has lately been reviewed in our pages.* At present, we have only to do with the question whether this be a correct and philosophical way of dealing with the subject. In other cases, as Isaac Taylor long ago showed in his admirable work on the "Process of Historical Proof," the evidences, extraneous and internal, for the genuineness and authenticity of the document, are first examined and decided on. Why should this be neglected in the case of the Mosaic records? These are either genuine and authentic, or they are not; they are either wholly or partially true, or they are altogether false. This is a question of fact, to be determined *on the examination of evidence*, according to the recognised laws of historical investigation. If, through indolence or malice, or the adoption of a wrong conclusion, a man should ignore these preliminary inquiries, he could never write a true history of "man primeval;" he would but mislead himself, and all who follow him.

In setting up this claim for the Bible, be it remembered, we are asking no more than what is universally accorded to the reputed works of Herodotus, Xenophon, Tacitus, Livy, or any other ancient secular historian. What is there in Moses that should disentitle him to similar treatment? What in that volume, which comes to us claiming to be *the testimony of God*, that men should so perversely refuse to it the same calm and patient attention which they bestow on every other history? Is it that its assertion of uniform and universal truth startles those who find in every other volume confessions of doubt, or evidences of error? is it that its narratives are frequently marvellous beyond all others? is it that it speaks of things in many respects mysterious and incomprehensible? Granting all this, do the pretensions or the mysteries of the volume constitute a good reason for refusing to examine its claims? Nay, rather, is it not the more incumbent, even on philosophical grounds alone, to give to them a patient and candid scrutiny? If they may but possibly be true, surely there is an obligation all the more solemn and weighty, because of their magnitude and importance, to deal thoroughly with them. What are the *evidences* on which those claims are based? No difficulty, no seeming obscurity or even contradiction, in the volume itself, can exonerate a man from the duty of seeking, first of all, an answer to this question. And if, upon examination, it be found, as assuredly

* See Article on "American Ethnology," vol. iii., p. 68.

it will be, that the evidences in favour of the authenticity of this book preponderate beyond measure over every thing that has been or can be alleged against it, then we have no choice but to rely implicitly upon its testimony; to carry it along with us as a key to all the historical problems of which it treats; to "give heed" to it, as "unto a light that shineth" in the dark places in which the student of ancient history is so often compelled to walk.

For, be it observed, the authenticity of the Bible carries with it its inspiration. It is impossible to admit the historic truth of the Scriptures without admitting, as a consequence, their divine origin. Nearly all those wonderful events which they relate, exhibit supernatural agency co-operating with the teaching of professed messengers of Jehovah; and we are so constituted, that, if we believe the facts, we cannot doubt the inspiration of the men.

It does not require any very great amount of learning, or extensive and profound research, to reach a satisfactory conclusion on these matters. There is quite enough upon the surface to enable an honest mind to arrive at perfectly assured convictions; and such is the nature of the subject, that these convictions will be indefinitely strengthened by subsequent inquiry. In the prosecution of the study, the Christian man will find the views already embraced by him enlarged and confirmed by the mythology, traditions, and historical notices, and, above all, by the existing and ever-accumulating monuments, of all nations. In many an instance, the boast of infidelity, that it had discovered, in these monuments, irrefragable proof of the inaccuracy of the Scripture history, has been overthrown by subsequent research; and the splendid discoveries of Layard, Rawlinson, and others, continue to shed upon its truth and divine authority a brightening lustre.

But, further, if a man, upon examination, is compelled thus to admit the inspiration of this the most ancient of human documents, and to receive it as a revelation from God, he cannot be qualified to deal with the study before us, without first having honestly endeavoured to ascertain the scope and meaning of that revelation. And, if he be assailed with insinuations of the difficulty of such a task,—if he be told that the book is hopelessly obscure, and that the utmost possible diversity of religious opinion prevails among those who profess to believe its divine origin,—let him assure himself that, in the nature of things, he has nothing to fear on this score. That wise and good Being from whom it proceeds cannot have spoken so darkly; the motive that prompted Him to communicate His will to man, rendered it imperative that it should be sufficiently clear and explicit for the accomplishment of the object which He had in view. And, whatever room there may be for diversity in less important

matters, that which is essential to human welfare must be so announced, that all who wish may ascertain it. Nothing can be clearer than this. God's oracle must render intelligible the principles and leading outlines of that religion which it prescribes for man; and nothing but apathy, or perverseness, can prevent the latter from apprehending it clearly and accurately enough for his personal guidance. To be sure, in such a case, he will adopt a scheme of religion, and will approach the study of ancient history, so far, with a pre-conceived theory. But this is just what a belief in the divinity of the Christian Scriptures necessitates. If the Bible be indeed the book of God, no man can be prepared to examine and pronounce upon the religious systems of antiquity, until he shall have ascertained the religious system of the Scriptures. Then, and only then, will he be prepared with a proper standard of comparison; then, and only then, will his opinions on such subjects be entitled to serious attention.

There are those who object to the volumes before us, that, because the author has assumed the veracity and inspiration of the Scriptures, and has avowed his own religious convictions as founded upon their teaching, he appears before us as the advocate of a foregone conclusion, and has dealt with the facts of ancient history, not upon their abstract merits, but simply as the upholder of a theory framed independently of them. This is not altogether true. A certain acquaintance with many of the topics of which our author treats is necessary in that preliminary stage of which we have spoken; but the authenticity of the Scriptures is partly ascertained by a comparison of them with other ancient historical records; and so far the volumes before us form in fact a body of Christian evidence. Independently, however, of this, the objection is wholly futile. Suppose we were to retort upon the objectors, and allege that any history composed upon the principle of the falsehood of the sacred history, or the uncertainty and vagueness of the scriptural system, is open to a similar charge? What reply could be given? The truth is, that, in the sense of these objectors, a previous theory is, to some extent, inevitable. The infidel's notion, that the book is not trustworthy; the sceptic's decision, that its claims are at best doubtful; the opinion that its system of religion is hardly to be understood, or that it is of little importance in the premises,—are all instances of a foregone conclusion. Explicitly, or otherwise, the question is more or less prejudged in every mind; and it is absurd and monstrous to expect a Christian man to ignore the deepest and most genuine convictions of his heart, when dealing with topics that must every where be overshadowed and tinged with those convictions. We hold, therefore, that sound philosophy, no less than enlightened piety, required the adoption of the leading principle which our author thus avows:—

"His first and ruling idea was to arrive at the TRUTH respecting the origin and early history of the human race. Two reasons induced him to make the Bible his text-book throughout the inquiry. FIRST, he saw that, in reference to several important topics, no light could possibly be obtained, except through divine revelation: this is the case with regard to the origin of mankind, the divine purpose respecting the human race, and man's future destiny. On these subjects, if any information is attainable, it must be through explicit communications from the Author and Governor of the universe. SECONDLY, the volume of inspiration is the only source of information which we know to be unalloyed by error, and unadulterated by fiction."—Vol. i., *Pref.*, p. vi.

And again:—

"In the commencement of the Epistle to the Hebrews we are taught, that 'God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the Prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.' We, therefore, who enjoy the full benefit of this revelation of love and mercy through Christ Jesus, are furnished with 'a light that shineth' into the dark places of preceding dispensations; and are thus enabled to invest our views of past generations with the spirit of evangelical godliness.

"This having been the object of the author, it is almost superfluous to say, that he has taken the holy Scripture as his guide. It has been his constant aim to admit, maintain, and illustrate the truth of the sacred oracles."—Vol. ii., *Preface*, p. vi.

In the observations we propose to make upon the subject itself, we shall not attempt to give a *résumé* of the multitudinous contents of the admirable and learned volumes before us. One or two partially detached questions may be disposed of, and then we shall endeavour to give a general view of the religious aspect of that history which Mr. Smith has sketched with so much ability.

On one question, not at all discussed in these volumes, but necessarily assumed, and, indeed, underlying their entire contents, we feel impelled by a strong sense of duty to offer some remarks. Some attention has already been given, in our pages, to ETHNOLOGY; and the scientific discussions of that subject which have appeared in former volumes, sufficiently indicate our belief in the unity of the human race. We shall add nothing to those unanswerable scientific proofs of this unity which are therein adduced, both from Comparative Anatomy and from Philology. We did, indeed, modestly express a doubt whether it was demonstrably established by scientific investigation, though we felt sure, that the convergence of all the facts with which we are acquainted to one common centre, carried the presumptive evidence to the very brink of certainty, even in the field of science. But when we find such an authority as Professor Owen, in a recent lecture on Comparative Anatomy, asserting that science *demonstrates* this unity, we may well rejoice that neither religion nor human liberty has any thing to fear from such lucubrations as those of Messrs.

Nott and Gliddon. Here then we might be content to leave the matter, but for the recollection that ours is a Christian journal. In such a publication, it is fit to take some notice of the theological aspects of this question; and the more so, as, very recently, insidious and mischievous attempts have been made to accommodate what we believe to be the clear teaching of the Bible to the views of the infidel ethnologists of France and America. We have already expressed our opinion that, "were the scriptural account of man's origin a mere vague incidental allusion, the *apparent* meaning of which was contradicted by an impregnable array of scientific evidences," the doctrine which we hold on this subject need not be considered as an article of *religious* belief. "But the record of the history of our first parents does not present this incidental character; it stands in the closest connexion with a vital doctrine, which permeates the whole of the sacred volume. If *this* history fall, it carries along with it all that is distinctive in the Christian dispensation, since the facts which it relates constitute the foundation upon which the entire superstructure rests." *

It is here assumed that the teaching of Scripture on the present subject is explicit, and that the entire Christian system rests upon the fact that all men have sprung from one common father. This view of the Bible account is, of course, admitted by infidel as well as Christian philosophers; and hence the attempts now made by the former to array ethnological science against revelation, in order to throw discredit on the word of God. We were hardly prepared to find Christian thinkers disposed to deny the assumption; but quite recently an attempt to disprove it has appeared in the correspondence of a contemporary journal. We must therefore bestow some attention on the question,—vital, as we believe,—whether this doctrine of the unity of all the races of man is a doctrine of revelation, or not.

Let us, first of all, however, say a word upon the somewhat hasty character of this attempt to disprove what has hitherto appeared so plain. We do regret that any Christian man should have thought it necessary to undertake such a task. Considering the *animus* of the production which has apparently called it forth,—the purely selfish aim of the modern American school of slaveholding ethnologists; and considering, moreover, the array of eminent professors of the same science who deny the validity of their conclusions, we were much surprised to find any professed believer in the Bible endeavouring thus to clear the way for their ungodly and inhuman speculations. When the established facts of science, and the logical deductions to which they clearly lead, come into apparent collision with Scripture, it is no doubt wise and right to review our interpretations of the latter, and to

* Vol. i., p. 380.

try, whether, among other things, a truer and deeper criticism, by leading to juster exegesis, will not remove the discrepancy. This has already been partially accomplished, as to the relations between Scripture and Geology; and every enlightened Christian must rejoice in the result. But because a party of pretended naturalists—avowedly for the purpose of supporting the most inhuman and accursed usurpation upon the rights of man ever perpetrated, and in direct opposition to almost every name of eminence in the science which they thus degrade—have alleged a contrariety between THE BOOK and Ethnology, are we all at once to unsettle and rescind the most venerable and catholic interpretations of that book, and endanger the very foundation of the faith which has been reposed in it? If it is dangerous to cling with too much tenacity to views of Scripture which cannot be reconciled with established scientific facts, it is surely not less dangerous to be taking alarm at every puny attempt to bring scientific and revealed truth into collision, and to be in haste to modify the immemorial faith of Christendom, that we may be secure against the assaults of mercenary infidels, who affect science in order to uphold slavery. If, upon every slight occasion, we hasten thus to tinker and modify the records of our faith, we shall be in no small danger of producing an impression most unfavourable to those records themselves. It will be time enough for such work, when the diversity of the races of men has been established by irrefragable proof, or with some moderate approach to certainty; but over-haste like that of which we write will surely encourage multitudes in the belief that *nothing* certain can be learned from the Scriptures, and will painfully unsettle, without the smallest need for it, the opinions of many sincere and conscientious Christians.*

But the effort to press the Bible into this service, or to represent it as ignoring the great ethnological question, is as futile as it is premature and unwise. We shall not attempt to discuss *all* the arguments by which the opinion is sustained. They are, for the most part, akin to those of which we lately presented a specimen from the repertory of Messrs. Nott and Gliddon. It is curious, however, to see by how different, and even contradictory, methods the critics before us reach the same conclusion. One of them alleges that "Adam" was the *proper* name of the first individual of *one* of several races of men, and was applied, after his death, solely to his descendants; while the term "*ish*" is a general appellation for all mankind, including "*Adam*." The other most confidently states that "a man is singly in Hebrew *aish*, 'being,' (whence *aisha*, 'she-being,' that is, 'woman,') or *anasi*, plural *anasim*; and

* We are bound to state that the objectionable views in question are propounded only by *correspondents* of the "Journal of Sacred Literature," for whose sentiments the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

wherever 'man' is meant collectively, the word '*Adam*' is adopted." Upon each of these irreconcilable suppositions, much criticism, such as it is, is built, and the Old Testament is ransacked for proofs of these very contradictory statements; yet all to establish the same conclusion. When our new lights have agreed upon the fundamentals and starting-points of their theory, it will be time enough to bestow attention upon its details; but, to us, both the methods adopted appear to be equally absurd, and to go far towards rendering the Old Testament Scriptures utterly unintelligible. Then we have an attempt to show that some statements in Genesis appear to favour the notion of races of men not descended from Adam; such as the mark set upon Cain for his protection, and his marriage. The writer quotes a part of the law of marriage as laid down in Leviticus (!) to show that, if one of Adam's sons had married his sister, as he must have done if there existed only an Adamite race, he would have broken "an express law of God!!" As he, however, confesses that the instances adduced are quite reconcilable with the unity of the entire human race, we may dismiss all consideration of them, till the improbability of that unity has been at least approximately proved from other sources.

But the most extraordinary and reprehensible part of these speculations is the treatment which the New Testament receives. Passing by other instances, we select the passage in 1 Cor. xv. 22: "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," which is treated as perfectly parallel to Rom. v. 12–19. Leaving the question of their parallelism, what do our readers think of the following precious critique on the meaning which these texts are supposed to have in common? "If there existed a fallen race of men before Adam, these being already spiritually dead, or under sentence of death, then, when Adam so died, *all* might be said to have died; they and he, and in him all his posterity also; and thus all equally to have become in a state requiring their being made alive in Christ." Now, can any one, reading the language, especially of the passage in Rom. v., accept this as a fair interpretation of it? "All *might be said* to die in Adam!" Why, the Apostle most unequivocally declares that "*through the offence of one* judgment came upon all men unto condemnation;" that "*by the disobedience of one* (the) many were made sinners." By what ingenuity of sophistry can these direct and clear statements be made to include a supposed race of men, who were "fallen" and "spiritually dead" before Adam came into existence? If words have any meaning, the Apostle's doctrine unquestionably is, that the universal sinfulness, condemnation, and mortality of the entire human family are due to its direct relationship to Adam, as its progenitor; that, by virtue of his position as the fountain and

head of the whole race, the entire world became involved in the penal consequences of his "offence." Upon what other principle can Christ be called "the second Adam," but that, under this title, He is revealed as sustaining to the whole world a relation analogous to that of our first father, and so providing, in behalf of all, a remedy co-extensive with the disease which that first father had introduced? If you limit (as, in conformity with both the grammatical structure and the logical scope of the argument in the Romans, you are bound to do) the partakers of condemnation to those who, having descended from Adam, are the *inheritors* of his penalty, you must, if you adopt the theory of these men, limit the effect of redemption to the members of a single race, out of the five or more into which, as they suppose, the human family is distributed. Christ has brought "the free gift" to just as many, neither more nor fewer, as *through the offence of one*—and that one Adam—are found under judgment to condemnation. And if Adam be only the progenitor of one of several races, Christ is, by the necessity of the whole argument, shown to be the Saviour of that one race alone.

But, fortunately for our ruined brotherhood, (however unfortunately for the theories in question,) the Gospel, especially in its wonderful and triumphant progress in this missionary age, comes in for the rescue of humanity. It has been addressed to members of every one of the races which a philosophy, "falsely so called," pronounces to be radically distinct; and, by its converting and renovating power, has shown that Christ is in very truth "the Saviour of all men." No "type of mankind" has ever been discovered to whom it is unsuitable, or among whom it fails to produce results of holiness and happiness, identical both in their principles and in their manifestations. Thus the progress of Christianity, in this, as in every other department, not only confirms the truth, but illustrates the meaning, of the inspired record. From that record we learn that Christ died for all who are penally affected by the sin of Adam, and that salvation is therefore provided for them all. From the triumphs of Christianity we learn that the salvation of the Gospel has been offered to every "type of mankind," has been cordially embraced by multitudes of every type, and has proved, whenever so embraced, the power of God unto salvation. Surely a well-regulated mind will feel itself shut up to the conclusion that we are all the children of one common father, and the sad inheritors of the calamity which originated through his great offence. "We thus judge, that, if one died for all, then were all dead." The accomplished facts of our religion are a better exposition of the declaration that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth," than any of the cold and shallow criticisms, by which certain sciolists of our time are seeking to propitiate a selfish and impudent infidelity.

The conversion of men of every human variety, by the preaching of Christ crucified to the Jew and to the Greek,—to the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopian, the Malay, and the American,—proves that all are "men *and brothers.*"

Our space compels us to confine ourselves to the biblical argument. But there are many facts of a moral and religious nature, which abundantly confirm the teaching of revelation on this subject. We are persuaded that an unanswerable argument might be constructed from the moral and spiritual affinities of the race. The common moral evils that every where prevail; the religious instincts that are characteristic of man, in all the places of his abode, and all the varieties of his character; the wonderful agreement exhibited in the traditional lore of all nations, both as to history and religion; are all indicative of a common origin. But we must content ourselves with expressing the opinion that nothing has arisen to weaken our conviction, that the unity of mankind is a scriptural verity; that the common relation of mankind to Adam, as their progenitor, is the foundation of the plan of redemption revealed in the Bible; that infidels are consequently right in supposing that the establishment of the contrary conclusion would overturn the whole scheme of revelation; and that Christians are bound to "contend earnestly" for the universal brotherhood of man, as part of "the faith once delivered to the saints."

Another point of much interest, but upon which we cannot now fully enter, relates to the CHRONOLOGY OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY, and especially of the Old Testament. There is a serious discrepancy between the chronology of the Hebrew text, and that of the Septuagint version. The latter makes the period from the Creation to the Deluge 606 years longer than the former, and adds 780 years to the interval from the Deluge to the calling of Abraham,—in all, a difference of 1,386 years. This very serious discrepancy of nearly fourteen centuries has of course attracted much attention, and given rise to much learned discussion. We can only state, as the result, that the weight of learned authority preponderates immensely in favour of the longer, that is, the Septuagint, scheme. Its correctness is generally admitted, for the following among other reasons:—That the Septuagint was translated, not from the present Hebrew text,—no copy of which is believed to be more than 900 years old,—but from that which obtained among the Jews of the second temple; that the translation was made B.C. 280, obtained the formal and solemn sanction of the highest Jewish authorities as an exact rendering of the original, and was universally introduced into the synagogues; that for nearly 400 years it remained unchallenged; and that both the most eminent historians of this period, and the writers of

the New Testament, have adopted it. All this appears to prove that, for the 400 years in question, there was a chronological agreement between the Hebrew and the Greek texts.

It is further urged that, as our Lord and His Apostles, and the Christian writers of the first century, invariably quoted the Septuagint in their disputes with Jewish adversaries, a powerful motive existed to impel the latter to throw discredit on this version; and that, as the Hebrew had now become a learned language, confined to those who were the chief enemies of Christianity, they might easily effect their purpose by corrupting the Hebrew text without detection; and so allege that the Septuagint did not accurately render the original. Instances of such corruption have, indeed, been found, particularly in those prophecies which predict the calling of the Gentiles. Many of these have been altered so as not at all to convey the meaning which the Septuagint version, as quoted in the New Testament, conveys. In Deut. xxxii. 43, besides the corruption of, "Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with His people," into, "Praise, ye Gentiles, His people;" the passage cited in Heb. i. 6, "And let all the angels of God worship Him," and which appears in the Septuagint, is wholly omitted in the Hebrew, and is consequently not in our authorized version. Many other instances might be named, which show the corruption to have been intentional, and designed to overturn the authority of the Septuagint, which was used with such crushing effect by the apologists of Christianity. Moreover, the Babylonish Talmud maintains the lawfulness of occasionally taking "away one letter from the law, that the name of God may be publicly sanctified, or may not be publicly profaned;" and the preference by the Rabbis of the Mishna and Gemara to the Scriptures argues that they would not be very nice in dealing with the latter, to serve a purpose. There was also a general expectation that Christ would come in the sixth millennium of the world, and introduce the sabbatical millennium, in harmony with the analogy of the consecration of the seventh day. If, by corrupting the Hebrew text, the Jewish leaders could persuade their people that the world was only entering on its fifth millennium, they would have a strong and successful objection to the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to be the Messiah. Thus it appears almost certain that the Hebrew text was corrupted in its chronology, as well as in other respects. One hundred years were struck off from the lives of six of the antediluvian Patriarchs, and as many of the postdiluvian. Cainan, who appears in St. Luke's list and the Septuagint, was entirely omitted from the postdiluvian list, in which one hundred and thirty years are thus lost; and other very serious alterations were made.

Reasons in nature are suggested in favour of the longer computation; especially, that it is unusual for a person to become a parent at a third of the age that his father did; and that there-

fore such juxta-positions as sixty-five and one hundred and sixty-two, sixty-five and one hundred and eighty-seven, twenty-nine and seventy, which occur in the Hebrew chronology, wear, to say the least, an air of extreme suspicion. According to that chronology, also, Nimrod formed a kingdom, and assumed the state of a King, in the presence of his father, and grandfather, and even Noah himself!

To such considerations as these, the testimony of several traditions, the early history of China, Egypt, and Assyria, and the opinions of some of the first Christian writers, have to be added. Upon the whole, the balance of evidence, as well as of authority, is in favour of the extended chronology of the Septuagint. Those who wish to see the argument discussed at once briefly and clearly, cannot do better than read Mr. Smith's Preliminary Dissertation on the subject; while, for such as desire a more thorough and comprehensive research, the elaborate works of Jackson, Owen, Hales, Russell, and others, will supply abundant and valuable materials.

We are unwilling to omit all notice of another most interesting question, namely, the condition of primeval man as to LEARNING AND CIVILIZATION. Very opposite views have been held on this subject. The favourite theory of the infidel is, that the original and natural condition of man is one of brutal ignorance and barbarism; and that the history of the race is the story of a very gradual and painful emergence from this condition, through all the struggling and conflicting phases of the past, up to those higher forms of civilization which, in some places, have been attained. Of course, this is in direct opposition to the teaching of Scripture, nor is it less at variance with all the facts and traditions relative to the early condition of mankind. We shall not waste our time upon the nonsense of those who suppose man to have been at first a *speechless* savage, and that the sublime gift of language originated in awkward attempts to imitate natural sounds, whence, as men came to dwell more and more together, and endeavoured to communicate their wishes and sentiments to one another, the articulate faculty was slowly developed. We suppose no one would now endorse the absurd notions which were broached on this subject with a great air of learning in the last century. Our first parents were endowed with the knowledge of articulate sounds, and gifted by God with a language adequate to all the necessities of their condition. We need not hold, indeed, that such a language had all the finish and maturity belonging to the present speech of civilized men; but at least the capability of modulating and inflecting it in accordance with its own structural laws, so as to serve all the purposes of mutual communication, must have been possessed by the primitive race. Man, from the first, was both an intelligent and a social creature;

and no reflection upon the wisdom and goodness of God can be greater, than that which supposes Him to have denied to this noblest work of His hands the necessary means of fulfilling one of the great ends of His creation. At the same time, we may surely avoid the extreme of looking upon Adam as a finished critic and grammarian. In the progressive development of his faculties, in the process of his education, he probably enriched the primitive tongue with many vocables and inflections, suggested both by his outward circumstances, and the reasonings and reflections of his mind.

There are still, however, the very different questions, whether alphabetical characters were originally given to man, or were subsequently invented by him? whether the art of writing was known to the ancients? whether men, in the first ages, had a tolerable knowledge of the arts and sciences? What we now call "the state of nature" is a state of almost brutal ignorance. Is this truly the state of *nature?* is it the normal and primitive condition of man? Infidels and secular philosophers have generally answered in the affirmative. They would have us believe that what our Missionaries found man to be in New Zealand, Feejee, and elsewhere, he was in the beginning of his earthly career. The Scriptures, of course, affirm the contrary. They present him to us as a creature of the highest intellectual and moral endowments, made in "the image of God." And, however complete may have been the moral ruin wrought by sin, the state of the earliest community, as depicted in the Bible, is any thing but a barbarous and uncultivated state. The Scripture theory of human history is that of gradual deterioration from a high standard of civilization,—a deterioration resulting from moral causes; and, on the other hand, of a return to primeval happiness and refinement, proportioned, in rapidity and exactness, to the influence of remedial moral agencies.

Upon this subject it is sufficient, at present, to say, that those learned men whose judgment is most entitled to deference, have reached a conclusion substantially agreeing with the representations of the Mosaic narrative. That narrative unquestionably describes the state of the primitive races as any thing but barbarous. Internal evidence affords the presumption, that the first chapters of Genesis contain different accounts of the Creation, drawn up from existing documents. This, together with the high antiquity of the Book of Job, and the allusions to the art of writing contained in it, as also the fact that writing is spoken of as a well-known art in the time of Moses, supplies biblical testimony to the very ancient use of letters, and favours the supposition that they existed from the beginning. The traditions and mythology of the oldest nations abound with similar testimonies. And the independent researches of scholars and men of science (some of them—as, for instance, Bailly, the

friend of Voltaire—having no motive or desire to authenticate the statements of Scripture) point in the same direction, and give all but demonstrative evidence, that literature existed, that some sciences, particularly Astronomy and Chronology, were well understood and cultivated, and that many arts, both useful and ornamental, flourished, in the days before the Flood. So universal and destructive a calamity as that would of course destroy all such vestiges of these as had not been preserved in the ark, or treasured in the memories of the Noachian family.

It would be quite in harmony with these probabilities if it could be ascertained that these advantages were possessed, in any preponderant degree, by that race which, in the subsequent Dispersion of mankind, remained nearest to the primitive centre. And this is actually the case. In Assyria, and among the Shemitic races, letters, arts, and sciences, are of immemorial antiquity; to that region many of the traditions of other countries point, as the source of their own improvement and civilization. The alleged indigenous origin of some ancient languages is at once reconciled with the Scripture account, if we consider the necessary result of that confusion of tongues which brought about the Dispersion. The exiles moved away in different directions, because of the impossibility of intercourse, now that they had no longer a common medium of communication. In the progress of their wanderings, and as a consequence of their nomadic life, they would suffer a loss of the ancient civilization, proportioned to the length of the journey, and the disadvantage of the situation into which they would be thrown. With many tribes, the bare struggle for existence would induce deterioration of the higher qualities. This is surely the most satisfactory account of the origin of barbarism, especially as we find men ignorant and savage in proportion to their distance from the primeval centre. And so, when Thoth is said to have invented letters in Egypt, Cadmus in Greece, &c., we are but taught that the first colonisers of these lands, driven from their ancestral homes, and deprived of their ancestral tongue, painfully constructed a language for themselves out of the ruins and faint memories of what had once been common to the race. It would not agree either with the main purpose of this Article, or with the space at our disposal, to enter deeply and elaborately into this subject; but our readers, especially those who have not access to larger works, will find the whole subject handled with great succinctness and power in the second of Mr. Smith's "Preliminary Dissertations;" and such as choose to pursue it will be directed there to the most reliable authorities. The author has, in our judgment, completely vindicated the truth of the Mosaic account of the primitive condition of man.

These various inquiries belong to the RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF

MAN, inasmuch as they affect the character and value of that document which professes to give the only true account of this history. But we now approach the more connected and formal consideration of the subject. It may obviously be contemplated under two aspects. First, as to that divine provision for man, which constitutes the prescribed and appointed religion; and, secondly, as to the reception and treatment which it has met with from him for whom it was ordained. The one view will show us the intention of God, and the means adopted by Him for its fulfilment; the other will unfold the extent to which man has sought to advance or to frustrate the purpose of his Maker. Alas! that while, on the one side, all is bright, and pure, and good, all, or nearly all, on the other, should be dark, and impure, and wicked!

In attempting to give a general view of the former of these topics,—a general answer to the question, What was the religion prescribed for our race?—we are met at once by the scriptural account of man's original condition. He was made "in the image of God;" a holy creature, reflecting the "righteousness and true holiness" of his Maker. From this state we are informed that he fell by transgression, and became at once a condemned and depraved sinner. We learn that, by virtue of his paternal relationship to the whole race, he entailed his condemnation and moral pravity upon all his posterity. This sorely humiliating statement has been violently controverted, and laborious attempts have been made to show that the Bible teaches no such doctrine. We write, however, for those whose views are identical with our own, and are not about to enter the arena of theological discussion on this *quæstio vexata*. It may suffice, at present, to remark that what appears to us to be the scriptural assertion, is strikingly confirmed by the views and sentiments of all nations. The beautiful fable of "a golden age," cherished as a bright memory of our early classic readings, and the story of the progressive degeneracy from that period of virtue and simplicity, are but the fragments of the old patriarchal truth, and embody the universal primitive belief of the original goodness of man, and of his fall into sin and misery.

The facts of his history, too, confirm the scriptural account of his moral helplessness, and prove, as the very heathen have acknowledged, that, left to himself, without the light and grace of Heaven, his course is ever downward to a lower and yet lower deep of pollution.

Herein lies the necessity for a revelation of the will of God; and herein is suggested the character and object of such a revelation. The transgressor needed no utterance to tell him that he had lost the priceless treasure of purity and bliss. The dark thoughts and passions that arose within him, and the dread of God that assailed him, bore witness but too plainly

to the forfeiture he had incurred. But could he ever be restored? That was now the question; and, if his despairing heart had prompted him to ask it, he would have found no answer within himself, nor any in the heavens above, or on the earth around him. We are not left to conjecture on this subject. If there be one human utterance more emphatically universal than another, it is the confession of man's utter inability to solve this question; to discover, by his own efforts merely, whether the Holy and Just One from whom he is consciously excluded, can or will receive him back again. Ages were spent in the vain endeavour to ascertain the truth on this point, and to discover some method of regaining "the blissful seat;" and he must have read history strangely, who does not acknowledge, in his inmost soul, that all the thought, and toil, and ingenuity of man were exhausted in this pursuit in vain. "The world by wisdom knew not God." And yet our gracious and compassionate Father had anticipated all this effort by His own spontaneous revelation. Scarcely had His creature fallen from Him, when He sought him out; and, while He confirmed the fearful judgment which had been at first threatened, spake words of love and hope to his sullen and resentful spirit. That primitive promise of redemption contains the germ of all subsequent revelations; and was sufficient to awaken the penitential sorrows, and cheer the else unbroken gloom, of him to whom it was addressed; sufficient to impel him to seek forgiveness, and to assure him of all the teaching and help that he might require in the search. That it was so, the few but signal instances of success which the narrative of these days records clearly prove; and render "without excuse" the perverse and wilful self-dependence of "the sons of men."

The *character* of revelation, then, is, that it is remedial and restorative. The scope of revelation is to exhibit *the method* of recovery which God has devised for man. And is it not evident, that, in the announcement and development of that method, all the interest centres round ONE mysterious and blessed Being,—man, and yet more than man,—"the Seed of the woman;" and yet, whenever He appears, or is referred to, spoken of as no *mere* man, or creature, however glorious, could be spoken of? From the first obscure hint, down through all the course of revelation, ONE FORM is prominent, one benign and suffering "visage, more marred than any man," yet radiant with the serene majesty of Godhead, every where beams forth. Surely no man, not hopelessly enslaved to an adverse theory, can fail to see that the Bible is full of HIM; that of Him "Moses in the law, and the Prophets, did write;" that "to Him give all the Prophets witness." This glorious book is but the disclosure of a divine method of restoration, intrusted to

One who can and will, at any cost to Himself, uphold and accomplish it.

Nor are we left in doubt as to that cost. Mysteriously, but how significantly! did the oracle say at first, "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." We can scarcely think that those who heard this would, at first, have any notion of its import, beyond that of a triumph over man's tempter and enemy, to be achieved by some great suffering on the victor's part. This much, however, they could not fail to gather; and, as we shall see, the institutions of their worship and the progress of revelation, threw increasing light upon the nature of that suffering. *We* know that it involved an expiatory death,—a temporary subjection to our curse, that He might remove it from ourselves; and this fact we believe to have been taught, more or less explicitly, in the very earliest disclosures and requirements of God.

We must not be tempted from the direct line of our course into an elaborate discussion of the theory of atonement, or a demonstration of the substitutionary character of the death of Christ; but our purpose does require us to recur to the relation sustained by Adam to the race of men. This, so far as we are permitted to understand it, appears to lie at the basis of the whole subject. By virtue of this relation, all that descended from our great progenitor are necessarily affected for good or for evil by his conduct, and by his standing with his Maker. It is useless to deny this, or to cavil at it on any ground whatever. The principle meets us every where, pervading the moral government of the world. If it should be thought begging the question to refer to the scriptural instances, we need not travel beyond the range of our daily experience. Every father, every master, every ruler, is an exemplification of it. In how many situations does the good or evil conduct of a man entail corresponding results, both on the reputation and well-being, not only of his immediate dependents, but of unborn generations! "The sins of the fathers" *are* visited "upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." And this principle works, not merely by the law of natural descent, but often in a way apparently much more arbitrary and adventitious. A Monarch, ruling wisely or unwisely, employing his high position and extensive influence in the spirit of a noble virtue and a large and enlightened benevolence, or for purely selfish ends, will affect the well-being, not only of his immediate subjects, but of their remote posterity. To quarrel with the principle before us, then, as exemplified in the case of our first parents, is to cavil at one of the most obvious and pervading laws of our own experience. We may quarrel with it, but we cannot alter it. There is no essential difference. Adam but did for the whole race, what each one of us is doing, often unconsciously, for the little portion of it which he happens to represent.

That the atonement of Christ, by which He is said to have answered, in the stead of the first Adam and his posterity, to the demands of God's violated law, is based upon a similar relationship, is the clear doctrine of Scripture. That passage in Romans v., already quoted for another purpose, plainly propounds this view of the case. Christ is thus "the second Adam," repairing the ruin wrought by the first; bringing, by His "righteousness," "the free gift unto justification of life" upon all who, through the other's "offence," had come under "condemnation." Does this relation in the case of "the second Adam" appear to any to rest on grounds too arbitrary? What right have we to say so, when grounds equally arbitrary are constantly exhibited in the divine government? Might not He who "setteth up one King, and putteth down another," giving no account of the ways by which He thus suspends the character and fate of millions upon the personal character and conduct of those whom He exalts or abases, adopt a similar arrangement for the fulfilment of His purposes of mercy towards all mankind? And shall we, with examples more or less inscrutable of His mode of action ever before us, presume to sit in judgment upon the fitness or equity of such an arrangement? Rather, let us humbly and thankfully adore this proof of His wonderful love, and admire the wisdom which has applied a principle, whose operation has wrought us so much woe, to the counteraction of the mischief, and is ever, by the gracious and remedial application of it, causing it to work a more abounding good. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that, as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

This, then, we take to be the great design of revelation,—to announce the coming, and expound the redeeming work, of that "Just One" who "in the end of the world" came to "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." It is this which constitutes the unity of scriptural truth. Whatever may be the immediate topic, or whatever the forms which the record assumes, all the lines meet in this centre, all the voices bear witness to this glorious work. It is obvious, however, that great diversities in the style and method of the testimony exist. History, prophecy, psalmody, institutional rites, dogmatic statements, moral precepts, though all concurring to one result, move on their own peculiar lines. We shall content ourselves, however, with a general view of one leading characteristic of revelation, namely, its progressive development from the germ of the first promise to the advent of Him whom it announces.

The most cursory reader of the Bible cannot fail to perceive that it proceeds upon this principle of development. There is a mighty difference between the Old and the New Testament, all the difference, indeed, between the seed-time and the harvest.

And there is an obvious progress in the Old Testament itself. Isaiah's fervid, clear, and copious utterances convey much fuller information than the brief sentences of the patriarchal record. Very gradually, and in very various ways, was the divine purpose evolved. Why was this? Why did the light steal so slowly and gently over the darkened earth, instead of bursting forth at once in its meridian splendour? How faint, comparatively, was the dawn! how long the prelusive twilight, before the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in His wings! May we presume to inquire into the probable reasons of this? A full clearing of the mystery is scarcely to be expected on this side eternity; but enough may be suggested to assure us that it is in harmony with every perfection and work of Him who doeth all things well.

We venture, then, to submit, First, that, in view of God's great scheme of mercy, and, indeed, before the eye of His omniscience, the life and duration of our race is one great and whole existence, having its stages of childhood, youth, and manhood, just as in the case of an individual man. It is sufficient, in support of this position, to refer to the argument of St. Paul in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians. He there compares the Old Testament period to the time of minority and tutelage, and his "adoption of sons," the condition of the New Testament age, is the time of evangelical majority and manhood. The method of revelation is explained on this principle. "We"—the Church in child-life—"were under tutors and governors until the times appointed of the Father." Just as you cannot teach the higher truths of knowledge all at once to a child, but must lead it, by gradual stages, to the apprehension of them, and must condescend, in many cases, to the use of signs and symbols of the truth intended to be taught; so, in the childhood of the world, man's undeveloped spiritual capacity was only fitted for the reception of "the elements" of divine knowledge, and that not in the form of direct and simple statement, but in the language of symbols, and by the use of familiar analogies. Not that we would insinuate that the mere lapse of time wrought any improvement in this capacity. All men are by nature equally incapable of discovering divine things, and equally slow to apprehend them. But the revelations of one period were bequeathed to its successors, and formed the basis of new and enlarged communications, which further developed the scheme of religion, and multiplied, or rendered clearer, the objects of faith. Thus, as more truth was made known by God, and apprehended by man, it enlarged and improved the spiritual capacity of the latter.

Secondly, there were specific lessons which it was of the last importance for man to learn, and which could scarcely be acquired without a gradual schooling, and the accumulated

experience of ages. One of the most obvious of these is his own utter ruin and moral helplessness. The pride which impelled him to become "wise" at the risk of losing his original purity and peace, would not easily brook the humiliating truth. Yet, without a thorough and heartfelt conviction of it, how could he ever acquiesce in the divinely provided remedy? The case of Cain, refusing to acknowledge himself a sinner, bringing, as one has wittily remarked, "his carrots and turnips," and saying "they would do," is but the type of millions,—of the natural man, indeed, struggling against the mortifying truth of revelation, and his own self-accusations. The fact must be plain indeed, before the proud heart will acknowledge it. Among the designs of the sacrificial institute, the inculcation of this knowledge held a foremost place. The sinner was to read his demerit and his doom in every victim expiring on the altar of God. And, if he would not consent to learn the lesson thus, then, by ages of transgression and misery; by the progress of a degeneracy which not all the wisdom of philosophy, all the restraints of law, all the graces of civilization, all the amenities of literature, all the efforts of benevolence, could for an instant check; by the utter and notable failure of every effort to regenerate and purify humanity without divine aid, must the terrible conviction be forced upon him. And is not this one, at least, if not the chief, lesson of all ancient history? In the literature of Greece and Rome, especially towards the commencement of the Christian era, how prominent, how often and variously repeated, is the confession of the moral deterioration of mankind, and the vanity of every speculation and contrivance for its amendment! Wonderful it is, that, notwithstanding the experience of centuries, the heaven-sent gift should have been so rejected, even when "He came to His own." But, what would it have been, had He arrived at a much earlier period? And if men are even now trying every expedient rather than adopt the remedy which God has given them, how much less likely would they have been to adopt it, with little or no experience of the hollowness and vanity of every "invention" which human wisdom can devise!

It would appear, also, that the inculcation of the belief in a personal Godhead, and the providential superintendence of all mundane affairs, entered very specially into the design of the preparatory revelations. Under the fully developed system of the Gospel, these truths are spiritually taught and discerned. God's work is now wrought by a spiritual and invisible agency. How would this truth have been apprehended, unless the human mind had been trained and familiarized to the idea of God and His government by an opposite method? The doctrines of a personal Godhead and a continual Providence received their earliest illustrations in a visible and palpable manner. In the lives of the Patriarchs, in the frequent appearances of "the

Angel of the Lord," in the whole history of the chosen people, in the mission of the Prophets, in the frequent manifestations of the divine presence and power to the heathen nations surrounding the Old-Testament Church,—we read the reiterated inculcation of the solemn lesson; and, as we read, the truth forces itself on our convictions, that He who thus laboured to impress it on men's minds has not withdrawn Himself from the superintendence of their affairs. An awful sense of the personality and ceaseless providence of our Father in heaven, who is also the Governor and Judge of the nations, remains upon us, and we feel that we have still to do with "the living God."

But especially did the religious education of man embrace his gradual initiation into that "mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh," and into the designs and results of that mystery. The sublime and inscrutable truth of God incarnate; the ineffable peculiarity of His sacrificial death; the nature and process of His mediation in heaven; these and their kindred realities were as far above the apprehension, as they were unwelcome to the pride, of man. What, indeed, in this view, is the elder revelation, but the creation of a language by which these sublime truths might be interpreted, and made, in some degree, familiar to our minds? Let any one reflect how, in relation to these things, the language of the New Testament is all borrowed from the Old:—"The Lamb of God;" "the great High Priest of our profession;" "the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all;" "the true Tabernacle;" "the Throne of Grace;" "the propitiation for our sins;" "the blood of sprinkling;" "the Mediator of the new covenant." These expressions, culled from the vocabulary of the New Testament, are obviously only specimens of its uniform style; and do they not show us at once how dependent we are on the forms used in the Church's childhood for our ability to apprehend at all the mysteries of human redemption? What meaning would all these phrases convey to us, if we could not interpret them by the educational means employed when "we were under tutors and governors?" "The law was," indeed, "our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ;" and we can only know and apprehend our relations to our Saviour, by a constant recurrence to the means which that severe, yet beneficent, "schoolmaster" employed in our education.

And what were those means? Chiefly type and prophecy;—type, at once symbolically representing the truths which it was necessary for man to know, and mutely, but significantly, pointing forward to Him, in whose coming and work all those truths centred, and should obtain their complete disclosure; and prophecy, explaining the import of type, and full "of the testimony of Jesus," whose advent and kingdom it was its principal object to predict. A few remarks on each of these subjects may suit-

ably close this sketch of the leading object and plan of the preparatory revelations of God.

The subject of typology has frequently occupied the attention of theologians, and great diversities of opinion have been entertained respecting it. On the one hand, the wildest and most fanciful analogies have been invested, by men of fervid imaginations, with a typical character, and have given rise to a most absurd habit of allegorizing the Old Testament. On the other hand, the principle of accommodation has been held to account for those strict and uniform analogies which so obviously exist between the two Testaments; as if our Lord and His Apostles merely used the language of the Old Testament to accommodate their teaching to Jewish ideas and prejudices, there being no necessary and ordained connexion between the law and the Gospel! But neither superstition nor scepticism can furnish the true key to the problem. The real nature of a type must be understood, and the evidences of connexion between it and the facts of the Gospel be examined by the lights of a genuine and devout criticism, if we are to arrive at a true conclusion.

What, then, is a type? Two elements plainly combine in it. It is a symbol, shadowing forth a religious truth; it is a prophecy, predicting the Gospel fact in which that truth will hereafter be embodied. The relation, therefore, between the type and its antitype, is founded on the truth which they have in common, and on nothing else; and wherever such truth is common to a fact in the Old Testament and a fact in the New, we may infer the typical relation. The design of a type is twofold. Symbolically considered, it was a means of instruction, "for the time then present," in the truth of God. Prophetically considered, it served to sustain the expectation of those "good things to come," of which it was a silent prediction. In harmony with the whole genius of the preparatory revelation, the truth thus symbolized was exhibited on the scale of the present life, and in relation to man's temporal affairs. Thus, in the case of the brasen serpent, while man's judicial suffering in consequence of sin, the mercy of God in interposing for his deliverance, and the simplicity and practicability of the conditions of that deliverance, are taught in common with the glorious antitype,—the uplifted "Son of Man,"—they are taught on a scale wholly earthly, and in relation only to the body. The suffering is physical; the remedy is material and visible; the condition is a corporeal act. In the antitype, however, the same truths appear in their direct relation to the concerns of the soul and of eternity.

It would be interesting if we could fully ascertain how the types were construed by those for whom they were specially contrived. How much of the *prophetic* import was it necessary to understand? That the mind must apprehend the symbolic

meaning, in order to any intelligent or acceptable devotion, we at once perceive; but it is quite possible that a more obscure, though decided, notion of that future Good which they adumbrated, may have consisted with the truly devout observance of them.* We can scarcely believe that the knowledge of the early Church on this subject can bear any comparison with ours, who enjoy the full illumination of the Gospel. That that knowledge, however, augmented with the lapse of time, and with the increasing clearness of the prophetic testimony to Christ, is equally obvious. But it must always have been inferior to that which Christianity imparts. "Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear." It seems to follow from this consideration, that, if we wish to ascertain the symbolical meaning of a type, we must look for it in the Old Testament; for the question really is, What meaning, what religious truth, did it directly convey to those for whom it was intended? But, if we would understand its prophetic import, we must more especially consult the New Testament, where alone "the mystery which had been hid in God" is fully expounded.

We have proceeded on the assumption of a designed and ordained connexion between the types and antitypes of Scripture; and no one who looks intelligently at the matter will be disposed to question that assumption. It is indeed indispensable to a right understanding of the subject. The Gospel—the advent and work of Christ our Redeemer—was the ultimate aim of God, and the typical system was one of the methods adopted to prepare man for that Gospel.

It is evident that not only the institutions of religion, but the personal biography of individuals, and the history of nations, especially of God's ancient people, were invested with the typical character. Inviting as this subject is, we cannot pursue the reflections to which it gives rise; but we mention it now for a purpose which will presently appear.

Much more might be said on the general subject of typology, but our limits forbid extended discussion. For the same reason, we cannot institute an examination of particular types. Indeed, that would require a detailed review of, at least, the greater part of the Pentateuch. Neither can we stay to examine the numerous and beautiful illustrations of typical teaching, which the devotional parts of the Old Testament, especially the Book of

* We cannot agree with those who think that "the fathers" had scarcely any knowledge of the evangelical meaning of the types. Prophecy appears to have preceded the institution of symbolical worship, and the latter to have been constructed in relation to the former, as, in subsequent ages, it was always accompanied, and more or less clearly explained, by it. We shall see presently how firm a hold the first promise had taken of men's convictions, and how largely it moulded the religious systems of the heathen world; and it is inconceivable that it should have been either unknown to, or very darkly apprehended by, the men of faith.

Psalms, supply. We may, however, say here; that a thoroughly good commentary on the Psalms, regarding those unrivalled compositions as embodying the religious ideas and sentiments which the typical system was fitted to awaken in the breasts of devout worshippers, is still a *desideratum* in biblical literature.

There is, however, one symbol of the ancient religion, in reference to which, on account both of its own peculiarity, and of its place in the list of works at the head of this Article, we wish to say a few words. We allude to the cherubim, those wonderfully complex figures, which, appearing first in the narrative of the expulsion from Eden, are found subsequently interwoven with the typical system, and re-appear at the close of the sacred canon, in "the living creatures" of the Apocalypse. It is not surprising that much disagreement should exist among interpreters, in reference to both the symbolical and prophetic import of forms which, often as they are introduced in Scripture, are scarcely at all explained. One thinks they represent the persons of the Trinity; another, the divine attributes; many, perhaps the majority of expositors, suppose them to be symbolic of angelic beings; one recent lecturer says, they shadow forth the powers and offices of the Holy Ghost; others again think that, in some vague way, the combination of the highest creature-powers is exhibited; and others, among whom is our author, that man, redeemed, perfected, and glorified, and for ever inhabited by God, is the object to which they point. Who shall decide among opinions so numerous and so widely divergent? Only an approximate and probable notion, as it seems to us, can be attained. We are not about to examine the line of argument by which each of the above-mentioned opinions is defended. On the whole, and with some modification, both as to his conclusion, and as to his method of proof, we are disposed to agree with Mr. Smith. The soundest mode of investigation is, we are persuaded, that suggested by Dr. Fairbairn, in his work on Typology,—namely, to institute, first of all, a thorough inquiry into their symbolical meaning. We much regret, however, that the Doctor should have seen reason materially to alter the views expressed in his first edition. They appear to us much nearer the truth than those subsequently given. Mr. Smith thinks that, judging from their appearance, their situation,—at either end of the propitiatory, in the Jewish temple, and in immediate connexion with the throne of God and the Lamb, in Ezekiel and the Apocalypse,—and their employment, especially as made known in the latter book, where they lead the song of the redeemed, these figures must be considered as symbols of the ransomed and glorified Church of God, among whom He dwells, as He dwelt between the cherubim of old. Thus stated, the view appears to us less open to objection than any of the other opinions. But we demur to our author's distinction

between them and the four-and-twenty elders, as that between the Church generally and its principal office-bearers. We should rather look upon "the living creatures" as representing human *nature*, redeemed by the blood of Christ, raised to its highest point of perfection, and made, as by redemption it is to be made, the shrine and dwelling-place of God; and the four-and-twenty elders as representing the Church in the personality of its members. On such a subject, however, great diffidence is most becoming. If the identity of the living creatures of St. John with those of Ezekiel's visions could be fully established, the human reference of the cherubic symbol would seem to be proved; for there can be no doubt of the identity of the latter with the sculptured cherubic forms, which, as a Priest, Ezekiel had frequently seen in the temple. We ourselves are all but convinced that, under forms differing according to the period and genius of the two books, they are substantially the same, though, of course, this view is questioned in many influential quarters.

As to their symbolic meaning,—they are emphatically "the living ones;" *life*, therefore, we take to be the primary idea. Their forms exhibit a combination of the highest types of creature-existence known to man; from which we should infer the notion of life in its most perfect development. But they had the figure of a man; and there was the likeness as of a man's hand under their wings. The human figure being thus prominent, and, so to speak, the *nucleus* of all the combinations, we should conclude that perfect *human* life is intended. And, when we find them so closely connected with the propitiatory and with the Lamb's throne, so that He is seen dwelling in the midst of them, we associate this perfection of human life with the redeeming work of Christ; with the incarnation, by virtue of which he is "Emmanuel, God with us;" and with the accomplishment of the final purpose of redemption, when "the tabernacle of God" shall be for ever "with men," and "the Lord God shall dwell among them." Upon the whole, and not without an embarrassing sense of the difficulty and conjectural nature of the subject, we are most inclined to this view of these mysterious creatures; and especially because, as thus regarded, they appear to us to harmonize so fully with the great end of our redemption, and to set forth so worthily, in their place around the mercy-throne, the complete restoration of our ruined race to God.

But another and equally conspicuous method of religious training was by Prophecy. In its strictest sense, this word denotes the foretelling of future events, and such is the principal, but not the only, characteristic of the prophetic Scriptures. These Scriptures were no doubt designed to furnish an accumulating body of evidence as to the inspiration of the divine word. Ever, as the events of history fulfil the sublime pre-

dictions of the Bible, that book receives additional illustration of its divine origin. To some extent, this purpose was served during the existence of the prophetic period itself; many of the predictions being fulfilled in the history of the various nations to which they related. This was, however, but subsidiary to another and a higher purpose. "The testimony of JESUS is the spirit of prophecy:" and these portions of the Old Testament can be profitably studied only by the help of the key which inspiration has thus given us. The great design of prophecy was to set forth the work and kingdom of Messiah. Fully to understand the way in which it did this, and to obtain the true interpretation of it, it appears necessary to view it in its connexion with that typical system which had the same ultimate purpose.

Perhaps it is right to say that this connexion is most apparent on the historical side of the typical system. Ritual allusion, indeed, abounds in the prophetic books; but historical events enter much more largely into their composition. The truth is, that the history of those times, especially that of Israel, was typical of the history of Christ and His Church, and therefore formed a most suitable and appropriate basis for those predictive utterances which spake of the Redeemer's kingdom. In many instances, the prophecy was based upon accomplished facts, as, for instance, in many of the Messianic Psalms, where the events of the life of David, typical as they were of the history of his illustrious Son, are interwoven with the prediction. In other and more numerous cases, events which were yet to happen in the history of nations, are made the basis, by reason of their typical character, of the evangelical prophecies. These events are of course predicted, because they were yet future; but they seem to have passed in vision before the Prophet's eye, as if already accomplished, or in process of accomplishment; and to have suggested, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, those infinitely higher and more important occurrences, of which, as they were the types, so they were the pledges. Prophecy thus fulfilled a double office. It was employed to explain the symbolical or religious meaning of historical transactions, either already past, or in the immediate future; to expound those features of the divine character and government which these transactions exemplified; and to announce the leading facts in the history of that kingdom, the fortunes of which these same transactions were designed to adumbrate. Moreover, as the typical history was developed in conformity with the announcements of prophecy, that conformity became a guarantee for the fulfilment of the evangelical predictions to which the others were subordinate. A person, seeing that the prediction of the typical occurrence had been fulfilled, and apprehending the true and ultimate bearing of the prediction on the kingdom of Christ,

could not fail to conclude, that as, in the one case, accomplishment *had* arrived, so assuredly, in the other and far higher case, the divine word would prosper in the thing whereto God had sent it. And our faith is still sustained by a similar use of the prophetic word. As we see the accomplishment of prophecy, in the typical history of David and Solomon, of the restoration from Babylon, and other events, we are the more assured that those glorious triumphs of the Kingdom and Church of Christ which these events foreshadowed shall be brought to pass.

It is in this connexion of type and prophecy, we are persuaded, that the true notion of what is sometimes called "the double sense" of the latter is to be found. It is "not so much a double sense, as a double prophecy." The type, be it ritual or historical, is one prophecy; the word of the inspired Seer, based upon the type, explaining its symbolical import, and pointing to those events in the Gospel which should fully realize and disclose that import, is another. The connexion between the earthly and the heavenly is not arbitrary, nor are the predictions which relate to them both so loosely constructed as to refer, under no very fixed rule, sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other. The Prophet's gaze is steadily fixed on the heavenly; and the earthly is employed, by virtue of its divinely appointed relation to the heavenly, to illustrate and give assurance of the latter. Thus all the lines of the predictive, as well as of the typical, system centre in Christ, and the doctrine of the Gospel is "witnessed by the law and the Prophets."

This view of the ancient revelation developes and establishes its wonderful and perfect unity, and brings it into harmony with that scheme of evangelical truth which the New Testament reveals, and which is but the expansion, into full and fragrant bloom, of the flower which had so long lain hidden in its bud. When "the fulness of the time" had come, when type and prophecy had done all that the wisdom of God deemed necessary to prepare men for the full revelation of His will, then He "sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." It forms no part of our design to trace the religious history of man subsequently to this period; but, conformably to our argument, we may remark, that so critically was that wonderful advent timed, so exactly did all the lines of the preparatory system converge to the period when it took place, and so minutely did its results harmonize with every thing which type and prophecy had foreshadowed, that, unless Jesus of Nazareth be indeed the Messiah, unless His kingdom and work be the very goal of all that preceded Him, the whole system of the Bible can be nothing else than a delu-

sion and a snare. In this sense, as well as in the sense of our ruin and helplessness, we are "shut up unto the faith" of the Gospel.

One important question remains to be briefly noticed here; more especially as, without a remark or two respecting it, we are very liable to be misunderstood. We have spoken of the external and temporal nature of the typical institute; and probably no one will deny the correctness of our observation on that head. The ritual of the ancient Church "sanctified to the purifying *of the flesh*;" its ordinances were "carnal ordinances;" its history is an earthly history; its religious lessons are chiefly founded on the present scene of things; its sanctions are temporal,—rewards to be enjoyed and punishments to be suffered now, and chiefly earthly in their character. Into the law of Moses the idea of a spiritual and a future world enters, at most, but very sparingly indeed. This was inseparable from the preparatory design and transitory nature of the whole institute. Had the rewards and enjoyments of a future state been made conspicuously to depend on the observance of a ceremonial law, and allegiance to an earthly theocracy, it would have been far more difficult than it was to destroy the conviction which the Jews entertained of the sufficiency of their economy, and to set it aside for "the bringing in of a better hope." But let it not therefore be supposed that "the fathers" had no knowledge of a future state. The whole tenor of the Old Testament disproves the theory of Bishop Warburton on this subject. In the devotional parts, especially, the hope of immortality, and of a resurrection to bliss after death, constantly shines out, and appears as the great stay and support of the faithful under the trials and inequalities of the present life. Those who, by divine grace, penetrated beyond the letter of their dispensation into its religious spirit and evangelical significance, beheld, at least, blessed glimpses of "a kingdom which cannot be moved," and of an inheritance fairer by far than Canaan. And, with the approach of Gospel times, prophecy began to speak more frequently and explicitly on the subject, so that, when our Lord came, the hope of the resurrection and of immortality was common among the Jews. Indeed, we know not that we have any right to say it was ever otherwise. And, if it were always generally understood and cherished, the comparative silence of the Mosaic institute respecting it was a most emphatic testimony to the imperfection of that institute, and to its design as merely a preparation for that "Gospel," by which "our Lord Jesus Christ hath brought life and immortality to light." Those who believed in a spiritual world, and another life, ought to have felt that a system which said so little about it, and scarcely at all appealed to the sanctions which it supplies, or the wants which it alone can satisfy,

was not the final and complete "counsel of God." They ought to have been prepared for that gracious Being who disclosed it, and for that word of mercy which satisfies all the longings, and fulfils all the hopes, of spiritual and immortal man.

We close this part of our review under an impressive sense of the majesty and glory of Him for whose advent in our nature all this prolonged and august preparation was intended. The rites of the old religion were but the fore-cast shadows of His approach. Prophets, and Priests, and Kings, constituted but the long cavalcade of His heralds and forerunners. History was but the slowly moving and unfolding picture which represented the principles of His government, the blessings which His subjects should enjoy, the doom which awaited His enemies. Every leading fact and feature in the history of Christ's kingdom had not, indeed, its "very image," but its suggestive "shadow," in the fate and fortunes both of the Church and of the world for near six thousand antecedent years. How great must He be who was the object of all this! How weighty is the announcement, "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the Prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by HIS SON!" And what dread significance attaches to the appeal, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by THE LORD?"

We shall now attempt to give a brief general view of the history of *human opinion and conduct* in relation to that divine scheme of mercy whose principles and development we have thus imperfectly traced. The provision of a religion by God for fallen man by no means implied the acceptance of it on the part of the latter. The same freedom, by the abuse of which he had "fallen from his high estate," was recognised in the economy of grace, as, indeed, it must be, if he were to continue the subject of moral government; and it might be as suicidally exercised in the rejection of the heaven-sent remedy, as it had been in the self-infliction of the curse. The divinely appointed condition on which the remedy was suspended was FAITH; faith, without which "it is impossible to please God;" faith in the testimony both of our sin and ruin, and of the prescribed method of recovery; faith, whose main essence and culminating point is, an absolute dependence upon the sufficiency of that method, and a complete committal of the soul to its efficacy. The great moral and spiritual distinction among men turns upon the absence or the presence of this faith. The permanent division of the human race is into "believers and unbelievers;" a division which, as it places their sentiments and character in direct opposition here, so will "separate them one from another," in principle and in destiny, through all the cycles of their unending existence.

We shall not be betrayed here into a discussion of what are called "the doctrines of grace;" or into any attempt to reconcile the moral freedom of man with the fact, which we devoutly and thankfully acknowledge, that all the good in believers, including "the grace and power" of that principle which makes them what they are, is the gift of God. It is sufficient to express the conviction that the divine agency does not work by any law of inevitable and irresistible necessity; that "the grace of God" is, in millions of instances, received "in vain;" and that, in the opposite instances in which it leads to salvation, it does so by the free choice and faithful stewardship of its recipients. Let those who choose perplex themselves in a maze of metaphysical subtlety by attempting to reconcile the sovereignty of God with the free-will of man. It is enough for us that both are emphatically taught in the Bible. Our duty is rather to attend to the development of faith and unbelief in the moral history of the world.

On the one hand, we have the cordial and complete acceptance of the scheme of divine mercy exemplified in the penitent confession of guilt and helplessness; in submission to the appointments of God, especially to the appointment of that sacrificial rite which at once exhibited the sinner's ruin and the means of his restoration; and in prayerful and hopeful dependence upon the promise of forgiveness and salvation. We see those who thus acted receiving "the witness" that they were "righteous," the "testimony" that they "pleased God." We behold them enduring many and severe tests of their religious principle, sometimes by the direct interposition of God, always by the opposition and hatred of their unbelieving fellow-men. They are presented to us as holding hidden but intimate communion with Him whose mercy they had embraced; living in the presence of spiritual and everlasting things; leading a life of constant self-denial; practising every virtue; bearing testimony against surrounding ungodliness and sensuality; "confessing that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth;" "declaring plainly that they seek a country," "a better country, that is, a heavenly." Whatever, in the case of other men, has power to harass and annoy, happens unto them. The disappointment, delay, affliction, bereavement, reverse, reproach, which, falling on other men, goad them into fury or hurl them into despair, descend, often in aggravated and inconceivable measure, upon them. The course of nature, the instincts of consciousness, the promptings of affection, the dictates of policy and interest, the force of public opinion, the very perfections of God and principles of His government, appear, in a thousand instances, to be at variance with that testimony on the truth of which they have staked their all. Yet their faith wavers not;-it never fails to sustain and comfort them; it imparts a moral heroism which is

the world's wonder; it enables them to "subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, obtain promises, stop the mouths of lions, quench the violence of fire, escape the edge of the sword, out of weakness to become strong, wax valiant in fight, turn to flight the armies of the aliens." With no ground of hope that they shall realize, in this life, the ultimate object of their faith,—the coming of the woman's Seed,—they exhibit as calm an assurance, as serene a peace, as steadfast a principle, as ardent a love, as submissive an obedience, as if He had accomplished His redeeming work before their eyes; and they "die in faith," often driven from life by that world which "was not worthy" of them; they "die, not having received the promises, but seeing them afar off, persuaded of them, and embracing them;" and "God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city." As the divine religion is the one permanent element among the wreck of all other religions, the one abiding kingdom among the ruins of fallen empires and prostrate thrones,—so this faith, with these its uniform results upon the principles, character, and destiny of man, is the one bright, abiding, undying thing in our own moral history, the imperishable seed, the link that binds us to God, the presage and the pledge of the world's final recovery to Him. Unspeakable is the comfort which the Christian philosopher derives from the spectacle of the constancy and perpetuity, through all the changing and mournful history of our race, of the faith of God's elect. The line of light may be clearly traced through all the alternations and shades of our accumulated darkness. Sometimes, indeed, it is sadly attenuated, seen only in the bright career of a solitary and persecuted saint; but it is never lost. "The flood of waters" could not overwhelm it; nay, rather, as we see it shining above the dark and heaving billows in that lone and silent ark, we feel that in order to its preservation, and its diffusion, under more hopeful auspices, in a new world, and among a new race, "the world that then was perished." And so, through every subsequent period of moral darkness and degeneracy, God "hath never left Himself without" this "witness" to the truth, and power, and blessedness of the religion which He has revealed to man.

These observations must suffice on this part of our subject. How the principle was exemplified in conformity with the special character of the various periods and dispensations of revelation, we have not space to inquire. But we may say, in a word, that, amid all the material forms and symbols under which the truth lay, in the earlier ages of the Church, the special office and effect of faith was to bring the mind and heart of man into direct contact with that truth itself, to lead him through the letter to the spirit, through the sign to the thing signified; and that, just in proportion as it did this, it wrought those wonderful and

blessed consequences to which we have adverted. Thus the faith of the early and of the later Church is one; and hence the pertinence of the examples drawn, in the New Testament, from the history of the great cloud of Old-Testament "witnesses" by whom "we are compassed about." Especially does faith centre and terminate in the redemption which is by Christ. The expectation of the elder, and the remembrance of the younger Church, are fixed on one object; the eyes of all behold in one "face the glory of the Lord."

But our task requires a very different course of reflection. It is not more painful than true, that the above sketch relates to only a small minority of men,—alas! almost always "a very small remnant." The religion of God has hitherto found no favour, and wrought no such triumphs as have been mentioned, among the great majority of mankind. "Unbelief and contempt of God's word and commandment" have been the rule; faith and submission the exception. And if we have so beautiful a picture of unity in the faith of the righteous, how melancholy a contrast, how deplorable and distracting a diversity, do the "many inventions" of the unbelievers exhibit! Yet contradictory and antagonistic as they seem, and, in many respects, really are, these inventions may all be traced to one origin,—a proud and self-willed rejection of the merciful interposition of God. Here all the extremes of human folly and wickedness meet; the sullen blasphemies of infidelity, and the cruel and filthy ingenuities of superstition, spring from this common source. Around these two manifestations of the evil principle, indeed, all the spiritual errors and follies of mankind revolve. Sometimes one has been in the ascendant, sometimes the other; but they act and re-act upon each other. Wherever men have been befooled by superstition, they will, without some counteracting agency, relapse into infidelity; and wherever the latter at any time prevails, men without divine light inevitably take shelter from its miserable and unsatisfying negations among the herd of false gods and pretended saints invented by superstition.

So far as we can judge, the first form of opposition to divine truth was that of infidel rejection; and there is every reason to conclude that this was the chief characteristic of antediluvian irreligion. Cain evidently went upon the principle of simply rejecting the divine plan, and following what is called "the light of nature" in his mode of approaching God. It seemed to him that "a tiller of the ground" could most suitably express his relations to his Maker, and his dependence upon Him, by a eucharistic offering of "the fruit of the ground." The revealed method of worship, involving the confession of sin, the offering of propitiatory sacrifice, and faith in the promised Redeemer, he spurned and rejected. His jealousy and hatred of his pious brother, his envy at the favour shown to him, and the fatal rage

of his assault upon him, were, as all history shows, but the natural consequence of his infidel revolt against God, and contained the germ of all the "violence" with which the world was subsequently "filled." That these consequences should follow is natural enough. The utter rejection of the divine method of religion grew into an infidel scorn and contempt of every thing divine; and men, left to themselves, being "without God," rioted in unbridled lust and universal anarchy. Our own times have witnessed notable examples of the same process.

The destruction of the guilty race was the appropriate punishment. "All flesh had corrupted his way before God," with the single exception of Noah and his family, and the very existence of religious knowledge among men was placed in jeopardy. Viewed in this light, the Deluge, with its ark of safety for the one righteous family, was not more a penal visitation on the world, than a provision for the conservation and perpetuity of the truth. And, accordingly, in examining the subsequent developments of human depravity, we find that their character widely differs from that of the antediluvian apostasy. The various heathen mythologies exhibit, not a denial, but a corruption, of the cardinal verities of revelation. The most ample and varied evidence of this fact is furnished by every pagan system with which we are acquainted. Infidel rejection is a comparatively rare fact in the postdiluvian age of the world; but the corruption of primitive truth is all but universal. In this respect, the testimony of history fully corroborates that of Scripture. Fragments of the primitive revelation are continually to be met with in the traditions and mythologies of the nations, arguing the original existence of the race in one common family, and the possession of a common fund of religious knowledge and observance. "They changed the truth of God into a lie."

On a general review of the heathen systems which are expounded in these volumes, it seems to us that the starting-points of the great corruption were precisely those two principles of the ancient religion on which we have already dwelt; namely, prophecy and symbolism. In the progress of depraved invention, other elements were doubtless added. Traditionary history was converted into fable, subtle metaphysical speculation refined upon the original basis, and various other modifications were introduced; but these two primitive characteristics of religion appear to have been first perverted. To the corruption of the former, especially in its announcement of a DIVINE MAN as the Redeemer, we are disposed to trace the demonolatry of Paganism; and to the corruption of the latter, the worship of animal forms. The whole subject is very comprehensive, and the details of the inquiry are far too numerous to be even specified here; but a few observations, indicative of the process and its general results, seem to be demanded.

Ample proof has been furnished, both in the volumes before us, and in the progress of Oriental discovery, (especially among the monuments of Assyria, Babylon, and Persia,) that the most ancient form of false worship is demonolatry,—the deification and worship of eminent men. The worship of the heavenly bodies appears to have resulted from the supposition that the spirits of departed heroes were transferred to the sun and moon, and the astral constellations; and that from these bright abodes the former rulers or benefactors of mankind looked down with interest upon human affairs, and interfered in their management and control. Some superstitions inclined more to the solar, and others to the astral, form of this system; but hero-worship or demonolatry preceded and was the parent of it. The first question to be considered, then, is the origin of the latter.

That origin will be found, we believe, in the relation of the primitive pair to the human race, *and especially in the promise made to them respecting the Seed of the woman.* It is a curious fact, that the most ancient mythological systems abound in triads of divinities,—a great Father, a great Mother, and a mysterious, only-begotten, and Divine, yet human, Son. No notion is more prevalent or uniform than this; and we do not see how its existence is to be accounted for at all, except upon the supposition that the promise of the Redeemer was the cardinal truth of the patriarchal religion, and the great hope of the patriarchal Church. Filled with the expectation which this promise inspired, men seem to have been ever looking out for its fulfilment. When any remarkable man appeared, they were ever ready to behold in him the expected Seed; and, comparing their history and traditions, to recognise, in the persons and doings of successive heroes, evidences of identity with him. Thus they held that he had frequently appeared, and would repeatedly manifest himself again. It is easy to see what advantage this would give to the ambitious and unscrupulous despots of such a country, for instance, as Assyria. The pretensions of many of these men, from Nimrod downwards, were in harmony with the prejudices of mankind: they assumed divine prerogatives; they united the pontifical with the regal character; their government was a spiritual, as well as temporal, despotism; and, in succession, they seem to have been worshipped as impersonations of that Divine One on whom the hopes of the world were fixed.

But the facts of the most ancient history were somehow bound up with this perversion of the primitive promise. From this combination resulted other triads of divinities. The analogy between Adam and Noah, as progenitors, the one of the whole human family, and the other of the postdiluvian races; as both having three sons; as both being husbandmen; as both presiding for a short time in a golden age of innocence and bliss; led to a

strange jumbling and confounding of the two. Noah was believed to be a reproduction of Adam; and, like him, to have multiplied himself into his three sons, who were accordingly worshipped as so many manifestations of the great Father; and the ideas of creation, destruction, and preservation, associated with the combined history of the two Patriarchs, were supposed to be respectively represented in the persons and history of their deified sons. Not that we think this of itself an adequate account of the origin of the ancient triads. It is scarcely possible to doubt that some knowledge of the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead had been given to the Patriarchs; and that a remnant of this knowledge, absurdly mixed up with the history of the great Father and his immediate descendants, lay at the bottom of all the mystification that we meet with on this subject. Still, the form which the triads assumed, and the legends associated with them, appear to have been borrowed from the histories of Adam and Noah. The promise of the incarnation we hold to have been by a perversion of its meaning the root of demonolatry, and that its first modifications were caused by a vague notion of its connexion with a triune Godhead on the one hand, and by a fanciful application of it, in this connexion, on the other, to the first father of the human family and his three sons, as reproduced in the case of Noah and his sons.

It should be noted, in illustration of this origin of demonolatry, that in the legends respecting the divine triads, under these various forms, and in the ceremonials of their worship, both paradisiacal and Noachic elements appear. The two Patriarchs being, so to speak, confounded, it is not surprising to find the ark from which Noah and his family, and the animals confined with him, emerged after the Flood, identified with the earth, from whose fruitful womb Adam and all animate and organic life originally issued. In principle, this identification appears under the image of a sacred ship, of the aquatic lotos, the great mundane egg, and the sacred cow, in various mythologies. But, especially in Egypt, another ark appears in the form of a chest,—evidently not the diluvian ark, because it contained a small golden boat, which was the memento of that,—an ark which reminds us of nothing so much as "the ark of the covenant," and which was probably a corruption, as the latter was most likely a reproduction, of some similar object in the primitive patriarchal worship. We shall not dip further into the curious lore belonging to this subject, nor indulge in speculations relating to it. It strongly confirms the view we have given of the origin of demonolatry. The presence of the sacred fire, too, sometimes, as in Persia, the object of direct adoration, and frequently elsewhere in the form of an ever-burning lamp, indicates the origin of idolatry as a corruption of primitive truth. The fire or light of the divine Shechinah is a much more probable origin of this, than any others that have been assigned.

From such speculations as these the mind of man appears to have passed, by a subtle but not unnatural process of metaphysical refinement, to another class of inventions. The idea of reproduction suggested by the analogies in the histories of Adam and Noah was viewed with great favour, and in due time was worked up into a kind of law of the mundane creation. According to some speculators, there was to be a limited succession of worlds having a similar origin and catastrophe, in each of which the same great Father would re-appear, as He had done in Noah, and would be concerned in the events of a similar history. Either seven or fourteen—perhaps there is here a crude fragment of the Sabbath—was the allotted number of such worlds. Others, however, believed in an unlimited succession. But this, of course, involved, as a consequence, the eternity of matter. But if matter were eternal, so was the great Father. Here, then, were two eternal subsistences. How were they to be reconciled? By considering matter as the body, and the great Father as the intellectual soul, of the universe. Thus a perpetual metempsychosis and a pantheistical religion were invented. Moreover, in some quarters, the intellectual principle was represented as good, and the material as evil, and hence the notion of two independent and rival deities. Such are but a few of the extravagances into which men were finally led by the perversion of the one grand and cardinal truth of an incarnate and redeeming God!

But the worship of animals seems to claim an independent, though allied, origin. When we consider how largely the use of animals entered into the ancient worship, and especially when we remember the place which the cherubic symbol occupied, as the shrine and dwelling-place of God, the process of this form of idolatry appears to be very plainly suggested. It is in harmony with the carnal views and propensities of fallen man, that he should substitute the sign for the thing signified; and transfer to the means of worship the reverence and homage due only to its divine object. Visitors to the British Museum and the Crystal Palace can scarcely fail to be struck, in the Assyrian remains of the one, and the Assyrian Court of the other, with the presence of the compound winged figures which give so peculiar a character to Assyrian temple architecture. And probably they will have noted that, in these figures, the human form is variously combined with the eagle, the lion, and the bull. It is impossible, as we gaze on these monuments of the oldest of empires, to avoid thinking of the cherubim, as they are described by the Prophet Ezekiel. Our illustrious countryman, Layard, was so much struck with the resemblance, that he endeavours to account for it by supposing that, "when seeking to typify certain divine attributes, and to describe the divine glory, he chose forms that were familiar, not only to him, but

to the people he addressed,—captives, like himself, in the land of Assyria." But such an hypothesis as this is utterly untenable. Besides the uncertainty as to whether Ezekiel and his fellow-captives were so familiar with the Assyrian sculptures as this theory requires, it is evident that Ezekiel represents the cherubim as forming part of a divine prophetic vision,—a revelation direct from God to the Prophet's mind; and, moreover, he distinctly declares, "I knew that they were the cherubims;" (Ezek. x. 20;) having frequently seen these sacred forms during his ministrations as a Priest in the Temple at Jerusalem. We do not, however, conclude, that the Assyrian figures were copied from the *temple* cherubim; but rather that both were derived from the primitive symbol, which God "placed at the east of the garden of Eden."

Figures similar to these are found in Persia as well as in Assyria and Babylon. Moreover, in all these countries, the palace-temples to which they belonged were placed in the midst of gardens having a sacred character, and called "paradises." Nor should we omit to remark that the legends of other countries contain notices of sacred gardens, with fountains and mystic trees, ever-burning fires, and compound winged animal figures. The conclusion seems irresistible that the original Paradise supplied the material for these legends, and that the Edenic cherubim were the prototypes of all these composite forms.

The most reliable ancient testimony, moreover, indicates for the worship of such images as these a more remote antiquity than for the worship of animals; not, be it remembered, images of animals, but figures combining in different ways certain parts of various creatures, according to the method suggested in what we believe to have been the primitive model. But, when once the idea of animal-worship had been admitted, it is easy to see how a sense of the value and usefulness of some creatures, and a fear of others, would lead to the carving of images of proper animal forms; and then, by a most natural process, to the worship of the living originals. The multiplication of such objects of idolatrous homage, till "every creeping thing" came to be deified and adored, is but the natural and obvious progress of this impure and debasing system, in the hands of those who were "given over to a reprobate mind."

One remarkable and universal object of worship, however, must be mentioned, to which the above remarks scarcely apply. It is a melancholy and humiliating fact, that the ostensible agent of the temptation and fall of man is the most universally adored god of the heathen. The worship of this accursed creature enters into almost every system of ancient and modern idolatry. It is not a little singular that, in a country so distant and so recently discovered as Mexico, this element should have

been found; the principal temple in the great square of the capital being surrounded by an outer wall, "which is profusely decorated with carved serpents intertwined, and called 'the wall of serpents.'" In fact, the dracontic or serpentine emblem abounds among the ruins of ancient temples in Central America, as it does in the monumental remains of every system of Heathenism. How large and important a part is assigned to dragons and serpents in the classic mythologies, it is needless to point out. The origin of all this is at once apparent. What a testimony does it afford to the truth of the scriptural account of the fall of man! What an evidence of the agency of that "old serpent, the devil," by whose malicious instigation the grand corruption of divine truth was effected, with whose spirit it is every where animated, and who, amid all the diversified forms of idolatry, is the real object of man's debased and debasing adoration,—"the god of this world."

But while, in one of its aspects, pagan idolatry appears to have originated in a corruption of the prophetic element of revelation, it is further obvious that that element was directly and continuously counterfeited in the ORACLES of Heathenism. Much and diverse speculation has been hazarded on this curious subject. Those who are sceptical respecting Satanic interference in human affairs, deny that there was anything supernatural in these celebrated utterances, and attribute them altogether to craft, jugglery, ventriloquism, and such-like causes. We by no means deny the agency of these human contrivances. We conceive that the corruption of patriarchal truth was, in the first instance, contrived by the crafty and designing few, to promote the purposes of selfishness, avarice, and ambition; and that every false religion in the world exhibits the conspiracy of a few clever and unscrupulous men against the common sense and best interests of the many. Of course Satan uses the depravity and subtlety of men for the accomplishment of his designs, whenever and in whatever way he is permitted to do so. And, accordingly, we give full credit to the tales of jugglery and imposture which are quoted in evidence of the human contrivance and dictation of these Oracles. The Priests of Delphi, making their Pythoness drunk with the mephitic gas which issued from a crevice in the mountain-side; the Hierophants of Eleusis, producing mock earthquakes with rope, pulley, and moveable floor, in the temple of Ceres; the Ecclesiastics of Egypt, with their changing chemical lights and vocal statues; the Fetisch-man of Western, and the Rain-maker of Southern, Africa; the Medicine-man of North America; the blubber-eating ventriloquist of Labrador; and the doll-winking, miracle-working Minister of Popery,—are all alike cheats and impostors: and great have been their accumulated gains. But all this shows us only one phase of Satan's way of working with "lying wonders," and in "all the deceiv-

ableness of unrighteousness;" nor is it in any degree inconsistent with his more direct and personal agency. We admit that the equivocal *prophecies* of the Oracles, so far as they have come down to us, are merely fine specimens of priestly cunning. We pity Crœsus for his stupidity in misunderstanding, and admire Philip of Macedon for his sagacity in detecting,—if, indeed, the Oracle did not, in the latter case, "Philippize,"—their true meaning. But history mentions some very remarkable revelations of contemporaneous, but very distant, occurrences, for which we cannot account on any theory of mere collusion or craft. They who believe in the personality and spirituality of our "adversary the devil," will find no difficulty in admitting that he might easily convey information of what was doing at any given time in distant and unconnected places, while they will hardly allow him to be possessed of prophetic foresight. That his agency was in such cases mysteriously and directly employed, is rendered further likely by that remarkable cessation of oracular deliverances after the advent of Christ, which historians record, and Milton has so finely celebrated in his glorious Christmas hymn. And, finally, the case of the Pythoness mentioned in Acts xvi. 16–19 (literally, "a damsel possessed with a spirit of Python") seems conclusive.

Another subject of much interest, and involved in considerable obscurity, is that of the MYSTERIES of ancient Heathenism. The studious, and all but impenetrable, concealment in which they were shrouded, affords a strong presumption against that doctrinal and moral purity which some have ascribed to them. Truth and virtue do not seek such concealment. "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God." The mechanical contrivances, the traces of which have been discovered in the ruined temple of Ceres at Eleusis, make one suspect that the terrible ceremonies of initiation, said to have been practised in the Eleusinian Mysteries, were only a hideous farce,—the meet introduction to a system of error, pollution, and blood. We cannot now give even a sketch of the evidence which, on this subject, Christian learning has so industriously collected. The late venerable Master of Sherbourn Hospital has devoted much attention to it, and has written most learnedly and ably, both in his "Origin of Pagan Idolatry," and in his "Mysteries of the Cabiri;" and Mr. Smith, in the Dissertation prefixed to the third volume of his "Sacred Annals," thus clearly sums up the result of his own investigations:—

"It seems, then, to be an undoubted fact, that the Mysteries taught the origin of the hero-divinities of postdiluvian idolatry. Whether, as Warburton conjectures, the fragment of Phenician history preserved by Sanchoniatho was the very account read to the initiated or not, the constant reference to the mutilation of Osiris and other

deities, combined with other circumstances, identifies this teaching with the story of Noah beyond any chance of mistake. Nor does it appear at all improbable, notwithstanding the objections of Faber, that, in the origin of this hero-worship, there was a recognition of the unity of the supreme God, and that this was verbally proclaimed in these sacred rites, even when in practice unbounded polytheism prevailed. In like manner, it is very conceivable that the introduction of this system of idolatry, and the establishment of these sacred rites for its promulgation, were connected with large professions of purity and moral improvement: and this may account for the existence of many passages in classic authors on which much reliance has been placed. But if this was the case at first, it soon gave way to the prevailing spirit which involved the whole idolatrous system, until at length, as Cicero says, the Mysteries became synonymous with 'abomination.'

"On the whole, then, it may be regarded as an established fact, that the Mysteries originated in a series of grand, but secret or covert, efforts to establish polytheism, and to secure the great rebellion against the purposes of God in the days of Nimrod; that, in the progress of these efforts, the pure patriarchal religion was corrupted, and hero-worship established; that the means used in effecting the alteration were afterwards continued with a view to sustain it, and the sacred patriarchal symbols were retained, but with considerable modifications and additions; and that, in harmony with the whole design and object, these Mysteries were open only to the initiated, who were bound not to divulge any of the privileged communications which they had received."—*The Gentile Nations*, p. 42.

In this sentence we are constrained to agree; and these celebrated institutions of antiquity are thus presented, not as a pure theistical and moral antidote to the prevailing superstitions, not as schools of divine knowledge and virtue, but as the secret and principal means of forging the mental and spiritual chains with which the selfishness and ambition of the few succeeded in binding the minds and consciences of the great majority of mankind.

Of the *character and tendency* of pagan idolatry it is almost superfluous to speak. The unity and spirituality of God are every where obscured by a herd of gross and material divinities, under whose countless forms Satan himself is worshipped in the place of the "one living and true God." The doctrine of propitiatory sacrifice, perverted by diabolical malignity, becomes the occasion of innumerable and almost inconceivable cruelties; the altars of the idol-gods reek with the blood of *human* victims, slain by hundreds at a time; and penances, austerities, and self-inflicted torments, bespeak the Satanic origin and cruel design of the whole. More horrible still, and scarcely fit, yet most necessary, to be recorded,—the glorious truth of the incarnation itself is travestied in filthy and disgusting legends, and prostituted in the actual worship of Heathendom, to the encouragement of enormities which cannot even be mentioned.

Such are the proved and universal results of this grand corruption of the patriarchal faith. Instinct with the false and lying spirit of its malignant author, this system, under every form, betrays its origin in a hellish conspiracy to defeat the purposes of redeeming mercy; to turn the antidote of human misery into a yet more subtle and deadly poison than that which originally destroyed man's soul, and thus to cut off the last hope of his salvation. Let us fully apprehend this affecting fact. Let us remember that, in seeking the overthrow of Heathenism, we are seeking the destruction of Satan himself. And if, on the one hand, we are appalled at the unequal strife with "principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world, and spiritual wickednesses in high places," let us, on the other, remember that our quarrel is in the cause of Him against whom all this guilty and terrible array is mustered, whose mercy it is designed to neutralize, but by "the brightness of whose coming" it is destined to be destroyed.

It is not our intention to specify with any minuteness that corresponding departure from the spirituality and purity of revealed religion, which is exhibited in the history of the Israelites. That "stiff-necked and rebellious" people, it is well known, (albeit chosen of God to be the special objects of the religious culture and preparation which we have reviewed,) failed to comprehend or to sympathize with the purposes of Heaven; relapsed again and again, through the greater portion of their history, into the idolatrous corruption which it was their mission to counteract; and, though at last weaned from this practice by the judgments of the Babylonish captivity, they lost the spirit of their religion, in an exclusive regard to its letter; suffered the divine service to degenerate into an unmeaning form; and became at last so reprobate, both morally and religiously, that the name of God was blasphemed among the Gentiles through them. The measure of their iniquities was filled up by the rejection and crucifixion of the Lord of Glory, though He was the theme of their Prophets' testimony, the key to their whole typical system, and the hope of that ancestry which they made their boast.

Here the line of our inquiries properly terminates; but we cannot conclude our remarks without an attempt to take a general view of the portion of man's religious history over which we have passed, and to consider its bearing upon the purposes of God, and the future spiritual destinies of the human race.

Recurring once more to the analogy of an individual life, we must contemplate the human race as an organic whole, pervaded by a law of spiritual growth and progress, and placed, just as any individual is, under methods of education adapted to its degree of development. In contemplating that period to which the "Sacred Annals" relate, we behold, on the one hand, the

unfolding of the vast design of Infinite Mercy for the redemption and regeneration of our fallen world; and, on the other, with comparatively few exceptions, the perverse rejection, or systematic corruption, of the truths in which that design is announced. Hasty and superficial minds might conclude, when they see idolatry every where rampant, and even the chosen people almost universally unfaithful, that the plan and purpose of Heaven were in vain; that, after all, human depravity and wilfulness had proved too strong for the remedial grace of God. But, when we look again, we see the steady march of providence and revelation towards the appointed end. The combinations of men against the truth, if for a moment they seem to retard this progress, are nevertheless ultimately made to accelerate it. Neither is Omnipotence overcome, nor divine long-suffering exhausted. All things else in human affairs grow, and fade, and disappear. The most mighty empires crumble into dust; the most august and splendid ceremonials of worship perish; the most elaborate and subtle schemes of religion die from sheer inanity, and amid universal contempt. But the plan of God abides, dilates, developes; and, just when six thousand groaning years have completed the proof of the folly of all human wisdom, and the weakness of all human might, He comes who alone is "mighty to save," and His own arm brings salvation. You are not to gather, therefore, your evidences of the success or failure of the antecedent revelations from their effect upon those to whom they were immediately given, but from the history of the cause and kingdom of Him, for whose sake they were all imparted, and to whose work they all relate. Not in the childhood or youth of the world are we to read the end of human existence, or the scope of the education which men received, but in its ripe and Christian manhood. True, in that manhood we see the same antagonistic principles at work; the same conflict of divine grace with human and Satanic wickedness; but, looking over the wide field of the race in all its varieties, and through the annals of the past in all their periods, we see upon the whole, not only a steady persistence in the scheme of mercy, but a gradual enlargement of the area of its influence, and an ever-brightening and accumulating evidence of its suitability, blessedness, and power. Amid all the fierce and purposeless conflicts of men, we see the nations making progress in the path of civilization and happiness, tending to a wiser, holier, more blessed condition, than they have ever known. The religions of men are grown old and effete. The strongest of them hardly holds its own. The religion of God, on the other hand, is uniformly aggressive, and constantly victorious. The history of modern civilisation coincides with that of the kingdom of Christ. Those nations which have imitated the ancient Heathens, and borrowed from them the means of paganising Christianity, are all far in the rear

of the onward movement; while those which adhere to the simple Gospel are in its van. These have the largest wealth, the most fertile resources, the most cultivated intelligence, the most extended commerce, the most widely pervading influence, the most active enterprise, the vastest empire. Through their instrumentality, the cause of Christ is exerting a more powerful and general influence than all other institutions or agencies combined. It is gradually moulding and transforming mankind into the image of God. It is daily enlarging its sphere and multiplying its conquests. The moral and spiritual interests of the world are rising, and have been ever since the advent of the Redeemer, into the ascendant, predominating more and more over those which are material and earthly; and all things presage the final triumph of redeeming grace. All things point to that issue which alone can satisfy the longings of Infinite Mercy, and be worthy of Him who made all things for Himself, and whose "manifold wisdom" shall be made known to "the principalities and powers in the heavenly places," more by the recovery of the ruined earth to holiness and bliss, than by the radiant glories of that primeval hour, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

If, in the prosecution of our design, in the above remarks, we have appeared to make little reference to the works at the head of the present Article, it is not because of any indifference to their varied and exalted merits; but because, first of all, the multiplicity and range of their contents appeared to us to forbid such an analysis as would alone have done justice to them; and, secondly, because the subject seemed to demand a condensation and method of treatment unfriendly to the production of extracts. We should, in many cases, but for this latter reason, have given the *ipsissima verba* of the learned and much respected author, with whom it is our happiness to agree on almost every topic embraced within his profound and comprehensive work. But, if our own observations have stimulated the curiosity of any reader hitherto unaccustomed to such studies, we can assure him that his curiosity will be abundantly and—what in these days, especially, can be said of very few such books—*safely* gratified by a diligent and thoughtful perusal of the work itself. Mr. Smith is every where true to those religious convictions which he avows with so much manliness and modesty in his various Prefaces; and no one need fear being led astray by him from the simplicity of the Gospel. That a gentleman, immersed in the cares of an extensive business, active in the local interests of his immediate neighbourhood, and assiduous in his attention to the concerns of his own religious denomination, should have been enabled to amass and methodize such an amount of curious and uncommon learning, is a surprising

instance of conscientious industry. But not less remarkable are the candour, devotion, and critical sagacity, which he has brought to his task. We have often wondered at the skill with which he analyses the confused, absurd, and contradictory legends with which he has frequently to deal; the moderation with which he proposes his own conjectures, where certainty is unattainable; the ease with which he winnows the chaff from the wheat. Our design and limits forbade our following him into details; but whoever wishes to see both those aspects of man's Religious History on which we have written, fully, evangelically, and most learnedly discussed; whoever wishes to see the varied and complicated legends of Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and of India and China too, brought into small compass, presented in a Christian aspect, and made unanswerably to confirm the teachings of God's holy word; must by all means procure these volumes. They are in a high degree entertaining; but, what is of far more importance, they are more instructive and more thoroughly evangelical than almost any works of a similar character which we have seen. We trust that the learned and pious author will long be spared to enrich, by similar productions, the religious literature of that body of which he is so distinguished an ornament.

ART. II.—*Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest.* By MARY ANNE EVERETT GREEN, Editor of the "Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies." In Six Volumes. London: Henry Colburn. 1850–1854.

THE great duty of a historian indisputably is, to narrate all the facts he can collect as circumstantially as possible, and in such terms and arrangement as may best tend to perspicuity. We do not want from him theories, but facts unabridged and unadulterated; being apt enough of ourselves to form deductions, to generalise, and come to conclusions more or less sagacious and impartial. The more valuable the history, and the greater the historian, the more minutely and lucidly related are the facts. Yet this, which is undoubtedly the case, has, in the present age, been most woefully lost sight of. It is a common remark that, fertile as we are in greatness of various kinds, we seem incapable of producing a great historian. We have essays upon history, reviews of periods, theories of development, growths, laws of progress, harmonic philosophies, innumerable; but we have no history. We cannot find a man who will be content laboriously to investigate facts, and to narrate them plainly, without stringing them upon some theory of his own, and favouring us with generalisations which are often mere platitudes, and aphorisms

which are often mere truisms. A true historian is an artist, and therefore deals with individual things, and ought to be very careful how he abstracts from his subject the life and action which can belong only to individual things, in his eagerness to unfold their principles, and give his own ideas upon their relations and general bearing. What constitutes the right of Herodotus to the title of "Father of History?" Those very qualities, that guilelessness, that garrulous innocence, those long-drawn impossible stories, which procured for him from the little philosopher, Vicesimus Knox, the *sobriquet* of "Father of Lies." Much we should have thanked the old Halicarnassean, at this enlightened date, for a view of the invariable causes of human action, with facts to match, selected from the early history of Greece, with which we should assuredly have been regaled, had his task fallen to the lot of one of the so-called historians of the day. As it is, the old Ionian goes rambling on,—coherently enough, indeed; for his great design, the history of the wars between the Greeks and the barbarians, re-appears from time to time,—looking with the same vivid interest on the waggon of the Scythian and the tower-temple of the Babylonian, and then leaving them as he found them, until he has collected a mass of fact, detail, and anecdote, from which the intelligent students of all ages and nations have been able to draw their own conclusions, and derive their own instruction; and to this day we acknowledge that Herodotus is among the greatest historians, and that we owe nearly all we know of the remoter periods of antiquity to his unwearied industry and love of truth.

It may be affirmed, that the history of England is yet to be written. All the essays and dissertations so constantly produced, are comments upon an unedited text,—the jostling opinions of lawyers upon an unreported case. The so-called "dignity of history" is now exploded, more as a phrase than in reality: for though we have a few writers who certainly are industrious enough in collecting facts, and not intentionally dishonest in narrating them, yet so long as there is a theory in the case, it is impossible but that facts should be imperceptibly warped and coloured, that prominence should be given to favoured coincidences, and that the author should step before his work. The real "dignity of history" consists in ascertaining truth; this is its function, in the discharge of which alone history can attain to its own peculiar perfection. And, we ask, in which case is a man more likely to acquire this perfection and resultant dignity,—when he is writing in support of some scheme, philosophy, march, or development of his own imagination, and which must have its origin in some kind of vanity,—or when he is writing simply because he takes delight in truth, and wishes to present it to others with what accuracy he can? A great deal has

been said by the defenders of theoretical history about composition, breadth, colour, light and shadow, and grouping, as indispensable to a historical *tableau*: the meaning of which is, that the historical writer, in order to make his pictures as effective as possible, is at liberty to suppress whatever he thinks may mar their effect, or be derogatory to their grandeur and beauty. Here we have the "dignity of history" again. It will be admitted by common consent, that the business of the historian is to relate the truth, not to compose pictures; that he is not to suppress, alter, or *translate* at will; and that the first quality desirable in him is a strong universal sympathy with human action, in whatever way manifested. Moreover, it may be affirmed, that the success of the historian in no way depends upon the scenic character of what he may have to relate: a tendency to select events of comparative magnitude for separate disquisition, is one of the worst consequences of the theorizing spirit. No man can judge of the effect of what he may himself consider to be of small moment, upon other minds; and no man has a right to suppress, in his course, the least thing that may possibly illustrate a phasis of human nature. Tacitus is a greater historian than Livy: and Tacitus himself expresses his apprehension lest the continual details of tedious and uniform prosecutions, which occupy the largest share in his immortal Annals of the reign of Tiberius, should be intolerable to the reader, in comparison with the splendid achievements which it was in the power of the more ancient historian to describe. But Tacitus's love of truth was greater than his love of admiration; and he persevered in his irksome task, omitting no dreary detail, from fear of the reader's weariness, or his own; and the result has been that his work is pronounced universally to be the masterpiece of antiquity.

We should not have so much cause of complaint against the kind of writers in question, if they would proclaim themselves to be what they are. Their compositions are often extremely valuable in their own way, reasonable in hypothesis, and eloquent in language. But when theory after theory is propounded, when studies of character and essays on influences innumerable are put forth by writers of repute in the name and form of history, not only is actual damage done,—a good dissertation turned into a bad history,—but the wrong fashion is set; and those who might be capable of doing something in real history, are drawn away from the proper and natural course. Why not call such compositions by their own names, and let them *in propriâ personâ* do good, according to the amount of truth they may severally contain? Meanwhile, let those who hold to the dignity of history, who despise little things, and who, in the true German way, imagine that no individual fact can stand for itself, without being linked into

some harmonic theory of explanation, take a lesson from a poet, that extreme may correct extreme. Says Keats:—

> "The wars of Troy, towers smouldering o'er their blaze,
> Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
> Struggling, and blood, and shrieks,—all dimly fades
> Into some backward corner of the brain.
> Yet in our very souls we feel amain
> The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
> Hence, pageant history! hence, gilded cheat!
> Swart planet in the universe of deeds!
> Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
> Along the pebbled shores of memory!
> Many old rotten-timbered boats there be
> Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified
> To goodly vessels; many a sail of pride,
> And golden-keeled, is left unlaunched and dry.
> But wherefore this? What care, though owl did fly
> About the great Athenian Admiral's mast?
> What care, though striding Alexander past
> The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
> Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumbers
> The glutted Cyclops, what care? Juliet, leaning
> Amid her window flowers, sighing, weaning
> Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
> Doth more avail than these. The silver flow
> Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
> Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
> Are things to brood on with more ardency
> Than the death-day of empires."

At a time when knitting-pins and tooth-powders are invented on principle, and there is no penny newspaper can report an occurrence without saying, with a rhetorical flourish, "Behold the relation between this event and the deep-lying system which we alone have grasped;" it is refreshing to observe that there are indications that what has been stated is already recognised. Although no complete historian has yet arisen amongst us, yet there are a few who, in attempting the duty, have intuitively understood the proper mode to be followed; and, whilst unwearied in endeavouring to secure accuracy of detail, are content to let things speak for themselves; abstaining from theory, and only indulging in moral and political reflections to that legitimate extent, which is sufficient really to instruct the reader, and assure him of the writer's sympathy with his subject. With these few we gladly rank the authoress of the volumes before us. Mrs. Green has brought to her task some of the most valuable qualities of the historian,—unwearied research, great mastery of detail, much power of identification with her subject, thorough conscientiousness, and strict modesty. It is evident that she has at heart the instruction and welfare

of her reader, rather than popularity or any other advantage to herself. She scarcely even makes any connecting observations; much less does she advance any formal theory of her own. She indulges in no loftily-worded platitudes, as an excuse for ignorance or indolence; she shrouds no poverty of material under high-sounding vagueness. Her work is exactly what it professes to be,—a series of memoirs of the Princesses of England; stating fully and lucidly whatever is known of their history and character, and drawn up with all care and diligence from the somewhat miscellaneous records of them still extant. She seems to have taken a lesson of zealous and minute industry from the ancient chronicles which she has so diligently consulted. As might be expected from a lady, the dress, deportment, and ceremonial of the various periods involved are much dilated upon, and form one of the most interesting features of the work. These *minutiæ* bring up before us the by-gone splendours of English and European royalty, the dignified and majestic shapes of our magnificent Princes, their courtly looks and gestures, their chivalrous amusements, their lavish pageantry. Mrs. Green strictly adheres to her promise, in confining herself as closely as possible to the personal history of her several heroines,—of itself an interesting study, even without connexion with other things; but rendered doubly so, when it is remembered that, during the periods which she describes, the influence of women, social and political, was greater and more extended than it ever had been in the former history of the world. For Mrs. Green commences her historical biographies from the Norman Conquest, and her work swells through the high day of chivalry; when the ladye's smile was the incentive to the noblest daring, and the ladye's bidding the signal for the sternest and most protracted exertion; when valour bowed in reverence to beauty, and beauty worthily acknowledged the homage, by assuming a character the most lovely, holy, void of caprice, and full of noble enthusiasm. The aptness of the beautiful passage from Keats, quoted above, will be readily seen, as applied to the literary labours of Mrs. Green. All the characters she delineates are more or less admirable, and the greater number of them little known to the reader of history. "Many a sail of pride, and golden-keeled," has she prevented from drifting away down the dark waters of forgetfulness. Of the Princesses commemorated in the former part of the work, the majority are of the true chivalric stamp; worthy daughters, wives, and mothers of the Kings, Dukes, and Knights with whose fame the world is yet ringing,—the enthusiastic in purpose, yet the sage in council; the reckless in war, yet the skilful in administration; the champions of the Cross, yet the defenders of national religion against the encroachments of the Holy See.

It might be expected that the personal and domestic life of our Princesses would offer little of interest to the general reader; but this is not the case. The characters of those high-born ladies were as various as their fortunes. The gravity and serious disposition of some led them into the cloister; and the mysteries of that old conventual life are to some extent unfolded before us. It is curious to observe, that the habitually enthusiastic temperament, which could calmly devote a life to retirement, fasting, and prayer, is not at all incompatible with a fair share of worldly prudence. We find these royal *religieuses*, whilst among the most devout of the sisterhood, fully capable of administering to the wants of the day, and ably managing the secular business of the convent. It certainly was not from lack of ability, that many of old chose the monastic life, any more than it was from motives of sensuality or sloth. On the other hand, by the nuptials of most of the Princesses, we are led into foreign Courts, to France, Germany, Spain, Holland, Denmark, and invited to watch, from the oratory where the Queen prays, or the chamber where she muses, the whirling events in which her royal consort takes the most prominent part. It is pleasant thus to have a new presentment of what history has already made familiar. A considerable portion of the contents of Mrs. Green's volumes is certainly more antiquarian than strictly historical; and she seems purposely to have refrained from enlarging on the scenes of war and policy unfolded by her subject. But this treatment cannot but be considered prudent, since it enables her to present the larger amount of what, to most readers, is perfectly new; at the same time that it acquits the authoress of partisanship, and leaves the reader in the proper position for every reader of history, namely, free to form his own conclusions, and to derive whatever points of knowledge he may require from a copious store-house of unsophisticated facts. It is quite evident that equal care has been expended upon every one of the biographies undertaken, the length of each being determined solely by the abundance or scarcity of material.

Since, then, with rare liberality, we are left by Mrs. Green to exercise our own intelligence in forming inductions which may be beneficial in general history; since we have no theory on the part of our authoress to unfold and remark upon, we shall endeavour to state a few of the observations we have made in reading these volumes, and to indicate what assistance they give in gaining a just idea of the social state, the manners, the moral and religious propensions, and the art of our ancestors; at the same time selecting, for particular notice, one or two of Mrs. Green's memoirs, in order to render what we fear will be imperfect justice to her talents and industry.

Mrs. Green prefaces her researches by observing that the

title of Princess, which is now conferred on the collateral branch as well as on the direct line of royalty, was originally used only to designate the heiress of the English throne. Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., was the first royal daughter acknowledged as next in succession; and, consequently, was the first upon whom the title of Princess was formally conferred,—the royal maidens previously being merely styled "the Lady, daughter of the King," and "the Lady's Grace." "By these simple, yet not ungraceful, appellations," continues Mrs. Green, "were designated by far the greater number of those illustrious ladies whose memoirs are to be laid before the reader. To avoid confusion, however, we shall give, even to the daughters of our earlier Sovereigns, the title which the courtesy of the present day has awarded to them."

We have before observed, that the commencement of her work is nearly coincident with the rise of the chivalrous sentiment towards women, from which has originated their present position in society. An idea of love and of the duties of women, utterly beyond the conception of the ancient world, may be traced far back into the first centuries of Christianity. It had its germ in the spirit of the northern nations, and was quickened into the life of chivalry by Christianity. Since the days of chivalry the influence of women has doubtless not declined, but the alterations in the conditions of general society have modified it very considerably. The volumes before us comprise the biographies of the daughters of the English Monarchs, from William the Conqueror down to Charles I., that is, from the origin of chivalry down to its latest glimmerings and final extinction. We shall find, in perusing them, many peculiar traits in the position, pursuits, and general character of women, both in this country and throughout Europe, during this heroic period, and some differences in these respects at different parts of it.

From William down to Henry IV., a period which embraces the growth and full maturity of chivalry, we have the Lives of upwards of thirty Princesses, nearly all distinguished for piety, virtue, and, what was equally valued in those brave days as an ingredient of the female character, for valour. We find some of them forsaking the gaieties of the Court for the convents of Normandy, and there becoming exemplary for self-denial; others, the majority, drawn by marriage to preside over the different Courts of Europe, and setting an example of a pure and innocent life. Many of these are reduced to situations of difficulty and danger, demanding the exercise of promptness, forethought, and administrative ability,—valuable and rare qualities, which, however, they seldom fail to display in a remarkable degree. Some of them are found capable of governing kingdoms in the absence of their lords, at a time when

government was no mere routine. Others boldly accompany their adventurous warriors to "Painie," traversing unknown and savage lands, and enduring without shrinking the miseries of battle and siege against the Saracen.

Of these, perhaps the noblest and most perfect character is Adela, daughter of the Conqueror, wife of Stephen, or Henry, as he sometimes is called, Earl of Blois, and mother of Theobald the Great, Earl of Blois; than whom, says the rhyming chronicler, Benoit, there was "no handsomer nor more valorous lady in France, nor one that better loved our Lord." She is celebrated in the same manner by Baldric of Anjou, the courtly Abbot of Bourgueil, whom Mrs. Green calls "the Laureate of the Conqueror and his family." He says that Countess Adela equals her sire in courage, and would have borne arms herself, "did not custom forbid her tender limbs to be weighed down by armour." This is in a Latin Ode addressed to Adela; and, as it is curious to see in what strain the poet of that day sought to conciliate the favour of a high-born dame, we shall extract the full account of it from Mrs. Green. The poet adds that "in one respect she greatly excels her warlike sire; for she applauds verses, and knows how to discriminate their merits; nor," he slily adds, "does she ever permit the poet to go without his due reward." He says, too, that not only was she able to discriminate the comparative value of poets and their productions, but that she herself was a proficient in the art of versifying, and had a copious torrent of language. He then launches out into strains of extravagant admiration of her beauty, chastity, grace, and learning, declaring that he should never have ventured to present to her his humble song, had she not herself requested it, and graciously accepted his former verses. We will not vouch for the disinterestedness of this courtly monk; for, in his next Ode, after making a comparison between Adela and the moon, he goes on to remind her of a cape, most probably embroidered by her own fair fingers, which she had promised to give him, and which to him appears to be an affair of great importance. The simplicity with which, in the midst of his eulogiums of his royal mistress, he constantly reverts to the piece of monkish finery on which his heart is so intent, is ludicrous in the extreme; and, from his description of it, it must have been a present worth receiving; for it was to be "a cape set round with Phrygian gold, a cape decorating with gems the breast of the wearer, who, whenever he had it on, would constantly bear with him a remembrance of the giver!" Then follows a long dissertation on good deeds in general, and especially on the virtue of enriching the Church; and he concludes by bidding her "beware not to forget the *fringe* of the cape."

Although Baldric probably only meant a piece of poet's flattery in his commendations of the perfections of the daughter of the

Conqueror, yet she seems to have been, for courage, generosity, and piety, well worthy of a poet's lay. The magnificent cathedral of Chartres, perhaps the finest piece of Gothic architecture in the world, was built under her auspices; and she repaired and re-established the abbey of St. Martin de Valle, near Chartres. Many minor acts of pious munificence are also related of her, for which we commend the reader to Mrs. Green.

The great event in the life of the Countess was the breaking out of the First Crusade in 1096. Her husband Stephen, together with her brother, Duke Robert of Normandy, was among the gallant band of nobles who were the first to leave house and land to follow the Cross. It is peculiarly interesting to watch the preparations of the Crusader for his departure. His chief care is religious. Stephen bestows large benefactions upon the monastery of Marmontier, that prayers may be offered for his past sins, his safe return, and the welfare of Adela and her children during his absence. After the departure of her husband, Adela found herself in a situation of great responsibility and some difficulty. Earl Stephen had drawn away the principal military strength of his provinces, and left her, almost without support, to assume the government. She had eight children to educate, most of them very young. She acquitted herself with extraordinary energy and ability. The absence of the neighbouring Barons, and the severe fulminations of the Pope against those who should attack the domains of the Crusaders, fortunately secured her from foreign molestation. Indeed, we find her able to supply Louis, King of France, with one hundred soldiers, fully equipped and disciplined. Her measures were chiefly domestic and internal, and her talents for government excited the admiration of Hildebert, Bishop of Mans.

Meanwhile, the absent Stephen had so won the confidence of his gallant comrades, as to be appointed Chief of their Council, an honour of which he proved to be little deserving. "Showy, but superficial; eloquent in council, graceful and commanding in person, but wavering in the moment of decisive danger,"—are the words of Mrs. Green in describing his character. Two of his letters from the East are preserved, which we extract, as they give the best account of his career. The former, written after the capture of Nice, the first grand exploit of the Crusade, is as follows:—

"'Earl Stephen to the Countess Adela, his sweetest friend and wife, sendeth whatever his mind can devise of best or most benignant. Be it known to thee, beloved, that I had a pleasant journey, in all honour and bodily safety, as far as Rome. I have already written from Constantinople very accurately the particulars of my peregrination; but lest any misfortune should have happened to my messenger, I re-write these letters to thee. I came, by God's grace, to the city of Constantinople with great joy. The Emperor received me worthily

and most courteously, and even lovingly, as his own son, and gave me most liberal and precious gifts, so that there is not in the whole army Duke, Earl, or any potentate, whom he trusts and favours more than me. Indeed, my beloved, his Imperial Majesty has, and still does often recommend to me that we should send to him one of our sons; and he promises to bestow on him so many and great honours, that he shall have no cause to envy us. I tell you, in truth, that there is not such a man living under heaven: he enriches all our Princes most liberally, relieves all the soldiers with gifts, refreshes all the poor with feasts. Near the city of Nice there is a castle called Civitat, near which runs an arm of the sea, by which the Emperor's ships sail day and night to Constantinople, bearing food to the camp for innumerable poor, which is daily distributed to them. Your father, my beloved, has done many and great things; but he is nothing to this man. These few things have I written to you about him, that you may have some idea what he is.' Stephen then relates the departure from Constantinople, the passage of the Hellespont, the arrival at Nicomedia in Bithynia, the old capital of Diocletian, and the progress thence to Nice, 'with its three hundred high towers, and its wonderful walls.' After the surrender of Nice the Christian army hoped for an uninterrupted march to Jerusalem; but the obstacles opposed to their progress by the Turks, and the unexpected and obstinate resistance of Antioch, proved how groundless had been their expectations. In passing through the mountains of Phrygia their numbers were fearfully thinned by famine and the incessant attacks of the Turkish cavalry. At length they sat down before the walls of Antioch; but week after week passed away, while the impregnable bastions still proudly frowned defiance upon them; famine raged terribly among the troops, and an innumerable infidel host, gathering from all quarters, compelled their discouragement, and tried the temper of the stoutest-hearted. In the twenty-third week of the siege Earl Stephen again wrote to his wife:—

"'Stephen the Earl to Adela, his sweetest and most beloved wife, and to his dearest children, and to all his faithful subjects, great and small, the grace and blessing of perfect health. You may most certainly believe, dearest, that this messenger, whom I have sent to you, left me before Antioch well and safe, and, by God's grace, enlarged with all prosperity, and with the select army of Jesus Christ: we have had our seat there for twenty-three successive weeks. Know certainly, my beloved, that I have now twofold more gold and silver, and other riches, than you allotted to me when I departed from you. For all our chiefs, by common counsel of the whole army, have appointed me, though unwilling, their Lord-Provisor, and Governor of all their actions.' He then," says Mrs. Green, "proceeds to relate the progress of the expedition after the taking of Nice; the victory gained over the Turks; the acquisition of Romania and Cappadocia; their preparations for the siege of Antioch; the impregnable strength of the city; the multitudes of Turks by whom it was defended; the woes sustained by the Christian host through famine, &c., causing great discouragement; and the battle at the bridge of Antioch. Stephen adds, in his own hand, 'Truly, whilst my Chaplain, Alexander, the day after Passover, was writing these letters with the

greatest haste, part of our troops besieging the Turks obtained a victory over them, by the aid of God, and slew of them sixty soldiers, all whose heads they brought into the army. These are but a few of many things I write to you, dearest; and because I cannot express all that is in my mind, dearest, I command that you act well, behave yourself chastely, and treat your children and household well, as becomes you; for, as quick as I possibly can, you will certainly see me home. Farewell.'"

Soon after this was written, Earl Stephen mounted his horse, and ascended a neighbouring hill, whence could be seen the innumerable tents of the infidel host, "like snow-flakes on the plain." Perfectly appalled at the spectacle, he rode back at full speed, and commenced preparation for an instant return to Europe. A few hours more, and his knightly honour would have been saved; for the very next day Antioch was taken. His defection was a serious calamity to the Christians; for the dismal picture, which, to excuse himself, he drew, of the utter ruin of the European armies, induced the Emperor Alexius to withdraw the convoy of provisions on its way to the starving besiegers: and thus additional misery was inflicted on them.

On his arrival, the crest-fallen Earl met with a scornful welcome on the part of his high-spirited dame. She solemnly vowed,—and her vow was fulfilled,—that he should make ample atonement for his base desertion. In 1101, William Earl of Poictou assembled an army in Gascony and Aquitaine to succour the Christians in the East, and follow up the splendid successes already achieved. Adela was unceasing in her exhortations to her husband to retrieve himself by joining this expedition. "Far be it from you, my Lord," said she, "to suffer such a weight of opprobrium as now rests upon your name: recall the gallant deeds of your youth, and seize the arms of a noble warfare. How will the Christians of the whole world exult to hear of your prowess, while the infidels tremble at their own impending ruin!" Stephen appears to have mistrusted his own powers of endurance: he resisted for some time the pressing entreaties of the daughter of the Conqueror, to whom life was less than honour; but at length he joined the crusading band. This time he behaved as became a leader of the host of Christendom, steadfastly persevering amidst toils and dangers, until he became one of the noble army whose matchless valour was rewarded by the possession of the holy city itself. Shortly afterwards he was slain, bravely fighting at the siege of Ramula.

Years after, the noble Adela, having spent a long life in the cause of chivalry, justice, and honour, after educating her children, and seeing her son, the great Theobald, by his frank and gallant character, amply repay her pains, resolved to relinquish the government which she so worthily had held, and to close her days in the service of God. The retreat which she

chose was the priory of Marcigny, a small town on the Loire. Of her residence here we have little record, beyond the allusions in the letters of her old friend, Hildebert, Bishop of Mans, to her extreme humility, which led her to perform even the menial offices of the convent. She lived at Marcigny seven or eight years, surviving to witness the career of Theobald, the splendid fortunes, though not the reverses, of her third son, Stephen, King of England, and the fame of Henry, her youngest son, the talented, but fickle and worldly, Bishop of Winchester. Her death took place at the advanced age of seventy-four or seventy-five years.

If Adela was the Egeria of the First Crusade, supplying with strength and resolution its fainting champions, no less characteristic of the Second Crusade was the Lady Joanna, third daughter of Henry II., and therefore sister of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. This second period of the Christian warfare against Painie was not so distinguished as the first for religious zeal and intensity of purpose: its hero was not Godfrey de Bouillon, but Richard Cœur-de-Lion: its adventures, numerous and desperate as they were, seem rather to have sprung from sheer love of fighting, than from conscientious resolve: its conduct was chequered on the part of its leaders by party motives and mere earthly rivalry. Joanna, the second Princess whose peculiarities of destiny have invited our attention, presents in her own character, as we think, a great deal of what may be asserted to belong to this period of the Second Crusade. Without possessing the lofty nature of the daughter of the Conqueror, she is equally distinguished for courage, love of adventure, and even piety, though, withal, these qualities were dashed with a strong tinge of the capricious. This Princess, demanded in marriage by William the Good, King of Sicily, shared the tranquillity and happiness of the first years of that Monarch's brief sovereignty, at the time when Sicily was the most flourishing state in Europe, and was his companion in those noble architectural undertakings which have made his reign famous. In 1189, the disastrous intelligence of the capture of the holy city by Saladin having reached Europe, William the Good, full of grief and indignation, and whilst actively engaged in concerting measures for a renewed expedition for the rescue of the holy places with Philip of France and Richard of England, was struck with a fatal disorder in his thirty-sixth year. On his decease, the person of the widowed Queen was seized by Tancred, illegitimate grandson of the famous old Sicilian King Roger, who was also grandfather to William. This person had conceived the design of placing the diadem on his own brow, in opposition to the known desire of William, who had indicated his aunt, the Lady Costanzee, as his successor. Joanna was imprisoned by Tancred, as being one of the warmest adherents of his opponent. For some months

her situation was dreary enough, confined as she was in the palace in which but lately she had moved as Queen. No tidings came of her brother Richard: it was not known whether he had not, on William's death, proceeded at once to the East without touching at Sicily. But at length the news arrived that Richard was at Marseilles with his armament, on the eve of departure; and Joanna contrived to dispatch a messenger to give him intelligence of her situation. The scene which ensued is thus described by the rhyming chronicler, Piers de Langtoft:—

"Hasty fro Sicile
Come him a messengere,
Fro the Queen Dame Jone,
His awn sister dere:
Bifor them everilk one
He told King Richere,
'Dead is King William
That regned in Sicile;
That Jone the lady nam (took):
He lyved but a while.
That Erle of Tancrede,
I trow a doughty Knyght,
And valiant man of dede,
And to the Crown has ryght,—
He regnes after him
That late had the Crowne:
To Jone he is fulle grim,
And holds her in prisonne.'
Herefor Kyng Richard
Wrathes him and says,
'Dight us thiderward
Our vessels and galais:
My syster I will out wyn
Ere I ferther go.
Bot (unless) he wyl higyn (obey),
Sicile he sal turn fro;
And bot he wyl wyth pece
Accorde in reson,
It sall reue him that res (thing)
That he to Jone has done.'
That date was a thousand
A hundreth and ninetie
That Richard was sailand
Towards Painie (Pagan land)."

No long time elapsed before Richard appeared off Messina, bent on avenging his sister's wrong. His approach is eloquently given by his fellow-Crusader, Vinisauf:—

"When Richard was about to land, the people rushed down in crowds to the beach, when, behold, from a distance, the sea seemed

cleft with innumerable oars, the loud voices of the trumpets and horns sounded clear and shrill. On nearer approach you might see the galleys rowing in order, adorned with various armour, with innumerable pennons and banners floating on the top of the spears: the beaks of the vessels were painted with the numerous devices of the Knights they bore, and glittering with the rays reflected from the shields: you might see the sea boil with the multitude of the oars, while the air trembled with the clang of trumpets and the tumultuous shouts of the delighted crowds. The magnificent King, girded with an obsequious train, himself loftier and more splendid than them all, stood erect on the prow, like one expecting alike to see and be seen. He descended on to the shore, surrounded by dense crowds, who admired the splendour of his appearance. There the sailors, and those sent before, stood ready to receive him properly, and present to him his gallant steeds. The natives mixed up with his people, and followed him to his hotel, the trumpets every where ringing out, fitly blending their shrill accents, and producing discordant, yet harmonious, sounds, while the people whispered together, 'He is indeed worthy of empires; he is rightly made King over people and kingdoms: what we heard of him at a distance falls far short of what we see.'"

The upshot of the matter was the very speedy liberation of Joanna. Says Langtoft:—

"Three days in the citie
Dwelled Kyng Richard.
To the Kyng of Tancrede
He sent his letter hard,
To deliver his sister Jone
Out of his prison.
Men mad to him grete moan
It was without reson.
'Bot he deliver hir me
With love, at my prayere,
That time salle he see
She salle be bouht fulle deere!'
This Kyng of Tancrede
He was a wise Knyght,
He saw it was to drede,
An he did not alle right.
He saw Richard an ired,
And his mykelle myght,
His folk armed and tired (attired)
And aye ready to fight.
He sent his sister Jone
Wyth mykelle honesty,
Wyth his Barons ilk one,
To Messina that citie."

The whole of her magnificent equipage and her forfeited dower lands were restored along with "Jone." But now was to come the retribution. After taking violent possession of Messina, Richard demanded an interview with King Tancred, the

particulars of which are amusing enough. Richard denounced the most bloodthirsty threats of war upon the unfortunate Tancred, in case he failed to pay in full the dowry of Joanna, and satisfy all demands. Tancred declared that he had paid the dowry already; and, in support of this assertion, appealed to Joanna herself, who had entered the room. The mischievous Joanna saw an opportunity of revenge. "King Tancred," said she, turning to her brother, "has truly done what he ought about all things that belong to me; but, my brother, he ought to surrender to you the grand pavilion made of rich silks, the golden table twelve feet long, with its tressels, the twenty-four silver cups, the twenty-four silver dishes, which my Lord the King at his death bequeathed you." Tancred, when he had recovered his amazement at this wonderful list, answered shortly, "Lady, I shall certainly grant this bequest to my Lord the King." The merciless sister of strong Richard soon afterwards made the discovery that "her Lord the King" had bequeathed her brother sixty thousand measures of corn, the same of barley and of wine, with one hundred galleys fully equipped and stored for two years,—convenient things enough on the crusading expedition which she was resolved to accompany. At last poor Tancred was glad to compromise these extravagant demands by paying the enormous sum of twenty thousand ounces of gold, on the express stipulation, however, says Mrs. Green, "that it stood in lieu of all demands, and that Queen Joanna should discover no more codicils in her late husband's will."

Next year the expedition started for the East, Joanna accompanying her brother and his plighted bride, the beautiful and gentle Berengaria. They sailed from the Sicilian port Faro, which well might boast, says Vinisauf, "that her seas never saw such fleet depart, when all that multitude of ships was impelled over the deep by the strong strokes of the rowers." The two Queens, with their train, were in the same vessel. No sooner, however, had they left port, than they were taken by contrary winds, and, in spite of the vigilance of Richard, "who watched over his ships like a hen over her chickens," it was found impossible to keep the fleet together. The vessel containing the Queens outsailed the rest of the squadron; and they found themselves day after day tossing upon the Mediterranean, in company with only a few scattered barks, while the King's ship was nowhere to be seen. As they neared Cyprus, the wind fell; but soon after, "on the vigils of St. Mark, a little before sunset, a cloud covered the heavens with thick blackness, and, behold, the spirit of the storm rushes out, and a vehement wind, most adverse to voyagers, wrecks three of their ships on the shore. Isaac, the perfidious Cypriot Emperor, permitted the most cruel treatment of the unfortunate mariners, who were

plundered and thrown into prison." The royal ladies could behold a part of what befell their fellow-voyagers from their own ship. Presently Isaac, having ascertained their names and quality, sent them a courteous requisition to come on shore. Suspecting treachery, they hesitated to comply. They therefore returned an evasive answer, with a half-promise to accept the invitation next day, meanwhile anxiously desiring the appearance of Richard. "But while the Queens," says Vinisauf, "anxious, with biting cares, were sadly complaining and talking to one another, an unforeseen aid arrived, by the good providence of God; for that same Sunday, while they were anxiously looking out, behold, between the foaming tops of the curling billows, two ships, moving like swift sea-birds, appeared, sailing towards them; and, while the Queens and others beholding were yet uncertain, and doubting who they might be, other ships hove in sight, and a great fleet followed, rushing swiftly towards the port; and the heavier their former desolation, the greater now their rejoicing;" for this proved to be the advent of King Richard, who had been delayed at Rhodes ten days by illness. The King's wrath was kindled when he heard of the unworthy treatment of his shipwrecked comrades. He sent to Isaac, demanding instant restitution; which was not only refused, but soldiers were drawn up to oppose his landing, arrayed in gorgeous uniforms, and with banners of purple floating over them.

"Arm ye, as I rede (say),
And go we hardilie,
And we salle mak them schede (yield)
And soudre a partie,"

exclaimed Richard, as he ordered a general assault, both by sea and land. It was, of course, attended with complete success: the Imperial troops fled at the first onset, and the ultimate result was, as is well known, the conquest of Cyprus, and the capture of Isaac and his only daughter and child Bourgigne. At this island were celebrated the nuptials of Berengaria and Richard; and soon afterwards, on intelligence that the French Monarch was already engaged in the siege of Acre, the English armament set sail for that city, the Cypriot Princess and her father being added to the company of the two Queens, who sailed together as before. The departure from Cyprus is thus described by Langtoft:—

"His wille has Richard sped
In Cipres far and nere,
And Isaac forth is led
With Jone and Berengere,
At Tripoli to sojourne—
And there thei mad a crie
To Acres for to turne
All wholly their navie;

Now are all on flote;—
God gif them grace to spede,
With doughty foe to note (wrestle),
When thei come to dede."

They arrived at Acre in the very midst of that celebrated siege, when the terrible Greek fire was volleyed from the hostile ramparts upon the soldiers of the Cross, and famine raged among them: so that—

"Men gaf fiveten schillyngs
For a goos or hen,
For the grete lordyngs
Bauht for sick men.
An egg by it selve
For five schyllyngs was bouht;
A pear for pennies twelve,
Or they had it nouht.
The comon of the oste
Banht them hors flesch,
Or mules or assis roste,
Or haf bene mete-lease."

The arrival of the English Monarch soon made a change in the scene; and, in a few days, the Queens had the proud delight of seeing the standard of their hero floating in triumph from the captured battlements. Richard selected the royal palace of Acre for the residence of his bride and sister, with their companions, whilst he pursued his chivalrous designs elsewhere. Here they remained for above a year,—the fair and gentle Berengere, the equally beautiful, but more sprightly, "Jone," the dark-eyed Greek maiden, and her old and doting father,—living in great retirement, though not without adventure. But we must refer the reader to the pages of Mrs. Green for an account of the love affair between "Jone" and Melech Adelus, brother of the great Saladin. After the lapse of more than a year, Richard returned to Acre, and the homeward voyage of the Queens followed shortly afterwards.

The remaining years of the short life of Joanna were not less eventful. She married Raymond, the sixth Count of Toulouse; and we find her, in the absence of her husband, storming a castle, stemming a camp mutiny, and forming coalitions for the protection of her territory. In the midst of these occupations, she was suddenly smitten by death. Grief, we are told, for the untimely fate of her heroic brother brought on a fit of illness, which terminated fatally, before she had reached her thirty-fourth year. The narrative of her last hours, given by Friar Jean de la Mainterne, who had it from an eye-witness, is deeply affecting:—

"Trusting to His truth and mercy, who will give a penny to him who works only at the eleventh hour, as well as to those who laboured

from the first, she greatly desired to assume a religious habit, and commanded the Prioress of Fontevraud to be summoned by letters and messengers; but when distance delayed her coming, feeling her end approaching, she said to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then present, 'O, my Lord Father, have pity on me, and fulfil my earnest desire: furnish my body with the arms of religion to fight my adversary, that my spirit may be restored more pure and free to its Creator: for I know and believe that if I might be joined in body to the Order of Fontevraud, I shall escape eternal punishment.' But the Archbishop, trembling, said that this could not lawfully be done without her husband's consent; but when he saw her constancy, and the Spirit of God speaking in her, moved by pity and conquered by her prayers, he with his own hand consecrated and gave her the sacred veil,—her mother and the Abbot of Tarpigny, with other monks, being present,—and offered her to God and the Order of Fontevraud. She now, rejoicing, and unmindful of her pangs, declared she saw in a vision the glorious Mother of God; and as the Abbot told us, she cast her veil at the enemy, saying, 'I am a sister and a nun of Fontevraud: thus strengthened, I fear thee not.'"

The royal nun expired immediately on taking the veil. Her career was more capricious, and her end less assured, than that of Adela, who, after her business with the world was finished, enjoyed a retirement of seven or eight years, devoted to religion.

There are many other biographies in this, the earlier part of the work, which partake as strongly of the romantic and mediæval elements. Mrs. Green has demonstrated, that in history, as well as romance, the female character in the days of chivalry was a worthy counterpart of that of the "high men, Earls, and Barons." We find in the Princesses who cast themselves prostrate in their bridal robes at the foot of the altar, who from their turrets watched the clanging, changing battle, who presided at meetings of shivered lances, who raised aloft to the vaulted chapel-roof the rapt music of the Gregorian, whose tokens were worn by the noblest, and whose sculptured effigies, their hands closed in prayer, their robes pouring to their feet, meet us beneath the arch over their tombs in the ancient churches of Europe,—in them we find the same dauntless spirit, the same self-command, the same personal independence, the same piety and reverence, the same gentleness, courtesy, and dignity, which were the glorious attributes of the Knights of Christendom. This former part of Mrs. Green's work abounds with passages which throw light upon the history and antiquities of one of the most extraordinary periods in the world, as its genius and tendency were developed in the different nationalities of Europe. The royal daughter of England goes, generally with unfaltering serenity and noble self-collectedness, through the fierce regions of the South, where the sons of Spain are still at deadly struggle with the Moorish infidel, and the Sicilian galleys are fighting the battle of civilisation against the corsair of Africa; she

appears like a ministering angel in the famine-stricken camp of the Crusaders; she traverses that fiery dance of swords and torches which forms the illuminated history of France during the years when the royal power was struggling with the might of the Barons; and her life of gentleness, and yet of firmness, and, if need be, of high and indomitable courage, appears conspicuous among the stern animosities of Germany, Scotland, and the North. In almost every instance, the Englishwoman is spoken of, though it may be briefly, with respect and admiration by the historians of these different countries; in almost every instance, she is found the faithful and courageous wife, the judicious mother, the dignified Queen. We are surprised, in reading Mrs. Green, to find how much of what we admire in those ages, was the work of even the comparatively few ladies whose lives she has recorded. How many, for example, of the magnificent churches and abbeys, whose very ruins we now contemplate with regret, as unsurpassable, owe their foundation or enlargement to the English Princesses! We might fill a long list with these alone. Such establishments of the Church, whatever may be thought of them now, are an essential portion of our notions of the chivalric period, and were then an inestimable benefaction to mankind, since they constituted to the higher classes the only honourable retreat for meditation and study; while the poor, who tenanted their vast estates, found them the best and most indulgent landlords in the world. Consequently, it would seem, that the ladies who so lavishly contributed to their maintenance, must have possessed, in a very eminent degree, benevolence, and love of order and of learning. Mrs. Green tells us, that many of them were remarkable for learning, for love of art, and for the patronage of its professors; and truly affirms, that history can offer no lives more blameless than those which she has so faithfully commemorated.

With the Tudor Dynasty, the nature of Mrs. Green's narratives is considerably changed. Instead of it being her duty to record all the scanty particulars which research could collect respecting the subjects of her memoirs, and occasionally to supply a vacuum by conjecture, she has to exercise great judgment in selecting from large masses of documents; and is compelled by the more complicated relations of a comparatively modern period to enter more fully than in her former volumes into the state of public affairs. We must congratulate her upon her performance of this, the most arduous office of the historian. Besides her usual indefatigability, she here displays a clear-sightedness and candour, which indeed could hardly fail to accompany the first-mentioned quality.

The first memoir in this latter part of the work is that of Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VIII., and wife, first

of James IV. of Scotland, the unfortunate Monarch who lost his life at Flodden, and afterwards of the Earl of Angus. We have a very elaborate recital of the career of this bold and high-spirited Queen, who left her individual impress upon one of the most disturbed times of Scottish history; and we recommend its perusal to all who wish thoroughly to understand that eventful period in "our rough island story." We may remark, at the date in question, an evident decline of the true mediæval spirit; an affectation of its forms and ceremonies; and a Quixotic disregard of common prudence and sense, among those who endeavoured to emulate the Knights of old, which never obtained among those real and habitual enthusiasts. The age which demolished the peerless architecture of the ancient Church, celebrates joists and tournaments, and royal shows of unequalled costliness, but often of vain and trivial object: the age which destroyed by fire and quick-lime the illuminated manuscripts of the conventual libraries, reduces to written system, for the first time, the domestic etiquette of the Court. These are sure signs that the chivalric spirit was dying away, and the romantic spirit was in birth, which has ever since mourned over it as dead.

But we must pass on to a more extended notice of one of the most interesting and important biographies in the whole series,—that of Elizabeth, daughter of James I., Queen of Bohemia, cause of the Thirty Years' War, and direct ancestress of her present Majesty. The name of this, perhaps the most celebrated of the Princesses of England, is introduced by Mrs. Green in the following terms:—

"Of all the royal daughters of England who, by the weight of personal character or the influence of adventitious circumstances, have exercised a permanent bearing on its destiny, none have occupied so prominent a place as Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the high-minded, but ill-fated, daughter of James I. As the progenitress of the line of Sovereigns who have secured, or rather preserved, to us the inestimable blessing of civil and religious liberty, she must ever be regarded with respect. But her influence was not merely that of position or of accident. The power of her individual character was felt throughout Europe. In the Thirty Years' War, with its long train of calamities, its terrors and its cruelties, its terrible sieges, its stirring battle-fields, and its displays of romantic valour and enduring fortitude,—with its Tilly, as the impersonation of military tactics,—its Mansfeldt, the thunderbolt of lawless warfare,—its Christian of Brunswick, the *beau idéal* of chivalric daring,—and its Gustavus Adolphus, of honourable disinterestedness,—the wheels of conflict were set in motion by one spring; and that spring was touched by the hand of the Queen of Bohemia. But, like the fabled necromancer who called into existence gigantic phantoms, which the skill of his wizard wand failed to lay, and which hunted and tortured him to the death, Elizabeth let loose a torrent which she was unable to stem; and in the rush of the impetuous waters, her own noble house was all but

annihilated; and she herself lived to survive almost all those who armed at her bidding, and bled and died in her cause."

When this Princess had attained her sixteenth year, being extremely beautiful and possessed of a most delicate and accomplished mind, her father contracted her to Frederick V., Elector Palatine, one of the Protestant Princes of Germany. The marriage treaty, we are told, extended its slow length through six months; as well it might, seeing that nine English councillors and six German diplomatists were employed upon it. But at length, all points seeming definitively settled, the Prince Palatine set sail for England, where he arrived in October, 1612, and was received with enthusiasm by the English people, to whom his Protestantism greatly endeared him. He was of the same age as his elect bride. The courtship was saddened by the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, the darling of the nation, who fatally increased an attack of sickness by unremitting attentions to Frederick. Elizabeth was devotedly attached to her brother; and it was probably under the influence of this first great sorrow, that she wrote the beautiful verses:—

"This is joy, this is true pleasure,
If we best things make our treasure,
And enjoy them at full leisure
Evermore in richest measure.

"God is only excellent;
Let up to Him our love be sent:
Whose desires are set and bent
On aught else, shall much repent.

"Theirs is a most wretched case
Who themselves so far disgrace,
That they their affections place
Upon things named vile and base.

"Let us love of heaven receive:
These are joys our hearts will heave
Higher than we can conceive,
And shall us not fail nor leave.

"Earthly things do fade, decay,
Constant to us not one day;
Suddenly they pass away,—
And we cannot make them stay.

"All the vast world doth contain
To content man's heart are vain:
That still justly will complain,
And unsatisfied remain.

"God most holy, high, and great,
Our delight doth make complete:
When in us He takes His seat,
Only then we are replete.

"Why should vain joys us transport?
Earthly pleasures are but short;
And are mingled in such sort,
Griefs are greater than the sport.

"What care I for lofty place,
If the Lord grant me His grace,
Showing me His pleasant face,
And with joy I end my race?

"This is only my desire,
This doth set my heart on fire,
That I might receive my lyre,
With the saints' and angels' quire.

"O my soul, of heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn this basest earth;
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

"From below thy mind remove,
And affect the things above;
Set thy heart, and fix thy love,
Where thou truest joys shalt prove.

"If I do love things on high,
Doubtless them enjoy shall I;
Earthly pleasures if I try,
They, pursued, faster fly.

"To me grace, O Father, send,
On Thee wholly to depend,
That all may to Thy glory tend;
So let me live, so let me end.

"Now to the true eternal King,
Not seen with human eye,
The 'Immortal, only wise,' true God,
Be praise perpetually."

The betrothal took place, December 17th, in Whitehall banqueting-room, with mingled joy and sorrow. In February of the next year Frederick was made a Knight of the Garter, and the marriage followed on the fourteenth of the same month. We cannot detail the pageants, pomps, devices, masques, and revelries, which heralded and succeeded this event: sufficient it is to say, that they bankrupted the royal exchequer, and James was fain to revive the old feudal practice by which the Monarch, on the marriage of his daughter, borrowed aid-money of his subjects. By this means £20,000 were raised, which still left his Majesty in a deficit of £60,000.

Towards the end of August, the royal pair embarked at Margate, and on the twenty-ninth of that month landed at Flushing. They spent some little time in Holland, amidst great festivities. Their road thence, to their home at Heidelberg, was one continuous triumph, the concluding pageant being the most splendid of all. Here we may pause to remark on the singular destiny of the marriages of the Stuart family. It was the ambition of James I. to contract splendid alliances for his male children, irrespective of any other consideration. With this view he did not hesitate to betroth his son, Charles I., to the Infanta of Spain, and, next, to the Roman Catholic Henrietta of France; still further insulting the Protestant feelings of the nation, which were already intense, by consenting that the offspring of the alliance, whether male or female, should be educated by the mother, until the fourteenth year. Bossuet, in his oration on the death of Queen Henrietta, is eloquent upon what seemed to him the probable consequences of this. "If ever England," he exclaims, "shall come to herself, if this precious leaven shall one day sanctify the whole mass into which it has been cast by her royal hands, remotest posterity will not be able sufficiently to celebrate the virtues of the devoted Henrietta, and will acknowledge, that it is to her piety that the memorable work of the restoration of the Church is to be ascribed." Yet mark the event. To say nothing of the influence which this Popish alliance had in determining the fate of Charles I. himself,—and it was very great,—the Papistical education imbibed by his sons from their mother, cost the Stuarts the throne of England. Charles II., so far as he possessed any religion at all, was a Papist; James II. avowed his adhesion to the Romish See, and was therefore rejected from the government by the Protestantism of the nation. And, moreover, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which was, to appearance, the triumph of Popery in France, but in reality the first of the direct movements which led to the French Revolution, was the result of this selection, on the part of James I., of the "Catholic Princess, Henrietta of France," to be the wife of his son. On the other hand, the direct lineal descendant of his Protestant daugh-

ter Elizabeth, whom, with her Protestant husband Frederick, he most pusillanimously abandoned to the rage of their Popish enemies, sits now upon the throne of England. George I., summoned because of his Protestantism from the Electorate of Hanover to the sovereignty of this country, was grandson of Frederick and Elizabeth, and ruled the kingdom of the Stuarts when the other descendants of James I. were wandering exiles, pensioned by the bounty of a foreign Court.

To return to Frederick and Elizabeth. The first five years of their married life were spent in tranquil happiness within the walls and gardens of Heidelberg, their most anxious cares being to adjust the rivalries of their courtiers, select the best hunting-grounds, and transplant the best trees. Within this period, Elizabeth gives birth to two sons and a daughter; and Frederick, in 1614, having attained his eighteenth year, and with it his majority, enters upon the administration of the Upper and Lower Palatinate. So far the Prince Palatine appears in the character of an amiable and light-hearted boy, whilst his youthful consort was noted for a facility of disposition, which often drew upon her the grave rebuke of gallant Colonel Schomberg, her true friend and servant. In after time, none were more remarkable than both Frederick and Elizabeth for inflexible determination in the pursuit of an object, and for fortitude in resisting the pressure of misfortune. It will not appear doubtful, that this sunny season of prosperity was wisely ordained, as a preparative for the darkness, and calamity, and almost unmitigated distress, so soon to follow. During these five years, feelings were matured into opinions; hopes, beliefs, and prayers became principles, which should afterwards be able to stand against the rude shakings of adversity.

Frederick attained his majority at a critical juncture. He became lord of some of the fairest provinces of Germany, and acknowledged head of the Protestant Evangelical Union. At this time, the first glow of Protestant vitality, which had won religious freedom for half the States of Germany, was departed. Protestantism had become an established thing, and had, in consequence, lost its aggressive character and true power. Rome was beginning to recover from the violent effects of the blows of Luther, and had been long and darkly gathering her forces for a renewal of the conflict. The Romanist Princes of Germany, who had long chafed at the concessions wrung from them at the Reformation, now, beholding the head of the Empire on their side, deemed the time ripe for a vigorous attempt to recover what they had lost. On the other hand, the Protestants—but this time for defence—closed round the Elector Palatine; and each party sought to secure itself by strict alliances amongst its members. A collision had already taken place as to the succession to the Duchy of Cleves, which was contested

by the Marquis of Brandenburg and the Duke of Neuburg. English James was applied to on the occasion; but even then he manifested the cowardly policy of delay and compromise, which proved afterwards so pernicious to his son-in-law. He lent a sum of money, declining further interference.

In 1619, the elective monarchy of Bohemia fell vacant by the death of the Emperor Mathias of Hapsburg. Bohemia possessed the two elements of social freedom,—a constitution limiting the executive power, and the Reformed religion. This kingdom was at once among the most eminently Protestant of the Germanic States, and most open to the attacks of the partisans of Popery, from its contiguity to "Catholic Austria." The old Emperor Mathias had conceived a strong desire to constitute Bohemia an hereditary monarchy; and with this view, being without children himself, he caused it to be put, nominally, under the government of his cousin and heir, Ferdinand, preliminarily to securing its succession in the person of that Prince, after his own decease. But Ferdinand, whose character was strongly marked by religious bigotry, disregarding the stipulation that his government should be merely nominal while the old Emperor lived, began with such rigorous treatment of his Bohemian subjects, that, exasperated to madness, they threw the officials, sent by him to enforce his mandates, out of the window of the council-chamber at Prague, and flew to arms. They had already obtained some advantages over the Imperial troops, when the Emperor requested the mediation of the Protestant Electors of the Palatinate and Saxony, and the Roman Catholic Princes, the Elector of Mangrave and the Duke of Bavaria; who, however, found it impossible to strike a balance between unconditional submission and complete tolerance, which were the respective demands of the parties at variance.

Frederick sought advice from his father-in-law, James of England, and from the States of Holland, urging on both the duty of assisting their oppressed fellow-Christians. But the States replied that they waited for the movement of the English King; and James evaded the appeal by saying that, by the terms of his alliance with the German Protestants, he was only bound to assist them in case they were assailed; adding, in a private note to Frederick, that he had no money for war purposes, and had furnished his contingent in a peaceful embassy to the Emperor. He agreed, however, to renew his alliance with the Protestant States for six years longer. Just at this crisis it was that the Emperor Mathias died; and the Bohemians, finding themselves excluded from the Elective Diet of Frankfort, where they heard that the Austrian party had already secured the Empire to the hated Ferdinand, at once threw off the yoke, and, with firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and the solemn chanting of St. Ambrose's Hymn, declared that they would be governed

by no other than the Protestant Frederick, at the same time dispatching messengers to Heidelberg, entreating Frederick's acceptance of the proffered dignity. The offer occasioned Frederick great anxiety: it seems to have been entirely unexpected by himself and others, completely taking the world by surprise. The counsels of his noble wife determined him to accept it. The first step was to write off to England for the advice of James. Frederick's words to the Minister Buckingham are too memorable to be omitted. Requesting his interest, he says:—

"I promise myself that from your zeal for the preservation of the Church of God, assuring you that my only aim in this affair is to employ all that I have in this world for the service of Him who has given it me."

Elizabeth also wrote to Buckingham and to Archbishop Abbot, from the latter of whom a speedy reply was received, speaking of the delighted enthusiasm with which he and the whole nation hailed the evident design of Providence. But the letter found James fully absorbed with his pet scheme, the marriage of "Baby Charles" with the Infanta, and totally under the influence of the subtle Gondomar, Ambassador of Spain, with which country Austria was strictly allied. Vain were all efforts to infuse into him a spark of the just enthusiasm of the nation; and some of the enthusiasts were obliged to apologize for his coldness by imputing it to "the inscrutable depths of his Majesty's incomparable wisdom to amuse his son's enemies." Before, however, his discouraging and unworthy reply could arrive, the royal pair were on their triumphant way to Prague.

"Elizabeth used every argument that woman's wit could furnish, in favour of accepting the crown; rallying her husband, half playfully, half reproachfully, with the remark that he should not have married a King's daughter, if he had not the courage himself to become a King. Frederick hesitated; he knew that his adoption of this course would lay him open to the charge of ambition; and on the other hand, that a negative decision, by leading the Bohemians to call in Turkish aid, would bring upon him the *onus* of occasioning a needless effusion of Christian blood. He foresaw that the step, if taken, would be irrevocable; that, even under the most favourable circumstances, it must lead to long and arduous conflicts; that, if unfortunate, it would involve in ruin all that were dearest to him. All this he represented earnestly, and even tearfully, to his wife; but she assured him that she was prepared for any extremity; that she would rather eat a dry crust at a King's table, than feast on luxuries at that of an Elector; that she would part with every jewel she had, rather than not maintain so just and righteous a cause; and that to reign was glorious, were it but for a moment. She pleaded with him day and night, showed him their children, and bade him reflect before he deprived them of a crown."

In November, 1618, Frederick and Elizabeth were crowned King and Queen of Bohemia, amid the rejoicing and weeping of an enfranchised people.

The chief event of the brief sovereignty of Frederick, besides some internal measures, which promised much from the conscientious mingling of religion with politics, was the birth of the renowned Prince Rupert, destined to become the champion of royalty in many a desperate field, and the proclamation of Frederick Henry, Elizabeth's first-born, as Crown Prince of Bohemia. Meanwhile a storm was impending. The fairest provinces which policy had secured to the House of Austria, were not to be dismembered without a struggle to regain them. Frederick soon found himself hemmed in by the narowing circle of a great confederation. Austria was in close alliance with Spain; and Spain insured the neutrality of England. Frederick thought to secure himself by an alliance with France. Louis XII. responded to his offer by placing a body of troops at the disposal of the Emperor. The Elector of Saxony, a Protestant, chose to forfeit the lands he held under the Bohemian crown, rather than to join the standard of Frederick. On the other hand, the remaining Protestant Princes, together with Holland and Hungary,—the latter of which was the twin-sister of Bohemia in its revolt from Austria, and had elected Bethlehem Gabor, the Prince of Transylvania, as its Monarch,—were firm in their adherence to Frederick. Four formidable armies were now advancing gradually upon Prague, commanded respectively by Bucquoy, the Duke of Bavaria, Spinola, and the Elector of Saxony.

The event was soon decided: the battle of Prague drove Frederick and Elizabeth headlong, not only from the throne of Bohemia, but from the Electoral chair of the Palatinate. The cause for which John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, had poured forth their blood, lost all power in Bohemia and Austria. South Germany seemed prostrated at the foot of the Pope, and men began to despair of civil and religious liberty. The result is well known,—how God raised up His chosen warrior in Gustavus Adolphus, and the tide of war rolled back, until religious toleration was secured, by the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648. The unfortunate Frederick never lost hope of regaining his kingdom. He hung upon the victories of Gustavus Adolphus, in whom alone he found a true and capable friend; and when the Swedish hero lost his life at Lutzen, Frederick survived him only eleven days, dying at the early age of thirty-six. The narrative is interesting in the extreme, which Mrs. Green gives of the escapes, privations, and distresses of Elizabeth, as true and noble a wife and Queen as ever lived. "Thinkest thou," says one, in a familiar letter to a friend, "there is such another in the world for discretion, and all things laudable in her sex and rank?" "His Majesty's most royal daughter," writes another,

"is, to use her grandmother's impress, *semper eadem*, full of princely courage, and therefore, as well for that, as for her other admirable and royally shining virtues, justly honoured even by the enemies of her cause."

But let us observe a little more closely the conduct of England and her witty Monarch, at the time when so much, that ought to have been dear to both, was at stake, and was lost. History has observed, with censure, that this has been the only great European struggle in which the voice and influence of England have been altogether secondary. Little-shilling economy and small state-craft, along with pusillanimity, kept James from exerting, in any respect, the weight that ought to belong to England. But was it well for him, or his house, that he shirked the duty of aiding the over-matched cause of Protestantism? Or did it not result, that the mighty spirit of Puritanism, debarred the foreign outlet, and chafing with inaction, as well as continually excited by tidings of victory or defeat beyond the seas, at length made for itself an outlet through the very throne which so unworthily obstructed it? The case is the same in all ages: England can *never*, with safety to the existing powers, be prevented from taking her proper place in the councils and wars of Europe.

James, as we have seen, before the battle of Prague, absolutely refused to grant his children any assistance. When the army of Spinola was advancing upon the capital of Bohemia, he confined himself to puerile remonstrances to the Spanish Ambassador. It was not till after the disastrous tidings of defeat, that he aroused himself to any thing like serious interference. Then he acted in a characteristic way, sending four Ambassadors,—one to the German Union, exhorting them to constancy, and carrying pecuniary aid; another to Denmark; another to the Emperor; and another to the King and Queen of Bohemia. The last, Villiers, carried a proposal degrading enough, but with which Frederick was forced to yield compliance,—that he should relinquish all claim to the crown of Bohemia, on condition of having his paternal domains restored to him. With this proposal, which ought never to have been made, the arrogant Emperor would no longer agree, but revived some obsolete claim on certain portions of the Palatinate. James next refuses his children an asylum in England, through fear of any stimulus being given to public opinion, and dreading a rupture with Spain, with which the Spanish party threaten him. They then turn to the Hague, where they are honourably received. While they are here, the timid Princes of the Union consent to be forgiven all past misdemeanours against the house of Hapsburg, on condition of totally abandoning their former head and councillor; and Frederick is, by name, excluded from the pacification. But the army of the Princes of the Union, being mercenary, is

not obliged to lay down arms; and Frederick implores James to give him the means of retaining this force, while yet some places hold out for him. James refuses, at the same time professing the strongest personal attachment. Frederick next, in despair, joins the Dutch army of the Prince of Orange as a volunteer: James exerts his socerine authority, and brings him back. Frederick remonstrates; James sues for peace, and gets together a conference at Brussels. This failing, Frederick is at last allowed to join his struggling subjects in the Palatinate; and, shaving his beard, reaches the camp of Mansfeldt *incognito*. He is fettered, however, by the proviso, that he act strictly on the defensive. The campaign is doubtful. Frederick is forced by Tilly to retire from Heidelberg, but crosses the Rhine, and enters Hesse Darmstadt. This bold step alarms James, who dispatches another of his ominous Ambassadors, to bring the King to order, commanding him to act strictly on the defensive, on pain of total desertion. Frederick hesitates, but at last obeys. Tilly, then relieved from the necessity of watching Frederick, lays siege to Heidelberg, declaring that he is not himself bound by any of the conditions which his enemy may see fit to observe. Heidelberg falls, and Frederick returns to the Hague.

Then James promises to arm. The only place yet holding out for Frederick is Elizabeth's dowry town, Frankenthal. The Infanta persuades James to compel his son-in-law to give up this town into the hands of the Spaniards, on the promise that it shall on a future day be garrisoned by English troops. With this insane proceeding Frederick is forced to acquiesce. But though the last town in the Palatinate has fallen, Duke Christian of Brunswick, and Mansfeldt in Holland, Gabor and Jagendorf in Bohemia and its confines, are still in arms; and Austria is beginning to be pressed by the Turks, while Spain is heartily tired of the struggle. All might yet be regained by the skilful and prompt combination of the forces yet in the field. But at this moment James was more than ever under the influence of Spain: his son Charles was in the hands of that power, and might be retained at pleasure. When, therefore, a truce of fifteen months was proposed by the Imperialists, in order to gain time, James consented, and undertook to effect the submission of his son-in-law. After a prolonged resistance to this cruel injustice, Frederick is actually compelled to sign away his dearest hopes, and is rewarded by the publication of a treaty with his signature annexed, containing articles much more unfavourable to him, and which he did *not* sign. It is consoling to be assured, that the treachery of Spain with regard to the Palatinate broke off the Spanish marriage, through the firmness of Charles in declining to marry the Infanta, unless intelligible conditions, with respect to its restoration, were drawn up. The *ultimatum* of Spain was, that the Palatinate

should be restored to Frederick's son, provided that Prince were educated at the Imperial Court, married the Emperor's daughter, and embraced the Catholic religion. These terms were peremptorily rejected by Frederick; and at length, on the pressing instance of Charles, and the eagerness of Parliament in granting supplies, James began to show symptoms of a real determination to enter into the struggle. He was beginning, however, to cool again, when his further vacillations were prevented by death. He traversed in his public career a maze of shabby subterfuge, but preserved inviolate the title of "*Rex Pacificus*," his most valued possession.

We cannot enter further into the history of this great struggle, nor pursue the fortunes of Elizabeth of Bohemia. Neither will our space allow us to examine the admirable narratives, with which the work concludes, of the lives of the daughters of Charles I. This we much desired to do, as they are among the most careful and copious of the biographies. We must be content to assure our readers, that they will derive invaluable assistance in the study of history from Mrs. Green: her style is unaffected and simple, yet strong and terse; her industry is equalled by her judgment; and we do not hesitate to say that the volumes before us constitute a great historical work, and a worthy companion to the "Queens of England." We cannot too strongly commend the resolute industry which has carried our authoress through an undertaking involving the expenditure of so much time and application. In her Preface, Mrs. Green says, that "she can conscientiously affirm, that no pains have been spared to render the biographies authentic. Authorities have not been taken second-hand, when it was practicable to revert to the originals. Much care has been bestowed upon the verification of names, dates, genealogies, and other points of historic importance; and when the paucity of information has left much to conjecture, the line between fact and probability has been carefully drawn." That this is the case, is evidenced by every page in the series.

ART. III.—1. *Imago Primi Sæculi Societatis Jesu.* Antverpiæ. 1640.

2. *Histoire Religieuse, Politique et Littéraire de la Compagnie de Jésus. Composée sur les Documents inédits et authentiques.* Par J. CRETINEAU-JOLY. Tomes V. et VI. Paris. 1846.

3. *Clément XIII. et Clément XIV.* Par le PERE DE RAVIGNAN, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris. 1854.

IF the Fathers of the Flandro-Belgic Province, who undertook the service of preparing an elaborate eulogy of their own Order on the completion of its first century, may be credited, the Company of Jesus occupies a position somewhere midway between earth and heaven: "an elevation to which we should scarcely have thought mortals bold enough to aspire, if their famous centenary volume, the *Imago Primi Sæculi*, sanctioned by the General Viteleschi, did not lie before us. The authorities of the Society did their utmost at a later period to destroy the book; and, after the suppression of outward and visible Jesuitism by Clement XIV., it was calculated that only fourteen copies were gathered from the wreck. But the style of Father Ravignan and his fellow-labourers at this day, scarcely less broadly egotistic, confirms our belief that the volume was not called in from any disapprobation of its boasting, but solely through fear that the undisguised exhibition of the policy and spirit of the Order that appears on its pages, both in prose and verse, in type and picture, would be turned to their disadvantage.

The Company, by account of the Belgian panegyrists, is not of human origin, but proceeds directly from Him whose name it bears. Jesus Himself gave the rule of living, commended it by His example, taught it in words, ("*verbis expressit,*") first set forth its peculiar vows, and persuaded His disciples to adopt them. (P. 64.) Their Patriarch, Ignatius, learned that rule from the Saviour, and had no choice nor margin for invention left him:—

"He felt himself not moved merely, but impelled,—not excited, but inflamed,—not led onwards, but, by a certain occult power and command, driven to wage a perpetual and implacable warfare under Christ, the single Chief and Leader of His forces, against nefarious traitors to God's glory."—Page 121.

Even the name of Jesus was conferred upon this Company by the revealed will of God. (P. 125.)

"It is clear that the Society of Jesus differs not from the Institute and Religion of the Apostles, except in time; that it is no new Order, but a restoration of that first religion whereof Jesus was the single author."—Page 65.

"It is the Lord's host, led out against the powers of darkness, fighting without any other wages than the glory of Christ, and swearing to the words of the Roman Pontiff."—Page 119.

"One host,—dispersed, indeed, into all corners of the world, scattered through all realms; its members are separated by intervals of places, not of minds; by distinctions of language, not of thought; by diversity of complexion, not of manners. A family whose members all think alike, whether Latin or Greek, Portuguese or Brazilian, Irishman or Tartar, Spaniard or Frenchman, Englishman or Dutch."—Page 33.

"One generation cometh, and another generation goeth, but this Society abideth for ever. And this whole body is turned about at the pleasure of one man, easy to be moved, but impossible to be moved away."—Page 623.

Its chief pillars were Ignatius and Xavier; of whom it may be truly said, that—

"*Igneus est ollis vigor, et cœlestis origo;*"

"sons of thunder," of whom Gregory XV. affirmed, that the celestial charity of those two men could not be confined within the limits of one world. (Pp. 622, 623.) Luther, after carrying fire and sword through Germany, at sight of the august Ignatius, shamefully cast away his shield, and fled, pursued by the thundering legion of him to whom the Blessed Virgin herself had said, "Thou art terrible, and who shall resist thee?" (P. 135.) Angels, Apostles, thunderbolts of war, men mighty in concord, rather than by number, the professed Jesuits,—these are the Prefects, the Tribunes, the Generals of the Papal Empire. (P. 206.) They compass land and sea. They are messengers of Christ, who said to them, "Be of good courage, I have overcome the world." (P. 269.) The fame of Cæsar fades before that of Ignatius, and in glory Xavier outshines Alexander, just as he outstrips the Apostles with swifter-speed. (P. 271.) Great things are spoken of this heaven-born Society; for of it the Prophet said, "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same shall my name be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto me, and a pure offering." (P. 318.) "Their line is gone out through all the earth." (P. 320.) When the Society sends forth its Missionaries, it sends out lightnings that they may go, and say unto it, "Here we are." (P. 324.) "It maketh its angels spirits, and its ministers a flame of fire." (P. 325.)

The policy of this Company is expressed in sentences of axiomatic sapience, and exhibited in comparisons most instructive. Its labourers are described as all things to all men, bringing nothing repulsive to the view of any, but, like unstained mirrors, returning to each the image of himself. (P. 452.) The Jesuit, strong alike to do or to suffer, resembles the ox, at the same instant ready for the plough or for the altar. (P. 453.) The Society stands like a public fountain, ever pouring out abundance; its gurgling stream seeming to repeat, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters!" (P. 457.)

The Jesuit, chaste in conversation, boasts that he can pass through floods of sin without being polluted, even as the swan through water: "*Tangor, non tingor, ab undâ.*" (P. 479.) Jesuitism abides in glory, no more to be touched by envy than can the sun be pricked by the arrows of the Thracians; (p. 565;) like the ark, it floats but higher as the deluge of trouble rises; (p. 574;) and firm, like the beaten anvil, wears out the hammers of all persecutors. (P. 578.)

Shrouded in secresy as it is, sometimes the object of terror, and sometimes of wonder, none can calculate how far that which is not profane in such pretensions may be verified; and while we smile at the superstitious dread which leads some persons to imagine a Jesuit in every one whose roguery exceeds his folly, we cannot but regret that a wish to escape this weakness leads others to discard the thought of Jesuitism altogether, or provokes morbid sympathy with a fraternity that seems to be unreasonably branded with suspicion. Perhaps this condition of the popular mind was never more apparent than in the British Parliament of 1829; and to this day people in general have no very clear conception—however strong the feeling or the suspicion of many—of the exact character, policy, and relative position of Jesuitism in the world. The disquiet of thoughtful men in this kingdom might alone have induced careful inquiry on this very important subject; but we observe, that it also engages attention on the Continent,—so much so, that the Jesuits themselves are compelled to undertake their own defence, particularly in France. The question raised is, whether or not Pope Clement XIV. was justified in abolishing the Order; and while every intelligent and well-read Protestant wonders to find long-established facts of history disputed, the multitude, being any thing but well informed on such subjects, is daily taught that the Jesuits were no more than victims of a conspiracy to abolish Christianity itself. Latterly Crétineau-Joly, who says that he is not a Jesuit, but an impartial observer, endeavoured to write up the credit of the Company; but an excess of communicativeness in his volumes makes them unsatisfactory at Rome, where they have been honoured with a place in the *Index Expurgatorius*. Ravignan, therefore, not an impartial person, but a Jesuit professed, comes forward at the desire of Roothan, the late General, to justify his Order against all the accusations of history, and to blind his readers, if he can, against evidence gathered from the archives of all Governments, and from public facts that cannot be blotted out of memory. He is reckless of criticism, supposing, perhaps, that the vulgar mass will never listen to religious controversy; so that if it were not for the dates and modern style of his book, it might be taken for an effusion of the seventeenth century. Only an intellectual cormorant could digest its contents, which are even

more startling to common-sense than the inflated sentences of the old volume above quoted. Ravignan, as the title shows, professes to relate the fortunes of the Jesuits in the reigns of Clement XIII. and Clement XIV. Crétineau-Joly, in the sixth and last volume of his work, narrates the restoration of the Order by Pius VII. in 1814, and pursues its various history up to the year 1846. With these books before us, aided, however, by some surer guides, we shall briefly recount the causes of the suppression and revival of the Society, adverting to its policy and present relations, and thus collect some data for an estimate of their actual influence over the social state of Europe.

Ravignan would have us to believe that Clement XIII., at his entrance on the Pontificate, found the virtuous Jesuits exposed to the united hatred of Jansenism and philosophy. The philosophers—or, as we prefer to say, the infidels—were attacking the Church of Rome in their way; while the Port-Royalists, moved with envy, were striving with all their powers to overthrow the credit of the Company. Princes and Ministers of State—all of them wicked and licentious persons—joined hand in hand with heretics and wits to destroy the innocent, until the spirit of the age prevailed over Christianity, and its most faithful advocates.

But this is not a true statement of the case. The truth is, that the general abhorrence of Jesuits which nearly all the "Catholic States" manifested during the Pontificate of Clement XIII. was nothing new; for Jesuitism had encountered suspicion and resistance from the beginning. Ignatius Loyola himself was the object of both suspicion and resistance even before he left Paris, where he gained the adherence of the first members of his Society. Repeatedly the Inquisitors, as guardians of the faith, placed him under very mortifying restrictions; and, to the end of his life, he had for enemies at Rome the most sagacious members of the College Apostolic. Before his death, and while he and his Company were in the height of their glory, the Clergy and laity of Saragossa drove them ignominiously away. In 1560 they were banished from the Valteline and from Vienna. In 1568 they were driven from Avignon, and expelled from Savoy in 1570. In 1578 they were marched in a body out of Antwerp, and in 1588 compelled to depart from Hungary and Transylvania. After an expulsion from Bordeaux in 1589, they were driven utterly from France in 1594. The United Provinces ejected them in 1596, Tournay in 1597, Bearn in 1599, Dantzic and Thorn and the Venetian States in 1606, Bohemia in 1618, Moravia and the Venetians again in 1619, the Low Countries in 1622, Malta in 1643, Russia in 1679. Nearly all these expulsions took place long before either Jansenius or Voltaire came into the world; and most of them were enforced by Sovereigns and States strongly attached to the

Roman See, or only driven into disaffection by the proceedings of the Jesuits themselves. To limit, therefore, the discussion of so wide a subject to the reigns of the two Clements, just between the years 1758 and 1773, is not honest, because within so narrow a limit it is impossible to make a fair survey of the facts that are necessary to be known. Neither is it part of our plan to attempt this. We are content to follow Father Ravignan, and accept his own statement as evidence that the majority of people in the Popedom itself—not the Pope, nor always the Bishops—loathed the presence of the Jesuits his predecessors. He exclaims:—

"What a spectacle presented itself to the view of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, Clement XIII., when he looked upon the Catholic nations! Pombal, and Portugal through him, in open revolt against the authority of the Holy See. In Spain, Roda, friend and correspondent of the Jansenists; the Ministers Wall, Campomanes, and latterly Aranda, imbued with philosophic prejudices, preparing to weaken the power of the Popes in this very Catholic country, and imposing on the religion of Charles III. In France, the weakness and unsteadiness of the Government, amidst the disorders of the Court; the Jansenists emboldened and encouraged by the support of Magistrates and statesmen who had become, systematically, enemies of the Holy See; the Divine sacraments administered by the Parliament to obstinate refractories; the Bishops who resisted banished, and their *mandements* condemned and burnt by the common executioner; Choiseul and Madame de Pompadour in perfect understanding with infidel philosophism. At Naples Tanucci, in Germany Van Swieten and Febronius; simultaneous expression of the same tendencies, and of hatred against the principle and the sacred rights of spiritual authority. Every where the Company of Jesus attacked, as a sort of sign around which all might rally to make war against the Holy See. Such was Catholic Europe for Clement XIII.....Never before, perhaps, could the Holy See have been reduced to such an extremity as this. All the Catholic powers found themselves of one mind, all united in perfect harmony. Not only were France, Spain, Naples, and Parma, the four Bourbon Princes, strictly united by family compact, but, by a measure of policy most reproachful to Choiseul, Austria, too, that for two centuries had been opposed to France, became all at once her ally and faithful friend, and, with Austria, all the Sovereigns of second order dependent on her."

"C'était donc la Catholicité entière." No question but it was. There was, as this apologist perforce acknowledges, a political union of all Europe against Jesuitism. That could not be without some weighty reason; for the universally hated system fought the battle with heresy, which was every where persecuted. It could not be on the instigation of "philosophers;" for those philosophers had no influence whatever on the population of Spain, or Portugal, or Naples, and little, as yet, over that of Austria or France. It needed the breaking up of revolutions to

lay the masses open to Protestant influences, yet it was in the "Catholic" masses that the fires of enmity against the Jesuits had so long been smouldering; and what it was that aroused the Magistrates, the statesmen, and the Sovereigns to join in a common outcry, to drive away the "Fathers," and to call for an utter abolition of the Order, was confessed by the highest authority in language that cannot be mistaken. Political offences, often aggravated by crime, provoked political opposition. Therefore the two great States of Western Europe, after centuries of alienation, united in a demand for the extinction of their common enemy.

Gladly would their successors blot out of the *Bullarium* the Brief *Dominus ac Redemptor*, issued by Clement XIV. on the 21st day of July, 1773. Gladly would they erase from the pages of history all traces of the gratitude that hailed its publication in every province of the Popedom. This cannot be effected; but there is a forlorn hope that, while the document is buried in ecclesiastical libraries, and since the fugitive productions of the press of those days have mostly perished out of sight, the attractive tomes of Ravignan may pass for history. Ravignan is careful not to reprint the Brief, nor any part of it, although necessary to the completeness of the narrative; and although part of his first volume, and the whole of the second, is advertised as consisting of "*pièces justificatives*" and "*documents historiques et critiques*," we find nothing more than some letters, a few other papers written in favour of the Jesuits by their patrons and partisans, and extracts from books, with notes by Ravignan himself. The terrible *Dominus ac Redemptor* has no place allowed it, nor does he even condescend to notice the statements it contains. We are, therefore, compelled to turn thither for information at once authentic and compendious; and, not binding ourselves to the formality of translation, except when a passage is too important to be abbreviated, we repeat, in summary, the confessions of the Pope and Court of Rome, and thus give as much information as is necessary for those who desire to hear what compelled the rulers of the Church of Rome to disband the army that existed chiefly for their defence.

Clement acknowledges that it is not only his duty to build and plant, but also to root up and destroy even what is most delightful and gratifying to himself, and what he could not lose without the greatest uneasiness and grief of mind. It cannot be doubted that the religious Orders contribute most largely to the welfare and happiness of the Catholic Church; "but when it comes to pass that any of these religious Orders cease to produce those abundant fruits and most desirable advantages to Christian people, for which they were first designed and instituted, or if they appear to be rather detrimental, and more likely to disturb than to promote the tran-

quillity of States, this same Apostolic See, which lent its assistance and interposed its authority in planting them, does not hesitate to reform them by new laws, call them back to their pristine severity of living, or entirely root them up, and cast them away." The Pope then recites many instances of the exertion of this power by his predecessors, not omitting the extinction of the military Order of Knights Templars by Clement V., and that of the *Fratres Humiliati* by Pius V., because of their internal dissensions, immorality, and crimes. Following a multitude of precedents, the Pope declares that he has omitted no care that would enable him to understand the origin, progress, and present state of the Society of Jesus, and recounts fully the circumstances and object of its institution, with the favours conferred upon it by successive Pontiffs. "But it plainly appears, from the very tenor and words of the Apostolical Constitutions, that there sprang up in this Society, almost from its beginning, various seeds of discord and dissension, not only among the members themselves, but between them and other religious Orders, the secular Clergy, the Academies, the Universities, and public Schools, and even the Princes into whose territories the Society had been admitted." "Lastly, there were not wanting very heavy accusations against the members of the Society, which disturbed no little the peace and tranquillity of Christendom." Hence came grave complaints, confirmed by the authority of Princes, and transmitted to his predecessors Paul IV., Pius V., and Sixtus V. Among others, Philip II. of Spain—no philosopher, certainly, nor heretic—laid heavy complaints, and asked for a visitation of the Society in his dominions. But this proposal came to nothing; for Pope Sixtus had not long consented to interpose his authority when he died, and his successor pursued a very different course.

Clement does not mention the Gunpowder Plot in England, but he alludes to a fact of great significance in relation to it; namely, the Decree of a General Assembly in the year 1606, convened shortly after the conviction and execution of Garnet and other Jesuits as traitors. This Decree contains an injunction to abstain from politics, like certain others issued just after the detection of some criminal complicity, and meant to throw all the odium on the brethren detected, and gain the Society itself, if possible, the praise of pacific, innocent spirituality,—"the odour of Christ *necessary to produce fruit.*" With great grief the Pope saw that almost every remedy attempted had been ineffectual. Loud complaints from Bishops, regular Orders, pious foundations, and communities of every kind, poured in from Europe, Asia, and America,—Africa he might have added, but perhaps he thought that the political Jesuits of Abyssinia had atoned for their misdoings,

by shedding their blood under the sword of the executioner. The accusations brought against the Society he also mentioned, but most gently, leaving it to volumes of documentary proof, several of which are before us as we write, to detail treasons and assassinations,—crimes perpetrated or attempted on royalty itself. His immediate predecessor, Clement XIII., whose attachment to the Society, notwithstanding all its offences, can scarcely be doubted, tried to mend it, and even published Apostolic Letters on its behalf; but his endeavours "brought no solace to the Apostolic See, no help to the Society, no good to Christendom." On the contrary, the times became more difficult and troublesome than before, and ontcries against the Society more and more numerous. Complaints, dangerous tumults, seditions, dissensions, and scandals arose in many places. The bond of Christian charity was weakened, and almost broken; the minds of the faithful were inflamed with party spirit, hatred, and enmity; things came to such a pass, that the very Princes whose liberality to the Society had been, so to speak, hereditary,—even the Kings of France, Spain, Portugal, and the Two Sicilies,—had been obliged to expel them utterly from all their territories, thinking this to be the last remedy remaining for so many evils, and absolutely necessary to prevent Christian people from tearing each other to pieces in the very bosom of holy Mother Church.

But, as the Sovereigns were persuaded that no remedy could be permanent, nor adequate to the reconciliation of the Christian world, unless the Society were totally extinguished, they had most importunately entreated both his predecessor and himself to consult the security of their subjects and the good of the universal Church, by taking that only efficacious method. Having therefore instituted the necessary inquiries, and consulted the Cardinals, he now gave sentence: "*Out of our certain knowledge and plenitude of power, we do extinguish and suppress the oft-mentioned Society.*"

It is not pleasant to have to repeat so familiar a passage of history; but it is precisely to such passages that readers of books like this of Father Ravignan must be referred, or history itself will be forgotten, its most precious lessons lost, and the present generation cheated into a delusion which it would cost the next incalculable trouble and sorrow to shake off. But at this point we pause. There is no necessity to describe the execution of the Brief, which could not any where be resisted; and it is notorious how the scattered members of the Society rallied again in countries to which the Pope's authority did not extend. Here, too, Ravignan lays aside his pen. He will not contribute much more to the mass of artifice that is now piled like a gorgeous mausoleum over the abominations of former times; for his own life must be drawing towards a close. He very lately ranked

among the first preachers in France, and his talent is moulded by habit into the service of the pulpit rather than the press. He can declaim well, but he has no power of narrative; he cannot endure the severe and truthful toil of the historian. His ability appears in reticence rather than in speech, when he conceals what it suits not his purpose to avow. He cannot be uninformed; for he boasts that he has lived in company with aged Jesuits who, at the revival of the Order in 1814, could relate to him the incidents of that struggle in which they bore so desperate a part, describe the customs and inculcate the principles of the Society before the flood, and initiate him, with his compeers, into the mysteries of their own original education. In the last lines of his work he dwells on the memory of these elders with an enthusiasm hardly to be surpassed by that of an Acquaviva.

"We have our country, we have our family, in this re-established and re-constituted religion. We have them still, we hope to guard them until death; and, forgetting past evils, we mingle in the depth of the same devotion the names of the Pontiffs who defended us, or who smote, without ever ceasing to love, us. We will hold fast that which is in all our religious memories, and the traditions of our fathers, even obedience, courage, and the most ardent zeal to labour, to fight, and to serve, at all times and in every place, under the paternal authority of the Supreme Pastor, inheritor of the power, as well as of the love, of the Divine Redeemer."

Crétineau-Joly, too, now becomes one of our companions, if not guides, in tracing the progress of the Society since its restoration. There is an air of comparative honesty pervading the writings of this author, which is the more agreeable after turning from the advocate chosen by Roothan to supersede his labours; and, considering that his prejudices on the side of Jesuitism are sufficiently exorbitant, it is not possible to withhold a degree of admiration, for his courage in grappling with the whole history of the Company, beginning at the birth of Ignatius Loyola, and persevering to the year 1845. The last two volumes we make use of in this review, because they belong to the period we desire to survey. He professes to have been in a position, in Italy, "to penetrate the secret of many acts of calculated injustice," to have had access to documents of great value, and to have derived his information from sources the most opposite. But with officious haste he outruns the wishes of the Jesuits, who would rather have allowed their affairs to lie in silence undisturbed, until some authorized compiler of their own might so tell the tale as to guard their credit at all points. This volunteer, therefore, is disowned; but the man whose declamation is meant to supersede his labour, drops his pen into the tomb of Clement XIV., and uses it no more. The book, it may not be superfluous to observe, was written at Portici, in Naples, near the palace of the notorious royal patron of the Society.

Proscribed in every European State in communion with Rome, the members of the extinct Company divested themselves of the garb, and resigned the name, of Jesuit; or they found refuge in Russia, with both the habit and the name; or they lurked in England, Ireland, the United States of America, and other Protestant countries, unfrocked, but Jesuits in heart, observing the usages and cherishing the purposes of their institute. Unlike monks, they were not bound by any rule to live in common; and exemption from the religious observances incumbent even upon secular Priests, left them at liberty to assume almost any character. Neither was the suppression absolute; for the Court of Rome consented to their corporate existence in Russia, under a Provincial of their own; then they were permitted to have a General; and lastly, this Russian General stepped into the dignity vacated by the deposition of General Ricci in 1773. This, however, was not attained without laborious and well concerted perseverance. What were their first attempts, at what straw the sinking corporation caught for life, who first gained courage to whisper to his neighbour a word of hope, or to propose a secret combination for carrying out the enterprise of re-constitution, it is needless to conjecture. The yearnings of ambition found no recorded utterance for many years. They were breathed in silence, and the secret perished with those who kept it. Meanwhile, they rendered service to the autocrats of Russia, preached obedience to the serfs, inculcated the same virtue on the sons of the nobility; and when insatiate lust of power led the Scythian to push the boundaries of his Empire into the wilds of Northern Asia, the Jesuit Missionary, who might not convert a Russo-Greek to the Latin rite, had nevertheless free permission to decoy or force the newly conquered barbarian into his fold. Exonerated from any thing more than a dogmatical submission to the Roman See, the Fathers bowed meekly before their Czar, until opportunity occurred to exercise some greater freedom, by virtue of their corporate privileges, than their more obscure brethren, the secular Priests, could presume to use, or even to desire. Thus they grew into real power, refugees from all parts of Europe swelled their numbers, and they became conspicuous as minions of the most absolute Government on earth. Meanwhile the Sovereigns of States whence they were ejected, having no such agents to serve them, yet striving to retain their subjects in the vassalage of darker ages, were unable to resist the revolt their tyranny and the corruption of their Governments provoked. The Priests, impotent as the Princes, could lend no effectual aid to stem the sudden torrent of insubordination, until the French Revolution, demolishing the old barriers of society, also swept away the thoughts of Jesuit plottings; and the Court of Rome, foreseeing that the Eternal City must surrender too, again sought the

services of the militia which had been disbanded, but might possibly be rallied once more, if time and means could be found for effecting such a scheme without calling up the suspicion of all Cabinets, and provoking a united opposition of all nations.

Pius VI. was among the first to devise a reversal of the decree of his predecessor; or, if the device was not his own, to lend a ready ear to the suggestions of those around him, and gladly promote, in secret, an open violation of the orders of the Roman See. It was known every where that Frederic II. of Prussia, and Catherine of Russia, would not allow the Bull of extinction to be published in their dominions, alleging, as a reason, that when they with Austria divided a part of Poland between them, they bound themselves to maintain the Romish religion in the newly acquired territories *in statu quo;* but it was not known at the time, not even to the Nuncio at Warsaw, that Clement XIV. had privately written to the Empress a note of acquiescence in her refusal to admit his Brief; nor did the Nuncio at St. Petersburg know, some time afterwards, that Pius VI. had done the same.

"In short, it is evident," says Ravignan, "that the pious Pontiff Pius VI. found himself obliged by circumstances to leave his Ministers and Nuncios to protest publicly and officially against the pretended disobedience of the Jesuits of Russia, at the same time that, in secret, he wrote to the Empress in their favour, and caused them to give her the return for her protection. So that M. Saint-Priest has well said, that 'Pius VI. maintained the suppression of the very Society of which he secretly favoured the propagation in Russia. At one and the same time he condemned it and encouraged it.' A wretched time that was, we must confess, when Supreme Pontiffs could neither act nor speak according to their own conviction and inclination, without running the risk of raising all the Catholic Princes against the Church and Holy See."

A singular document, re-produced by Ravignan, if it be genuine, exhibits the mind of the Pope as acted on by conflicting influences,—sincerely attached to the Society, but fearing to avow his attachment openly. According to this paper, said to be written by an aged Cardinal, Calini, this Cardinal, in a long interview with Pius VI., on the first of April, 1780, addressed him with great earnestness in favour of those Jesuits of White Russia, professing to be moved by a divine impulse to unbosom himself to his Holiness without reserve. Pius, as the paper states, not only heard him with patience, but said that the destruction of the Company was a real mystery of iniquity; that everything done in that affair was in violation of truth, justice, and the rules prescribed for such transactions; that he well knew what mischief resulted to the Church therefrom; "that, for his own part, he was quite disposed to re-establish the Order; that the thing was not impossible, but

depended on the life of one person only; that as soon as he saw the way open, he would enter into it heartily; and that Clement XIV. had not only been mad before the suppression, but afterwards." Then came an avowal of the policy which was undoubtedly followed for nearly forty years, until the end contemplated could be gained: "As for us, we must necessarily act with circumspection; for the Ministers make it believed at their Courts that we are entirely under the influence of the Jesuits. We must permit certain things to be done that are not at all favourable to the Jesuits, in order to prevent greater evils from falling on them. We pray God to open a way whereby we may reach the end that we are pursuing. The establishment is not at all impossible, since the destruction was committed unjustly, and without regard to established rules." This alone would be sufficient to show that the Court of Rome did not yield to any sense of justice in advising Clement to abolish the obnoxious Order, but were compelled by the demands of Sovereigns, and the universal clamour of the people. And, for the elucidation of this point, we must, in honesty, acknowledge our obligation to the chosen apologist of the Company for documents, given in part of the supplementary volume. Another of them contains an attestation made on oath by an Abate Luigi Mozzi, and inserted in his life of "the venerable servant of God, Giuseppe Maria Pignatelli," a Jesuit.

"Father Pignatelli had formed the design of going into Russia, but, before carrying it into execution, he presented himself to Pius VI., and supplicated him to say, sincerely, if he regarded the Jesuits in Russia as true Jesuits, and if he would advise him to go into that country and resume the old habit of the Company. The holy Father answered that he might go, for he was himself content; that he might, therefore, put on the habit of the Company with a safe conscience, for he (the Pope) considered the Jesuits of Russia to be true Jesuits, and the Company existing there he also regarded as existing lawfully."

In public, of course, "the pious Pontiff" spoke and acted in direct contradiction to his real sentiments confessed and acted on in private; and the tender-hearted Jesuit unveils this duplicity without the slightest apprehension that the holiness or infallibility of the head of the Church would thereby suffer any derogation. On January 29th, 1783, nearly three years after he had been encouraging Pignatelli to go into Russia, and live there openly as a Jesuit, Pius addressed Briefs to the Kings of France and Spain, to assure them that he would not countenance the Jesuits of Russia! On the 20th of February he sent another to the Queen of Portugal, after the same tenor; and yet another to the King of the Two Sicilies, on the 11th of April! But on the 12th of March, just thirty days before this last protesta-

tion, John Benislawski, Bishop of Mohilow, found his way into the Papal closet, bearing a message from his imperial mistress to the Fisherman, and without the least difficulty obtained from "the oracle of the living voice" another contradiction of his official acts. Benislawski asked authority for them to go a step very far in advance of their actual position, by electing a General. Pius did not attempt to conceal his delight, but cried aloud thrice, "*I approve! I approve! I approve!*" This was the desired oracle. The messenger caught the sacred words, wrote them down, and added, "*De hoc vivæ vocis oraculo fidem plenissimam facio, manumque meam et sigillum appono.*" Francis Karen was elected General, and eventually obtained the recognition of letters apostolic. From this time until the accession of Pius VII. in the year 1800, the Company gained several minor advantages in Russia; and at length, on the 7th of March, 1801, this Pope signed the Brief *Catholicæ Fidei*, by which it was re-constituted for that country only. This was intended to open the way for a general restoration; but the state of Europe at that time rendered such a measure utterly impracticable.

Having said just enough to point out how the fugitive Order was gradually led out into the open field again, it is time to inquire how it fared with Jesuitism during the same interval in our own United Kingdom. Here Crétineau-Joly is as clear as could be desired. He reminds us that, "while yet the three kingdoms were governed by *their legitimate Princes*, the last of the Tudors and the first of the Stuarts every where showed themselves personal enemies of the Company of Jesus." Successive Sovereigns treated them with severity or ingratitude; and of the ingratitude Charles I., who "neither knew how to protect his friends nor attack his adversaries," is a notable example. "The Revolution of 1688 was carried on with the cry of '*Death to the Jesuits!*' But when this Revolution had thrown its first anger to the winds, the Jesuits found themselves in greater quiet than ever under the new Dynasty." Thenceforth they profited by every change, and pursued their peculiar interests under cover of every public question. Their adherents, the old Romish families, claimed a full share in the benefits of religious liberty; and the very name that conveyed to every other mind ideas of chicanery and sedition, was, to the hereditary Romanist, associated with a charm of ancestral faith, and a merit of hereditary deprivation. The names of Garnet and Catesby were, to their apprehension, venerable; the scaffolds whereon traitors bled were to them sacred as the altars of martyrdom; and the spiritual descendants of the Gunpowder-plot conspirators were welcomed, as, of all men, the most worthy to perpetuate the faith, and to "initiate into the secret of perseverance" the younger members of those historic families.

"After the first years of the eighteenth century, the British Cabinet avowed that in a country so strongly constituted, there would be only shame, without any profit, in tormenting consciences, and in imposing obligations to which it would not itself be willing to submit. The penal laws which had reduced the faithful of the three kingdoms to a state of helotism, were allowed, gradually, to fall into disuse, and people were no longer violent in pursuing the Jesuits as public malefactors. If the faith [that is to say, the unwearying zeal of Romish emissaries] had not been deeply rooted in the heart of Great Britain, this well designed tolerance, coming, as it did, immediately after political commotions, might have been fatal to Catholicism, [as religious liberty is eventually sure to be.] But it was not so, Prosperity did not lead to apathy; and by a zeal as full of prudence as activity, the Fathers of the Institute profited by the calm that was afforded to them, to excite and increase in the souls of their charge the love of religious duties. Up to that time they had been indebted to chance for hospitality. Neither by day nor night were they sure of their existence, and for food and lodging they were dependent on the pious gratitude of the Catholics. The Jesuits had lived in hiding-places, from which they only issued to give a benediction, or to fortify their position. But from the day when liberty ceased to be no more than a deception, they perceived that, with the march of ideas, and the signal progress of national spirit, they had not any longer to fear any thing like those excessive severities of which past ages had given such examples. Without incurring the vengeance of the laws, they might proclaim themselves attached to the Apostolic See; and they began to create for themselves fixed abodes, where, secretly at first, then gradually less and less concealed, they might live in community."

In Liverpool, Preston, Bristol, Norwich, and several other towns, they had such establishments. Some such we can distinctly recollect at a later period. French refugees they were reputed to be who not unfrequently found shelter there. Those Priests were usually men of slight pretension, considerable suavity of manners, modest in occasional intercourse with the townsfolk, apparently indifferent to every thing, except a quiet life, and politely careful not to offend Protestant ears by a single sentence of intolerance, or the feeblest approach towards controversy. "A little chapel was attached to the house, and, without awakening the slightest murmur, the faithful found liberty to pray there." When the Brief of Clement XIV. suppressed the Company in Popedom, the Jesuits were lurking among us as darkly as if the word of extinction had been pronounced already, and, when it was pronounced, were quite beyond reach of harm. In correspondence with friends abroad, they dropped the designation of Jesuit, but, amongst themselves, they resolved to cleave to the vocation, and observe the obligations of the Institute, as perseveringly as if there were a General in Rome; but still without the name, just like their brethren in other countries, Russia and Prussia excepted. The Vicars Apostolic, indeed, would gladly have been rid of these irresponsible Missionaries;

but they durst not hazard an open rupture, that would have attracted attention, and perhaps led to the execution of unrepealed laws upon themselves. The *Cabinet* they might imagine to be well disposed, but the Parliament they could not dare to trust. Meanwhile they gained new strength in England by the accession of certain members driven by the French from a College that had for some time survived the suppression in Belgium; and these persons managed to stir the benevolence of one Thomas Weld, a rich Englishman from one of the old families of which we have spoken. After several years had passed away, the patient Fathers found themselves in possession of his patrimonial estate, which was none other than Stonyhurst in Lancashire, long ago made notorious by the undisguised erection of a college. In common with their brethren, the Jesuits of England calculated on the chances of new events, sure that the Popes would again call for services that none but Jesuits could render. When Pius VII. had sanctioned the Jesuits in Russia, the members of the Society in England were also placed under the Generalship of Gruber, who forthwith appointed Marmaduke Stone, Rector of the College at Stonyhurst, to be elevated to the rank of *Professed;* and on May 22nd, 1803, Father William Strickland, with as much of solemnity as could then be thrown into such a ceremony, made Stone the first Provincial of England. Drawn to this new centre, many Jesuits crept into the country, several Englishmen attached themselves at Stonyhurst, and the Company "issued from the tomb." This was the veritable resurrection of Jesuit institutions with Papal sanction in England; and England would have been startled, had she known that the Society which all Popedom had cast out with abhorrence, and which durst not lift its head in any part of Europe, except in the wilds of Russia, and near the licentious and infidel Court of Berlin, was in full and vigorous operation under the dominion of that eminently Protestant Sovereign, King George III.

"The three kingdoms were then engaged in a terrible struggle with Napoleon. The blood and treasure of the country were lavished on fields of battle, and in intrigues of diplomacy. Patriotism and ambition, hate and selfishness, were at the bottom of this combat of empire with empire. England was tottering, yet she seemed to grow greater with the peril. *Pitt had neither time nor inclination to oppose the re-establishment of the Institute.* England had been indifferent to its death, and thought herself too powerful to be concerned about its resurrection. All eyes were directed towards the Continent: the Jesuits turned these anxieties to their own profit; and that they might not be unprovided when the time of trial came, they decided that a Novitiate should be created."

They only required a house and a garden, which were already provided them by the liberality or superstition of Weld. A

young Weld entered with the Novices, Walter Clifford devoted his fortune and his name to the interests of the rising cause, Thomas Tate cast in his lot; and already the enclosure of Stonyhurst was regarded with desire by youths who burned with a passion for subverting the religion and constitution of the country, and whelming the Protestantism of England in a flood of innovation at the moment of hottest war, when men's hearts were failing them for fear, and the terror of a French invasion turned every eye towards the beacon-piles upon our coast; but no one thought of making any new national defence against an enemy more formidable, because less feared. Satisfied with a sort of vulgar antipathy, the bulk of English Protestants fancied that they fulfilled their duty by cordially hating the name of Jesuit; and, unable to comprehend the force of a steadfast and united purpose in matters of religion, they slumbered on in orthodox complacency; while the very persons who might have been thought likely to favour the revived Jesuitism beyond all others, opposed themselves cordially to its progress. These persons were the Vicars Apostolic, whom our historian, although writing before the "Papal aggression," is pleased to call "the Bishops." Those Bishops of fantastic title were wiser than all England together; for they saw the danger of admitting the votaries of St. Ignatius, and opposed the Jesuits. But in a country where canon-law has no existence, where the Pope is not known, and the civil power indolently ignores what it cannot understand, the Bishops—so called—were helpless, and newly hatched Jesuits multiplied in a nest of religious tolerance and social obscurity. England was hushed in silence, while yet France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium, were pouring out cries of malediction against the proscribed Society. And about the year 1810, the English press began to exhibit traces of Jesuitical influence. How much this has increased we need not now conjecture.

Thus matters continued until 1814, when Pius VII. returned from exile, saw Bonaparte hurled from his throne, and Europe, absorbed in the cares of a sudden victory, busied with territorial reconstruction. He caught the favourable conjuncture, and instantly called back Jesuitism to help the Church, more shattered by the revolutionary shock than any of the States. The historian of the Clements demonstrates that when Pius was in France, not so much to crown the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, as to be a passive witness of his very significant self-coronation, the subject lay near his heart. Among the *pièces justificatives* in the first volume we find an account of a private audience of the Abbé Proyart with his Holiness in the *Pavillon de Flore* by the Tuileries, where the conversation turned on some observation which the Abbé, in a work of his, had made on Clement XIV.

"*Abbé.*—Some objection has been made, *très-saint père*, to the manner in which I speak of Clement XIV.; but God knows that I have not done it in the sense of the philosophers, who speak ill of all the Popes, except the destroyer of the Jesuits.

"*Pope.*—What you say is, unhappily, too true. I know the whole of that affair, in its minutest details, from a Prelate who had been in the service of Clement XIV., and passed into mine; the very man who gave him the Bull of extinction to sign. As soon as the signature was made, he threw the pen on one side, and the paper on the other,—he lost his senses!

"*A.*—It seems to me, *très-saint père*, that when the Pope was forced by those blind powers to put out of the Church the most solid stay of those very powers, he ought, at least, to have refrained from inculpating the Jesuits to those who compelled him to be unjust, and, much more, from treating them as criminals.

"*P.*—Undoubtedly. Even if the Church had been threatened with yet greater evils than the destruction of this important Order, on part of Kings abused by their advisers, it was by a Bull of three words that the sad sentence should have been pronounced:—'Yielding with regret to the force of circumstances,' &c.

"*A.*—Then France—or, at least, Louis XV.—did not demand the suppression?

"*P.*—No. Spain it was that pressed it without relenting. Unfortunately, the Pope had promised it to the Spanish Minister, not, you must observe, *before* his election, but *afterwards*, and from that moment he had no rest. The Spanish Cabinet ceased not to weary him, but insisted on his keeping to the word he had given, until the fatal day when he gave way.

"*A.*—Yet, *très-saint père*, these enemies of the Kings are up again!

"*P.*—Yes. And here you must admire Providence. The Apostles of the Catholic religion re-established at the instance of schismatic powers!

"*A.*—We have in France a little Society of choice men, who pride themselves on walking in the steps of the Jesuits, and on a perfect devotion'——

"*P.*—Ah, yes! I know them, and I have made much of them, but unfortunately they are a body without a head; *deest caput.*"

This conversation took place in 1804, and from that time all events concurred to increase the solicitude of Pope, Court, and Clergy, for the revival of that agency which had shown itself incomparably more effective than any other, for counteracting the anti-Papal tendencies of European society; and the dispersed Fathers were sufficiently well assured of this to bide their time, snatching, withal, at every opportunity for gaining ground or bespeaking favour. No doubt the English Jesuits were among the most active in this way, as transpired when Bonaparte was approaching Rome, in the summer of 1808. The anecdote may not be quite new, but we must repeat it after the Chevalier Artaud:*—

* "*Histoire du Pape Pie VII.*" Paris. 1839.

"Towards the end of August," says this biographer, "a person in disguise came to Monte Cavallo, (the Quirinal,) saying, that he was charged to tell the Pope, that if he would proceed secretly to Fiumicino, he would find a boat ready on the beach, manned with *experienced rowers*, who would put him on board an English frigate sent from Palermo by King Ferdinand to receive his Holiness. Father Gaetano Angelini, *Procureur-Général* of the Society of Jesus, was on board this frigate, and he sent to Rome, under disguise, Father Procida, a reformed Minorite, to deliver this message to Cardinal Pacca, the Pope's Secretary. Queen Caroline had caused a cabin to be richly furnished and placed at the Pope's disposal, if he would accept it. Father Procida, who confided this important secret to the Cardinal, knew the signals agreed upon between the frigate and the boat; but the Pope refused to make his escape, and the Cardinal confirmed him in his resolution. The Pope, however, would keep the remembrance of this proceeding of the Father Gaetano Angelini profoundly written in his heart."

It will be remembered that, about a week later, Pius VII. was arrested in the Quirinal by a French officer, and carried away to France, where he suffered a succession of cruel indignities that gained him the compassion of all but Napoleon and his Court. Spirit-broken, enfeebled both in mind and body, he signed a *Concordat* which Napoleon himself put into his hand at Fontainebleau, and, like a helpless wanderer with a highwayman's pistol at his ear, the poor Pope did as commanded; that is to say, he abdicated the sovereignty of Rome. But the conqueror of Italy had passed the zenith of his glory: the date of that *Concordat*, thus extorted, was January 25th, 1813, too late for the execution of any compact, even without violence, to save him from the gulf of which he had reached the very brink.

The Cardinal-Secretary Pacca states that, during their exile at Fontainebleau, the Pope and he often conversed on "the serious injury done to the Church and to civil society by the suppression of this Order, so justly celebrated for the education of youth, and for its apostolic Missions; and that he had reason to hope that the Pope would not be far from attempting to restore the Jesuits at Rome, and in countries where Sovereigns like the Emperor Paul of Russia, and Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, might ask for them on behalf of their people." On their entrance into Rome on May 24th, 1814, the Fontainebleau conversations rose powerfully in the Cardinal's memory; but he scarcely hoped, nor could he venture to advise, a general resuscitation of the Company. Such a measure would have appeared to him premature, not to say imprudent, and even impracticable. He thought of the fury of the "philosophers," that would rise to its highest pitch, if they heard that the Jesuits were to be sent forth again in the service of the Church; and he could not hope that "the Catholic Sovereigns" who had so lately demanded

the entire suppression of the Company, would permit its reconstitution. "Yet, notwithstanding these apprehensions," says Pacca, "towards the end of June, about a month after our return to Rome, I thought I would ascertain the Pope's mind, and said to him one day at audience, 'Most holy Father, might we not renew our conversation on the Order of Jesus?' Without waiting to hear another word, the Pope replied, 'We may re-establish the Company on the next feast of St. Ignatius.' This spontaneous and unexpected answer of Pius VII. surprised me, and filled me with consolation." No doubt the Pope had well pondered the design. No doubt the Jesuits and their friends had held communication with him from the beginning of his pontificate; and it can scarcely be supposed that the representatives of the Bourbons of Naples and France had been silent. The Prince Regent of England was favourable to the Jesuits. His consort had, conjointly with a leading member of the Society, proffered an important personal service to the Pope; and even the public press of England already gave currency—perhaps from Jesuit pens—to the notion that they were an injured people, worthy of reverence for learned and apostolic labours as schoolmasters and Missionaries, and fit objects for compassion on account of unreasonable persecution in revolutionary times. The little romantic scheme of rescuing him by *experienced rowers* on the Italian shore, and placing him in refuge on board a British man-of-war, dwelt like a prophetic dream in the memory of Pius; and he had already fixed the day for trying to realize a deliverance of the Church of Rome from the perils of the age by help of a Jesuit crew, and under the shadow even of schismatic flags. The resolution was taken. Cardinal Consalvi opposed it, but the College went with the Pope, and no time was left for evoking opinions that would probably be adverse.

On the seventh day of August, octave of the feast of Saint Ignatius, Confessor, 1814, the Pope signed the Bull *Sollicitudo*, and the Company of Jesus rose to life again. This document, after recounting the Briefs issued in favour of the Jesuits in Russia and Naples, sets forth the reasons which weighed with Pius for ordaining the restoration of the Order suppressed by Clement. "Unanimous requests of almost all the Christian universe," whatever the Pope might fancy, or wish others to believe, could not have reached his ear; but it is quite credible that "every day brought lively and earnest prayers from his venerable brethren, the Archbishops and Bishops, and from distinguished personages of all the Orders," for its re-establishment. The very stones of the sanctuary, he laments, were scattered, calamities had befallen the Church which it was better to weep for than to remember, and not the least of those revolutionary calamities was—to his apprehension—the annihilation of religious

Orders, "the glory and ornament of religion and the Church;" but his constant thoughts and care were given to the work of rearing up again the fallen institutions. "We should think ourselves guilty before God," he adds, "of a very grave fault, if, amidst the pressing necessities which afflict the commonwealth, we neglected to apply the salutary succour which God, in His singular providence, puts into our hands; and if, placed in the bark of St. Peter, incessantly tossed upon the waves, we should refuse *the robust and experienced rowers that offer us their help* to stem the force of billows that each moment threaten to swallow us up in an inevitable wreck." He therefore determines to do what he has desired from the beginning of his pontificate; and, after imploring divine help, "and collecting the suffrages and opinion of many of our venerable brethren the Cardinals of the holy Roman Church," —for he will not run the risk of meeting them *all* in consistory,—he creates Thaddeus Brzozowski Superior-General of the Company of Jesus, with full powers to exercise his authority to the ends of the earth. He further ordains that the members of the renewed Company "shall conform their manner of living to the dispositions of the Rule of St. Ignatius of Loyola, approved and confirmed by the Constitutions Apostolic of Paul III."

Here lies the root of the whole matter. The Constitutions of the Society of Jesus, the very Constitutions that were approved by Paul III. in the life-time of Ignatius, are now again confirmed. The Jesuits of 1814 and of 1856 live under the same Rule, without change of a syllable, as did they of the year 1558. The spirit of the Society cannot change, so long as these Constitutions are in force. The immutable policy of the Society is indicated in its unaltered fabric. The form, the place, and the function of each member is too rigidly defined to admit of any misapprehension. The structure is framed with such exquisite adaptation to its manifold and world-wide uses, that any change in any single part would necessitate a re-construction of the whole; and the care of Pius VII. to re-produce the ancient Jesuitism unimpaired, is a palpable demonstration that this Pope accepted and confirmed the sentence of Clement XIII.: "Let the Jesuits continue as they are, or let them have no continuance." But the resurrection of 1814 was effected by a real *coup d'état*. No question was raised, no compromise proposed. Even another month might have been too late for such a neat achievement; yet the most ardent advocates of Jesuit reformation could not, within a year from the date of the Bull *Sollicitudo*, gain the least consideration of their schemes. As if raised by the wand of an enchanter, the Jesuits rallied, prepared, with a noiseless but universal diligence, to fight their own battles in detail, and to take a full

share in controlling the education, the policy, and the public opinion of Papal States, and even of Protestant States, so far as their art could make that practicable. How they work in order to effect this purpose cannot be clearly comprehended, until we examine those unchangeable Constitutions. An authenticated copy* is on our table, and by the reader's good leave we will inquire.

This "*least Congregation*," as the title ostentatiously exhibits its humility, exists for one great end,—the salvation of souls, or, in other words, "the glory of God," or, more intelligibly, the service of the Pope in the support and extension of the Papacy. But what the word "Jesuit" means in application to an individual, it is not always easy to ascertain, inasmuch as all who bear the name are not under the same obligations, nor do they occupy the same position. The Constitutions describe four classes. The *fourth* class consists of Novices, persons admitted indeterminately, to be employed in that service for which they may be found best adapted. The Superior decides to which of the other degrees they shall be admitted. They undergo a short probation, and may wear a distinct habit, or not, as the Superior pleases. The *third* class consists of "Scholastics approved," who, if they display sufficient ability and aptitude for study, may be admitted into the Society, properly so called. They are subjected to close observation, and, so long as the Society printed and kept secret the Constitutions themselves, the Postulants and Scholastics might only read a compendium of them; but that reserve ceased to be practicable when the sudden evacuation of "houses" and dispersion of libraries brought the volume into public view. The Scholastics take the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, with promise to enter either of the other two classes, if approved. They undergo a two years' probation. The *second* class is of "Coadjutors formed," or helpers of the Society in things temporal or spiritual. Temporal Coadjutors are not in holy orders, but are mere laymen. They may be learned or unlearned, and are employed within doors, to help according to their respective talents, without any other limit than the exigencies of the service, of which the Superior is to judge. The Spiritual Coadjutors are in Priests' orders, and act as Confessors, Preachers, and Teachers. They take the three vows. But neither the Scholastic nor the Coadjutor has entered THE SOCIETY; and such persons may therefore say that they are not members of the Society of Jesus, so conveying the idea that they are not Jesuits. Yet Jesuits they are, to all intents and purposes, although they may not be described as such, nor included in the returns of numbers; and they act under an endless diversity

* *Constitutiones Societatis Jesu, cum earum Declarationibus. Romæ in Collegio ejusdem Societatis. Cum Facultate Superiorum. Anno Domini MDLXXXIII.*

of character, as directed by the Superior to whom they swore, as to the *locum Dei tenenti*. Of the *first* class are the Jesuits proper, or "Professed." They are the choice men who, in the humbler degree of Scholastic or Coadjutor, showed themselves worthy to be trusted, and evinced peculiar talent. There should never be too many of these, it being quite sufficient that in each country or province there are Professed enough to guide and govern, in subordination to the General, or his delegate the Provincial. They officer the army, and their office must not be cheapened by confusion with the ranks of common men. Besides the three vows already mentioned, as common to most monastic orders, they make what is properly *the profession* by a vow of special obedience to the Pope: the words are, "*Insuper promitto specialem obedientiam Summo Pontifici circa missiones, prout in eisdem litteris apostolicis et Constitutionibus continetur.*" That is to say, they engage to go whithersoever the Pope may please to send them, and to do as he commands; but the command is given through the General, whose relation to the spiritual Sovereign above him, and to the entire host militant beneath, is fully indicated by the title he bears. No layman can be a professed Jesuit, although he may serve as a Scholastic or a Temporal Coadjutor. Their initiation consists in a protracted trial, and they have all been well moulded by a rigorous exaction of obedience, by acts and services of humiliation, and by the discipline of "Spiritual Exercises." It is enough to peruse the "*Exercitia Spiritualia*," with the Annotations and the Directory accompanying, to perceive that it is hardly possible to be shut up for weeks together in solitude,—following a train of such artfully ordered meditations, and sincerely endeavouring to coerce every thought into the appointed channel, until the events of Gospel history pass through the soul as in vision, and the terrors of judgment, the glories of heaven, and the horrors of hell, are all mingled with ideas peculiar to the obligations and the employments of a Jesuit,—without undergoing a mental, if not a moral, transformation. The soul bends under a weight of obligation, or she expatiates in realms of dreamy piety, or she rises into ecstatic elevations of devout ambition. The cross, with its agonies, and shame, and glory, becomes the standard of the Professed. Angels are to him the fiery ministers whose presence must assure conquest over every adverse power. The Great Sacrifice itself is Jesuitized. So is the good fight of faith; so is the last judgment; and so is eternity. God is regarded as the Captain of the Ignatian army. Heresy and hell are to be conquered at all hazards.

The four Gospels, read under the glare of these "Exercises," and enforced under the authority of the "Institute," convey such teaching as the Evangelists never thought of; and, under this artificial and sectarian enthusiasm, all that ministers to the

exaltation of the Society is "for the greater glory of God." The soul and understanding, abandoned to the whole system of that Jesuit Saint, Liguori, the grand oracle of the Society, strays into the bye-paths of casuistry, breaks loose from the common restraints of conscience and morality; nay, the words "conscience and morality" acquire new meanings; and in sworn obedience to his master, standing to him instead of God, the Professed Jesuit blindly performs any thing, be it good or bad, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The lightning flashes in vengeance upon any victim, and returns, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The obedient servant echoes in absolute moral passivity every superior command, with a submissive, "Here am I, Lord," *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The Lord, however, whom the Professed obeys, is not always the Pope; for the very vow of profession limits the measure of obedience. *The* Lord is his own immediate Superior in the House, in the Province, or at Rome; and obedience to this Lord is often contumacy to the Pope, as witness the histories of China, Malabar, and Paraguay: or obedience to this Lord may be treason to the King and ruin to the country, as witness the Gunpowder Treason, the Armada, and the murderous intrigues and plots in Portugal. Yet the staunch Professed pursues his way without fear or trepidation, inasmuch as the end, God's greater glory, sanctifies the means, and makes holy that which is perpetrated. The intention to glorify God in the Society being once established, the darkest crime cannot, at the worst, be more than a "philosophic sin," not an offence against God, not mortal, not enough to interrupt friendship with God, nor to merit eternal punishment. Nay! nothing done, or attempted to be done, by virtue of holy obedience can, to the Professed, or to the humblest Coadjutor, be any sin at all; for it is his especial virtue to obey the Superior in the slightest intimation of his will, *ad nutum*, though not a word be spoken; but, when the Superior does utter a command, "his voice is the same as if it issued from the lips of the Lord Christ Himself." To this obedience the understanding and the will are equally held captive.

We refrain from attempting any minute analysis of the Jesuit code of morals, inasmuch as that has been so often done; and this brief recollection is only to remind those who may suppose the modern code to be amended, that nothing has been done by the Society to show that it is in any sense reformed, but that it was pronounced the same in 1814 as in 1773. The same Constitutions are its law at this hour, and the same casuistry reigns in its confessionals. Our object is rather to point out its action, by enumerating its chief instruments.

A bare enumeration of the instruments, however, would not exhibit their action with sufficient clearness. We must take our stand at Rome in the reign of Pius VII., observe the state

of affairs at that time, and cast forward a rapid glance over one or two countries of Europe, our own especially, until we can estimate the agency of Jesuitism by its nearer antecedents. We have already seen that, when proscribed in almost every nation that acknowledged the authority of the Roman See, the Jesuits, nevertheless, gathered around the "chair of Peter," like those ancient man-slayers who fled to the altar of refuge. There was not a town nor a village in Romagna that had not received one, at least, from Spain, Portugal, or Naples. Exiles from Paraguay, Chili, Peru, and Brazil, had long dwelt within the boundaries of the Papal States. The ill-requited Belisarii of the Church lingered around its very throne in patient endurance of disgrace, but in confident expectation of returning honours; and no sooner was the Bull of re-constitution issued, than, from all quarters, they crowded into Rome. In the course of a very few months, the old Colleges of Terni, Ferrara, Orvieto, Viterbo, Gallora, Tivoli, Urbino, Fano, and Ferentino, were thrown open to receive the surviving remnants of the wreck of 1773. The Duke of Modena, having recovered his little State, invited these defenders of patriarchal Governments to assist him in repairing the ruins of his own. One of the chief of these regal patriarchs, Charles Emmanuel, ex-King of Sardinia and Piedmont, who had abdicated in favour of his brother, Victor Emmanuel, in 1802, entered the Novitiate of St. Andrew's, as soon as it was opened; and, on the 11th of January, 1815, put on the habit of the Order, thereby presenting the homage of royalty, and both expressing and confirming the conviction, too generally prevalent, that the descendants of the regicides of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, would show themselves the best friends of Kings in the nineteenth. Because they had suffered at the same time, although from very different causes, Sovereigns and their courtiers imagined themselves to be fellow-sufferers with the Jesuits, and fancied the interests of monarchical government to be identical with theirs. The Italian Princes in general invited them to join in teaching the people that institutions overthrown by force lost none of their legality, and several of the best families sent younger sons to occupy the restored Novitiate, until the House, although spacious, could not contain the Postulants. A second Novitiate was, therefore, founded at Reggio of Modena, and a third in Genoa. In short, the influx of youthful candidates became excessive, overwhelming feeble seniors in the select ranks of the Professed. They could not resist the urgency of the new comers to be incorporated in the highest class of the Society; and when those young men gained this first object of ambition, some of them could not be restrained from pursuing another,—the adaptation of Jesuitism, as they fancied, to the new condition of European society. But this attempt threatened the very existence of the Institute, of

which the stability depends on conserving the original bases unchanged and unchangeable. Meanwhile the old men sank under the weight of age, and, in less than four years, more than fifty of them died.

Now came a time of trial. It had been easy to slight the suspicions of a few statesmen, and the single Court of Rio de Janeiro, that remonstrated against the Bull of Pius VII., had no power to make its repugnance felt;* but the public mind of Europe was not yet conciliated. Some Cardinals who had been unfavourable to the revival of the Order, and had not concurred with the Pope in his long-cherished purpose, united to prevent, if possible, the election of a new General in December, 1820, when tidings came of the death of Bzrozowski, who had sustained that dignity in Russia, but whom the Czar would not permit to return to Rome. The Cardinal Della Genga headed one faction, and Pacca, as patron of the Jesuits, led another. After much difficulty, the Congregation of Professed assembled, and, every resource of intrigue having been exhausted on both sides, the Company prevailed, and Louis Fortis was named General.

"When the power was regularly established, a tribunal was constituted to try the Professed who had been ambitious for power, or attempted to bring disorder into the bosom of the Institute. On the 27th of October this tribunal condemned Petrucci and Pietroboni, who had sided with Cardinal Della Genga. They submitted to the sentence, they acknowledged their fault, and the Jesuits were content with a late repentance. But the two apparent chiefs of the plot were not the most blameworthy. There were young men in the bosom of the Company whose impetuosity of character had not been moderated by experience; unquiet spirits that aspired to reform or to break up every thing, and, having recently entered into the Institute, wished to make use of their position to compass their private ends. The Congregation considered them dangerous, both as reformers without intelligence, and as Religious who made their state subservient to a culpable ambition. They expelled them."

The Order of Jesus, supported by the Pope and the majority of Cardinals, and invested with strength by the very fact of collective action, found that it might be at peace, and the Congregation proceeded to issue some Decrees of great significance. By one of them, *it confirmed the ancient Constitutions, Rules, and Forms of the Institute.* By another, *it resolved to adapt the*

* The Prince Regent of Portugal commanded the Portuguese Minister at Rome to express his surprise at the restoration of the Order of Jesuits, in contradiction to the sentence of a preceding Pope, and without giving any previous intimation to the Court of Rio de Janeiro, where the Regent then was, and in contempt of the King's Edict of September 3rd, 1759. Without regard to what might be determined by other crowned heads, his Royal Highness was determined to maintain that Edict in full force within his own dominions. He sent a Circular to the same effect to all the Courts of Europe.

course of studies to the necessities of modern society. The former of these Decrees is an authentic reiteration of the "*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint*," of Clement XIII., now again confirmed as a fundamental principle and canon of the Order. The latter shows that Jesuitism, although immutable in itself, can vary its operations, modernize its exterior, and even seem to be carried onward on the stream of progress, while it embodies and enforces the same principles that were fundamental when Ignatius sketched, and Laynez finished, the scheme that still appears in the Constitutions we have quoted.

Beyond the Papal State, the event of 1814 produced various, but profound, sensation. Earnest Protestants in England heard of it with alarm; but the lukewarm derided their fears; for the day had come when the vulgar treated the Popish controversy, and those who waged it, with levity; and we must confess that the impetuous ignorance of many an untaught advocate of Protestantism provoked that levity. At Court, the sympathy with Pius VII. had long been undisguised. But three years before, our Government had offered to send a ship of war to the coast of France, to aid his escape from the custody of Bonaparte; and he would probably have been seen and complimented in England, if the Emperor had not so surrounded him with guards that liberation was impossible. The only measure of effectual self-defence for England would have been to banish every person proved a Jesuit; but there was no disposition in the majority of Parliament to resort to what would be regarded as an act of persecution, and, in examining the printed records of the Session of 1814–15, we find no more than one incidental allusion to the subject by Sir J. C. Hippisley, who called the intelligence "alarming, if substantiated." Diplomatic and military affairs absorbed the care of Parliament-men; and to rejoice for the Peace, to lampoon Bonaparte, to hear of Elba, of Waterloo, of St. Helena, entertained the multitude. A more favourable season for impunity could not be found. The Prince Regent, or, after his father's demise, George IV., courted every occasion for expressing friendly feeling towards the Pope. In 1818, the British Minister at Naples went to Rome, and formally presented to the Pope a letter from his master, which caused great joy in that city; and, in 1820, His Britannic Majesty, as Elector of Hanover, accredited a Minister to the Papal Court in terms never before used in such a document. "Let us try," said the delighted Pontiff, "to answer him, as nearly as possible, in the terms usual in addressing Catholic Princes." The debates of 1829 are within the memory of many of us; but not the least extraordinary circumstance of those debates—if Hansard may be trusted—is, that the Jesuits were passed by in silence, as if even the opponents of the so-called "Catholic Emancipation" had not sufficient confidence in their

knowledge of Jesuitism to point out its character, and exhibit the community of Stonyhurst as dwelling there in defiance of the law. Nay, the Jesuits *were* mentioned in the Act that received the royal signature; and in that Act, under the guise of a restriction, we now read an explicit provision for licensing Jesuits to come into England, or, rather, to remain in England, under licence of the Secretary of State, if they give him notice of their arrival within six months! The reason alleged for this indulgence was that the Company of Jesus abounded in very learned men, whose labours in England would be a public benefit. Provision was therefore made for our enlightenment by those chief of educators. It is needless to say that they came and went without hindrance, and without even deigning to submit to the trifling ceremony of certification to a Secretary of State. The Letters Apostolic of September, 1850, came to crown the diligence of the Ignatian enlighteners of England; and the subjection of all English Romanists to the Propaganda, which is now under the direction of the Jesuits, more than justified the assertion of Sir J. C. Hippisley, that the resurrection of Jesuitism at Rome was, to England, an event "of an alarming nature." But it appears that then, as in 1814, the only persons in England who gave any intelligible utterance to their alarm were the secular Clergy, or ordinary Priests of the Church of Rome, who regarded the restoration of the Society with extreme jealousy, and were only restrained by prudential considerations, and by their lack of legal support, from taking active measures to get rid of it altogether.

In France, the restoration could never be fully realized, inasmuch as the law did not suffer the existence of religious Orders with civil rights. The Jesuits, therefore, could only be tolerated in common with other religionists, not making open profession of their discipline, but only observing it in secret. This, however, was enough. The men were there; they could make their vows privately without hindrance, and pursue their vocation undisturbed, under the common character of Priests. The Bishops, but too glad of such powerful coadjutors, gave them welcome, and trusted that the occult influences of Jesuitism would in time regain the adhesion of the laity, long alienated from the Clergy; and the restored Bourbons were not unwilling to accept the services of these pioneers of order. In Bordeaux, Forcalquier, Amiens, Soissons, Montmorillon, and Sainte Anne d'Auray, Companies of Jesuits were simultaneously established two months after the publication of the Bull, having already met in Paris, in a house in the Rue des Postes, vacated for their occupation by the ladies of the Visitation; and there they agreed on the line of action to be taken. Under the jurisdiction of the Bishops they took the management of schools, carrying the heart of Jesuitism under the robe of parish Priests. Nay,

they had long been in this position, and had only to hold it with greater courage, a more defined object, and increasing numbers. The political reaction, rapid as it was in France, was not so swift as to anticipate their schemes. The "Fathers of the Faith," longing to be associated with the Jesuits, proffered their best assistance to revive doctrines of "religion and monarchy." The ladies of the "Sacred Heart" were already at their devotion; for a concealed Jesuit, Father Varin, had organised that sisterhood, in the year 1800, for France, and it undertook the education of young ladies, not to be Jesuits,—for let it ever be remembered that there are *no female Jesuits*,—but to do the work of Jesuitism on the most impressible class of society. The same Father Varin organized the Congregation of the "Holy Family," charged with the education of poor children in the same principles. Father Bacoffe, at Besançon, established a normal seminary for schoolmistresses to teach "the Christian religion" in villages; and, in the Congregation of Notre Dame, Mother Julia, Father Varin's proxy, indoctrinated young women of the middle class for humbler service in the provinces. But, of all agencies, that of the *Congréganistes* was, incomparably, the most powerful, and serves, more than any other, to illustrate the policy pursued by the Jesuits in a country where they cannot fully carry out their peculiar discipline. In France they have laid hold on schools. They infuse their principles into the children of the wealthy and the indigent, far beyond the ordinary schools of the middle classes. They cannot yet approach the university, but they can beset the throne. This they prepared to do by the "Congregation of the Holy Virgin," established many years before by Father Delpuits, suppressed by Bonaparte in 1810, but, after the fall of the Emperor, sprung up again. It was now placed in charge of Father Clorivière, soon afterwards made Provincial of the Society of Jesus in France. Crétineau-Joly, by far too loquacious an advocate of the Company, thus describes the policy of this Congregation:—

"With a conservative instinct, of which the Monarch (Louis XVIII.) seemed to be fatally devoid, the Jesuits thought that, *for their ulterior views*, it was necessary, above all things, to keep themselves aloof from committal to political action (*tiraillements*). Absorbed in the cares of the sacred ministry, (!) endeavouring to make their way in a country where laws and manners had undergone strange modifications; where praises, full of emphatical impostures, inflated the candid vanities of youth; where the wisest professors, the most renowned politicians and writers, so demeaned themselves as to lead this youth to street-conspiracies for the profit of their own ambition, the Jesuits had neither time nor inclination to meddle with party strifes. *The Institute of St. Ignatius bound them to observe this neutrality*, and experience confirmed the rule dictated by their founder. The first years they spent in the Rue des Postes and in the provinces, passed away, therefore, without any noise. Now and then a sudden gleam of

sunshine, precursor of the tempest, flashed from the liberal press; but those gleams, having no efficient cause, were soon forgotten. Opinions classed themselves with men, and men disputed for places in the government, in order to consolidate or overthrow the monarchy. Amidst this conflagration of words and writings, the Jesuits lay unperceived. Liberalism knew them not, and, under the inspiration of Talleyrand, it had not yet occurred to any to make use of their name as a lever."

Talleyrand, in the government, might have done so, but, out of power, he would not; for he suspected, if he did not know, their "conservative instinct," or more truly policy than instinct; their action being determined in each country just as political situations indicate. Passing over, then, the success won rapidly by this industrious and abstinent perseverance in the most sagacious course that it was possible to pursue, saying nothing of their Professed Houses, Novitiates, and Seminaries, all veiled from public observation, we keep our eye on the *Congréganistes*. The Carbonari too, the Free-Masons, and the Templars held their Lodges; and so did the Jesuits, Father Ronsin being, in reality, Grand Master. This analogy between the several secret societies is manifest. The internal discipline of the Congregation of the Virgin was precisely that which might be expected in such a Society. On every alternate Sunday, and on every festival of the Virgin, the Congregation met in a chapel behind the church of the Foreign Missions. A temporary altar was erected preparatory to the meeting, with these words on the altar-cloth, "One heart and one soul,"—symbol of the union maintained by the members, to whatever class of society they might belong. There was no distinction of age or of rank observed in their assemblies. The young student and the Peer of France sat side by side. For the Prefect, or Grand Master, and his two assistants, and for these only, three seats were reserved. They usually met at half-past seven in the morning, and separated at nine. The ceremonial began with reading the life of the saint that might be honoured on the day, or a legend suited to the special festivity of that day in honour of the Virgin. Then followed a chant of the *Veni Creator* and the *Ave Maris Stella*; after this a common prayer; and, this offered, probationers were received. At this part of the proceedings Father Ronsin went to the altar, and said mass, thus to seal the engagements of the probationers, while the whole company, sometimes two hundred strong, knelt in silence. Ronsin then gave an address on the duties of members, encouraged them to perseverance, and instructed them in the services to be performed. A prayer to the Virgin closed the exercises of the morning, and the members dispersed in silence. They could say that they had been to mass; the hour was usual for such devotion, and no one would suspect that they had been otherwise engaged. Like the Free-Masons, they passed for a charitable fraternity; and, further to conceal the doings of the

Congregation, "the Abbé Legris Duval, under the inspiration of the Fathers," founded "the Society of good Works," for visiting hospitals and prisons. Persons of wealth and high rank dispersed themselves among the lower classes of Parisians, and made themselves popular by the distribution of alms. In the bosom of this Congregation also arose "the Society of good Studies," having for its object the maintenance of youth in the principles of *religion and monarchy*. Chosen masters gave instruction to monthly assemblies of young men concerning their studies, their ordinary occupations, and their amusements; in subservience, of course, to the particular objects of the Congregation.

Persons of the highest rank, after the Sovereign, were members of the Congregation. There was Don Francisco de Paula, Infant of Spain, a noted bigot and political refugee; a member of the royal family of the Netherlands,—a country soon to be rent under the force of revolutionary Jesuitism; Counts and Marquises, Barons, lawyers, public writers, soldiers, and physicians, all to be instructed, under the care of Father Ronsin and his assistants, in their political duties. Half the French Episcopate, and a multitude of the most active Priests, also received lessons, unlearning the doctrine of Gallicanism, and vowing anew obedience to the Apostolic See. Among these were Sibour, the present Archbishop of Paris, who is not now forgetful of engagements made when he swore allegiance to Jesuitism at the feet of Father Ronsin; a large knot of Cardinals, the Nuncios Macchi and Lambruschini, the Vicar-General of Paris, the Superior of Foreign Missions. The schemes of these *Congréganistes*, not intrusted to any second parties, were promoted by aid of the most stirring eloquence in Parisian and provincial pulpits, none suspecting that the Jesuits were, by proxy, preaching to Court and country. Can we be surprised, then, that the Gallican Clergy have well nigh ceased to mention the old Gallican liberties, which are utterly annihilated? Can we be surprised that intolerance and persecution have reared their crests again, leaving not even the shadow of religious liberty in France? Could we be reasonably surprised when we saw a secret power stealing over all the provinces, and rampant in the metropolis, at the same time crushing Protestant liberties, riveting every where the links of despotic power, and controlling that very power to the elevation of a fallen Pope, and the exaltation of a once fallen Priesthood? A species of Inquisition, religious and political, was established in every town, first striking terror, and then provoking resistance. At Court, the *Congréganistes* were dominant, having office and place at their disposal. The magnitude of the conspiracy burst its covering; the secret could be kept no longer; Father Ronsin, by *advice* of the General of the Jesuits at Rome,

by desire of the King, and by the reluctant consent of Lambruschini, was compelled to quit Paris in February, 1828. The power of the Company in the army, too, became manifest on the discovery of another secret Society under their direction, and called "The Congregation of our Lady of Victories." The press raised an outcry against "this pious Society," and, unable to resist the indignation of all France, the members formally disbanded themselves at the same moment that Ronsin fled.

Then Jesuitism retreated for a little. The Bishops dreaded a like fate, when the servants whom they had employed were detected in so vast a conspiracy against the liberties of the nation, and thought themselves happy when they saw the Jesuits driven from all the schools after a severe *enquête*. Greater power in the State, or greater justice, would have expelled those Jesuits from the country; but indignation wasted itself in satirical articles and declamatory orations, and the Jesuits, quietly bowing to the storm, were content to wait until the fury should be overpast. The fall of Charles X. in 1830 was to them, however, a second blow; and many of them, hunted by the mob, fled for life. Some of their houses were pillaged, and, on that occasion, the Protestant Guizot, ostentatiously liberal, raised his voice to plead on their behalf. They have often struggled to obtain compensation, and pleaded hard for pity or confidence, but they have not succeeded; and the Jesuit must still be content to wander masked over the land; and, forbidden to assume the name or observe the domestic regulations of his Order, he is compelled to labour only in his old vocation, serving the Pope first, and the *de facto* power next. What his present manœuvres may be it is easy to conjecture, and, without fear of successful contradiction, we attribute to their influence, direct or indirect, the multiplication of French Cardinals, the ostentatious patronage of the Priesthood, and the relentless, yet illegal, persecution of the Protestants. How much more, it would not be easy to divine. It may be noted that the dispersed Company leavened the mass of the French Clergy, and in the year 1844 could boast of sixty popular preachers, who had free access to all the pulpits, and not only exerted great influence by that means, but raised a strong spirit of devotion in the Priesthood. "The Spiritual Exercises" was the manual employed, and Jesuits, as freely as if they were officiating in their own houses, conducted "retreats," that is to say, the courses of meditation and retirement prescribed in the *Exercitia*, directly preparatory to that kind of public service for which the "Coadjutors" of the Society are trained. Ravignan himself was one of those orators. But how far the national policy of the present French Empire may be influenced by such combinations as those of the reign of

Louis XVIII., is a question that deserves the grave consideration of every European statesman.

A review of the circumstances attendant on the restoration of the Order in other States, and its progress since the year 1814, would chiefly illustrate what we have already noticed, that it was welcomed as an auxiliary to the anti-republican reaction on the one hand, and to the cause of Priestism, miscalled "religion," on the other. But we have preferred to limit our attention to France, where the operations of Jesuitism were covert, and its influences indirect, and therefore analogous to its operation and influence in our own country. Having caught a sight of these in France, we are prepared to recognise them elsewhere, bearing in mind that the most zealous and successful agents of despotism can truly affirm that they are not Jesuits, but could not disprove that they are their proxies. And this *ruse* ought not to divert attention from the fact, that Jesuitism is at present the ruling power at Rome, directing the diplomacy, the worship, the dogma, and the vast missionary system of the Propaganda. Having examined, therefore, their provincial proceedings in France, we now go up to the seat of Government, and verify the assertion just made, that Jesuitism is the ruling power. The year 1829 was critical to the Popedom in general, as well as to Great Britain. The condition of the Company at that time, however, can only be estimated by stepping back, for a moment, to the Pontificate of Leo XII., and the Generalate of Louis Fortis, who died within a few days of each other,—Fortis on the 27th of January, and Leo on the 10th of February. One of Leo's earliest acts was to replace the Jesuits in that influential seat of education, the Roman College.

"This College," says the Brief *Cum multa in Urbe*, of May 17th, 1824, as given by Crétineau-Joly, "which owes its first lustre to St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Company of Jesus, was intrusted by the Sovereign Pontiffs to the regular Clerks of the same Order, who governed it successfully so long as their religion existed, as did also the secular Priests when they were subsequently charged with its direction. But as Pius VII., our predecessor, by virtue of Apostolic Letters of 17th ides of August, 1814, re-established the Company of Jesus in its pristine dignity, with the principal intention that it might educate youth in sciences and virtue; we, being fully informed of the intention of the said Pope to replace the Company of Jesus in the Roman College, thought it right to deliberate immediately on this affair, and consult the Congregation of our venerable brethren the Cardinals of the Holy Church, whom we have charged with the very important task of establishing in all our States the best and most advantageous method of instruction, the only means of regenerating the whole mass of society, after times that have been so fearfully disastrous to the Church."

He therefore assigns to the Company the Roman College, the church of St. Ignatius, the oratory of Father Caravita, the

museums, library, observatory, and all their appurtenances, subject to the condition of establishing public schools and Professorships, such as there were in the year 1773. Great was the exultation of the Fathers. This was not a mere concession, a necessary sequel to the act of Pius VII., but a new bond of intimate association between the Papacy and the Society. The education of the Priesthood was thenceforth virtually in the hands of the latter. Leo made haste to display his earnestness in carrying out the purposes of the compact. He visited again and again the houses of the Company, laboured hard in the beatification of deceased Jesuits, confided his young *nephews* to the tutorship of Father Ricasoli; and in due time the younger of these—no Jesuit, but only Jesuitized—rose to be Cardinal Archbishop Della Genga. Every possible mark of Pontifical favour was heaped upon the Company; and while the old College of Jesus was also restored, and various institutions of the same kind in Rome and far beyond were placed under the power of General Fortis, the best scholars that he could command among the Professed were called home, and concentrated all their talents on raising the Institution to the level of its new position. The Professors were men of eminence; and, among their names, we may note one who has fully repaid the honour conferred upon him, by devoting himself to the elevation of the "pious opinion" of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary into an article of belief. Our readers will recognise the name of Giovanni Perrone.

Pius VIII. and John Roothan became Pope and General in 1829. In July of that year, the latter entered on his office, and needed no assurance of cordial attachment from the newly elected Pontiff. Pius had already given that assurance in the most explicit language, when he delivered his benediction to the Fathers immediately after his accession. "I have studied," said he, "under celebrated Jesuits;" (which must have been at a time when they were not acknowledged as such;) "I know all the services that they render to the Church. *The Church cannot separate herself from the Pope; the Pope cannot separate himself from the Company.*" He bade them all unite with him to fight against the Lord's enemies! Into that battle they instantly threw themselves without reserve. Infidels and Carbonari were the parties against whom they professed to wage war; but under the general designation of "infidels" they included Protestants, and classed with Carbonari the advocates of civil freedom and constitutional Government. And by what principles the united Church and Company were to be guided in this campaign,—a campaign having all Europe, or rather all Christendom, for its field, and for its duration as much time as may intervene before they conquer or perish,—may be gathered from a single incident which our historian relates

with the simplicity that has provoked the prohibition of his work:—

"December 2nd, 1829, Pius VIII., accompanied by the Cardinals of Somaglia and Odescalchi, went to the Church of Jesus to pray before the altar of St. Francis Xavier, and there he promulgated the Decree for the canonization of the blessed Alfonso di Liguori. The day and the place chosen for the publication of the Decree did not surprise any one in Rome. *The doctrine of Liguori is identically that of the theologians of the Company.* His Moral Theology is but a commentary on the *Medulla Theologiæ Moralis* of Father Busenbaum, of which he preserved the text entire. The canonization of Liguori, then, was the justification of the casuists of the Institute, and principally of Busenbaum."

More than this, the canonization of the author of the "*Homo Apostolicus*," the elaborate manual for Confessors, was neither more nor less than the adoption of the casuistry of that person and of the Jesuits; commending it, in the most solemn and authoritative manner, to all Confessors. In plain terms, it was a transfer of the confessional to the Society, as well as of the schools; it was commending their principles, their pupils, and their emissaries to the confidence and imitation of all the Priesthood. The Carbonari were to be caught; liberal politics were to be put down. The Jesuits and their secondaries were to do these services, and do them by help of Jesuit doctrine in education, and Jesuit casuistry in the management of the confessional. And here we must not fail to note a rule of the Society, that none of its members must confess to any who are not members. They become the depositaries of secrets, and the guides of consciences; but their own secrets they must not intrust to any, not even under a sacramental seal; and their own "consciences," enriched by the disclosures of the profane, they must confide without reserve to their Superiors.

Within the brief Pontificate of Pius VIII., who died on the last day of November, 1830, the Company had thus made a very near approach to a position of absolute domination over the counsels of the Court, the education both of Priesthood and laity, and the guidance of consciences. Nor could their benefactor have been fairly expected to proceed further in the same direction, if even his life had been prolonged. Gregory XVI. next won the tiara, and found himself almost compelled to follow the example of his three predecessors, by hastening to call the same "experienced rowers" to his help. In France, Spain, and Italy, there was now a strong popular reaction, a general determination to cast off the yoke of absolute monarchy The events of those days are fresh in the remembrance of many of us; and it is enough to call to mind the barricades of Paris, the expulsion of the Bourbons, the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne as King of the French; the rejection of Don

Carlos as heir apparent of the Spanish Crown, and the substitution of an infant daughter of Ferdinand; the ineffectual struggles of Poland; the civil war in Portugal, with the popular enthusiasm for Don Pedro; the Italian insurrections for liberty under the tricoloured flag. In all these countries the Jesuits were marked as enemies of all freedom, and attacked as adherents of the double despotism of King and Priest. Expulsion, however, was impossible. People might break into Professed Houses and Seminaries, drive out the inmates, and dash the furniture to pieces; but they could not alter the principles of a Jesuit-educated Priesthood, nor annihilate the fraternities and sisterhoods that were but branches of the Great Society under other names, although enjoying a considerable share of popularity, nor be sure that the new Cabinets, offices, and Parliaments were not occupied by some persons, at least, of Jesuitized education. The expulsion, therefore, was everywhere imaginary, and nowhere real. Gregory XVI. was first adored in the very heat of this revolutionary tumult. A few days after his election, the Houses of Spoleto, Fano, Modena, Reggio, Farli, and Ferrara, were entered by the liberals, and the tenants banished. But violence frustrated its own end, and the failure of that unripe revolt was equivalent with the triumph of the Church.

But the Church, as we are again reminded, could not separate herself from the Pope, nor could the Pope separate himself from the Jesuits. They alone could save the bark of Peter, it was thought, from foundering amidst the tempest of republicanism. So thought Gregory. The Cardinal Vicar Zurla spoke for him, and proposed to inaugurate his pontificate by a bold and hitherto unheard-of solemnity, even by placing all the monastics of Rome at the feet of St. Ignatius. The Cardinal Vicar selected the Church of Jesus to be the scene of a new devotion, and in that Church all the monks of the various Orders in Rome were assembled to be instructed by Father Finetti how to go through the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius Loyola. They submitted in "holy obedience;" for not even monastic jealousy could now venture to dispute the ascendancy of the once-hated Company. Time cooled the ardour of the republicans, or force mastered it; and when again the silence of desolation brooded over Italy, the last and crowning deed of honour was done by Gregory XVI. to the soldiers of the Vatican. It was on the second day of October, 1836, that the Propaganda itself was placed in their hands, at the desire of its own Congregation. On that day they were commissioned to direct the Urban College, or, in other words, to take under their control all the young Missioners,—"to mould and instruct the Priests who should carry the Gospel into the most distant nations." What this means, may be estimated by calling to mind one or two plain facts. The College of Maynooth, and all the other Romish Colleges in Ireland, are confess-

edly under the direct control of the Propaganda, even as the Propaganda is led and managed at Rome by the Jesuit masters and governors. The new University in Ireland is under the Propaganda too; that is to say, it is under the Jesuit, or quasi-Jesuit, control that rules the Pope. Great Britain, too, as the Letters Apostolic of Pius IX. explicitly provide, is under the immediate eye and hand of the Roman Propaganda, forasmuch as the newly made Archbishop and Bishops of this "flourishing realm" are bound to remain under the jurisdiction of that Congregation. Every Priest, then, taught in the Irish Colleges, every Priest taught in Rome, every Priest and Prelate approved by the Propaganda, and pursuing his vocation here, is educated in the casuistry of the Father Busenbaum and the Saint Liguori, and specially instructed in the work of destroying Protestantism, under the name of "infidelity," and eating out the national independence and Christianity of England, because opposed to the *regalia* of St. Peter. All this time, however, the Jesuit or the pro-Jesuit must not meddle with politics, or must not seem to do so. The inferior agents, of course, are not to be trusted with any sort of political commission. Their function is obscure, slow, spiritual, acquiescent. If any direct political action is to be taken, that must be confided to a nobler and more trusty hand. The superior authority may therefore well enforce the ancient rule, that no Jesuit—except the General direct otherwise—is to take any sort of political action, but confine himself to the educational and spiritual services of the Institute. Hence it is that when political action has been taken under such supreme direction, which never acknowledged the participation of the multitude of non-professed Coadjutors, Scholastics, and others, a public letter from Rome customarily forbids Jesuits or Priests, as the case may be, to interfere with politics. Such a letter was written by Acquaviva, immediately after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot: such an one by Roothan on occasion of the Jubilee of their Order, in 1840, after every nerve had been strained to suppress the liberties of Europe by the universal inculcation of illiberal doctrine, and by the help of casuistical confessors and other agents. Such instructions were acted on in England most scrupulously in 1829, when, in spite of the vast excitement that prevailed in all classes of society, the Jesuits, concealed yet numerous, kept so profound a silence, that few public men seemed even to think of them, except as foreign scholars, whom the "emancipated Catholics" might wish to engage in purely scientific or literary service. And hence it is, that amidst the noise of the present Maynooth battle, the Pope, who is entirely under the control of the Jesuits, and perhaps imagines them to be equally under his own control, has caused the Irish Priests to be admonished that they are not to intermeddle even in the tempting tumult of Irish politics, but be

quiet and inoffensive, pursuing only the objects of their spiritual calling. In short, it is impossible to read the volume before us, or any other historical sketch of the proceedings of this Company, without perceiving that the suspicion of Governments or of the people on one hand, and the pacific admonitions to spirituality and heavenly deportment from Generals and Provincials on the other, are significantly coincident. They denote treason underneath.

But we hasten to conclude our paper with a few general observations, and, first of all, as to the Pope now reigning, Pius IX. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to the Jesuits is not to be regarded as a mere indication of weakness or of superstition,—the passion of a devotee. Whatever may be the calculation of the Court of Rome, as to the profit that shall accrue to them from devotions to Mary after the "dogmatic definition" of her immaculacy, it is certain that the centre of management in this affair has been the Roman College. We have not time to search out the minuter evidences, but may note a few that lie on the very surface. The first formal application for the insertion of the word *immaculata* in the Preface of the Mass of the Conception came from Spain, from the Chapter of Seville, presided over by one of the most notorious devotees of Jesuitism, the seditious Cardinal Cienfuegos; and it was answered *pro gratiâ* by a rescript from the Cardinal Odescalchi, whom we just now saw kneeling in the Church of Jesus, at the canonization of Liguori. Lambruschini—not a Jesuit, but an *alumnus* of Jesuitism, whom we saw in the secret meetings of the French *Congréganistes*, busy in supplying the offices of State and the inferior offices of departments with Jesuit nominees—acts again for the Company in winning over Ancarini, General of the Dominicans, to act without the concurrence of his brethren, and contemptuously to set aside their objections, in making a similar petition, and in an active and not honourable correspondence with the Congregation of Rites on the same subject. The chief advocate of the new dogma, as a theologian, was Father Giovanni Perrone, Doctor of Theology in the Roman College, who took that Professorship when the College was given back to the Company by Leo XII. This advocate for the fiction cherished by the Society from the time of its restoration, if not from that of Loyola, has been honoured with a Brief of Thanks by Pius, containing this sentence: "*Quod quidem vel maximè decet illius inclytæ Societatis alumnum, quæ toi viros vitæ integritate, sanctitatis gloriâ, Catholicæ religionis zelo, omnigenâ sapientiâ insignes, ac de Christianâ et civili republicâ præclare meritos habuisse lætatur.*" The sentence is meant to be an emphatic eulogy of the Society, and it is not more highly wrought than those which, if report speaks truly, the Pope is in the habit of pronouncing on every convenient occasion. He lauds it as sending forth men adorned

with every virtue and every accomplishment, and equally laden with merits in the service of civil Governments and of the Church. The chief event, therefore, to be marked in the history of the Company during the Pontificate of Pius IX. will doubtless be the vanquishing, by fair means or foul,—we are thinking, just now, of the late ill-fated Abbé Laborde,—the opposition of the Dominicans, and of a party of the French Clergy, *not* headed, however, by their own Metropolitan Sibour, whom we also recognise as an old *Congréganiste*,—a circumstance that cannot have impeded his advance to the station he now occupies. And there he is, playing no inconspicuous part in relation to a Government and Clergy that are treading in the footsteps of Louis XIV., to annihilate Christian liberty, if they can, by a slow and stubborn perseverance in the policy of gradual encroachment, that needs only to be pursued for a few years, with due regard to opportunities, to disperse the last Protestant congregation that dares to meet in France.

How much the Company would merit from the absolute Government of Naples, under the high administration of the present Sovereign, Pius IX. could scarcely have predicted when he gave his Brief to Perrone in 1847. Two years after that, they could boast that they had saved the throne to Ferdinand. No remonstrance of theirs against his butcheries caused the slightest distaste to spring up in the royal breast to their disadvantage. They were a strong corps; more numerous in that *sentina* of Italian impurities than in any other State, size for size. Their services in the cause of absolutism were acknowledged, and his Majesty rewarded them to the utmost of his power. They had the monopoly of public instruction: over the Clergy, both secular and regular, they enjoyed an undisputed pre-eminence; for, in the eyes of the King, they were worthy. Notwithstanding the cleanness of hands inculcated by their statutes on all members of the body, except when, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, they may be called to perform some extraordinary service, the Jesuits made out lists of persons to be proscribed, and their victims were imprisoned or banished accordingly, the King believing that no enemy of the Jesuits could be a friend to himself. At Court they had the highest reverence, next to the ONE whom every Neapolitan courtier must adore; and to that one they had access through the medium of his Private Secretary. The spirituality of their vocation did not prevent them from providing the Neapolitans with a newspaper, devoted to the cause of "religion and good order," the "*Civiltà Cattolica*," thus to instruct the laity as well as the Clergy, their constant object being, as Cardinal Wiseman, a student of theirs, once endeavoured to persuade us, to diffuse light! But either through the contempt that follows much familiarity, or from an instinctive preference of ecclesiastical to worldly interests, they

began to encroach upon the rights of the King, and claim for the Neapolitan Clergy, their clients, powers independent of the Crown. The pure doctrine of Rome, on this point, they taught at Naples, with as confident a sense of security as if they were in Westminster, and by so doing roused royal indignation. That, however, they did not scruple to appease by signing a formal profession of absolute principles, and of blind submission to the King of the Two Sicilies. That paper, contrary to their expectation, was printed. They were committed thereby, in the sight of Europe, as advocates of the most savage variety of despotism just now known to exist under the sun; and their General has consequently thought it necessary to interfere in the manner usual, and reprove them—members of the most political fraternity in Popedom—for meddling with politics. This, however, is but a *pro formâ* document, necessary for public reasons. They kiss it, therefore, lay it on their head, and pray for him that sent it, like Persian slaves. The Pope, thankful for their services, espouses their quarrel. They did their best to serve him, and he is thankful.

A word more concerning the influence of Jesuitism in this United Kingdom, and we have done. By transfusing its own spirit into the Court, the hierarchy, the schools, and all the institutions of the Popedom, the Society gains immense power over the British Empire. The degree of diocesan or provincial independence that not even the Council of Trent could overcome, is made to give way under the stern obligation to "holy obedience," that could never be enforced so perfectly by the secular Prelates on their own Clergy. Wiseman in England, and Cullen in Ireland, were both, as we understand, *alumni* of the Roman College, both disciplined in Retreats and Exercises, and both, as we have shown, under the direct control of Jesuitism. Ireland, made a Jesuit province in 1829, and England, an episcopal province under the Propaganda in 1850, are equally subject to the same governing authority. Under these chiefs the two islands are ruled in strict agreement, and kept in absolute submission to the present General. With the artifice that we have already marked, the Irish Priests are now forbidden to interfere with politics, just as the French Jesuits were forbidden by Roothan to give any opinion concerning the temporal dominion of the Pope over the King. In Ireland, or in the other Jesuit provinces, when critical questions are pending, the Order is to be quiet, and give care to raising the ceremonial of the Church from "its extremely slovenly condition." Not relaxing their vigilance, not withholding private counsels, nor failing to put forth their best influence in private, the Priests are still bidden to exercise their full right as Irishmen, only without noise. The greatest care of Court and Company just now is given to seminaries, which they earnestly desire to reform

according to the Italian model, of which we have read so much in the last Maynooth Report. Dr. Cullen, in sweet accord with Her Majesty's Commissioners, was not unmindful of his duty, but, very consistently with his previous engagements, placed that Report, in manuscript, under the revision of his masters. A somewhat similar instance of educational zeal, fostered also by the British Government, occurred when the Earl of Derby, as Lord Stanley, held office for the Colonies. The Maltese Jesuits then prayed permission to establish a College in their island. His Lordship and his colleagues gave ear to the prayer, and accordingly the youth of Malta, not to say the servants of the local Government, rejoice under the shadow of the Company. In short, there now remains no possibility of emerging from that shadow; for not only in Malta, but wherever the Propaganda rules, priestly education cannot be other than Jesuitical. And not only the Priests, but the laity of all classes are gradually brought under the same tutelage. Industrial and reformatory institutions, of all things the last thought of by Cardinals, are to rival, if possible, the efforts of Protestant benevolence in our great towns; and the management of these new seminaries of Romanism, religious and political, must necessarily be given to members of that Order whose peculiar function it is to educate all classes. And yet again, lest Maynooth teaching should not be sufficiently intense, or lest some shade of English patriotism, or some infirmity of Irish impetuosity, should spoil the training of the Priests there,—and because a larger supply is wanted for England than Maynooth could yield, and policy forbids many English Priests to learn their spiritual exercises in Ireland,—there is to be a new English College at Rome. This College is to bear the name of *Pio Nono*, just as the palace of the Inquisition bears that of *Urbano Ottavo;* and therein the Ignatian Fathers hope to train up English youth to be their coadjutors over us. Collections have recently been made in England for this pious object.

Here we stop. The want of space forbids us to proceed any further. We cannot indulge in searching into the affairs of Belgium, where the Company is dominant; nor can we trace its doings in Austria, from the day of its return to Vienna, in 1820, up to the achievement of its recent triumph in the emancipation of the Clergy from imperial jurisdiction, and its last exploit of a *Concordat*,—the most monstrous fruit of despotic insolence on the one hand, and of despotic imbecility on the other, that has been produced since the more compendious transaction at Dover between the Roman Legate and our poor King John. What these chosen zealots have done to rivet the chains of absolutism on Lombardy and Venice, since their establishment in those conquered States in 1836, it might be as difficult to substantiate, as it is impossible to doubt. Our whole Colonial Empire, regarded

as a field of Jesuit enterprise, ought also to be explored; but we hope that enough has been adduced to show, that the re-constitution of Papal power, since the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, has been largely, if not chiefly, due to the Society, now in possession of the Roman schools, the Missions, the Confessional, in great part, the Papal Closet, Papal Envoys, an incalculable multitude of conventual and literary institutions, and, to crown the whole, the two important bodies of Irish and English Ecclesiastics. The successor of Peter aforetime held the keys; they are now handled by the successor of Ignatius.

Art. IV.—*Noctes Ambrosianæ*. By Professor Wilson. In Four Volumes. Vols. I. and II. Blackwood. 1855.

The same man in different circumstances, and what then? Postpone his birth, translate his home, alter his social grade, and, in all outward things, reverse his destiny; will his character be developed into the same substantial form? Can the imagination rightfully supply the features of his life in any given position? To do so would be a matter of the highest difficulty, but perhaps it is not quite impossible. Yet, if we endeavour to estimate the results of this hypothetical combination, our conclusion must remain unverified: it is only a conjecture at the best. With persons of ordinary stamp, who accept their destiny as infants receive their breath and children daily bread, it is easy to conceive how little alteration would be made in their lot by their birth happening in other lands or earlier ages. To know the habits of their age and country is to know the quality and tenor of their lives. A postman of the present day may not have been a letter-carrier in the period of the Commonwealth; but, so far as his lot depended on himself, it would not have ranged much higher. But what if Cromwell had been the son of some modern Barclay? Would he have followed the genius of command to the borders of revolution, or been content with the parliamentary position, say, of Sir Fowell Buxton, taken arms against the accursed Slave-trade, and crowned his reputation in our own day by a single-handed contest with public abuses of every kind and shape? Alas! there is none in whom we can recognise the re-animated soul of Cromwell. And then, Alfred, the Saxon Monarch,—suppose him to have been born in a humbler sphere, but a brighter age, emerging from the middle class on this side of the struggling millennium of the modern world, instead of shining at the moment of its grim beginning. Shall we style him author, politician, or prosperous merchant? He might have been one or all: he would have been eminent

for large views in some department of national or social policy: he must have commanded the respect and admiration of all wise men in the sphere selected by his will and illustrated by his genius and resource.

We know not if these speculations may seem to the reader plausible, or otherwise. But there is one ancient character for whom we have no difficulty in finding a modern representative; and this we do set forth with greater confidence. Suppose that one of those yellow-haired and lawless sea-kings who disturbed the Heptarchy, and sang the wild songs of Scandinavia as he sailed in quest of plunder or in pure love of conquest and renown; who stood only in fear of Thor, the Thunder-god, and gave constant praise and worship to Balder, the blue-eyed deity of love and music,—suppose the destiny of such an one postponed to our well-regulated age, and his first breath drawn in modern Edinburgh, instead of his last sigh breathed in defiance on the shore of the stormy Hebrides; how then shall all his powers, physical and moral, develope and attach themselves? It seems to us that such a phenomenon has really occurred. The strong, fierce, generous Viking wakes to unseasonable life at the dawning of the nineteenth century. He brings with him all the adventurous daring of a pirate's nature, in union with all the passionate affections of a poet's heart. He grows up to the royal stature of humanity, his yellow hair falling in untamed profusion about his massive brows. He leaps a distance so gigantic that the lowland carle stares in metaphysical astonishment. With equal ease he will knock down a bullock, or drink down a baillie. His mirth is more uproarious than the laughter which shakes Olympus; his wisdom and serenity more mellow than the sun which sets behind the hills of Morven. There is no due outlet for his active enterprise, and so his busy mind goes out after all knowledge,—lifts itself up on the wings of poesy, and darts forth its eagle vision into the cloudland of philosophy. Untrained as a marauder, he becomes terrible as a critic. Denied the murderous club of his forefathers, he seizes eagerly upon a trenchant weapon of offence,—since caught up into heaven, and known as the constellation of *The Crutch*,—and becomes henceforth the terror of all feeble poets and conceited cockneys, and tyrant over all the foes of Torydom.

In this sketch of the character of the late Professor Wilson we have briefly indicated the strength, variety, and affluence of his natural gifts; and we have no doubt that when we are furnished with a detailed narrative of his life and several performances, it will more than justify our summary description. But the reader is not called upon to wait for such a proof. It was as the "Christopher North" of Blackwood's Magazine that Professor Wilson earned his splendid reputation;

and the fulness and maturity of his athletic powers were all put forth in the composition of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, now before us. In these admirable papers the man as well as the author, the humourist as well as the philosopher, the citizen as well as the moralist, appears in the utmost freedom of undress; and from them, more truly perhaps than from any circumstantial memoir, may be drawn the fairest estimate of his character, opinions, and career.

Some of our readers may remember the time,—now thirty years gone by,—when these papers began to attract the attention of the public; and we ourselves can recall the pleasure which (ten years later) the last few numbers of the series, then just brought to a triumphant conclusion, produced in our minds, in that opening stage of youth when the love of reading is a passion the most eager and predominant. But many will require to be told, and others to be reminded, that the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* assume to be the record of convivial mirth and rational discourse occurring at certain imaginary suppers, under the roof of one Ambrose, in the city of Edinburgh. The principal interlocutors are three,—Christopher North, Editor of Blackwood's Magazine; Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; and Timothy Tickler, a gentleman of the old school, standing six feet four in his stocking feet. None of these characters are purely imaginary; yet as they appear in the work before us, in eminent relief and due proportion, they are all the masterly creations of Professor Wilson.

Tickler is supposed to adumbrate, in certain personal traits, the character of Robert Sym, the author's maternal uncle, who, as the editor informs us, "died in 1844, at the age of ninety-four, having retained to the last the full possession of his faculties, and enjoyed uninterrupted good health to within a very few years of his decease." He was formerly a Writer to the Signet, but retired from business at the commencement of the present century. He does not appear to have been a literary character, in the stricter sense of the phrase, and had no further connexion with Blackwood's Magazine than that arising from an interest in its success, and a friendship with its chief contributors. We may readily conclude with Mr. Ferrier, that the Tickler of the *Noctes* is almost entirely a creature of the imagination, or, at least, a faint but noble outline worthily filled in. In the figure of Christopher North, the author has sketched himself,—not strictly in his own character and person, and not in his professorial robes, but in his editorial capacity, as seated in the chair of "Maga," and swaying the critical sceptre in the northern capital. We recognise the likeness as conditionally true. In some notable particulars the Christopher North of "Maga" and the *Noctes* differs from the Professor Wilson of private life. The former

is a gouty old bachelor, hobbling by the aid of his memorable crutch; the latter was then in the prime of life, and the proud father of a happy family. The former gives himself dictatorial airs, and speaks sometimes as one "flown with insolence and wine;" the latter was generous, candid, affectionate, and just. But the difference ends in these few affectations, and some others of a kindred sort. The boundless animal spirits, the glorious invective, the sparkling wit, the ripe and ready wisdom, of the "old man eloquent," are all characteristic of the great Professor. Through his pleasant mask we see the features of the first prose-poet of the age, beaming with benignity and kindling with a mild intelligence; and it adds a zest to the reader's pleasure to know, that, although dear Christopher acts rather as moderator than leader in these mirthful *soirées*, yet he is not merely the presiding genius of the scene, but the Prospero of all this brilliant masquerade, at whose sole bidding these philosophic revels rise and fall as by enchantment.

But the Mercurius, or chief speaker, of these brilliant meetings is the Ettrick Shepherd. Here, too, we have a real character, of genuine but limited proportions; but we see it expanded to the measure of ideal greatness, stamped with a broader and far deeper individuality, and sustained throughout with wonderful success. James Hogg, the poet of Mount Benger, supplied the hint of this delightful character; and the homely, genial, joyous temperament of his original is never lost sight of in our author's fine delineation. But the Shepherd of the *Noctes* is virtually a new creation.

"Out of very slender materials," says the present editor, "an ideal infinitely greater and more real, and more original, than the prototype from which it was drawn, has been bodied forth. Bearing in mind that these dialogues are conversations on men and manners, life and literature, we may confidently affirm that nowhere within the compass of that species of composition is there to be found a character at all comparable to this one in richness and readiness of resource. In wisdom the Shepherd equals the Socrates of Plato; in humour he surpasses the Falstaff of Shakspeare. Clear and prompt, he might have stood up against Dr. Johnson in close and peremptory argument; fertile and copious, he might have rivalled Burke in amplitude of declamation; while his opulent imagination and powers of comical description invest all that he utters either with a picturesque vividness or graphic quaintness peculiarly his own."—*Preface*, p. xvii.

So far Mr. Fervier. If we cannot quite subscribe to the whole of this eulogium, it is only because we think the writer has confounded the total effect of these matchless dialogues, and put all to the account of him who is certainly their brightest ornament. It is evident that even dramatic consistency would exclude the Shepherd-poet from rivalling the united powers of Plato, Shakspeare, and Johnson; and if the qualities of these great authors

be suggested, as we grant they are, by the richness, strength, variety, and beauty of the dialogues, it is to be considered that the whole triumvirate contribute to the general effect, which, strictly speaking, must be imputed to the Protean genius of the author. But the Shepherd is, nevertheless, pre-eminent in these colloquial displays; an infinite amount of poetry and humour is made to flow from his lips as from a fountain; both North and Tickler delight to draw him forth, and listen to his *naïve* and shrewd philosophy. In the seventeenth number of the *Noctes* he rises into a truly Socratic strain, which almost mars, by its excess of elevated thought, the harmony of his rare but more homely powers, especially when he is found quoting Greek with the appropriateness and ease of a well furnished scholar; and this scene, in conjunction with numerous others, would almost justify the comprehensive character assigned him by the editor. However this may be, we have no hesitation in adopting the remainder of Mr. Ferrier's graphic estimate:—

"Be the theme what it may, tragical or comical, solemn or satirical, playful or pathetic, high or low, he is always equal to the occasion. In his most grotesque delineations his good sense never deserts him; in his most festive abandonment his morality is never at fault. He is intensely individual, and also essentially national. Hence he is real,—hence he is universal. His sentiments are broad and catholic, because, careless whom he may conciliate and whom he may offend, he pours them forth without restraint,—the irrepressible effusions of a strong humourous soul, which sees only with its own eyes, and feels only with its own heart. Whether he is describing 'Fozie Tam' as seen through all the paraphernalia of a prancing and terrible dragoon, or painting 'the mutineer's execution' in colours to which the highest art of the professed tragedian could add neither pity nor terror, he is always the same inimitable original,—the same self-consistent Shepherd, ever benignant amid the shifting eddies of the discourse,—ever ready to hunt down a humbug, or to shower the spray of an inexhaustible fancy over the realities of life, until their truthfulness becomes more evidently true."—*Preface*, p. xvii.

Such are the chief personages who meet at these *symposia;* and nothing is more admirable than the manner in which their characters are developed and sustained. For dramatic power, for freedom, force, and copiousness of language and illustration, these papers have no parallel in ancient or modern literature. Lucian is tame, and Landor insufferably stiff, in comparison with the author of these Scottish revels. The possibilities of genius, under the influence of high animal spirits, were never, hitherto, so fully manifested. Nothing could exceed the realising power which sets the scene, the company, so vividly before the reader; which makes his ear ring with the boisterous mirth, or drink in the steady, flowing, interrupted, and recurrent

stream of conversation; which simulates the effect of festive indulgence, and from imaginary viands distils an intellectual wine, bright with the purest and most sparkling hues of wit, and rich with humour the most genial and exalting.

We grant it would not be easy, in the brief space allotted to this paper, to prove by mere quotation how merited is all the praise we have bestowed. The very nature of the work precludes the possibility of doing so. The characteristic of the *Noctes* is not an unusual polish in discourse, nor even a critical sagacity both uniform and profound: it is rather the combination of endless variety with perpetual freshness,—the alternation of a brilliant fancy, glancing upon a thousand objects, and sometimes rising into a triumphant strain of natural description, with the tranquil fall of sober conversation, varied only by the quaintest humour, the slyest satire, the pleasantest exaggeration, and the "wee bit" Scottish song, trolled forth by the first of Shepherds in the most unctuous and expressive of all pastoral dialects. It is obvious that no "sample" can convey an adequate idea of dialogues so varied and so discursive. It may afford some notion of their strength and flavour, but none of their freedom, affluence, or range. If chosen for its unusual power and beauty, a world of characteristic excellence is then excluded: if of average and more level qualities, it must suffer by removal from the place in which it spontaneously occurred, and acquire, by reason of its being formally and separately introduced, a triviality and weakness which do not attach to it in its original connexion. It is so in other and graver works beside the present. A page from Boswell's Life of Johnson would poorly represent the intellectual vigour and sagacity of that true man; for many of Johnson's recorded sayings are trivial or false in substance, as others are harsh and unadvised in spirit and expression; and it is only our persuasion of his moral worth and general wisdom which imparts a redeeming interest to the whole. Besides and above the literary merit of his conversations, are their historic value and their dramatic charm. The impression of a moment is left for all the ages; and we see a giant's casual footstep, perhaps awkward and awry, made on the sand of time, and hardened into rock. So the interest of Boswell's work is mainly biographical; as an impersonal collection of aphorisms it would be sadly imperfect, and subject to a thousand challenges. But what has this to do with the *Noctes Ambrosianæ?* It must be owned that a work of imagination like the present exists under somewhat different conditions. Having little or nothing of historic value, it depends chiefly on dramatic interest and propriety. The author presents us with an original composition rather than a veritable record, and it behoves him therefore to put a due significance into his lightest parts: as we have not the satisfaction always

arising from the *vrai*, we may justly claim a sustained presentment of the *vraisemblable*. We bring Professor Wilson to this test in presenting the following passage, which very fairly exhibits the ordinary texture of these dialogues, and nothing more:—

"*Tickler.*—Among the many useful discoveries of this age, none more so, my dear Hogg, than that poets are a set of very absurd inhabitants of this earth. The simple fact of their presuming to have a language of their own, should have dished them centuries ago. A pretty kind of language, to be sure, it was; and, conscious themselves of its absurdity, they palmed it upon the Muses, and justified their own use of it on the plea of inspiration!

"*North.*—Till, in course of time, an honest man of the name of Wordsworth was born, who had too much integrity to submit to the law of their lingo, and, to the anger and astonishment of the order, began to speak in good, sound, sober, intelligible prose. Then was a revolution. All who adhered to the ancient *régime*, became, in a few years, utterly incomprehensible, and were coughed down by the public. On the other hand, all those who adopted the new theory, observed that they were merely accommodating themselves to the language of their brethren of mankind.

"*Tickler.*—Then the pig came snorting out of the poke, and it appeared that no such thing as poetry, essentially distinct from prose, could exist. True, that there are still some old women and children who rhyme, but the breed will soon be extinct, and a poet in Scotland will be as scarce as a capercailzie.

"*North.*—Since the extinction, therefore, of English poetry, there has been a wide extension of the legitimate province of prose. People who have got any genius, find that they may traverse it as they will, on foot, on horseback, or in chariot.

"*Tickler.*—A Pegasus with wings always seemed to me a silly and inefficient quadruped. A horse was never made to fly on feathers, but to gallop on hoofs. You destroy the idea of his peculiar powers the moment you clap pinions to his shoulder, and make him paw the clouds.

"*North.*—Certainly. How poor the image of—

> 'Heaven's warrior-horse, beneath his fiery form,
> Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm,'—

to one of Wellington's Aide-de-camps, on an English hunter, charging his way through the French Cuirassiers, to order up the Scotch Greys against the Old Guards moving on to redeem the disastrous day of Waterloo!

"*Tickler.*—Poetry, therefore, being by universal consent exploded, all men, and women, and children are at liberty to use what style they choose, provided that it be in the form of prose. Cram it full of imagery as an egg is full of meat. If *caller*, down it will go, and the reader be grateful for his breakfast. Pour it out simple, like whey, or milk and water, and a swallow will be found enamoured of the liquid murmur. Let it gurgle forth, rich and racy, like a haggis, and there are stomachs that will not scun her. Fat paragraphs will

be bolted like bacon; and, as he puts a period to the existence of a lofty climax, the reader will exclaim, 'O, the roast beef of Old England! and O, the English roast beef!'

"*North.*—Well said, Tickler: that prose composition should always be a plain uncondimented dish, is a dogma no longer endurable. Henceforth I shall show, not only favour, but praise, to all prose books that contain any meaning, however small; whereas I shall use all vampers like the great American shrike, commemorated in last Number, who sticks small singing birds on sharp pointed thorns, and leaves them sticking there in the sunshine, a rueful, if not a saving, spectacle to the choristers of the grove."

In this exaltation of prose literature there is, of course, some pleasant exaggeration; and the Shepherd is allowed to step in immediately with a hearty vindication of the ancient supremacy of song. But there is a measure of seriousness in these colloquial *dicta;* and the practice of Christopher North strongly corroborates his assertion of the range and capabilities of prose composition. Much, indeed, of the literature of modern times might be adduced in favour of the same opinion; but the works of Professor Wilson are the most striking evidences in its behalf, and none more so than the treasury of wit and humour, of pathos and pictorial effects, with which we are now concerned. It is no exaggeration to say, that the prose-pastorals of the Ettrick Shepherd, scattered in prodigal profusion throughout these animated pages, have more of the power and spirit of poetry than all the pastorals which were ever fashioned into verse. They have the first fresh bloom of nature on them, and breathe the sweet free air of meadow and of mountain-side. Henceforth the plains of Sicily are not more classical than Altrive and the banks of Yarrow. But the Shepherd's powers are not limited to the poetry of natural objects and of country life. A shrewd observer of men and manners, he is master of every variety of character and incident, and, with the aid of his facile tongue, embalms them in the unctuous dialect of Scotland. Not emulating the literary conversations of North and Tickler, he shoots ahead of them by virtue of his buoyant genius, and seizes upon the merits of a thousand glancing topics; is at home and paramount in every country sport, and makes the landscape glide ghostly by, as he describes a skating feat from Yarrow into Edinburgh; has truest sympathy for the moral beauty of old age, and speaks of it with loving lips, while, in the person of Madame Genlis, he finds a revolting contrast, and brings out the picture of a superannuated French coquette, with a skilful, rapid, and unsparing hand; divines character by the countenance with instinctive readiness, and reads the signs of hypocrisy and gluttony, as well as those of benevolence and virtue, with marvellous precision; rehearses, with equal power, the day-dreams of his fancy and the night-

mare still haunting his excited recollection, and raises the gambler's "hell," like an earthly pandemonium, so vividly before the reader's eye that innocence itself must realize its truth. In short, we see a homely dialect made so plastic, copious, and extensile, in the hands of genius, that it answers every possible demand, and seconds the descriptive powers which make incursions into every region both of nature and of art,—from the gorgeous summer of a Highland loch, to the faded and fulsome tapestry of an ancient hackney-coach. In the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* the reader may assure himself that this is but a feeble understatement of the truth; and, in the meantime, he may take the following as representing both the colloquial spirit of these dialogues, and the pictorial triumphs of the Shepherd. It should be remarked, however, that it is only after more continuous reading, that the Scottish dialect of these volumes becomes familiar to the English ear and mind; and then its peculiar richness, softness, and expressiveness begin to have a realizing charm, which places the speaker and the subject vividly before him.

"*Tickler.*—Yes, Sydney Smith has a rare genius for the grotesque. He is, with his quips and cranks, a formidable enemy to pomposity and pretension. No man can wear a big wig comfortably in his presence; the absurdity of such enormous frizzle is felt; and the dignitary would fain exchange all that horsehair for a few scattered locks of another animal.

"*North.*—He would make a lively interlocutor at a '*Noctes.*' Indeed, I intend to ask him, and Mr. Jeffrey, and Cobbett, and Joseph Hume, and a few more choice spirits, to join our festive board.

"*Shepherd.*—O, man, that will be capital sport. Sic conversation!

"*Tickler.*—O, my dear James, conversation is at a very low ebb in this world!

"*Shepherd.*—I 've often thought and felt that, at parties where ane might hae expeckit better things. First o' a' comes the wather, no a bad toppic, but ane that townsfolk kens naething about. Wather! My faith, had ye been but in Yarrow last Thursday.—

"*Tickler.*—What was the matter, James, the last Thursday in Yarrow?

"*Shepherd.*—I 'se tell you, and judge for yoursel. At four in the mornin it was that hard frost that the dubs* were bearin, and the midden† was as hard as a rickle o' stanes. We couldna plant the potawtoes. But the lift was clear. Between eight and nine, a snaw storm came down frae the mountains about Loch Skene, noo a whirl, and noo a blast, till the groun' was whitey-blue wi' a sliddery sort o' sleet, and the Yarrow began to roar wi' the melted broo, alang its frost-bound borders, and aneath its banks, a' hanging wi' icicles, nane o' them thinner than my twa arms. Weel then, about eleven it began to rain, for the wind had shifted, and before dinner time it was an even down-pour. It fell lown about sax, and the air grew close

* Puddles. † Dunghill.

and sultry to a degree that was fearsome. Wha wad hae expeckit a thunderstorm on the eve o' sic a day? But the heavens, in the thundery airt, were like a dungeon; and I saw the lightning playing like meteors athwart the blackness, lang before any growl was in the gloom. Then a' at once, like a waulken'd lion, the thunder rose up in his den, and, shakin' his mane o' brindled clouds, broke out into sic a roar, that the very sun shuddered in eclipse, and the grews and collies, that happened to be sitting beside me on a bit knowe, gaed whinin' into the house wi' their tails atween their legs, just venturin' a hafflin' glance to the howling heavens, noo a' in low; for the fire was strong and fierce in electrical matter, and, at intervals, the illuminated mountains seemed to vomit out conflagrations like verra volcanoes.

"*Tickler*.—Επεα πτεροεντα!

"*Shepherd*.—After sunset, heaven and earth, like lovers after a quarrel, lay embraced in each other's smile!

"*North*.—Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!

"*Tickler*.—O James! James! James!

"*Shepherd*.—The lambs began their races on the lea, and the thrush o' Eltrive (there is but a single pair in the vale aboon the kirk) awoke his hymn in the hill-silence. It was mair like a mornin' than an evenin' twilight, and a' the day's hurly-burly had passed awa' into the uncertainty o' a last week's dream!

"*North*.—Proof positive that, from the lips of a man of genius, even the weather——

"*Shepherd*.—I could speak for hours, days, months, and years about the weather, without e'er becoming tiresome. O, man, a cawm!

"*North*.—On shore, or at sea?

"*Shepherd*.—Either. I'm wrapped up in my plaid, and lyin a' my length on a bit green platform fit for the fairies' feet, wi' a craig hangin' ower me a thousand feet high, yet bright and balmy a' the way up wi' flowers, and briers, and broom, and birks, and mosses, maist beautiful to behold wi' half-shut ee, and through aneath ane's arm guardin' the face frae the cloudless sunshine!

"*North*.—A rivulet leaping from the rock——

"*Shepherd*.—No, Mr. North, no loupin; for it seems as if it were nature's ain Sabbath, and the verra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion. No doubt, if you were walking along the bank, it would be murmuring with your feet. But here,—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well within reach of my staff!

"*North*.—Tickler, pray make less noise, if you can, in drinking, and also in putting down your tumbler. You break in upon the repose of James's picture.

"*Shepherd*.—Perhaps a bit bonny butterfly is resting, wi' faulded wings, on a gowan, no' a yard fra your cheek; and noo, waulkening out o' a summer dream, floats awa' in its wavering beauty, but as if unwilling to leave its place of mid-day sleep, coming back and back, and roun' and roun', on this side and that side, and ettlin' in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' wind that lifts up your hair so refreshingly catches the airy voyager, and wafts her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise.

"*Tickler.*—I did not know that butterflies inhabited the region of snow.

"*Shepherd.*—Ay, and mony million moths; some o' as lovely green as of the leaf of the moss-rose, and ithers bright as the blush with which she salutes the dewy dawn; some yellow as the long, steady streaks that lie below the sun at set, and ithers blue as the sky before his orb has westered. Spotted, too, are all the glorious creatures' wings,—say rather, starred wi' constellations! Yet, O sirs, they are but creatures of a day!

"*North.*—Go on with the calm, James, the calm!

"*Shepherd.*—Gin a pile o' grass straughtens itself in silence, you hear it distinctly. I 'm thinkin that was the noise o' a beetle gaun to pay a visit to a freen on the ither side o' that mossy stane. The meltin' dew quakes! Ay, sing awa, my bonny bee, maist industrious o' God's creatures! Dear me, the heat is ower muckle for him; and he burrows himsel in amang a tuft o' grass, like a beetle panting! and noo invisible a' but the yellow doop o' him. I, too, feel drowsy, and will go to sleep amang the mountain solitude.

"*North.*—Not with such a show of clouds.

"*Shepherd.*—No! Not with such a show of clouds. A congregation of a million might worship in that cathedral! What a dome! And is not that flight of steps magnificent? My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the temple. Hark—a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro, half-minute time, in its tower of clouds. The great air organ 'gins to blow its pealing anthem; and the over-charged spirit, falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapours, that ere long will melt in showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O Mr. North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy Shepherd's strain fantastic; but look abroad over the work-day world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that cloud cathedral, with its flight of vapour steps, and its mist towers, and its air organ, now all gone for ever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and delusive glories."—Vol. i., pp. 156–159.

The reader will easily believe, on the evidence of this description, that "the wather is no a bad toppic" for the Ettrick Shepherd. But while his ear is growing more familiar with the Scottish dialect, and learning to appreciate its Doric homeliness and sweetness, a brief example may be given of its capacity and strength. The following occurs in illustration of the deceitful lull of Irish agitation before the Emancipation Act was passed in 1829:—

"*Shepherd.*—A toon coof comin' intil the kintra', and kennin' o' coorse nathing at a' aboot the symptoms o' the atmosphere, having contented himsel' a' his life wi' noticin' the quicksilver in his glass, and, in spite o' a' its daily deceits, keepit still payin' the maist shamefu' deference to its authority;—a toon coof, I say, Sir, coming intil the forest, cocks his ee up to the heavens without attendin' to what airt the wind blaws frae, and, prophesyin' a fine, clear, breezy day, whistles out Ponto, and awa to the hill after the grouse. The lift looked, he

thocht, sae cawm, the weather sae settled. There was a cawm in heaven nae dout,—a dead cawm; but then far aff on the weather-gleam there was a froonin', threatnin', sullen, sulky, dark, dismal, dour expression o' face in the sky,—no the less fearsome, 'cause o' the noo and then glimmerin' out o' something like a grim, ghastly smile, as if it were stifled lichtnin'. Ahint the cloud that noo lies black and dense on the towerin' mountain is heard, first a sigh, then a growl, then a clap, and then a rattle o' thunder, till earth shakes, wi' a' her quiverin' woods, and the lochs are seen tumblin' a' afoam in the levin! A deluge droons the misty hills, and doon come the hay-rucks, or the corn-stooks, wi' aiblins a human dwellin' or twa, sailing along the meadows in which the main course o' the Tweed is lost as in a sea,—sae sudden, sae red, and sae roarin is the spate that sweeps the vale o' half its harvest, and leaves farmer, hind, and shepherd in ruin."—Vol. ii., pp. 153, 154.

The sudden and overwhelming tumult of this storm is absolutely realized to our eyes and ears. The audacious poet seems to throw back the windows of heaven, that the inundating fury may leap forth. It is a picture which Martin might imagine; but the pencil only of a Turner could set it worthily before us.

These specimens will afford some intimation of the poetic vigour manifested in the present work; but other and far longer extracts would be necessary to give a competent idea of the whole production. For this purpose, we should need to transcribe also the first part of the third number of the *Noctes*, and the seventeenth number entire. The former would exhibit Tickler in his character of sportsman among the Highland lochs; the latter would present the Shepherd's character complete, from the richest vein of practical humour to the highest and serenest flight of meditative genius. But another scene would be still wanting to a just appreciation of the whole. These famous interlocutors should be heard discoursing on some topic of social or moral interest, of a mixed personal and literary character. Of this kind is the conversation of North and the Shepherd on the domestic rupture of Lord and Lady Byron, occurring at the close of the second volume. It is full of a fine humanity, and breathes the profoundest wisdom of the heart. Between the speakers almost every view of the case is suggested, and the claims of charity and justice nicely weighed. But this discussion is too long to be transcribed, and too closely linked to be broken up for extract. Yet we are anxious to indicate the moral tone which pervades so many of these dialogues; and with this object are tempted to make room for the following admirable thoughts on the idolatry of genius. North has been astonishing the Shepherd by some disparaging remarks on the greatness of Shakspeare,—by distinctly challenging the perfection of "Othello."

"*North.*—Well, then, mark my drift, James. We idolize Genius, to the neglect of the worship of Virtue. To our thoughts, Genius is

all in all—Virtue absolutely nothing. Human nature seems to be glorified in Shakspeare, because his intellect was various and vast; and because it comprehended a knowledge of all the workings, perhaps, of human being. But if there be truth in that faith to which the Christian world is bound, how dare we, on that ground, to look upon Shakspeare as almost greater and better than man? Why, to criticise one of his works poorly, or badly, or insolently, is it held to be blasphemy? Why? Is Genius so sacred, so holy a thing, *per se*, and apart from Virtue? Folly all! One truly good action performed, is better than all that ever Shakspeare wrote. Who is the Swan of Avon in comparison to the humblest being that ever purified his spirit in the waters of eternal life?

"*Shepherd.*—Speak awa! I 'll no interrupt you—but whether I agree wi' you or no 's anither question.

"*North.*—Only listen, James, to our eulogies on Genius. How Virtue must veil her radiant forehead before that idol! How the whole world speaks out her ceaseless sympathy with the woes of Genius! How silent as frost, when Virtue pines! Let a young poet poison himself in wrathful despair, and all the Muses weep over his unhallowed bier. Let a young Christian die under the visitation of God, who weeps? No eye but his mother's. We know that such deaths are every day, every hour; but the thought affects us not,—we have no thought; and heap after heap is added, unbewailed, to city or country churchyard. But let a poet, forsooth, die in youth,—pay the debt of nature early,—and Nature herself, throughout her elements, must in her turn pay tribute to his shade.

"*Shepherd.*—Dinna mak me unhappy, Sir; dinna mak me sae very unhappy, Sir, I beseech you. Try and explain awa what you hae said, to the satisfaction o' our hearts and understandins.

"*North.*—Impossible. We are base idolaters. 'T is infatuation, not religion. Is it Genius, or is it Virtue, that shall send a soul to heaven?

"*Shepherd.*—Virtue; there 's nae denying that; Virtue, Sir, Virtue.

"*North.*—Let us then feel, think, speak, and act as if we so believed. Is poetry necessary to our salvation? Is 'Paradise Lost' better than the New Testament?

"*Shepherd.*—O, dinna mak me unhappy! Say again that poetry is religion.

"*North.*—Religion has in it the finest and truest spirit of poetry; and the finest and truest spirit of poetry has in it the spirit of religion. But—

"*Shepherd.*—Say nae mair, say nae mair. I 'm satisfied wi' that.

"*North.*—O James! it makes my very heart sick within me to hear the puny whinings poured by philosophical sentimentalists over the failings, the errors, the vices of Genius! There has been, I fear, too much of that traitorous dereliction of the only true faith, even in some eloquent eulogies on the dead which I have been the means of giving to the world. Have you not often felt that, when reading what has been said about our own immortal Burns?

"*Shepherd.*—I have, in my calmer moments.

"*North.*—While the hypocritical and the base exaggerated all that illustrious man's aberrations from the right path, nor had the heart to

acknowledge the manifold temptations strewed around his feet, the enthusiastic and the generous ran into the other extreme, and weakly —I must not say wickedly—strove to extenuate them into mere trifles,—in too many instances to deny them altogether; and when too flagrant to be denied, dared to declare that we were bound to forget and forgive them, on the score of the poet's genius,—as if Genius, the guardian of Virtue, could ever be regarded as the pander to vice, and the slave of sin. Thus they were willing to sacrifice morality, rather than that the idol set up before the imagination should be degraded; and did far worse injury, and offered far worse insult, to Virtue and Religion, by the slurring over the offences of Burns against both, than ever was done by those offences themselves—for Burns bitterly repented what they almost canonized; and the evil practice of one man can never do so much injury to society as the evil theory of a thousand. Burns erred greatly and grievously; and since the world knows he did, as well from friends as from foes, let us be lenient and merciful to him, whose worth was great; but just and faithful to that law of right, which must on no consideration be violated by our judgments, but which must maintain and exercise its severe and sovereign power over all transgressions, and more especially over the transgressions of those to whom Nature has granted endowments that might have been, had their possessors nobly willed it, the ministers of unmingled good to themselves and the whole human race."—Vol. ii., pp. 229–231.

We must not put aside this brilliant and original production without briefly examining a few objections to which it is apparently open. Some of them, we think, are founded in justice and propriety. The work is not without grave defects and blemishes, though deserving that praise of general truth and literary merit, which has been so liberally awarded. The occasional unfairness and inaccuracy of some of its political and personal strictures may be referred partly to its peculiar plan, and partly to the circumstances of its production. The editor truly describes it as "a wilderness of rejoicing fancies,"—and brambles as well as wild flowers are encountered in its devious and romantic paths. The freedom and undress in which the characters appear at these re-unions is, at least, as patent as the raciness of their convivial humour, or the splendour of their poetic flights. It could hardly fail to happen that, in a composition of this kind, written with extraordinary speed, and adapted to the occasions of a monthly journal, there should be traces both of hasty judgment and transient but unworthy feeling. Effusions so copious and so unpremeditated may be expected to evince the author's human weakness, as well as to manifest his extraordinary powers; and such is actually the case. Scattered through these pages are many observations, criticisms, and conclusions, which most readers will not hesitate to reject as crude, or doubtful, or untenable. Even on literary subjects,—where the author is most sound and catholic,—some partialities are easily discerned to be

the unconscious source of critical delinquencies, as when a very indifferent copy of verses by Delta is pronounced "beautiful," while the poetry of Southey is captiously dissected and scornfully contemned. The coarseness which is frequently and intimately blended with the humour of these volumes is still more to be regretted; for we know of no process of excision by which it could have been removed by editorial hands, without destruction of their characteristic merits. Neither are the author's religious sentiments, or the allusions and descriptions bearing upon sacred topics, in which his characters indulge, quite unexceptionable, or in the purest taste. The moral tone of the work we hold, indeed, to be sound and Christian in the main. Revelation is never for an instant doubted or depreciated; religion is ever recognised as the source of our most ennobling sentiments; Christianity is acknowledged to be the only basis of social and national prosperity; and, if little is surmised or said of its power over the individual life and heart, still we would not undervalue the sincere and lofty homage which the author pays to the holy truths of our religion. But we are not quite pleased with the tone in which the Shepherd is made to speak of professing Christian people. We give up to his graphic ridicule the features of the hypocrite and the sensualist; we do not find much fault with his description of the sleeping congregation at the kirk; but why are all the most unbecoming vanities and indulgences here charged upon "religious ladies," while the worldly young lady is represented as the very emblem of cheerful innocence and truth, beaming with natural piety the most amiable and refreshing. It is charitable to suggest that dramatic consistency extorted this grave aspersion and delusive theory; for they are quite in keeping with the Shepherd's favourite sentiment, that poetry is true religion.

But objections may be felt to certain features of these volumes, which are yet not insusceptible of a legitimate ground of defence; and those we shall consider, and this we shall propose, with all frankness and sincerity.

There is one feature of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* for which the sober reader should be specially prepared; namely, the great devotion, both practical and theoretical, which the members seem constantly paying to the pleasures of the table. The Shepherd and his companions do not hesitate to interrupt the most entertaining theme, or finest sentiment, with a greedy anticipation of the supper; and when it comes, there is evidently nothing lacking. By sudden transformation is then presented the feast in season and the flowing bowl. The critical discourse, the moral censure, the eloquent appreciation of the charms of nature, cease on their lips, and are succeeded by the well-drawn merits of a Scotch haggis, and the heart-felt praise of punch. The conversation is retained only as an intellectual

condiment by these devoted men. Hearty as gourmands, yet delicate as epicures, they quicken the zest of appetite by the indulgence of a learned fancy, and heighten the relish of most sumptuous viands by the flavour of choice Attic salt. Presently, as the night advances, a boisterous mirth succeeds to the quiet interchange of pleasantry and wit; and North—the stately and the sage—is not unfrequently supported in unvenerable plight to the coach or couch awaiting him. From a picture so undignified as this some readers will be apt to turn with very natural dislike; they may even hastily pronounce it to be of pernicious and immoral tendency. But we submit that these imaginary revels must be wholly misconstrued before they can be totally condemned. To our minds there is a fine Shakspearean humour in these scenes, which gives them the immunity of shadowy art-creations, so that they evade, by their buoyant unreality, the weight of serious rebuke. We see that all this animal excess is purely suppositious; and though the humour which conceives it may fail by repetition, (as indeed it does,) we must not forget the origin and sphere of that conception. There is here no call for the verdict of a committee of the Temperance Society; for the whole proceeding is removed beyond the limits of their practical commission, removed even beyond the limits of "this visible diurnal sphere," into the region of imaginative art. The most temperate of us all would hesitate to ground a serious charge against the character of Charles Lamb, simply upon his unctuous praise of young roast-pig (for which dish it is very possible the author had no actual preference); and it would be equally unjust, or, rather, equally ridiculous, to condemn altogether the imaginary revels which, in the present instance, supply the occasion of so much agreeable and "large discourse."

The same consideration will serve greatly to modify another questionable feature of these dialogues. Written at a time of great political activity, and inspired, as we have seen, by the highest energy of animal spirits, they abound in freedom of remark too often bordering upon personal abuse. But some critics have exaggerated, we think, both the number and character of these injurious passages. With one or two exceptions, the abuse of North is not personal, in the offensive sense of that term. His invective is generally a matter of pure humour, and no more indicates malice or uncharitableness, than his delightful self-glorification betokens a degrading vanity. Hence the genius of exaggeration which seems to inspire the whole tirade. It is the practice of an able archer on an indifferent target; and though he plucks his keen-headed arrows out of the vocabulary of ridicule and scorn, and launches them with equal force and truth of aim, it is not that he may wound the apple of the eye before him, but rather that he may empty the quiver of his own excited genius. Even when Christopher is in a really splenetic

mood, and speaks with downright injustice of some contemporary book or author, it adds something to the dramatic charm of these *symposia;* and, after all, there is not much harm done: the well-read reader still judges for himself of merits which are evidently disparaged from accidental and temporary feeling, and remembers that the convivial chair is not the seat of measured and impartial justice. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt are perhaps most subjected to opprobrious language, which certain of their principles might excusably call forth from the northern moralist; yet even they do not fall into the reader's serious contempt; for the author himself, though he shows them no mercy in their characters of free-thinking whig or cockney, is shrewdly suspected of feeling for them still some literary respect. Of Leigh Hunt Professor Wilson subsequently spoke with kindness. He favourably reviewed his drama of the "Legend of Florence;" "and when," says Mr. Ferrier, "indignantly repudiating an offer made by some low hireling to run down Leigh Hunt and his 'London Journal,' he exclaims, in words worthy of being written in letters of gold, 'THE ANIMOSITIES ARE MORTAL; BUT THE HUMANITIES LIVE FOR EVER.'" Nothing can be more just than this distinction, or more characteristic of its author. Complaisance and benevolence are the very habit and atmosphere of every noble mind, while displeasure and animosity are but transient obscurations, and leave no more trace upon its features than the shadow of a summer cloud when it has rolled from the mountain side, or peeled off the sunny meadow.

In conclusion, our thanks are due to Professor Ferrier for his editorial tact and vigilance. His Preface evinces superior literary taste; and the brief notes which he has supplied—chiefly of a glossarial nature—are a real service to the English reader. Under such able and conscientious superintendence, the works of Professor Wilson will come before the world with every possible advantage; and we believe the entire series will both merit and obtain acceptance. In reference to the writings next to follow, we must offer one remark. We hope it is the editor's intention to re-publish the *Dies Boreales*, contributed by Professor Wilson in later life to Blackwood's Magazine. Though proceeding only to six or seven numbers, they form a valuable supplement to the *Noctes Ambrosianæ:* less brilliant and hilarious than those, what they lose in animal spirits, they gain in chastened wisdom and in moral power. As the Odyssey to the Iliad, such is the mellow beauty of the *Dies* to the extravagant and festive glory of the *Noctes*. The fine analyses of Shakspearean character are quite inimitable; and the illustrations of Butler's argument are not less beautiful and just. Our recollections of these noble conversations make us anticipate an equal satisfaction in their re-perusal.

ART. V.—*The Paris Conference.—Evangelical Christendom.* October, 1855.

"THERE was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour." It was thus the Apocalypse prepared its awe-stricken readers for one of the great historical crises revealed in its pages. And there is partial silence now. The rigour of winter has suspended the shock of battle, but it has not interrupted the privations of a dear season, the strain upon public and private resources, and the gloomy expectation of its continuance; while but recently sounds of menace and selfish calculating irritation were wafted across the Atlantic, from a quarter whence they were neither expected nor deserved. These are circumstances to force the pious mind to look up as well as to look around: it is a relief to turn away from the dreary prospect presented by the political world to that sphere in which hope becomes a duty.

Unreflecting religious people in every age are inclined to suppose their own generation worse than any which has preceded it; and for this very simple reason,—their knowledge of contemporaneous evil is experimental. They suffer in observing the irreligion, the false religion, and the moral degradation of their own times, to a degree to which they are not affected by even greater evils, which have become mere matters of history. However, when one has succeeded in climbing above the narrow valley of personal experience, and surveys from an eminence the long and weary way by which the hand of God has guided the human race, the impression is very different. It is true that sin has changed what ought to have been happy and unbroken progress into a fearful conflict. It is true that no tongue of men or angels can express the sum of guilt and suffering that renders history hideous, and the irreparable woe of the multitudes that have fallen by the way. Yet progress there is. What the Apostle says of individuals may be applied to man collectively. Now is his salvation nearer than when he first received the Gospel. We have to deplore at this moment many partial triumphs of superstition and unbelief, and their inevitable ally, despotism; we recognise the symptoms of an increasingly earnest struggle between the powers of light and darkness: but for that very reason the prospect is hopeful. We follow the banner of a Captain accustomed to victory.

One striking feature of the present moment is the importance attached to religious interests. In one shape or other, more or less directly, they are at the bottom of all the questions that agitate the world. Even the most secularly-minded statesmen are obliged to reckon with them to an extent that would astonish their predecessors of the last two centuries. Nor is it merely in political spheres, and when mixed up with national or party

questions, that religion exhibits this increased influence; it evidently takes deeper hold of men personally. We do not mean scriptural, evangelical religion merely, but all forms,—the false as well as the true. Men may be led astray for a while by bad guides, and by their own predisposition to yield to the attraction of a false road; but they are more serious than many preceding generations, more disposed to put to the test the consolations of their several modes of faith and worship. The frequent changes of religion which take place all over Europe, form one of the many symptoms of this greater earnestness. For more than two hundred years, there has been nothing of the kind: the several populations inherited a stereotyped faith, which they as little thought of changing as they would of abandoning the language of their ancestors. From time to time, indeed, an Irish gentleman became a Protestant, in order to escape political disabilities and social humiliations, or a Hungarian nobleman became a Roman Catholic, in order to bask in the sunshine of imperial favour; but these were proofs of the weakness of religious principle, not of its power. Now, on the contrary, changes take place, which are evidently the result of real conviction, whether erroneous or well directed. Many members of the English, the German, and the Swedish aristocracy embrace Roman Catholicism, because it is the religion of authority, of time-honoured tradition, and apparent material unity. Thousands in Belgium, in France, in Italy, in the United States, tens of thousands in Ireland, embrace Protestantism, because it leads them directly to the Saviour. Numbers of Livonian and Esthonian Lutherans have attached themselves to the most considerable of the degenerate Churches of the East; and among the Armenians, on the contrary, evangelical truth is spreading to an extent and with a rapidity which may almost be compared to the times of the Reformation.

Another characteristic of the day is the altered tone of infidelity. Doubtless, among multitudes of the lower classes, enmity to Christianity appears in forms as coarse as ever, and the real tendencies of unbelief, as well as of superstition, are to be judged by their manifestations in their less cultivated adherents; but whatever is new in the higher walks of infidelity, whatever is original in its writers, and properly belongs to our age, has certainly taken its stand upon higher ground than heretofore. While the most respectable of their predecessors endeavoured to borrow the morals of Christianity apart from its faith, some of those writers have actually attempted to borrow its spirituality. The last attempt is indeed the more preposterous of the two: the new sentimental varieties of Deism and Atheism are essentially false and hollow; yet they do not the less offer indirect and unwilling homage to the moral powers of Christianity. Shall we be accused of extravagant optimism when we add, that the

very spread of avowed unbelief is a sign that men have become more cognisant of their own feelings on this subject? Those who in a former age would have remained in a state of indifference to religion, are now constrained to express their hostility, because they feel, some of them at least, that if the claims of Christianity are admitted at all, it must become permanent in all their thoughts, and determine their whole life. In short, it is an age of transition, with all its troubles and contradictions: the reign of mere hereditary Christianity as a prejudice has passed away, and the reign of personal, living conviction is come as yet only for a minority.

The struggle with Popery is being renewed with an energy that promises success. All attentive observers of history have been struck by the contrast between the wonderful progress made by the Reformation during the first forty years after the Diet of Worms, and its subsequent weak resistance to the Romanist reaction, together with the state of absolute immobility which prevailed from the close of the seventeenth century until the last few years. It is as if the tide, advancing upon Rome with apparently resistless power, had been suddenly arrested, and its proud waves frozen in the attitude of menace. We believe there is now very little doubt among thinkers of any school, as to the agency that suspended the threatened deluge. Protestantism, in the hour of its first immense success, was essentially one strong religious impulse, absorbing into itself all rival motives. National and political interests, the personal views of Princes, the jealousies of hostile races, were all, in the minds of the prime actors, subordinate to the one great purpose of regenerating Christendom. Men, separated by language and hereditary prejudices, felt themselves to be one in the holiest aspiration that the heart can form. This glorious movement stopped short as soon as the world recovered from its surprise. Rome changed her tactics, and accomplished many partial reforms: the spirit of religious indifference, which had never been eradicated, resumed the upper hand over the Reformed populations: the civil power every where usurped entire control over the section of the Church within its reach, and governed it with a view to its own selfish interests. Protestantism lost, with all its unity and self-government, all aggressive and even much of its defensive power; while Rome, remaining the only representative of a spiritual principle that was not restrained by geographical limits and national distinctions, stood on this high vantage-ground, and dealt unresisted blows on the isolated and fettered Churches. Now, it is not too much to say, as the most cheering characteristic of our day, that Evangelical Protestantism has regained the consciousness of its unity, and that by its use of free associations it has regained its liberty of action. We are no longer divisions of an army acting without concert, and officered by chiefs indifferent to the cause:

we are marching against Rome as our fathers did, in the strength of individual conviction, and with a feeling of holy brotherhood toward all evangelical Christians. The crusade is assuming the aspect which it wore during those memorable forty years when it advanced irresistible from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. We are beginning to recover the position which was lost when the jealous and selfish intervention of political power paralysed the arm of Protestantism.

Nor has the long interval been altogether lost. We believe that the populations of Protestant countries are, on the whole, much more decided and more nearly unanimous in their rejection of the Church of Rome than they were in the generation which succeeded the Reformation. The burning zeal of the Reformers themselves, and of their immediate disciples, must not deceive us as to the state of the popular mind, or allow us to forget that behind the energetic few there lay a vast fluctuating mass, generally, indeed, at the disposal of their leaders, but devoid of solid religious conviction, and open, when the occasion presented itself, to all sorts of reactionary influences: witness the complaints of Calvin in his Commentaries and Letters. Mr. Macaulay's Essay on Burleigh and his Times has convinced us that the really zealous Protestant party under Queen Elizabeth was small, though that of really zealous Romanists was smaller still. This deeply read and sagacious historian actually accepts, as very near the truth, the supposition that four-fifths of the nation, though on the whole professing Protestantism, would, without the least scruple, have become Roman Catholics, if the religion of the latter had been finally established by law. When we see the wholesale conversions and re-conversions of the Anglican Clergy under three successive Tudors, and the immense defection that took place among French Protestants at the close of the sixteenth century, not then so much the result of persecution as a fluctuation of opinion provoked by doctrinal Calvinism; when we see a whole district of Savoy won back by the efforts of St. Francis de Sales, and the total re-Catholicizing of Bohemia within fifteen years after the fatal battle of Weissenberg, and the gradual change of the Protestant majority in Southern Germany into an insignificant minority, under the double influence of Jesuit missions, and of the systematic intolerance of the houses of Austria and Bavaria; it is impossible not to feel that, for a century after the Reformation, nominally Protestant populations were accessible to Roman Catholic proselytism to a degree which is now hardly conceivable. The cruelties, the treacheries, the wholesale massacres, perpetrated in that age, did not provoke the horror and repulsion that their recital produces in us, because the rights of conscience were not understood.

Never did the Church of Rome rely upon civil despotism for support more than at the present moment. After affecting

Liberalism for a little while in 1848, she has fairly thrown her fortunes in with those of rulers under whose sway the people of Europe fret. And it is by the exaggeration of all her own evil tendencies that she tries to meet the Protestant revival,—by false miracles, by resuscitating discredited legends, by increasing the worship of idols, and by proclaiming the immaculate conception of Mary. This recourse to violent stimulants, this attempt to galvanize the limbs of the paralytic, is a confession of weakness and of utter absence of moral power, calling to mind the extreme superstitious excitements with which moribund Paganism tried to make head against Christianity, when the more moderate and official idolatries had lost their hold upon the old Roman world.

An anxious feature of present circumstances, suggestive at once of the brightest hopes and of overwhelming responsibility, is the fact, that the most important spheres of religious labour at home and abroad are in a state of transition and spiritual travail, of which we know neither the duration nor the issue, appealing, therefore, to our Christian sympathies and to our conscience, for extraordinary efforts to turn to lasting account occasions that may not so soon recur. This is true of China, of the Turkish provinces, of Ireland. It has already been shown in these pages that the educational measure of July, 1854, for India, is a similar challenge to the Church: India is at her feet, if she has only self-denial and faith enough to claim the prize for God. And the religious needs of our own country make themselves felt more imperiously than ever, at a time when we are under the pressure of those urgent calls from the East, the South, and the West. It would seem as if, in many provinces of Christian effort, the determinate counsel of God had brought matters to a crisis, at which, if the Church would not fail in the hour of trial, her energies must be taxed not only beyond what they have hitherto borne, but beyond what they are apparently able to bear.

Passing from these general considerations to the state of particular countries, as far as they attract notice in a religious point of view, let us begin our survey by one of which little is generally heard. There is a great deal of good being silently accomplished in Norway. A revival was begun in that country about forty-five years ago through the instrumentality of a peasant, Hans Hange, whose earnestness, intrepidity, perseverance, together with the character of his doctrine, and the success with which he was favoured in the conversion of thousands, all strikingly recall the ministry of John Wesley. Evangelical religion has ever since made uninterrupted progress, and taken deep root among the people; moreover, since 1843, religious liberty is established by law. Norway has a democratical constitution, and this great measure was carried in the Storthing, we believe, somewhat against the will of the Swedish Court,

In Sweden, the reader is aware, a similar revival has encountered the impassioned hostility of the Clergy. Adherence to Popery or to Dissent is punished by confiscation and exile; simple Bible-reading, by imprisonment, with a diet of bread and water; old laws against Sabbath-breakers are enforced against those who attend religious meetings; and a new law of intolerance was voted by the last Diet. Country Clergymen refuse to give communion to couples who wish to be married, when they are suspected of Pietism, and then refuse to marry them because they have not received it. Notwithstanding these vexations the work of God goes on.

In the Russian provinces of the Baltic great numbers of the Lutheran peasantry have been, during the last twelve or fifteen years, seduced into the Greek Church, by all sorts of means, addressed at once to their superstition and to their temporal interests, especially the latter. But this movement has altogether stopped, and, according to the latest information, a sort of reaction has set in: the misguided peasants regret the step which the Czar will not allow them to recall; and it is even said that a certain amount of evangelical truth has actually been communicated over the border to the native Russian peasantry.

The mighty events which are taking place in the East will, we trust, prove to be for the furtherance of the Gospel. The Crescent must, in any case, wane. The Turkish power, which will have owed its continued existence to the interference of England and France, can no longer visit apostasy from Islamism with death: there will be ere long a free field for Christian Missions in the East, and that among populations far more disposed to receive Protestantism than the effete superstitions of Rome. Let us hail the wonderful success obtained by our American brethren among the degenerate Oriental Churches as the pledge and future instrument of a more general blessing in those regions, which were the cradle of mankind, and the seat of the earliest civilization.

Germany has probably changed more during the last eight years than during the previous half-century. Since it escaped an atheistic Reign of Terror in 1848, or at least supposes that it had a narrow escape from such, scientific schemes of infidelity have fallen into utter discredit. Even the free school of orthodox theology, to which the illustrious Neander, for instance, belonged, is under a cloud of comparative neglect. Attention to home and foreign Missions, to works of practical piety and Christian beneficence, has prodigiously increased, and vital religion is regaining its influence, especially among the upper classes. On the other hand, this improved religious spirit is too often accompanied by narrowness and intolerance. The orthodox Lutheran is disposed to look with hostility and contempt on all the other sections of Protestantism; and the present revival

assumes most frequently the shape of an indiscriminating return to traditional Lutheranism. Even in the Reformed Churches, men of eminence exhibit, we are sorry to say, a leaning towards a mitigated Lutheranism. As extreme parties prevail in politics, and such men as Bunsen and Bethmann Hollweg have no seats in the recently-elected Prussian Chambers, so in religion it is the misfortune of Germany to have to choose between Atheism and the Theocracy. The retreat of M. de Hassenpflug from the governmental helm of Hesse Cassel, may be a sign of better times for the Baptist communities in sundry petty persecuting States. In Southern Germany, an event which nothing but the political shocks of 1848–9 could have brought about, is the *Concordat* of Austria with the See of Rome, giving up all the barriers which the wisdom of former heads of the Empire had raised against the encroachments of the hierarchy. Now that this precious piece of clerical diplomacy has at length been officially published, all Austria, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, stands aghast at its contents. The Emperor has left himself no check upon the priesthood in any one sphere in which it comes into contact with society, whether it be that of finance, education, literature, family ties, civil rights, or political relations. The territorial accumulations of the Church may now be unlimited; the inferior Clergy and members of religious Orders are delivered over, helpless and unprotected, to the iron rod of their ecclesiastical superiors; the censure may be made as rigorous as the wakeful instincts of spiritual despotism can desire; mixed marriages will be more than ever a mean of proselytism; the Pope, from his distant throne, may wield the mightiest agencies within the Empire without inspection or control; the literature and the schools of the German and Hungarian Protestants are at his mercy; and, practically, controversy in a Protestant pulpit, even in self-defence, will be punished by the authorities. Such a measure must bring upon the Protestants a state of pressure equivalent to persecution, and create an atmosphere of suffocation for the Romanists themselves. Cardinal Wiseman tells the British public that its interpretation of this most inoffensive document is precipitate, that it is drawn up in the peculiar language of Catholic ecclesiastical diplomacy, and that its words have a different meaning from the Latin of laymen. We are to suppose, then, that ecclesiastical Latin has a peculiarly liberal turn, and that Rome's interpretation of it is never as favourable to her pretensions as would be that of a lay diplomatist! We must take leave to say that, instead of producing undue excitement in this country, the *Concordat* would have attracted far more attention were it not for the all-absorbing interest of the war; and that the time may come when this suicidal measure of the house of Austria will stand out in the remembrances of men with a significance far

more marked than that which it wears in the eyes of contemporaries, signalizing the year 1855 as a turning-point in the destinies of that house, and those of the nations it governs. All Rome's triumphs in the way of increased authority, without increase of moral influence, are pregnant with future disaster and defeat; they prove the unchanging nature of her claims, and provoke resistance. The supremacy of a false system even over a willing people is a trial whether it will keep its promises, and therefore slowly prepares its fall; but supremacy over an unwilling people is the signal for violent and speedy revolution.

Switzerland is now, as always, a miniature of Europe. Among her Roman Catholic population, the more earnest are becoming increasingly Ultramontane, and the indifferent increasingly liberal. Among her Protestants, Lutheranism, sentimental Rationalism, and Evangelical religion, are all three on the increase.

France is the heart of Europe, the country which of all others exercises the most extended influence upon opinion; and France is unfortunately vacillating, as it has been for a century, between superstition and unbelief. Our readers are aware that, since the Revolution, the wealthier classes have been terrified into respect for the priesthood. They believe that nothing can save the world from universal pillage but the prevalence of a religion of authority; it is necessary that the people should have a religion; and therefore they—the upper ranks—must so far sacrifice their tastes as to set the example of religious practices. Of course there is a certain measure of sincerity in this novel formalism, but there is also an appalling amount of systematic hypocrisy. In order to advance in any public career it is almost obligatory to profess zealous Catholicism, which is the surest way of bringing religion into discredit, and rearing up a new generation of infidels. Now, one of the most convenient ways of expressing zeal is the oppression and discountenancing of Protestants, and especially of recent converts. The law leaves it in the power of the local Magistrate to do as he likes with meetings professing to be religious: hence, in some places, especially in the larger cities, where the authorities are comparatively favourable, Protestants enjoy religious liberty; in others they are harassed, their places of worship closed, and their teachers imprisoned. Even infidelity in France is not so much opposed to Popery as we should have supposed. The French sceptic is superficial, and does not understand Protestantism: he remembers that his Jesuit Professor at school taught him that all genuine Protestantism ended in Unitarianism; and he is the more disposed to believe it, because it seems to himself that Unitarianism is the least unreasonable sort of Christianity; but then it is not worth the trouble of professing. After all, the most convenient religion is that which does not concern itself about your faith, but contents itself with a few external marks of respect. About a year ago a writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, M. Rénan,

revealed the secret of the alliance between those two curses of his country. He says: "Let a Church suppose herself as unchangeable as she pleases, it is easier to bring her to reason than it is to bring a book written two thousand years ago. A man engages himself to less in professing Romanism. Let the Anglo-Saxon weary himself in the pursuit of truth, the Frenchman has too much wit to be a theologian; he will have none of this religious restlessness. France is the most orthodox country in the world, because it is the most indifferent to religion. Protestant countries are really more intolerant, as far as opinion goes, than Roman Catholic, because they are more in earnest: thus the philosophy of the eighteenth century could never have arisen in a Protestant country." Our readers may think we are quoting from a polemical treatise against Rome; but we can assure them that the writer in question, in the most eminent of the French periodicals, really meant to enumerate the advantages of Romanism, and we have given the summary of his thoughts faithfully in his own words. During the last twelve months other contributors to newspapers and reviews have been provoked into doing comparative justice to Protestantism, through opposition to the Ultramontane party.

There were bright pages once in the religious history of Holland, but there, as in Geneva and in New England, ultra-Calvinism prepared the way for Socinianism: a dull rationalism, heavy as the fogs in which it prospered, has long been brooding over the land eminent for its former theological culture, and watered by the blood of heroes and martyrs. Of late there has been a considerable religious revival, spreading, however, among the laity in greater proportion than the Clergy; and the evangelical minority among the latter are accused by the Christian laymen of being wanting in courage. A Papal aggression similar to our own has roused popular indignation, and caused the formation of an evangelical society; but one third of the people are Roman Catholics. In Belgium, besides a few Walloon Churches, there are fourteen or fifteen numerous evangelical congregations, all composed of converts from Romanism, and making progress, though struggling with pecuniary difficulties on account of the poverty of their members. The political influence of the clerical party is, however, increasing, and the marriage of the Duke of Brabant with an Austrian Princess has contributed to strengthen it.

The reader need hardly be reminded of the many causes for thankfulness and encouragement which exist in Italy. Piedmont is taking its first steps in the practice of civil and religious liberty, and has nobly resisted the despotism of the Vatican. Thousands of Tuscans are reading their Bibles, and meeting in their garrets for secret prayer. The rest of Italy has learned at last, what it will never forget, that Rome is the cause of its degradation and suffering. Significant coincidence! The Pope and the Sultan are, at the same moment, retained on their tottering thrones by

foreign bayonets. As for the other great Peninsula, which seemed the last fortress of superstition, Spain was very near passing a law of toleration this year; generous voices were raised in its favour in the Cortes, and the country is placed in circumstances which must, in the end, prove favourable to the cause of liberty and truth. Not more than eighteen months ago, a second numerous band of exiles, for conscience' sake, from Madeira, shows that the power of the word of God is felt, if not in Portugal, at least in this interesting colony.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Church of Rome seemed about to find compensation in America for what she had lost in Europe. At a time when there was not a Protestant village from Greenland to Cape Horn, the hierarchy in the New World counted five Archbishops, twenty-seven Bishops, and four hundred convents. And now America is the continent in which Protestants have most nearly attained to a numerical equality with Romanists, being about twenty-three millions to twenty-six. Their superiority of numbers will very shortly be as decided as their supremacy in arts and arms. The increasing horror of slavery in the Northern States, the greater unanimity and determination with which their sons rise up against the abomination, is a cheering symptom for the future moral health of that great country; and the fact that, while the population has increased fourfold during the last fifty years, the increase of the various evangelical Churches has been tenfold, seems to say much for its inner religious life.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, there was a Jesuit Patriarch of Ethiopia, a Jesuit Bishop of the Syrian Christians of India. The Romish Missionaries had won the ruler of Abyssinia, had hopes of the Great Mogul and the Emperor of China, and reckoned their converts by hundreds of thousands in both China and Japan. At that moment there was not a Protestant Missionary on the face of the pagan world. And now, while their Missions have dwindled into comparative insignificance, ours are filling islands and continents with native converts, who have done more than change their hereditary idols for the image of Mary, who are really instructed in the Gospel, and love the Saviour for His own sake, independently of the influence of their European teachers.

At the time of the Reformation all the more powerful nations remained true to Rome. Spain, Austria, and France have successively aimed at the supremacy of the world, and lost it. We may venture to predict, not one of them will ever make the attempt again. The supremacy of the Old World is to be disputed for the future between England and Russia; that of the New World falls, without any shadow of contest, to the United States: that is to say, *the three nations of the future are all anti-Catholic*. There are, at the present moment, in the world about one hundred and fifty millions of Romanists, about eighty-

five millions of Protestants, such as they are, about sixty-five of the Russian and other Oriental Churches; but, even independently of the moral influence of Protestantism and the progress of its proselytism, the simple providential distribution of races insures a rapid augmentation of its relative strength. Protestant emigrants spread over seas and wide savannahs; are filling the valley of the Mississippi, and planting at the antipodes a new empire in the face of India and China. It is true—we grieve to say it—there is no country in the world at this moment in which Romanism may hope for so many partial triumphs as in our own: elements of spiritual evil, which had never been fairly stifled in the Church of England, have re-appeared with startling intensity; but the disease is limited to a portion of the aristocracy. It has far less hold upon our people now than in the days of Laud, and can as little hinder the English race, at home and abroad, from fulfilling its glorious mission, as the old senatorial families, who remained Pagans in the fourth century, could hinder the world from becoming Christian.

When we turn from this review of the external world to the real Church of God, the sum of evangelical Christian men, especially that part of it which is in these islands; and when we ask to what extent they feel the responsibilities of a time so pregnant with good or evil for future ages, and what amount of moral influence they can bring to bear upon the multitude around; first impressions are exceedingly disheartening. There is a general complaint that the Church is losing its hold upon society, that there is a prevailing apathy, little positive fruit reaped for eternity, a lack of practical power without and of spiritual movement within, all the more startling when compared with the growing intellectual life and moral earnestness of the age. God forbid that we should trace one word calculated to diminish the feeling of our total inadequacy to meet the work to which God has called us, or that we should smooth over the consciousness that our weakness is our guilt. But the question presents itself,—Is not this very sense of weakness and guilt at once a summons from above to arouse us, and an intimation that there is work before us? As in our individual experiences, may we not associate with the painful sense of collective shortcomings, the hope that the blessed God has inspired it for His own purposes, and that He means to answer it when it becomes a real cry of distress, and not a mere apathetic recognition that there is something wrong? All His instruments have been prepared by a discipline of this kind. Moses is driven, in solitude and despair, to the deserts of Sinai; and Paul finds himself, during the first years of his Christian life, far less powerful for good than he had been previously for evil. We believe that all providential visitations have found the people of God more or less unprepared; that at every spiritual coming of the Son of Man, He has reason to complain that He has not found faith on the earth.

ART. VI.—*Etudes sur la Littérature Française au XIX^e^ Siècle.* Par ALEXANDRE VINET. Three Vols. 8vo. Paris: Meyrueis.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in one of its recent numbers, has sounded a war-cry. Taking from the threshold of a new year a survey of contemporary French literature, and seeing nothing on the horizon but Alexandre Dumas, Théophile Gautier, and Champfleury, M. Buloz, the worthy editor, gives utterance to a deep sigh: "We are," exclaims he, "fast running down the road to intellectual and moral destruction: will any charitable person tell us why we don't stop, and how we should stop?" The Latin poet had said long ago: "*Facilis descensus Averni;*" but if it is comparatively easy to state the fact, M. Buloz does not think that he can account for it with the same readiness; for he has issued a kind of programme or prospectus, offering a prize of 2,500 francs (£100) to the writer of the best Essay on the causes which have brought about the gradual, yet sure, decay of French literature during the present century. A further sum of £200 will be awarded to the author of the novel describing in the most faithful colours the aspect of modern society, its anxieties, its forebodings, its follies.

We have no doubt that this twofold task, if properly done, would result in a highly valuable contribution to the history of *belles-lettres;* but then the *tableau critique* must be treated with the sagacity of a Barante, and the deep moral perception of a Vinet; and as for the novel, what shall we say? Let us first be introduced to a writer combining George Sand's exquisite style, Charles de Bernard's knowledge of the human character, and Victor Hugo's pathos, with a higher sense of religion than is to be found under the latitude of Paris; let us see an individual embodying all these requisites....But it were vain to anticipate what is not likely to be realized; and certainly, if we expect that the programme of M. Buloz will revive literature, we might as reasonably suppose that the mere statement of grievances in the "Times" newspaper will reform the Horse Guards, or re-model the Commissariat.

However, the programme we have alluded to suggests an inquiry, which seems to us extremely interesting; and without pretending to aim at the prize offered by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, we shall, on the present occasion, lay before our readers a chapter of literary history.

The first question which meets us, as we endeavour to grapple with our subject, is one which, it might have been supposed, was absolutely useless. And yet it is quite true that, for the great majority, the French literature of the last thirty years

is a perfect *terra incognita*. Readers have been deterred from forming any acquaintance with the post-Restoration *littérateurs* by the rabid denunciations of Mr. Croker, and the fastidious criticisms of Mrs. Trollope: in their dread of evil communications, they have condemned wholesale, on the faith of our old anti-Gallican friend, good, bad, and indifferent. For them M. Thiers has become almost a *sans-culotte*, and they cannot help associating the author of *Notre Dame de Paris* with the spirit of evil himself. The drama of our neighbours, taken as a whole, is, we are quite willing to acknowledge, of a very doubtful quality; their historians have lately played sad pranks with the truth; and their metaphysicians begin to discover that eclecticism is not likely to regenerate society. But still, the intellectual condition of France is a fact in the history of the world; as such, we ought to know it better than we do; and when we see authors of established reputation, such as Sir Archibald Alison, professing to give as a critical sketch one which is neither complete nor exact, we feel that our first inquiry must be,—What is the present state of literature in France? Not being able to refer our readers to trustworthy *data*, we attempt to supply these *data* ourselves.

When, about the year 1829, the strong Liberal reaction, which was ultimately to end in the downfall of Charles X., revolutionized literature likewise under the name of "Romanticism," poetry, and more especially lyric poetry, took a direction totally different from that which it had previously followed. During the *grand siècle*, J. B. Rousseau, and Racine in the exquisite choruses of his tragedies, left the only monuments of that style of writing worth mentioning; but these pieces, remarkable as they were, showed no traces of that inspiration which characterizes the genuine effusions of the heart. The next century was still more unfavourable to the growth of *subjective* poetry; it was too analytical for that; it studied nature, so to say, by the help of the rule and compass; it lacked enthusiasm, because it lacked faith. The extraordinary outburst of lyrism which was witnessed thirty years ago in France, originated most naturally from the force of circumstances. The young men who, between 1820 and 1830, attempted to sing either the events which were agitating society, or the fond aspirations of their own breasts, had no difficulty in selecting appropriate themes. Europe was still ringing with the tramp of those veteran legions which had conquered the world; but with the Corsican hero the inaction of captivity had just subsided into the sleep of death. Then what fond hopes were entertained for the future! On the one hand, the traditions of despotism were destroyed, never to visit this earth any more; on the other, Liberty presented herself under her true garb, and bearing the promise of blessings which were denied to the men of '93.

No! Liberty was not that harlot who, reeking with the blood of the noble and the brave, had led the *carmagnole* dance around the mangled remains of Louis XVI. and Madame Roland! She would help a grateful nation to build up again the throne of a legitimate dynasty, she would embroider the lilies upon the tricolor, and establish permanently the constitutional monarchy of the nineteenth century on the principles obtained by the States-General in the Tennis-Court at Versailles. The prospect in religion was equally cheering: here, too, "old things had passed away." The cold, barren, analytical speculation of D'Alembert, Volney, and Destutt de Tracy was gone for ever; away with the *homme-machine*, and the *homme-plante!* Condillac's sensationalism does not solve the riddle of human destiny; we are of a higher nature than the "beasts that perish," and we shall devise some form of religious belief, founded upon the expansion or development of the old Catholic faith. Such, in a few words, were the ideas which inspired Young France in 1820, and which gave a fresh impulse to poetry. It may be asserted, we believe, that in no other country, at no other period of the world's history, was there such an effusion of lyrism. Brilliant strains, conceived and expressed with all the energy of youthful enthusiasm, took the reading public by surprise; a new system of poetics, derived from a thorough disregard for the traditions of Boileau, was inaugurated, and maintained with a talent of the highest order. Sir A. Alison says that, during the Restoration, "poetry was far from being cultivated with success." "Two poets only," he adds, "during the whole period, have attained any note, and they were Delille and Béranger." In the first place, Delille died in 1813, and therefore can hardly be called a poet of the Restoration. Then what does the learned Baronet make of Lamartine and Victor Hugo?—Lamartine, whose splendid lyrics, the most justly celebrated of his works, were published before the Revolution of 1830: Victor Hugo, whose *Odes et Ballades* caused him to be pointed out as *the* poet of the Restoration? We maintain that, between 1820 and 1830, poetry was cultivated in France with the greatest success. It has ever since been constantly declining, and our business will be presently to show the causes of this decline.

The great truths of religion, the problem of our destiny, will always supply poetry with its choicest subjects. Since M. de Lamennais and M. de Châteaubriand had, each in his own way, stood forward before their country and their age as the apologists of a faith which many thought swept away by the violence of the revolutionary current, a reaction had taken place in favour of Catholicism. It cannot be questioned now, whether the semi-theatrical religion-made-easy of the *Génie du Christianisme* was a better antidote to the Voltaireanism which pervaded every class of society than could be found in the violent Ultramontanism of the *Essai sur l'Indifférence*. The progress of con-

temporary literature has proved sufficiently that such was not the case. M. de Lamartine is the latest and most illustrious representative of the dreamy, vague, unsatisfactory theology first introduced by M. de Châteaubriand. Now, will any person —who has attentively perused the works of that eminent poet, beginning with the *Méditations Poétiques*, and ending with *La Chûte d'un Ange*—maintain that these splendid compositions exhibit any thing else but a pantheism which becomes gradually more and more objectionable, until it finds its exponent in that grossly material theory to which the barbarous name *Humanitarianism* has been given? Although the first volume of the *Méditations* evidences on the part of the author a thorough acquaintance with the Scriptures, and a certain consciousness of the true character of Christianity, M. Vinet has very aptly remarked, that even in those earlier productions we do not find the positive, the decided, the well-defined lineaments of Gospel truths. M. de Lamartine's faith has nothing practical about it; and the reading of his works acts on the unguarded mind not as a fortifying draught, but as an enchanted potion which melts the soul into melancholy, instead of bracing it for the daily struggle against the passions. If we cannot give our adhesion to the comparatively unobjectionable *Méditations*, what shall we say of Jocelyn,—the Hegelian *Curé*,—and of that elastic creed in the *Recueillements Poétiques* which, discarding all positive religion, and concealing a thorough indifference under the veil of universal toleration, exclaims?—

> "Que t'importe si mes symboles
> Sont les symboles que tu crois!
> J'ai prié des mêmes paroles,
> J'ai saigné sur la même croix!"

If M. de Lamartine was the literary disciple of M. de Châteaubriand, the Abbé de Lamennais gave the impulse to another knot of poets, amongst whom the chief were M. Reboul and M. Turquety. But, in spite of all the talent which strikes us in the works of these gentlemen, they have never been popular. A few persons, faithful to the traditions of a creed now on the wane, admired them, and spoke of them as of the bards of the future; the majority passed by with some slight commendation of the style and the ideas. Critics were wont to object: "Let poets sing positive Christianity with the same genius as M. de Lamartine, and then you will see if they do not become popular." This objection falls to the ground for a very simple reason. "Literature," as M. de Bonald said long ago, "is the expression of society." Now, a society whose moral energy is dissolved, and whose profession of faith is indifference, will naturally find its exponent in a vague, pantheistic poetry; and the author of the *Méditations Poétiques* rose at once to popularity, precisely because the France of the nineteenth century was speaking through him.

Even when religion loses its power over the hearts of men, and when, careless of the future, they seek all their comfort and happiness in the persons and things which immediately surround them, another source of hallowed emotions would seem to remain within our reach. There is *home* with its ties, its joys, its sorrows. The poetry of the fireside is one which appeals directly to the best feelings of our nature; and thence are to be drawn some of our purest and most powerful inspirations. But the whole history of the last thirty years goes to prove, in the strongest manner, that if the choicest string on the lyre is not tuned by the hand of religion, the sounds it gives are harsh and discordant. There has been amongst our contemporary French writers a great talk of *poésie intime*, "domestic poetry," the epics of private life. In this particular field of literature many remarkable productions are now extant, to render it manifest that across the Channel some choice minds are found, who have walked in the paths rendered so illustrious by the name of Cowper. Our readers will, we feel quite sure, acknowledge in M. Sainte-Beuve a man who has all the qualities, all the inspirations of a genuine poet. But, as the French proverb truly says, "*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas;*" and if M. Sainte-Beuve was so successful in that minute analysis of the human heart which is the characteristic of his writings, if he really imparted by his genius to the commonest incidents of life, that extraordinary *prestige* which carries us along whilst we read the poem, and gives us food for reflection after we have perused it, no one will pretend that it was only because he could describe with the exactness of a Téniers fire-side scenes, and those home dramas which are not the less interesting because they are not acted *coram populo*. No; the following exquisite piece will show to our friends what we understand to be the true character of domestic poetry,—of *poésie intime*, as our neighbours call it:—

"Dans ce cabriolet de place j'examine
L'homme qui me conduit, qui n'est plus que machine,
Hideux, à barbe épaisse, à longs cheveux collés:
Vice et vin et sommeil chargent ses yeux soûlés.
Comment l'homme peut-il ainsi tomber? pensais-je,
Et je me reculais à l'autre coin du siège.
—Mais toi, qui vois si bien le mal à son dehors,
La crapule poussée à l'abandon du corps,
Comment tiens tu ton âme au dedans? Souvent pleine
Et chargée, es-tu prompt à la mettre en haleine?
Le matin, plus soigneux que l'homme d'à côté,
La laves-tu du songe épais? et dégouté,
Le soir, la laves-tu du jour gros de poussière?
Ne la laisses-tu pas sans baptême et prière
S'engourdir et croupir comme ce conducteur,
Dont l'immonde sourcil ne sent pas sa moiteur?"

We have selected M. Sainte-Beuve as the exponent of the school of lyric poetry we are now considering, because he gave the earliest impulse in that direction, and his works are more pervaded by the spirit of Christianity than those of any other of his contemporaries. Mme. Tastu, Mme. Desbordes Valmore, M. Brizeux, and many besides, have attempted to tune their lyres to the melodies of private life; but, despite real talent, they cannot come up to the standard of the *Consolations* and the *Pensées d'Août*. M. Sainte-Beuve understands Christianity; he sees that modern society can be strengthened and renewed only by returning to those great principles which are at the foundation of every community. Religion, he feels, is something which *binds*, (*religo*,) and he would bind up all our affections for the purpose of bringing them under the sanctifying influence of the Gospel. He would—and this is no inglorious task—connect earth with heaven. M. Vinet has described with great accuracy the nature of M. Sainte-Beuve's poetry. It is a poetry which may be called Christian, not because certain words, certain expressions are introduced, which any one remembers seeing in a Concordance or a Prayer-book; but because the stand-point is a Christian one, and that delicate psychological analysis which the author conducts so cleverly, so accurately, is always pursued with a reference to doctrines much higher than the precepts of worldly morality.

Thus treated, the poetry of private life is true poetry; but what will it become in the hands of a man who considers literature only as a means of getting on, as an article of merchandise, convertible into pounds, shillings, and pence? Why, finding that such a style of writing has become fashionable, and that readers, instead of interesting themselves in the misfortunes of Kings or demi-gods, are growing fond of notabilities *en robe de chambre*, he will set himself down as the hero of his *poésie intime*, and raise an altar to his vanity in a few dozen elegies. Thanks to *poésie intime*, we shall know the colour of his coat, the state of his purse, and the cut of his whiskers, almost as well as we do our own. He informs us that he never takes a walk on the *Boulevard des Italiens* without smoking half-a-dozen *panatellas*. In some autobiographical epistle he acknowledges, with no small satisfaction, that—

> "Sa femme de ménage, un peu haute en couleurs,
> Accommode assez bien le mouton aux choux-fleurs."

In noticing the French lyric poetry of the last thirty years, we must not forget a third school,—a school which has enjoyed the greatest influence, and put forth the most ambitious pretensions. Whilst some writers endeavoured to realise the poetry of religion,—whilst others attempted to sing the amenities and

vicissitudes of domestic life,—a numerous band of enthusiasts inscribed on their banner the famous motto, "*L'art pour l'art*," and proclaimed that poetry ought to be cultivated for poetry's sake, irrespectively of any moral purpose. The founder of that school was Victor Hugo, who, with M. de Lamartine, justly disputes the title of the greatest lyric poet France has produced during the present century. Around the author of the *Feuilles d'Automne* assembled a coterie of enthusiasts, occupying amongst their contemporaries a position exactly analogous to that which Ronsard's school obtained three centuries before. They constituted what was called "*le cénacle*," and started in the field of literature with the leading axiom, that originality alone could save from utter destruction the poetry, the imaginative literature of France. Towards the beginning of the *romantique* movement in 1[illegible], a generous enthusiasm for the principles of liberty, as well in literature as in politics, joined together, by a close bond of union, a host of talented men, whose war-cry was the downfall of conventionalisms in the sphere of intellect. At Victor Hugo's *réunions* might be found some who are now the leading minds amongst our neighbours:—Sainte-Beuve; the chaste and truly classical Alfred de Vigny; Auguste Barbier, the modern Juvenal; Emile Deschamps, whose reputation is far below his exquisite talent; the sprightly Alfred de Musset; Alphonse Karr, Théophile Gautier, and a hundred more. It is quite amusing to see, by a reference to the productions of the French press immediately before the Revolution of 1830, how the thorough-going innovators understood the transformation of literature. The *entente cordiale*, however, did not long reign between the members of the *cénacle;* and each of the persons who composed it struck out for himself into the path best suited to his taste and to the bent of his mind.

The religious poetry of the Lamartine school expired in the grasp of pantheism; the poetry of private life, not being fed by the principle of religion and of morality, ended in grotesque exhibitions of vanity; the literature of art for art only, was not much longer lived, and we shall just state why. When M. Hugo asserted that art should be cultivated for art's sake, without any reference to the eternal laws of right and wrong, such an axiom, of course, was not equivalent in the poet's mind to a premium for immorality; but is not this, after all, the natural consequence of that celebrated theory? A certain effect may often be produced—an effect of high artistic power—by the exhibition of scenes and of characters which are in direct opposition to the axioms of morality and virtue. This is, at all events, what we have seen ourselves; and the literature of *l'art pour l'art* is responsible for the monstrous creations of Lélia, Ruy Blas, and Marion Delorme. No, it will never do to separate the beautiful from the good. It is one of the

Almighty's laws that they should be indissolubly united. The characters of our modern poets, as moral and responsible beings, can excite no interest, rouse no sympathy. The contrast produced by setting one bright beam in the midst of dense soul-darkness, surprises without affecting us.

Victor Hugo's genius is much more comprehensive than that of Lamartine. He has treated, and treated with the greatest success, subjects belonging to almost every order of ideas. The mouldering wrecks of antiquity, the heavings of the age in which he lives, the golden hopes of the future,—he has for all an appropriate strain; they all have for him revelations which they seem to disclose to no one else. It is, we think, impossible to find amongst all European lyric poets a match for Victor Hugo, whether we consider the boundless variety of the themes he treats, the singular felicity of his observations, or the air of nature which so eminently characterises him. His language, certainly, is rather antithetical, and the *penchant* he has for strong contrasts renders sometimes rugged and unpleasant the garb in which he clothes his ideas; but these are mere spots and blemishes we are apt to forget; and, besides, these spots, these blemishes seem almost instinctively to vanish from the poet's effusions, in proportion as the subject-matter is more closely linked to human nature.

Three principal schools of lyric poets will therefore be found to have existed simultaneously, or nearly so, during the five years which preceded the Revolution of 1830: it was, however, after that event, and during the period extending from 1830 to 1836, that the great outburst of lyrism took place. Surrounded by the wrecks of the old civilization, seeing every thing crumble into dust, but *without* the knowledge of the means by which society could be once more settled on a firm basis, *la Jeune France* was driven to self-examination. And what did she find in her own heart? Yearnings after belief, aspirations towards God, mingled with scoffings, scepticism, a feverish activity; verily the anxiety of a soul "seeking rest and finding none," because it expects repose from things which *perish in the using*. Victor Hugo was only the echo, the mouth-piece of society around him, when he exclaimed,—

> "Parmi tous ces progrès dont notre âge se vante,
> Dans tout ce grand éclat d'un siècle éblouissant,
> Une chose, ô Jésus! en secret m'épouvante,
> C'est l'écho de ta voix qui va s'affaiblissant!"
>
> —*Les Voix Intérieures.*

An incurable scepticism seemed to have taken possession of all,—a scepticism the more deplorable because it had not even the energy of self-consciousness. It was the time when Gustave Drouineau with his néo-Christianism, when Fourierists, Saint-Simonians, and other quacks, were attempting to induce man-

kind to believe in something; but, sick of impossible theories, seeing that human institutions had no vital spark in them, and at the same time refusing to ascertain whether the Christianity of the Gospel could not supply man with the key to the problem of his destiny, *la Jeune France* wrapped herself up in the folds of her cloak, and sat down to die. A psychological condition such as this is, strange to say, the most favourable to lyrism. There is a species of exclusiveness implied in strong, settled convictions,—an exclusiveness precluding that range of observation, that universality of impressions, which the lyric poet ought readily to admit. Then arose what has been aptly called "the literature of despair;" and we saw vanity, incredulity, moral cowardice, and the most extraordinary looseness of principle, conspiring together to produce an intellectual phasis, such as had never been witnessed since the last days of the Roman Empire. M. Edgard Quinet in his *Ahasverus* and his *Prométhée* gave loud utterance to the feelings of an age, as Carlyle calls it, "destitute of faith, yet terrified at scepticism." M. Hugo, earnestly (we would fain believe so) watching the signs of the times, exclaimed:—

"Seigneur! est-ce vraiment l'aube qu'on voit éclore?
Oh! l'anxiété croit de moment en moment!
N'y voit-on déjà plus? N'y voit-on pas encore?
Est-ce la fin, Seigneur, ou le commencement?"
—*Chants du Crépuscule.*

But if the author of the *Chants du Crépuscule* expressed in powerful and impassioned language the deep anxiety of [illegible] before whose eyes a whole nation, like a crazy barque, is drifting along by the current which hurries it to ultimate destruction, a young poet, M. Alfred de Musset, took up the whip of the satirist, and lashed with his fierce but just invectives a race of effeminate beings, [illegible] he saw around him rushing blindly into the future with a wreathed goblet in their hands, and with the impure strains of Voltaire in their mouths. Addressing himself to the *Jeune France* of the nineteenth century, he says,—

"Et le jour que parut le convive de pierre,
Tu vins à sa rencontre, et lui tendis la main;
Tu tombas foudroyé sur ton dernier festin:
Symbole merveilleux de l'homme sur la terre,
Cherchant de ta main gauche à soulever ton verre,
Abandonnant ta droite à celle du destin."—*Namouna.*

His apostrophe to Voltaire is striking and just:—

"Dors-tu content, Voltaire, et ton hideux sourire
Voltige-t-il encore sur tes os décharnés?
Ton siècle était, dit-on, trop jeune pour te lire;
Le nôtre doit te plaire, et tes hommes sont nés.
Il est tombé sur nous, cet édifice immense
Que de tes larges mains tu sapais nuit et jour."—*Rolla.*

Yes, the edifice *is* fallen, if by that word M. de Musset means, the structure of a society rotten to the very core, without principles of either right or wrong,—a society living on shams, practising the clothes' philosophy of Doctor Teufelsdrockh to its full extent, and parading vices of every description in the "gig of respectability." It is fallen, never more to return. But if, as M. de Musset says elsewhere,—

"Le seuil de notre siècle est pavé de tombeaux."—*À la Malibran;*

if, wherever we cast our eyes, we see nothing but wrecks, let us not be satisfied with musing upon them. All human things are perishable: the folly consists in thinking that they were to last for ever; more foolish still is he who concludes that because the objects of sense and time disappear, therefore heaven and immortality are names without reality. This seems to be the very A, B, C, of apologetics, the very elements of mere Deism; but we are compelled, with the France of the nineteenth century, to use the milk which is the fit food for babes, and we must treat it as Augustine, in his *De Civitate Dei*, treated some centuries ago the citizens of degenerate Rome.

The poets of despair only continued for a very short time. A few found a resting-place for their hopes in Him who "sticketh closer than a brother;" a few more, shrinking from the battle of life, and disappointed at not obtaining in reality the embodiment of their dreams, rushed out of this world like their favourite models, Werther and Obermann; the great majority exclaimed, "Why should we despair, when champagne is as sparkling as ever; when so many bright eyes are yet to be found in the *petits appartements* of the *quartier Bréda;* when we can drive a phaeton to the *Bois de Boulogne?*" Hence another class of lyric poets,—the poets of what is called the *realist* school, a polite name for the grossest, the rankest materialism. They are the songsters of the present day. The insecurity of all political and social institutions, the feeling that, in spite of all the changes through which France has passed for the last half-century, mightier transformations are at hand, the rapid growth of industry, and its applications to the luxuries of life:—all these causes now operate on the majority, in the same way as they did on the Roman voluptuaries who, two thousand years ago, endeavoured to forget both the past and the future in the enjoyment of the present. Poets who would secure an audience, must now literally herd with "the swine of Epicurus;" they must take for their model the coarse elegiacs of M. Théophile Gautier, or, like M. Arsène Houssaye, celebrate *les femmes de la Régence*, Mme. de Tencin, Mme. de Parabére, Mlle. Quinault.

We shall here conclude this part of our subject. It has been our aim to describe as concisely, and yet as accurately, as possible, the gradual development of lyric poetry in France from 1820 to

the present time. We have seen it following a constantly downward course; and, whilst stating the facts as we found them, we had no difficulty in tracing them to one grand cause,—the want of moral faith, the total absence of religious conviction.

"It is impossible," says M. Vinet, "to survey our contemporary literature without a feeling of terror. Why talk of an æsthetic anarchy, of useless scholastic debates? Anarchy reigns in the very ideas from which humanity might still draw some life. We leave every known track; we speak a language unknown to mankind; and posterity will never believe that we can have thus expressed ourselves. The very elements of our moral convictions have become a prey to a new horde of barbarians. These invaders come neither from the north nor from the south; they ascend from the deepest recesses of our corrupt hearts, and are eager to lay waste our nature.....O Poet, what have we done, that you should appeal only to our nerves and to our senses? Is there no longer in us a soul you can speak to? Is the world nothing more than a combination of colours, forms, and sensations? Are there no other pleasures besides those of the flesh? no other sufferings but physical sufferings? Such are the emotions which art prepares for us.....Art, in former days, was an enchantress; now she deals in poisons; she has become an executioner."—*Littérature Française au XIX^e Siècle.*

The painful conclusion we have been compelled to adopt in our survey of modern French lyric poetry is, that it is the poetry of materialism. This fact will appear still more evident if we examine, in the second place, the dramatic literature of our neighbours. And here we meet again with the name of M. Victor Hugo. That distinguished man has attempted to introduce in every branch of æsthetics the thorough spirit of reform; and when he first began to write for the stage, an improvement of some kind was certainly needed. The imitators of the imitators of Racine and Corneille were bellowing out bombast and fustian in the *Rue de Richelieu*. Greeks and Romans, Romans and Greeks, reigned supreme at the *Théâtre Français*. In the midst of the five and three-act platitudes which were performed every night under the sanction, and partly at the expense, of Government, Victor Hugo lifted up a powerful voice. "Our drama," said he, "is nothing else now but an unmeaning exhibition of conventionalisms. Instead of seeing before us human life with all its variety of incidents, its contrasts, its lights and shadows, we are compelled to hear lengthened disquisitions on hackneyed topics, and to yawn at seventh-rate copies of Britannicus, Orosmanes, or Cinna. Why should we not turn to nature, instead of applying to Racine, and draw upon our own resources, instead of being satisfied with dull reductions of inimitable originals?" M. Hugo thought of course that Shakspeare might be made to tread the French stage as well as the old favourite of

France; he did not wish,—and some of his imprudent disciples ought to have remembered that,—he did not wish to annihilate the Racinian tragedy; far from it. But, precisely out of admiration for that extraordinary creation, he knocked down all the Campistron school, and asked why the author of *Phèdre* and the author of *Hamlet* should not share between themselves the influence hitherto exclusively enjoyed by the former. This was a very ingenious and, at first sight, a very plausible argument. M. Hugo maintained it to the last; and if he were to write a new drama, it is still very likely that he would plead in its favour. In his Prefaces to *Cromwell* (1827), *Hernani* (1830), *Marion Delorme* (1831), *Le Roi s'amuse* (1832), *Lucrèce Borgia* (1833), *Marie Tudor* (1833), *Angelo* 1835), *Ruy Blas* (1838), *Les Burgraves* (1843), we never read of an *auto-da-fé* of Racine's works to the memory of Shakspeare. No; all that is required is house-room for both, with a gentle hint, however, that the old classical school in French dramatic literature must be henceforward considered as a *fait accompli*, having no influence for the future, and merely interesting because it is a delineation of passions and characters under a form which they are not likely to assume any more. Now, we think this is a decided blunder. We would not institute here any judgment on the French tragedy, as established by Racine; we would not inquire whether it be superior or inferior to the Shakspearean play: but we maintain that it is a legitimate offspring of the human mind, when placed in certain conditions; and we assert, moreover, that such conditions are those which are now natural to the French temperament. With a fondness, a predilection for conversational enjoyments, having at their command a language eminently analytical in its structure, authors must feel the necessity of concentrating all their efforts on the delineation of *one* passion, *one* feature in the human character. They will lay it bare before the reader or the spectator in all its details, and seek for effect in the impression produced by a minute, an almost microscopic, picture. They do not value contrasts; all the means employed must be as simple as possible, and every stroke is thought an excrescence, when it diverts the mind of the spectator from the study of the passions depicted before him. Suppose a man of first-rate genius acting in conformity with a system like this; he will not feel himself fettered by those pseudo-Aristotelic rules which Boileau laid down as the code of French tragedy; on the contrary, the restrictions imposed will be made by him subservient to the noblest purposes, and he will produce one of those master-pieces which have rendered immortal the names of Corneille and Racine. But, as M. Benjamin Constant truly remarked, the classical school of tragedy fails of course, and fails completely, in its pourtraying of character. For here strong contrasts must be produced. To judge of a man,—his virtues and his vices,—

you should study him in different points of view; you should place him in a variety of positions, where the most trivial incidents of life, as well as the most exalted, will influence him, and bring out in strong relief the bent of his disposition,—the peculiarities of his idiosyncrasy. The paucity of incidents which can be crowded into the space of twenty-four hours can, on the other hand, never suffice to illustrate a man's individuality. Strict adherence to historical truths makes this self-evident. We have seen, in Raynouard's tragedy of the "Templars," a batch of criminals accused, tried, judged, condemned, and burnt, within the classical limits of a natural day; "thus showing," says Madame de Staël, "a zeal for the dispatch of business which even the Revolutionary tribunals could hardly come up to." The great writers of the French classical stage may be compared to a school of painters, amongst whom purity and elegance of design have been almost exclusively cultivated, at the expense of faithful colouring. With them a pleasing effect is produced, because their faultless outlines are filled up, if not broadly and boldly, still enough to afford delight and to be characteristic. But their copyists, the Saurins, the Lafosses, the Campistrons,—how lifeless, how insipid! Not only is colouring totally absent; the outline itself grows paler and paler, till you almost lose sight of it on the canvass. M. Victor Hugo is the Titian or the Turner of the modern drama. The magic of his brush can never be forgotten by those who have closely studied him. With lavish hands he scatters his riches all around, producing, by the most extraordinary combinations, an illusion so novel that it seems often like mere artifice and clap-trap.

The objections we entertain against M. Hugo's dramas are still more applicable to the herd of imitators who have followed in his wake. M. Frédéric Gaillardet's *Tour de Nesle*, M. Frédéric Soulié's *Christine*, the numerous historical plays of M. Alexandre Dumas, with the exception of his first and best, *Henri III. et sa Cour*, are all liable to the same censure or censures. If we view them simply as delineations of the human heart, they are in the highest degree false and objectionable, because, instead of bringing before us the *passions*, the struggles of responsible beings, they merely pourtray those *instincts* which we possess in common with the brute creation. It is by taking this view of the case that we are justified in declaring that M. Hugo's *Triboulet*, and M. Dumas's *Antony*, are monstrous productions. They are out of the pale of nature. And if it be replied to us that the artist has found his models in the society around him, we can only say, that society, such as he conceives it, is a den of thieves, swindlers, and prostitutes. M. Saint-Marc Girardin, in his *Cours de Littérature Dramatique*, has perfectly explained this point. The characters introduced by our modern dramatists are only exceptions. As we

have already said, they are abortions, eccentricities, which would create sensations if we were to see them exhibited in Dr. Kahn's Museum, but in which we cannot recognise a faithful analysis of our own nature. As historical productions, the dramas we are now speaking of are not less faulty. Victor Hugo, in his pompous Prefaces, may boast of representing his characters in the costume, the externals, of the age he has selected for illustration; but the characters themselves are not true. Never was there a court-buffoon known to spout philosophy like Triboulet; the proud plebeian, Didier, in *Marion Delorme*, could not have existed at the Court of Louis XIII., and is as great an anachronism as the patriotic *laquais* Ruy-Blas. But this is not all. M. Victor Hugo has been very justly accused of having, by his dramatic works, assisted to destroy that sentiment of respect which is one of the principal elements of strength and prosperity in a nation. It is well known that the representations of *Marion Delorme* were suppressed, and the performance of *Le Roi s'amuse* absolutely prohibited, by the French Government; and on good grounds, too. We do not mean to adduce Francis I. as a pattern of morality, nor to make it out that Louis XIII. was a genuine King; but there is something here besides a mere question of proper names; and in a society where, as M. Royer-Collard truly said, the sentiment of *veneration* exists no longer, we should be careful under what colours we represent those institutions which embody in a community the principles of authority and the majesty of the law.

We have not yet examined the manner in which the contemporary French drama has depicted modern society; but, from the foregoing remarks, it will not be difficult to guess that its delineations are not of the most edifying nature. When a society is bound together, in a moral point of view, by conventionalisms alone, such frail restraints are soon scattered to the four winds of heaven. This truth could not escape the notice of the philosophic observer; it forms the ground-work of Dumas's celebrated plays, *Antony*, *Angèle*, *Richard d'Arlington*. Conventionalisms, it is true, are not the proper basis of the existence of a community, and we should accordingly give them up, and get rid of them as far as we can: the mischief is, that when our moral sense is so far blunted, when our religious notions are so far destroyed, we esteem as conventionalisms the great axioms without which society must necessarily fall to pieces. This was just the sin committed by M. Dumas, or the mistake he made, if we call things by their gentlest names; this was just the cause of the transitory success which both he and his fellow playwrights obtained. They stirred up the worst passions rankling in the human soul, and, of course, found every where a quick response. Even if we turn not to the

extraordinary dramas performed twenty years ago at the Porte Saint-Martin by Frédéric Lemaitre and Madame Duval, but to the more lively comedies and vaudevilles of M. Eugène Scribe, we find ourselves transported into the midst of a world where the moral atmosphere is very impure. The favourite axiom adopted by the French comic stage is, "*Castigat ridendo mores;*" a maxim which, in practice, means nothing else but the liberty of turning every thing into ridicule.

Yet, sad as the picture of society is, as we find it in the dramatic works of the authors we have just named, matters have come to a lower pitch than even that. Talent of no usual order was exhibited in the tragedies of M. Victor Hugo; the Preface to his *Cromwell*, as the *ars poetica* of a new school, contained many ingenious suggestions and principles, both essentially true, and which have since been generally adopted; but not all the genius of the great poet, not all the chaste talent lavished by M. Alfred de Vigny, in his *Maréchale d'Ancre*, could obtain letters of naturalisation in France for a dramatic system which is not in accordance with the national character. A reaction accordingly very soon took place towards the doctrines of the *école classique*,—a reaction rendered the more conspicuous from the circumstances under which it originated. We allude to the appearance of Mademoiselle Rachel in the characters of Hermione, Emilie, Roxane, and Phèdre, and to that tragedy of M. Ponsard, *Lucrèce*, which created, when first brought out in 1843, a sensation quite as great as the one produced by the first performance of *Hernani*. The public, sickened by the exhibition of scenes copied in the gutters or at the charnel-house, greeted with unfeigned pleasure the revival of the old drama, so perfectly embodied by the great actress, and so vigorously re-produced by the young Dauphinais poet. M. Ponsard obtained a success which Casimir Delavigne, despite his exquisite talent, could not secure; and this for a reason singularly illustrative of the French literary *penchant*. M. Ponsard is a true disciple of Corneille: his poetry is terse, full of pith and originality. The author of *Louis XI.* and of *Les Enfants d'Edouard*, on the contrary, never rises beyond polished elegance, and that species of material harmony which, although it may satisfy the ear, does not reach the heart. The new dramatic school now flourishing in France, and which has ambitiously styled itself "*l'école du bon sens*," has our best wishes; nor can we deny that MM. Ponsard, Emile Augier, Latour Saint-Ybars, are treading in the right path, not only of literature, but of morality. And yet we think that the hold their productions have on the public is but slight. Spectators turn from the classical plays of these gentlemen to performances of a far different order,—performances which, after all, we fear, pourtray but too truly the present state of French society. We have

seen, in the walks of lyric poetry, the realist, or rather, the materialist, tendency represented by MM. Théophile Gautier and Arsène Houssaye; the drama, likewise, has turned to realism, and those much applauded plays, *Vautrin*, *La Dame aux Camelias*, *Les Filles de Marbre*, are the painful but correct representations of a society which, having discarded every ennobling principle, every high and pure motive for action and energy, lives only through the senses, and has adopted for its twofold motto, "Money: Pleasure." M. de Broglie's eloquent denunciation of the contemporary French drama is, we regret to say, perfectly true; and we are compelled to acknowledge, as fully borne out by the facts, the following passage from the speech he delivered before the Chamber of Peers the day after the attempt made by Fieschi on the life of Louis Philippe:—

"Et notre théâtre, Messieurs!.....Qu'est ce maintenant que le théâtre en France? Qui est-ce qui ose entrer dans une salle de spectacle, quand il ne connait la pièce que de nom? Notre théâtre est devenu non-seulement le témoignage éclatant de tout le dévergondage et de toute la démence auxquels l'esprit humain peut se livrer quand il est abandonné sans aucun frein, mais il est devenu encore une école de débauche, une école de crimes, et une école qui fait des disciples que l'on revoit ensuite sur les bancs des cours d'assises attester par leur langage, après l'avoir prouvé par leurs actions, et la profonde dégradation de leur intelligence, et la profonde dépravation de leurs âmes."

The effect produced by dramatic exhibitions must always be greater than that which results from other artistic means; and, therefore, if the works prepared for the stage are constructed in defiance of all the laws, not only of virtue, but even of common morality, the consequences are so much the more disastrous. This is what we deeply regret in the present state of the French stage. There is apparent every where, not that rabid hatred of Christianity which characterized the pompous declamations of Voltaire, and the savage invectives of Diderot, but that careless indifference to right and wrong, which is a thousand times more to be dreaded. The outbursts of hatred in which the philosophers of the last century so freely indulged, were a kind of homage paid to the power of Christianity. The polite and good-mannered impiety prevalent in our own times seems to say, that the God venerated in the Gospel can no longer inspire even hostility or hatred. Our poets declare that we might as well, as profitably, denounce either the "cloud-compelling Jove," or the "blue-eyed Pallas," as the Saviour of the world. Christianity, they say, has taken its place, like Paganism, among the things that were; it has its niche in the Pantheon of defunct creeds. We cannot conceal the fact: convictions are fast departing in France, unless, indeed, it be the conviction that Epicureanism is

the only thing worth living for. But a corrupt taste is almost always sure to follow upon a low state of morality; and when the life of a community is squandered away at the *rouge et noir* table, or in the midst of the orgies of the *Jardin d'Hiver*, we must expect to find, as heroes of the popular drama, men such as Mercadet, and women such as Marguerite Gonthier. In the last century, under the reign of the "patriarch of Ferney," the writers who were loudest in their denunciation against "*the wretch*," boasted, at least, that they stood up for the rights of mankind. We do not even find this merit amongst the dramatic writers of our own age: they have discarded that pompous philanthropy which is so characteristic of Beaumarchais and Diderot; but they have taken as a substitute the glorification of self.

To conclude this very imperfect sketch of the French stage literature of the nineteenth century, we shall only say that it manifests that want of fixedness in purpose, which is also deficient every where else. In an æsthetic as well as in a social point of view, we seem to be passing through a state of transition. The "*romantique*" system of M. Victor Hugo has been tried; then the "*classique*," under the guidance of M. Ponsard, for a short time reigned paramount; next the socialist drama of M. Felix Pyat; finally M. Alfred de Musset and M. Octave Feuillet have endeavoured, in their *Proverbes Dramatiques*, to revive the school of Marivaux, whilst the pictures of vice and of dishonour are exciting the enthusiasm and eliciting bursts of applause on the part of a whole nation, which has lost even the power of understanding to what a state of moral dissolution it has sunk. This is, we have said, a transition state; and in this idea we find some consolation. Before matters get better, they must arrive at the worst; and it is when moral darkness becomes the densest, that the beams of truth burst forth with their full force.

The third and last part of our subject bears upon a branch of literature which during the last thirty years has been sadly prolific. Well might M. Guizot, whilst turning over the catalogue of a circulating library, speak of "*la fécondité de l'avortement*." Scarcely a week passed without leaving behind it, as a vestige of its presence, half-a-dozen volumes written by some aspirants to the dignity of "*hommes de lettres*;" and if we were to attempt a mere enumeration of the shoals of novels and romances spawned, since 1825, on the other side of the Channel, we could easily fill a few thousand pages of very small type indeed. We must be satisfied to do as we have already done in our account of lyric and dramatic poetry. We shall name a few leading writers, a few men who may be considered as the representatives of as many distinct groups, and endeavour to state what principles they have applied in their works.

Historical romances, in France as well as in England, have long been the fashion. No doubt, the spirit and the truthfulness of Sir Walter Scott's graphic delineations acted with great power on the minds of imaginative writers; and it is quite certain, that to the novel of "Ivanhoe" we are indebted not only for the splendid compositions of M. Augustin Thierry, but for some of the finest monuments in the fictitious literature of our neighbours. Yet the tendency we are now alluding to—the feeling which has induced so many novelists to draw upon the history of the Middle Ages for the construction of their works—is of an older date. We may find in Madame de Staël's *Allemagne* the first symptoms of a movement in that direction. Châteaubriand himself, by his brilliant, though overdrawn, pictures, had contributed to attract attention to the origins of French history; and M. de Marchangy's *Gaule Poétique* was still more decidedly a sort of author's guide-book through the traditions and monuments of mediæval France. The writing of an historical novel has sometimes appeared to the ordinary observer the easiest imaginable piece of composition. Take, some people say, a few characters out of Philip de Commines or Saint-Simon; copy an architectural description or two from a book on local antiquities; and do not mind being every now and then as dull as an essay in "The Gentleman's Magazine," for the sake of historic verisimilitude. An obsolete type, antique binding, and rubricated title-page, will also go very far to insure the success of the tale. We have, of course, seen works manufactured according to that recipe; but the question—which we would venture to answer in the negative—is, whether they satisfy our expectations, either as artistic productions, or as accurate representations of human character. The romances of Madame de Genlis and Madame Cottin exhibited very little merit as studies from history; but then the fair authoresses did not pretend, by an affected conceit after *couleur locale*, to make us believe that they had been poring over Ducange or Dom Mabillon. Now, we have fallen into the opposite defect. Our historical novelists are not a whit more trustworthy than their forefathers, as to the facts they state; whilst, on the other hand, they would be extremely indignant, if you hinted that they have made a trivial blunder in the description of a coat of arms, or the wording of a motto. *La couleur locale* is their great, their unfailing resource; with a hasty brush and with a few ill-selected tints, they paint grotesque figures, to which they give the names of "Charles the Bold," "Mazarin," or "Louis Quinze;" and then they make a great boast that, in the description of a piece of furniture, they have not forgotten a single nail.

Count Alfred de Vigny claims a very high place amongst the writers to whom we are now referring. His *Cinq Mars*,

published for the first time about thirty years ago, is a real work of art, bearing the stamp of genius, and deserving to be placed on a level with the best productions of the author of "Waverley." We cannot say, indeed, that the hero and heroine strike us as peculiarly interesting; and it was perhaps a mistake in M. de Vigny, to select for the chief character in his tale a personage positively insignificant, to say the least; a court favourite, the minion of an imbecile King; a man, in fact, whose name is known to posterity, only in connexion with that of the far more celebrated De Thou. But we conceive that whatever might otherwise be the value of any fictitious work bearing upon the state of France during the administration of Cardinal Richelieu, the gigantic figure of the Prelate must necessarily cast far back into the shade all the other personages introduced to work out the plot, or to elucidate the historical allusions. M. de Vigny's delineation of the Cardinal is a master-piece. He has displayed in his work a thorough acquaintance with the difficult subject he undertook to treat, and he has put his name to a production which, whether considered in a moral or an artistic point of view, the most fastidious critic could hardly find amenable to censure.

From the author of *Cinq Mars* to M. Victor Hugo the transition is rather abrupt; but we are, our readers must remember, only taking up the principal links in a chain which it would be next to impossible for us to examine in all its details. What a contrast between the two men! Let us only fancy ourselves passing on from the calm, quiet landscapes of Claude or Poussin to the extravagant design and brilliant colouring of Rubens. *Notre Dame de Paris* evidences still more genius than *Cinq Mars;* but it is the outpouring of an imagination that cannot submit to any restraint. There is no unity in the book. Antiquarian lore, alchemy, architecture, history,—these various elements, blended together, make it up, with a story, the four principal characters of which are a gipsy girl, a dissolute Priest, a hunchback, and a Captain of *gens-d'armes*. It is no use entering here upon the analysis of a work which is well known even to most English readers. We shall only say, that *Notre Dame de Paris* brings out, in most painful prominency, all the bad tendencies which characterize the French imaginative literature of the age. M. Victor Hugo never appeals to the heart, but to the instinct. The extraordinary scene of *reconnaissance* between Pâquette la Chantefleurie and la Esmeralda is highly tragic; but we see before us the tigress struggling with the hunter in defence of its young one, rather than the moral being, made in the image of God, and bearing still, although much defaced, the stamp of her origin. The great defect of M. Victor Hugo, the fundamental error into which he has fallen, consists, as

we have already said, in introducing materialism into literature. If we may use the expression, his works do not excite us; they *galvanize* us. He seems to seek every possible means of what Voltaire called "*frapper fort plutôt que frapper juste.*" Hence, in his delineation of human character, his *penchant* for exceptions. Lucrèce Borgia, Triboulet, Marion Delorme, are phenomena which do not often grace the bills of mortality. We start as we read of their deeds, but they neither delight nor interest us. Quasimodo, the bell-ringer of Notre Dame, belongs to this class. Caliban is a deformity, a nondescript, an animal which would puzzle a Buckland or a Cuvier. And yet Caliban is not unnatural; he gives us the lower passions, the propensities of the brute, with painful fidelity. The fault of Quasimodo's character lies in its incoherency. It is a combination of several parts which, taken singly, are true; put together, they clash with one another, and produce simply a caricature, a monstrosity.

M. Victor Hugo, and all the writers belonging to what is called the "realist school," seem to us to have entirely mistaken the purpose and ends of art. The aim of the artist ought to be to appeal to the intellect, without raising the senses; therefore it is necessary that his creations should be both like and unlike the works of reality. They must be like reality, by bringing before us characters and scenes which we can connect, by logical sequence, with the great principles and laws of action implanted in our very nature. They must be unlike, by idealizing the scenes, and placing between them and us that distance which gives to objects grandeur and boldness of proportion. Compare the "Weird Sisters" of Shakspeare in "Macbeth," with the Hag whom Ford represents to us as riding on a broomstick, and you have at once the difference between the true artist and M. Victor Hugo.

Cinq Mars, and *Notre Dame de Paris*, are the types of two classes of historical novels, widely distinct from one another. We might mention, besides, M. Mérimée's *Chronique de Charles IX.*, M. Frédéric Soulié's *Vicomte de Béziers*, and the dull, heavy, and, at the same time, grossly immoral conceptions of M. Paul Lacroix, better known as *le Bibliophile Jacob*; but such an enumeration would be useless. To designate the productions of the far-famed Alexandre Dumas as historical novels, is a perfect misapplication of the term.

Leaving, however, the vain attempts of our modern writers to reduce the pages of history to the proportions of a *feuilleton*, we must now say a few words of the novel of private life. And here we find at once a host of names, claiming, on our part, a notice,—a *mention honorable*,—honourable, we mean, as far as variety and versatility of powers go; in point of morality and of propriety, it is, alas! quite different. In the novels of Frédéric Soulié,

Balzac, Eugène Sue, and Charles de Bernard, there are, no doubt, amusing sketches of society, and characters drawn with great *finesse*: there is much of observation, true appreciation of private life, and sometimes an uncommon vigour and raciness of style: but what we object to is the selection of the subjects which the writers almost uniformly make. We will venture to say, that not one of the numerous works produced by the above-named authors can be selected, the chief incident of which is not an adulterous intercourse, either accomplished, or, at all events, attempted. Nor is this violation of the laws of God palliated, or even acknowledged to be a reprehensible fact, introduced only for the sake of dramatic effect. No, it is a daguerreotype of the world as it is; and any person who has had some experience of the fashionable doings in Paris, has met constantly with the actual models which we see sketched at full length in *La Peau de Chagrin*, *Les Mémoires du Diable*, or *Les Mystères de Paris*. The fact is, that if a modern French novelist writes to depict society as it is, he must exhibit in vivid colours all the worst passions of the human heart: the unbounded love of gain, the recklessness of the future, man's whole energies concentrated upon the enjoyment of the present hour, a state of civilisation in which extreme refinement has produced moral and intellectual corruption. Is it to be wondered at, that modest women should be the exception in a country where an author endeavours to give, if we may so say, the æsthetics of "frailty;" and, more than that, finds readers willing to endorse his monstrous opinions? It is M. de Balzac who has penned the following curious piece of criticism:—

"Obliged, as he was, to espouse the ideas of an essentially hypocritical nation, Walter Scott has represented humanity under false colours in his character of woman; and the reason is, that schismatics were sitting for his models. The Protestant woman has no ideal. She may be chaste, pure, virtuous; but her inexpressive love will always be calm and orderly, as proceeding from the consciousness of fulfilled duty. It would seem that the Virgin Mary has hardened the hearts of the sophists who drove her from heaven, together with her treasures of mercy. In the Protestant religion there is nothing possible for a woman, when she has once committed a fault; in the Catholic Church, on the contrary, the hope of pardon renders her sublime. Consequently, the representation of the female character is ever the same among Protestant writers, whilst every new situation brings a *new woman* before the Catholic author."

With a literary creed such as this, it is not difficult to justify the grossest vices; and whatever may be said about the Protestant woman's consciousness that she has fulfilled her duty, we most sincerely rejoice that, according to M. de Balzac's own acknowledgment, the nature of evangelical Christianity is incom-

patible with beings of the same class as Delphine de Nucingen, the Duchess de Langeais, and Madame de Marneffe.

And this is the reason why M. de Balzac's novels, more especially, are so dangerous to the unguarded reader. The effect they produce is that of a slow dissolvent, which acts gradually, but surely, upon the generous feelings of the heart, and leaves us unfit to cope with the realities of life. Paul de Kock is at times grossly indelicate; but he never throws a veil of plausibility over the *grivois* scenes of his novels. Balzac, without describing scenes of actual indecency, dismisses us under the impression that there is not one woman who is proof against seduction; not one man who would not sell his name and fame for a title, a coach and six, or a handsome per-centage. Frédéric Soulié, Eugène Sue, and Charles de Bernard—nay, the whole modern school of French novelists, with only two or three exceptions—are liable to the same accusation.

There is no doubt that, especially since 1830, society in France seems to be hurrying on towards a final dissolution, and a thorough reform is more and more needed, to clear the moral atmosphere. Such is the feeling which has given rise to a third class of novelists,—the last we shall examine here, and which may be designated as the Socialist romance-writers of *la Jeune France*. Emile Souvestre belongs to that school, and deserves peculiar notice for the healthy tone of his works. A deep melancholy feeling is the chief characteristic of his style, and, like a modern Juvenal, he lashes with unsparing hand the vices, the follies, and the heartlessness of the nineteenth century. He sees admirably what are the weak points of French society; the misfortune is, that he does not suspect how the evils are to be remedied. At least, he speaks of religion, and sees beyond time; but his creed is very vague, and resolves itself into a cold Deism.

M. Alphonse Karr has not entered the arena of literature with the professed object of waging war against social abuses; his novels are distinguished more by humour than by invective; yet his quiet satire oftentimes exposes the "shams" by which we allow ourselves to be led about; and in a tale bearing the eccentric title, *Fort en Thème*,* he has particularly denounced the extravagant idea which came into fashion about thirty years ago, to wit, that literature is the only pursuit worth following at the present day. A great deal has been said respecting the "fourth estate," and "the priesthood of letters;" but truly we have frequently met with members belonging to that guild, who disgraced it as much as Tetzel or Escobar ever did their own order. Literature has been lately too much used as a stepping-

* In the Harrow or Eton latitude, the English for the above would be, "A Dab at Latin Verses."

stone to political influence. In France a literary character was wont to be considered as a kind of demi-god, before whom incense should be burnt, and genuflexions performed. This was offering a premium to fast and questionable scribbling, and asserting that the destinies of a great nation may safely be committed to a man who has only the dexterity and the impudence of a *chevalier d'industrie*. On points such as these, M. Alphonse Karr has no such illusions, and his strong common-sense stands in vivid contrast to the folly of some, and the rascality of others.

But our readers have already been thinking, no doubt, of the celebrated person who is most conspicuously identified with the social and religious upheavings of modern society. The nineteenth century, with its scepticism, its errors, its aspirations, has found its true representative in George Sand. No name, perhaps, has been the object of more opprobrium; no literary character has met with such staunch defenders. The gifted authoress of *Mauprat* has, since the Revolution of 1848, given up her pretensions to the apostleship of Socialism; but of her earlier productions, admirable as they are in point of style and descriptive power, we feel bound to speak (with the exception of *André*, *Mauprat*, and the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*) in terms of the strongest reprobation. We admit, quite readily, that she felt society to be altogether out of joint; but we deny that the proper way of mending matters is to confound the boundaries of order and virtue, and to dissolve the principles that hold society together. The codes that govern modern civilized communities require amendment and correction; but the mistake of George Sand was to confound with controvertible formulas and men-appointed, therefore fallible, regulations, the laws laid down by God Himself. It is, however, a very remarkable circumstance, that George Sand has bid adieu to the dreams which engrossed her attention during the early part of her literary career. Disappointed at seeing that each political outburst only delayed the realization of her schemes; having derived from a long intercourse with her fellow-men hardly any thing except heart-burnings and despondency, she has determined upon leaving the destinies of society in the hands of Him who alone can safely direct its course, and she now devotes herself entirely to purely artistic emotions.

The novel, as well as poetry and the drama, exhibits the same sad symptoms of decay which we have already had occasion to notice. It was formerly said of the reign of Louis XV, "*Ce fut une halte dans la boue.*" This expression is entirely applicable to the present state of French imaginative literature; it has sunk knee-deep in the mire of materialism. After what has been previously said in the course of this article, is it necessary that we should explain, at greater length, either how such a state of

things has been brought about, or how it can find a speedy termination? We think not. Facts speak for themselves with sufficient clearness, and proclaim the root of the evil to be in that universal scepticism which has pervaded the whole fabric of society. The human mind is ever anxious to reach after absolute truth; when it has come to the conclusion, through some radically false inference, that positive religion cannot yield that truth, it seeks elsewhere. The soul, longing to be filled, and yearning after peace, fancies that politics will supply the place of religion; and it honours schemes of social reform with the worship it denies to the only true God. It sets up its idol in the forum, or the Parliament-hall. The error, however, is not of long duration; a very small amount, indeed, of experience suffices to make us perceive that there is no absolute truth to be found in the region of political discussions. Then man sinks lower still: he centres all his energies upon the only tangible results this world can afford; he rushes forward in the pursuit of pleasure, riches, enjoyments of every description, and yields himself up as a slave to all the animal passions.

Now, to those three different stages correspond as many phases in the history of literature. When, in a nation, the principle of religious faith is still strong; when the power of God is generally recognised and cherished; then it is that literature finds its true conditions of development and progress. The worship of politics, on the other hand, naturally brings in its train the glorification of the intellect: man no longer considers thought as a powerful weapon to secure the triumph of virtue, and the vindication of the eternal laws of right and truth. He views literature both as the means and the end; he introduces the maxim, "Art for art's sake," or, in other terms, he proclaims that we must both speak and write without any meaning. Lastly, materialism in ethics invariably leads to materialism in literature. The man whose great object is the satisfaction of sense, and the pursuit of pleasure, will naturally say, as M. Dumas did to Dr. Véron, "The thing is to exchange good manuscripts against good bank-notes." His motto will be, "Who 'll buy?" Our conclusion, therefore, is obvious. Let us see a revival of religion in France,—and by religion we do not mean Ultramontanism, nor even Gallicanism,—we shall soon see a corresponding revival of literature. Whenever it may please God to send His Spirit into the "dry bones," the world of thought must share in the common influence. We know not whether this view of the case may occur to any of the *hommes de lettres* who purpose contending for the prizes offered by M. Bulos in the *Revue des deux Mondes;* but we feel convinced that *there* lies the solution of the problem.

ART. VII.—*JASHAR. Fragmenta archetypa Carminum Hebraicorum in Masorethico Veteris Testamenti Textu passim tessellata, collegit, ordinavit, restituit, in unum Corpus redegit, Latine exhibuit, Commentario instruxit* JOANNES GUILELMUS DONALDSON, S. Theologiæ Doctor; Collegii SS. Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienses quondam Socius. 8vo. London and Berlin. 1854.

"Is not this written in the book of Jasher?" (Joshua x. 13.) "Behold, it is written in the book of Jasher." (2 Sam. i. 18.)

The two short passages above quoted have given rise, like the reference of the Apostle Jude to the ancient prophetical Book of Enoch, to much very natural curiosity as to the writings thus obscurely hinted at in the sacred volume. In literature, as in other things, demand creates supply. And as surely as curiosity has yearned after some manuscript dark with the dust of centuries, with which the name of some of these old histories referred to in Scripture might be identified; so surely have claimants come forth to challenge for themselves the belief of mankind,—until John Albert Fabricius, as far back as the beginning of the last century, could fill some volumes with an enumeration of the *Codex Pseudepigraphus* of the Old Testament alone.

One of the most notable of more recent literary forgeries of this kind was perpetrated about a hundred years ago, when a thin quarto of about sixty pages appeared, bearing as title, "The Book of Jasher, with Testimonies and Notes explanatory of the Text; to which is prefixed various Readings, translated into English from the Hebrew, by Alcuin, of Britain, who went a Pilgrimage into the Holy Land." According to the story, Alcuin of Britain (who, by the way, was never out of Europe) went a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and reached the city of Gazna. He took with him two companions, who learned with him, in the University of Oxford, (which, be it remembered, was not founded till long after Alcuin's death,) "all those languages which the people of the East speak." At Gazna he sent wedges of gold to the Treasurer, the Custos, and the Recorder of the city: all this was to unlock a precious treasure which was in the keeping of these worthies. The treasure was a manuscript which was safely guarded in a chest divided into compartments. "It is written," we read, "in large characters, and exceeding beautiful. The paper on which it is wrote," (although, unfortunately for the credit of the story, the art of manufacturing paper was not known for three or more centuries after Alcuin's time,) "is for thickness the eighth of an inch. To the touch it seemed as soft as velvet, and to the eye as white as snow." He then describes the trouble involved in obtaining a translation,

and finally depicts his triumphant return to Europe with his English version, (a language, by the way, which, in the days of Alcuin, was yet unborn). By some unaccountable means, that which had engaged such enthusiasm, and cost such pains to obtain, was utterly neglected after the monk's return. And then follows a stupid story about the document having been left among other papers to a Clergyman in Yorkshire, and of its eventually falling into the hands of the editor at an auction of the books and other property of an old gentleman in the north of England, and of his having, after keeping the manuscript translation thirty years, published it in 1751. And, strange to say, the English version of this Hebrew relic, executed by Alcuin in the eighth century, not only contains good modern English throughout, although there existed no such language in that early age; but also in a considerable number of its passages is a *verbatim* copy of our King James's version of the Bible, first given to the world in the year 1611; whilst, to crown the impertinence of the attempt, the editor pretends that on the back of his manuscript were a few words written by Wycliffe the Reformer, who endorses the book, not indeed as a part of the Scripture canon, but as deserving of attention "as a piece of great antiquity and curiosity."

Such is the story of this silly imposture, which, nevertheless, again deceived the world in a slightly altered reprint published at Bristol so late as 1829.* And as respects the matter of this pretended Book of Jasher, it was, to say the best, nothing more than an exceedingly lame attempt at re-producing a text resembling in style that of the Hebrew Scriptures, and embodying some of its chief historical facts. But it might be viewed in another light; and then it would appear as not so much a harmless forgery, as an attack upon the credit and authority of the inspired writings. In the "Testimonies and Notes" appended to the volume, purporting to be from many ancient and trustworthy hands, Ezra is made to say, that the notes "corroborate all the grand truths of the five books of Moses." And yet there is scarcely a narrative in the whole Mosaic history which, in these same Notes, is not resolved into myth or fable!

And now, what about the Book of Jashar as put forth by Dr. J. W. Donaldson, which we have before us for review? It is surely not to be compared with this blundering imposture, of which we have sketched a sufficient outline. The learned author of "Varronianus" and "The New Cratylus" cannot have committed such ridiculous anachronisms, as are exhibited in the illiterate production of the wild fanatic in scepticism, to whose

* *Vide* Horne's "Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures," Ninth Edition, vol. v., part i., chap. 3.

mint the so-called work of Alcuin was subsequently traced. The English Clergyman, the Doctor of Divinity, the teacher of youth at Bury St. Edmund's School, is surely not guilty of a dishonesty which would fain palm upon the world a garbled and inconsistent piecing and patching from the writings of Moses, as the genuine and uncorrupted text which contains the original words of Truth. We must ask our readers to suspend their judgment till, in few words, we have exhibited the predominant features of Dr. Donaldson's book, and the guiding ideas which preside over its construction.

The author of the new Book of Jashar differs from the despicable impostor to whom we have referred, in two particulars. First, he goes to his work more as a scholar, tries to prove his positions out of Hebrew, presents to us at least a large show of learning, which must first be weighed, before judgment can be given as to the conclusions he sets forth. Secondly, Dr. Donaldson pretends to no discovery of a heretofore lost manuscript. He is too wise to adopt any such course. He brings his Jashar, in some way or other, out of our existing Hebrew Scriptures, and thus shelters himself beneath the authority which pertains to their inspiration.

With these two very essential differences,—which elevate it from a production of manifest ignorance and presumption to one of scholarly aspect and plausible ingenuity,—the work of Dr. Donaldson is not so unlike its contemptible predecessor. We grieve to place an author of such repute in association so degrading, but truth demands plain dealing, and justice calls us in this instance to a painful office. If the author of the Book of Jasher of 1751 concocted a product of his own out of the existing books of Moses, the editor of the Jasharan fragments in 1854 has done the same, embracing only a larger sphere, and including all the writings down to the age of Solomon. If Ilive, the raving printer, wherever he altered, altered only to deteriorate, and thrust human alloy into the before unadulterated word, Dr. Donaldson has done the same. If the first would-be editor of Jasher really threw foulest discredit on the sacred writings by his base artifices; and, whilst professing to confirm, cast the false cloak of myth around the inspired narrative; of the latter restorer of the long lost Jashar it might be said, he has yet more egregiously and unwarrantably transgressed. Only, would we compare the two, Dr. Donaldson's dilutions of Scripture are the more diluted, his injustices the more unjust, his insidious artifices the more insidious, and his wounds, aimed at the inspired writings, the more severely wounding in their intention and deadly in their aim. It is not without a very close examination of the main structure of Dr. Donaldson's work, that we record our conviction, that his

attempt to invalidate the authenticity of our existing Scriptures, is as complete a folly, an imposture, and an impertinence, under the cover of profound learning, as was the wretched forgery of Ilive, under the presumption of ignorance.

But to begin. Dr. Donaldson prefaces his work with four pages of Introduction, in which he candidly tells us what he does, and what he hopes to do. There is no mistake about it. What he does, is to strip, or to pretend to strip, the Hebrew Scriptures, as we now have them, of their claim to be received as the genuine oracles of God. They contain the word of God, but mixed up, Dr. Donaldson would have it, with a mass of error and foolish stuff, which has been wrought in with whatever is genuine, and has in great part altered its tenor and complexion. He has put together, by methods in which he can pretend to no guiding principle but that of his own notion of what the real inspired writings *ought* to be, a series of fragments, wrought up out of the material of the Old Testament, but without respect to the order of that material, or its actual significance; and having done this, he conceives that his "Fragments," which assuredly never saw the light till they appeared in his own manuscript, are the ancient oracles, which in a later age became mutilated, adulterated, and involved in a mass of spurious gloss and fable, by Masoretic scribes, who took in hand the editing of the sacred volume. And therefore, just as, in the streets of Rome, the ancient edifices that have fallen into ruins re-appear in scattered fragments, here a column and there a tablet, in the palaces and churches which modern art has erected, so Dr. Donaldson finds his Bible, and with burning zeal he sets himself to the task of extracting the misplaced fragments, separating the old from the new, fitting afresh the pieces, gathering them into a consistent whole, and restoring the beauty of the original pile, and the grandeur and symmetry of its first architecture. This is our author's own account of his work. And what he hopes to achieve thereby, is of course to shed a new light upon the world, to recover man from the darkness, in the midst of which, through a false Bible, he has long groped, and to restore a long lost glory to the sacred volume.

The Introduction is followed by thirty-six pages of Prolegomena, which usher in the work itself, that is, the Jasharan Fragments, and the Editor's Commentaries. These Prolegomena expand the idea already suggested by the Introduction. They are the scientific basis of the work, and exhibit the author's theory, together with the arguments by which he would support it. On the field of the Prolegomena must be the contest, if, indeed, contest is needed, over folly so glaring, and hypothesis so puerile. In few words, we will sum up their main contents.

The first chapter explains the author's view of inspiration. It consists, he says, in the harmony of Scripture. Where this harmony is discoverable, *there* is inspiration; that is gold. Where we fail to discover it, the writing is uninspired; it is mere dross. Further, the way to discern between the gold and the dross in the Bible, is through "the witness in himself,"—that is, in Dr. Donaldson; for we must take leave to inform him, that our inward witness tells us differently from his. The second chapter is to show the difficulty often attendant on the right interpretation of the New Testament. From which an argument, *à fortiori*, is drawn, in the third chapter, to prove the yet greater difficulty of separating the new from the old, and of getting at the original text, in "that immense farrago of many ages which the Old Testament contains." In the New Testament, many of the books give us no reason to suspect that they have been altered; but the Old Testament, our author says, depends on mere tradition, being the late compilation of Masoretic scribes, who interwove their own matter into a promiscuous mass derived from various sources, one of which was the Book of Jashar. The fourth chapter is an astonishing one. The Hebrew word *Jashar* signifies "upright." The Israelites as a nation, or the good of their number, were called "upright;" thus, of King Asa it is said, "He did that which was *right* in the sight of the Lord." Israel is called sometimes *Jeshurun*, "the righteous." Grant only a little change of orthography, and the name *Israel* itself can be derived from the same root, *Jashar*,—in face of the Scripture etymology, which is its literal reading, "a Prince with God." *Therefore*, the Book of Jashar was a collection of ancient songs, and other relics, illustrative of the piety, and belonging to the history, of God's people. Instructions in religion and the marrow of the law, exhibitions of the nature of this uprightness, celebrations of the victories of true Israelites, declarations of their happiness, and promises of future bliss, were, *without a doubt*, the contents of the book; and "whatever of this *farina* is found interwoven in the sacred writings of the Jews, may be considered an original fragment, and claims for itself a place amongst the remains of the Book of Jashar, being restored, as it were, to its native rights." In the fifth chapter, from the happy condition of the Israelites, and the flourishing of letters and religion during the reign of Solomon, Dr. Donaldson infers that this collection of Jasharan songs was composed (*conflatus*, "blown together") under the reign of that King. As respects the contents of the book, we have not to go far, he says, to find indications. "God made man upright," writes Solomon. That is enough: this is the substance, without a doubt, of the first part of the "Book of the Upright." And so on with the rest of the parts. The matter arranges itself very conveniently

in seven such parts: whence a strong argument in confirmation of the correctness of the restoratory process, by reason of the veneration in which that number was held by the ancient Hebrews. The last chapter of the Prolegomena occupies itself in saying what rich fruits may be anticipated from such a treatment of the Scriptures.

After what we have said, it is scarcely necessary to proceed further. Dr. Donaldson has discovered (to use his own metaphor) a back-bone which runs through the Old Testament; and it is his to eliminate this, and thus to give us back our Scriptures purified of all their dross. We have only to say, if the same attempt were made with any other book, the author would not be tolerated; and that if Welcker and others had done the same, as our author affirms, by Æschylus, we should have very little faith that there was any of the original Æschylus left in the writings subjected to a treatment so violent. More than three hundred pages follow, comprising the fragments thus restored, and the commentaries of their editor, or, to speak more truly, of their author. We have little inclination to present any of the matter to our readers, and we would recommend them to do any thing rather than trouble themselves about an examination of either text or comment for themselves. For the sake of the small modicum of good, which, in the midst of so large an amount of verbal criticism, it is but natural to expect, it is not worth while to wade through such a mass of puerility and often obscenity as this volume contains.

That the more ancient books of the Old Testament are a "farrago" of modern fabrication, and that the small portion which is to be received, namely, Dr. Donaldson's Book of Jashar, dates no further back than the reign of Solomon,—such are the two main particulars of the theory here presented for our acceptance. Do our readers wish to know how large their new Bible is? We will tell them: about equal to four and twenty average chapters of our actual Scriptures,—a handy size for the waistcoat-pocket. Do our readers suppose this to consist of extracts, in some measure consecutive, and forming, although terribly abridged, something, at least, which we can call scriptural? Not at all: a half verse from one book, squeezed into the heart of another verse from a different book; chapters turned inside out; words altered *ad libitum;* new meanings forced wherever necessary: this is the kind of process to which the Scriptures have been subjected by Dr. Donaldson. "Adam, when he had gone out, had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth." (Page 80.) "And Shem begat two sons, Cain, the elder, and Abel, his brother." (Page 81.) If these two verses are considered fair dealing, then we will surrender the rest; but the liberty in these is little, compared with that taken in a vast

number of passages. We will select for translation a single specimen, containing what ought to be the history of the Deluge:—for translation, we say; for, be it remembered, Dr. Donaldson writes in Latin, and publishes his book in Germany, because, he says, there is not sufficient learning amongst the biblical critics of Britain that he should address himself to them; and besides, he "hates and would keep off the unskilled crowd."

Gen. vi. [5–14.] When all the earth lay overwhelmed in a flood of wickedness,
But Israel walked uprightly and religiously,
Jehovah decreed, that, snatched from the tumultuous waves of Rahab,
He should reach at length the land of rest.
An ark therefore was constructed by the command of Jehovah, in which he should be carried over the waves of the earth's wickedness.

Gen. vii. [6, 11.] But Israel was six hundred years old, when he went into the ark.

[12.] Through the desert, as through the plains of the sea, he wandered forty years.

Gen. viii. [6.] But when these forty years had passed,

[7.] Israel sent forth a raven, (that it should explore the place of rest;)
Which flew away and returned, but brought back no tidings.

[8.] After an interval of time, therefore, he sent forth a dove,

[9.] Which, when it could not find a place of rest,
Returned to the ark, and was received back therein.

[10.] When, however, another interval had passed,
Israel again sent forth the dove,

[11.] Which at evening-time returned to him,
Having in its beak a green olive leaf, which it had plucked.

[12.] But another interval having passed, for the third time he sent it forth,
And it returned no more again to the ark.

[11.] So Israel knew that the wild floods were at length abated,

Gen. v. [29.] And that he himself had become a man of rest (Noah);

Gen. viii. [4.] And having found a resting place on the mount of holiness,
He there rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month;

1 Kings vi. There he built a magnificent *House of God* (Bethel);

1 Kings viii. [43.] There, *in the presence of God* (*i. e.* in Peniel), turning towards Him continually,

Deut. vi. [18.] And doing that which is *right* and *good*,

Ps. v. [8.] Comp. Ps. xlviii. [9.] He faithfully worshipped Jehovah in His holy temple.

And now for the key. By doing away with all such personality as that of the Noah of our Bible; by understanding the Flood to be the deluge of wickedness which overwhelmed the earth; by reading the ark as the Divine protection around God's people Israel, which carried them in safety through this flood; by changing days into years, and so turning the forty days after the Flood into the forty years in the desert; by understanding the animals which were introduced into the ark to be the flocks and herds which accompanied the Israelites in their wanderings; by making the "rest for its foot" sought by the dove into the land of rest promised to God's people; by regarding the raven, or black messenger, as the same thing as the spies sent to spy out the land, and whose report terrified the Israelites; by taking the dove, or white messenger, on the other hand, to be certain true Israelites, who earnestly strove to enter the land of promise; by reading the thrice-occurring "seven days" of the text as so many intervals between two periods of rest;—that, namely, between the first and second flight of the dove as the interval which elapsed between Joshua and Samuel; the second, the interval between Samuel and David; and the last seven days as bringing the time down to Solomon;—by understanding the olive-leaf brought back to Noah at evening-time, to be the thought of erecting the temple, which, though late, at even as it were, came to him like the messenger of coming peace; by transposing the ark resting on Ararat into the ark of the covenant, brought into its resting-place by Solomon; (notwithstanding that of this latter ark we read, "There was nothing in the ark save the two tables which Moses put therein at Horeb;" notwithstanding, also, that the resting on Ararat was prior to the forty days, which have been already adopted as Israel's forty years' wanderings;) by identifying Noah with the idea of rest rather than any thing else, and especially with Solomon, the "man of rest," who should enjoy "rest from his enemies," and "in whose days should be peace and quietness unto Israel:" (1 Chron. xxii. 9:)—By these and similar bold strokes of criticism, Dr. Donaldson brings out the meaning he would fain find in the fragment of which his third part consists,—a fragment which, he says, "is so full of gaps, and in such a corrupted state, that conjecture is called for in every verse." "Nevertheless," he adds, "if not the words, I think I have restored at least the sense." For ourselves, we confess we do not take so sanguine a view of Dr. Donaldson's success.

This book does no credit to its once esteemed author, either as a scholar and critic, or as a Christian man. As to the former, there is scholarship, truly, but scholarship perverted; there is criticism, but criticism run mad. As to the latter point, we are compelled to draw a veil. There is a feature in the book only

too prominent; let us call it—for we will not particularize—a "superfluity of naughtiness." On this we dare not animadvert, lest, by the repetition of what is offensive, we contribute to spread the evil we would most earnestly deprecate. *Our* pages, at least, must be kept unsullied.

One word, in fine, and we close the book, never, we trust, to open it again.

If the system on which this new Bible is put together were not itself a mockery of all genuine criticism; if the writing for which a Divine authority and inspiration are challenged, were not itself most unworthy of the Divine Spirit, and the product of none other than a most polluted mind; if we had not evidence sufficient, and far more than sufficient, of the wondrously careful preservation by the Jews of their ancient oracles; we should still, in the frequent quotation, on the part of Christ and His inspired Apostles, from the very text of our existing Scriptures; in the constant appeal for the evidence of His own Messiahship, to the very volume which we now possess; in His numerous and urgent injunctions to "search the Scriptures," those very Scriptures, as can easily be proved, which are called by Dr. Donaldson a "farrago of human invention;"—in all this and much beside which will suggest itself to every intelligent mind, we should see an authority and sanction stamped by the Son of God Himself on the heavenly oracles, as presented to us by that people to whom they were committed as a privilege, which we cannot, dare not, reject. From such attacks as Dr. Donaldson's the Bible has nothing to fear.

ART. VIII.—*The Works of Samuel Warren, D.C.L., F.R.S.* In Five Volumes. Blackwood. 1854–55.

IN a former number we took occasion to point out some of the evils which beset, and the blemishes which disfigure, the popular literature of our day. Our illustrations were then drawn from the writings of a critic of no mean pretensions. The reader's attention was directed chiefly to faults of exaggeration and bombast, more flagrant in the instances adduced, because occurring in the didactic pages of a literary censor. We purpose showing that the same faults, though in a modified form, and others more or less nearly allied, obtain in different walks of popular authorship, and tend in no small measure to induce a similar corruption of the public taste.

The author whose claims we purpose to examine now, is not open to the same unmitigated censure. Less arrogant in his pretensions, he is naturally less ridiculous in his shortcomings. Though not remarkable for modesty, as his Prefaces abundantly testify, he has not ventured to corroborate his self-complacency by indulging a public scorn for his contemporaries, nor sought to add one cubit to his own stature by trampling on the deserts of superior men. He has contributed something to the amusement of his generation; produced, at least, one original and able work; and written always, if not in a manner most calculated for improvement and refinement, yet apparently with the sincere intention of doing good. Morality and social order are amiably reflected in his pages; and if our author has lacked the skill to invest religion with the highest grace and loveliness, he has at least succeeded in making vice hideous in some of its lower forms. These are so many claims upon our respect and courtesy; they might, under some circumstances, avail to hide a multitude of faults; and if the writings of this gentleman had been left, as fugitive pieces, to serve the author's day and generation, we should never have challenged the grounds of their popularity and success. But the case is far different when these writings come before us in their present shape, as the "Works" of Dr. Samuel Warren, and claim a permanent and honourable place in English literature. We know how seldom have the great authors of any age obtained this distinction in their life-time. The greatest of all would as soon have thought of forming a museum of his old clothes as a collection of his old plays. He laid out his many talents with unsparing hand; and it seems never to have occurred to him, that the vested products of his industry and genius would realize a revenue of interest for all time. Milton died in good old age; but though he had laboured not lightly for the improvement of his countrymen, and cherished a hope that "the world would not willingly let die" the happiest

offspring of his muse, he came to no understanding with his publisher about a handsome and uniform edition of his "Works." So, too, with Samuel Johnson: he spent his industry far otherwise than in hunting his old prefaces and pamphlets through the literature of half a century; his age was employed in learning new languages, and making fresh incursions into the boundless empire of truth. Oliver Goldsmith saw no uniform collection: his "orient pearls," not even "at random strung," were left to be gathered up by future editors; and pious hands have done it with studious care, and formed of them a matchless coronet. Charles Lamb smiled at the innocent deceit which dignified his exquisite but slender pastimes by the name of "Works." Since his day the practice has become neither harmless nor infrequent, but one of the most objectionable arts of puffery. In this and some other respects our present era differs widely from the Elizabethan age of letters. The spirit of trade has supplied a factitious stimulus for the productions of the muse, and competition and adulteration are its appropriate effects. As a body, our authors are no longer prompted by unusual gifts or guided by the loftiest principles; but vanity supplies the place of inspiration, and sordid motives are in the stead of high ambition. Hence the endless compilations of history and science in which (with many admirable exceptions) truth is let down and diluted more and more; hence the continual sacrifice of chaste and thoughtful composition to hasty patch-work and all the meretricious arts of rhetoric; and hence, above all, the loud assertions of puffery and pretension, which seek to reverse the grades of literary merit, and make the popular ear and understanding familiar only with authors of the most equivocal desert.

The remarks into which we have been led, are, of course, of general application only, and admit of limitation and exception. It must be owned, too, that the advanced condition of literary arrangements may make that to be merely customary which would formerly have indicated a personal presumption. The whole matter may be very briefly stated. An author evinces no want of proper modesty by consenting to the superintendence of his own collected writings; only such consent must always be understood as claiming for him a certain definite position in the stated literature of his country; and before such claim be finally admitted, it is a duty to scrutinize its grounds with equal fidelity and care. Of course we cannot entertain the mercenary plea of sale and demand, since that is quite beside the literary question.

The Diary of a late Physician stands first in the order of Dr. Warren's writings, in respect both of time and arrangement. It originally appeared, more than twenty years ago, in the columns of "Blackwood's Magazine;" and the popularity which it then obtained was afterwards extended to it in the form

of a separate publication. We are indebted to the author for some details of its success in the United States, of its translation into numerous continental languages, and of the personal approbation expressed of it in many ways. We presume that the adoption of the work into the literature of Bohemia is its latest triumph of the kind, since none more recent is known even to the active intelligence of the author. This extensive popularity is, no doubt, very edifying to Dr. Warren himself, who, probably, may be disposed to rate it also as one of the best signs of the times we live in; but, before we congratulate the public on that score, we must take leave to look into the book itself.

The author of the *Diary* is at pains to assure us that he has written it with the views of a moralist, rather than those of a novelist. If there is no affectation in this statement, there is, at least, a great mistake implied. The critic knows not how to deal with a work of this description, consisting entirely of fictitious narratives, but by a reference to the laws which regulate that form of composition. We cannot judge an author by his good intentions only, even when those intentions occasionally manifest themselves beyond the limits of the Preface. We may admit the evident design of inculcating salutary and impressive truths, and yet be obliged to question the virtue and success of the means employed to that effect; and this is our position in the present case. Dr. (then Mr.) Warren has set before the reader a series of vivid pictures, representing a variety of characters in circumstances of strong trial,—chiefly of reverses, and disease, and death: and this he has done with the object of showing how far the life-practices and principles of the sufferer can avail to support him under the afflicting stroke. We find no fault with this design, which is certainly noble in a moral point of view, and perhaps legitimate in art; but it is full of unusual difficulties, and those difficulties are too many and too great for Dr. Warren. His knowledge of human character is too limited, his feeling of reverence wanting both in depth and refinement. His religious notions are not by any means too well defined; yet his charity wants both the breadth and delicacy demanded for the treatment of such momentous themes. Were his views all that we could wish,—and they do not appear to be seriously at fault,—the style and substance of his narratives would disqualify him for the onerous task. His tendency to exaggeration appears to be irresistible; his proneness to substitute physical horrors for the sources of mental and profound emotion is painfully extreme. He may frequently succeed in shocking the reader's nerves, but how rarely does he touch the reader's heart! It is no doubtful sign of weakness in our author, that he is continually reporting in strong language the effect which the scenes he is describing produce on the bystanders.

The sister falls into hysterics, the nurse is rendered helpless, the doctor himself is lachrymose,—but the reader, how is he? Might he not be trusted to guess this state of things from his own emotion? How many dashes and apostrophes would thus be saved!

We do not deny, however, that a certain rude excitement may attend the perusal of this Diary. It is only upon that supposition that we can account for the large measure of success which has followed its publication in this and other ocuntries. But we submit that the stimulus afforded by works of this description is gross and hurtful in its nature, and tends to obliterate the finer tracery of thought and feeling in the mind,—to neutralise the exquisite but inappreciable results of sensibility and knowledge.

It is a rather popular opinion,—though only excusable in a very young lady,—that a book which forces the reader's tears is of the highest and rarest order of merit. This seems to us a most unworthy test, and would be fatal to the claims of some of the noblest productions of genius. How many a coarse and clumsy melo-dramatist might, on this principle, take the crown from Shakspeare! One thing is certain, that if the tears be otherwise than grateful,—if the grief have more of pain than pleasure in it,—there is a fault somewhere in the poet's art. Less poignant than the sting of real woe, the grief engendered by fictitious story is overlaid in its own honeyed balm. A churl may rudely jar the finest chord; but the skilled and sensitive musician touches with sympathetic gentleness, and wakes only the luxurious and refining part of sorrow. Poetic grief is an ideal sentiment, while personal feeling derives its strength from the necessary egotism of our nature; and so poetic sympathy is not (as sometimes said) a more, but a *less*, selfish sentiment, and indicates the natural brotherhood of all mankind.

So also in regard to emotions of the sterner sort. The sentiment of tragic terror is as little understood by some of our popular writers as that of tragic pity. Neither the one nor the other can elevate or refine the soul, except in proportion to its own purity and depth. The degree in which our more external being is excited is of far less moment. To make the flesh creep and the roots of the hair strike cold, is not by any means the legitimate effect of art. A picture of some miserable object, racked by physical anguish, or writhing under the influence of some inexplicable remorse, is very easily produced by the aid of the coarsest brush and the strongest colours; but when done, what is it better than worthless and revolting? The horrible details of disease and famine make us not only to shudder and to sicken, but also to turn away; but pure and genuine art is pleasurable and attractive, and, while it

makes us to stand in awe of those eternal laws which cannot be despised with impunity, fascinates our attention by the charms of truth, proportion, and harmony, till, in the severest features of essential or poetic justice, we recognise, with secret but profound delight, the transcendent character of moral beauty. To aid in producing this paramount impression, of course a number of subordinate details is required; and here the artist's skill is principally tried; for these details are not of the nature of mere accessories; they are parts of the whole, and means to one great end; and while they may serve to amuse the mind by appealing to the love of imitation, and gratify it through the medium of association of ideas, they must never be suffered to attract a separate regard, depending always for their chief effect upon the ideas of order and proportion which they contribute to express, or, more strictly, for which they severally stand.

Now it is mainly in the choice and use of these subsidiary means,—subsidiary, yet essential,—that Dr. Warren fails, and more especially in the popular work before us. The moral which he proposes to convey is eminently great; and from the hands of taste and genius the same design would issue in the most powerful instrument of good, as well as the purest medium of intellectual pleasure. When Art shall thus be made the handmaid of Religion, a new era of literature will dawn upon the world. But the time is not yet. It is not to be inaugurated by the author of "The Diary of a late Physician." He is deficient in delicacy, depth, and tenderness; his knowledge of character is too limited; he has no mastery of the detail, no adequate conception of the scope of truth. In downright homily or disquisition he might have some success; indeed, he could not so far lose his way; but in the department of moral art, a brief allegory of Addison will ever outweigh the merits of all his most notorious productions. To give the reason of this failure in one word—he has no skill to reach the heart through the imagination; and a lame story will never furnish a perfect lesson. The pathos of a genuine artist would suffer by the variation of a monotone, by the deflection of a single line's-breadth; what wonder, therefore, that the nicer shades and delicate effects of fiction are lost in the repeated daubs, and overpowered by the noisy outcries, of this Diarist? A certain coarse reality, a merely superficial truth at best, is characteristic of his vivid pictures; and the reader derives no more pleasure from the scene than from a country wax-work exhibition, representing the murder of Maria Martin, or the figure of Mrs. Manning as she appeared at the bar. The vulgar eye is perhaps awe-struck and delighted; but persons of pure taste and feeling turn away with loathing from the rude mechanical contrivance, whose ghastly likeness to our

humanity is the very ground of their disgust. It is only a "horrible mockery" of life.

For all this, we will not deny the possible utility of such a book. It was necessary that the figures of this Diary should be brought down from the gallery of art into a lower chamber; and now their single merit may be frankly stated. Their influence is not persuasive and refining, but warning and admonitory. They may frighten some from the paths which lead down to destruction, when Wisdom would lift up her voice in vain. This is the apology of such distressing pictures as those of the "Man about Town," and the "Destroyer." We still think that the same result, and one more lasting and profound, might have been attained by a style more chaste, and a tone more calm; but if such frightful images are needed to arrest the footsteps of the headlong or the hardened sons of vice, they may, on that account, be tolerated, though not approved, by thoughtful men.

Of course, there is diversity of interest and demerit in the "Passages" of which this volume is composed. Some of them have more truth of nature, and less exaggeration of manner, than the rest. Yet we cannot point to one as more than relatively good or pleasing. "The Statesman" is not by any means the most objectionable of our author's sketches. It manifests his peculiar power in an eminent degree. It has, no doubt, often been perused with breathless interest, and concluded with a feeling of admiration for the author's pathos. But it is a coarse performance notwithstanding, if not a positive caricature. A sign-board picture of a hero is far nearer to the truth, than this slap-dash portrait of a statesman. The "Atticus" of Mr. Plumer Ward, is much to be preferred to the "Stafford" of Dr. Warren: if the former is rather wanting in homely breadth and vigour, the latter is galvanized into quite unnatural life. It is fruitless to surmise what public personage may be adumbrated in this character. There is none whose genius or career are indicated with sufficient clearness, though the *dénoûment* of the story is evidently pointed at the fate of Castlereagh, and Sir Samuel Romilly. We gather this from the following final and characteristic entry in our Physician's note-book: "O God! O horror! O my unhappy soul! Despair! Hark!—what do I hear? Do I hear aright?.....Have I seen aright? or is it all a dream? Shall I awake to-morrow, and find it false?" By this we are probably designed to understand, that Mr. Stafford's madness has terminated in an act of self-destruction; but surely the intimation is clumsily conveyed. No man of education was ever startled into such violent exclamations, and it is quite absurd to give them as deliberately entered in a Physician's journal.

It is necessary that the reader should be allowed to judge if our description of this work be fair and candid; and we must

therefore transcribe a portion of the volume. But the selection is a matter of some difficulty. The tenor and language of not a few of the narratives of which it is composed are such as render them either unfit or undesirable for repetition. There is also an objection to a merely partial extract; for the worst might do injustice to the author, and the best would hardly vindicate the truth of our remarks. On this account we deem it proper to transfer to our own pages, without abridgment, the shortest chapter in the Diary, forming an entire narrative in itself,—assuring the reader that it is an average example of the whole series.

"'T is no use talking to me, mother, I *will* go to Mrs. P——'s party to-night, if I die for it,—that 's flat! You know as well as I do that Lieutenant N—— is to be there, and he 's going to leave town to-morrow,—so up I go to dress.'

"'Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr. —— says, late hours are the worst things in the world for you.'

"'Pshaw, mother! nonsense, nonsense.'

"'Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! O, dear, dear, what a night it is too—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You 'll be wet, and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, won't you stop and keep *me* company to-night? That 's a good girl!'

"'Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I 'll go to Mrs. P——'s if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go!' singing jauntily:—

> "'O! she shall dance all dress'd in white,
> So lady-like.'

"Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner, in which Miss J—— expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty-sixth year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak single-blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous, and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straitened, suffering them barely to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived, by some means or other, to gratify her penchant for dress, and gadded about, here, there, and every where, the most showily dressed person in the neighbourhood. Though far from being pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure,—for she both stooped and was skinny,—she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanour, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

"For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the sallowness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evidenced the existence of a liver-complaint; and the late visits I had paid her, were in consequence of frequent sensations

of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of her heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the probability of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs. J——'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

"It was striking eight by the church clock when Miss J——, humming the words of the song above mentioned, lit her chamber candle by her mother's, and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlour, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she had made in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, &c., had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed that she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

"'Well I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night!' exclaimed Mrs. J——, removing her eyes from the book, and gazing thoughtfully at the fire; 'O! it must be because young Lieutenant N—— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and it's very excusable in Charlotte—heigho!' She heard the wind howling so dismally without, that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker, when the clock of —— church struck the second quarter after nine.

"'Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?' she again inquired. She listened—'I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask.' She rang the bell, and the servant appeared.

"'Betty, Miss J—— is not gone yet, is she?'

"'Ha, no, ma'am,' replied the girl, 'I took up the curling irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way, ma'am.'

"'Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing; and tell her it's half past nine o'clock,' said Mrs. J——. The servant accordingly went upstairs, and knocked at the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J—— have fallen asleep? O, impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully, as before. She became a little flustered; and, after a moment's pause, opened the door, and entered. There was Miss J——, sitting at the glass. 'Why, la, ma'am!' commenced Betty, in a petulant tone, walking up to her, 'here have I been knocking these five minutes, and'——Betty staggered, horror-struck, to the bed, and, uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J——, who instantly tottered upstairs, almost palsied with fright. Miss J—— was dead! I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March; and the desolate aspect

of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain, contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the awful intelligence of the event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J—— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbours, who had been called in to her assistance. I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass hung with a little white drapery; and various articles of the toilet lay scattered about, —pins, brooches, curling-papers, ribbons, gloves, &c., An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J——, stone dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned towards the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold dull stare that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsying touch of death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death, thus leering through the tinselry of fashion,—the 'vain show' of artificial joy,—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

"Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle! Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity! She must have been dead for some time, perhaps for twenty minutes or half-an-hour, when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain, to draw a little blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out. What strange passiveness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaw together with a faded white riband, which Miss J—— had destined for her waist that evening!

"On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly, for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a *corpse dressed for a ball!*"

We shall offer only one remark on this picture of "Death at the Toilet." We presume it is intended rather for our

instruction than our entertainment; but Dr. Warren has surely forgotten that narratives of such dreadful incidents have no real force, except they are the records of actual occurrences. It requires no scepticism or irreverence on the reader's part, to object that in a work of fiction they are merely gratuitous inventions. They can only serve the purpose of warning and instruction, according to the degree in which they faithfully represent the course and tenor of human life. Such awful providences no doubt have occurred, and they may therefore have an occasional but modified presentment in an elaborate illustration of the ways of God to man. But here we have all the curtness of an anecdote without its authenticity; and the mind is simply shocked at the presumption which has deliberately invented an instance of the most rare and dreadful judgments of the Almighty. Unfortunately, this error is frequently repeated by the author, and we fear the moral lessons which he has proposed to convey, will be rejected by many as founded upon cases exceptional and strange.

If temerity were a sufficient proof of genius, we could not deny the claim of Dr. Warren. He ventures boldly upon the most difficult province of art, and recounts the aberrations of the human mind in delirium and insanity, with a jaunty and familiar air, as if the subject were not both awful and inscrutable. Bad enough are his outcries and grimaces in the valley of the shadow of death; but in this yet more fearful region, instead of summoning the image of a dethroned and faltering intellect, he merely disgusts you with the mimicry of a silly human voice, with laughter that is hoarse but not unearthly, with exclamations that have no latent cause, any more than obvious meaning. Yet how could it be otherwise? The skill that so barely, so imperfectly, availed to trace the ordinary course of life, to follow the more vulgar springs of human action, was not likely to realize the method working in the mystery of madness. For madness is the disturbance, not the destruction, of the reason; and truly to depict the significant disorder of a mind distraught, or rightly to indicate the point of its departure, demands a knowledge of its first condition. All the rules of architecture are implied even in the ruins of a temple,—all the laws of harmony in a few detached and scattered bars of Haydn or Mozart. Stones heaped at random will never represent a goodly building blasted by the elements; and a picturesque confusion involves always some intimation of the original purpose or design. A gratuitous and tuneless discord is not the same as a genuine air played on a strained or jarring instrument; and to give even snatches of melodious reason demands a mind attuned to the original and perfect strain. Thus it must appear, that rant and nonsense can never faithfully represent the language of mania or delirium, and that

only intuitive genius of the highest order can imitate the strain of genuine madness.

We have given more attention to Dr. Warren's earliest production, than its importance may seem to warrant. But our remarks have been directed at a large and growing class of authors, of whom he is, not indeed a type, but an eminent example. So long as this class enjoys a popularity so disproportioned to its merits, there is but little chance for the elevation of the public taste, and no little danger of its moral deterioration. It is true, that something lively, something not too thoughtful and refined, will long be demanded for the entertainment of a million readers. But this demand, as we may show at some future time, may be met and answered by compositions of far truer excellence. In the mean time, our object has been to assist in lowering the premium of *ad captandum* writing, by lowering the value of popular success. This we have attempted by showing that success to be due, in a majority of cases, to the coarse stimulus afforded by the author, seconded by the mercantile expedients of the publisher.

In the story of *Ten Thousand a Year*, Dr. Warren gives evidence of some superior talents. Neither before nor since the publication of that work, whose merits certainly went far to justify its popularity, has the author manifested the same sustained originality and power. The character and fortunes of the despicable Titmouse are well contrasted with those of the noble and accomplished Aubrey. The subtle Gammon is an instance of vivid and successful portraiture. The Earl of Dredlington, a weak and haughty peer, is also ably drawn; and we are especially disposed to admire the skill by which the very force of his prejudices and position is employed to give some dignity to his character, and redeem it from absolute contempt. But the most charming figure in the whole procession is that of Kate Aubrey. In her very presence there is infinite relief to the gloomy fortunes of her brother. Let us take a glimpse before the moon is hurried behind the clouds:—

"It was one of the angels of the earth, a pure-hearted and beautiful girl, who, after a day of peaceful, innocent, and charitable employment, and having just quitted the piano, where her exquisite strains had soothed and delighted the feelings of her brother, harassed with political anxieties, had retired to her chamber for the night. A few moments before she was presented to the reader she had extinguished her taper, and dismissed her maid, without her having discharged more than half her accustomed duties, telling her that she would finish undressing by the light of the moon, which then poured her soft radiance into every corner of the spacious but old-fashioned chamber. Then she drew her chair to the window recess, and, pushing open the window, sate before it, only partially undressed as she was, her hair dishevelled, her head leaning on her hand, gazing on

the scenery before her with tranquil admiration. Silence reigned absolutely. Not a sound issued from the ancient groves which spread far and wide on all sides of the fine old mansion in which she dwelt,—solemn solitudes, nor yet less soothing than solemn! Was not the solitude enhanced by a glimpse she caught of a restless fawn, glancing in the distance across the avenue, as he silently changed the tree under which he slept? Then the gentle breeze would enter her window laden with sweet scents of which he had just been rifling the coy flowers beneath in their dewy repose, tended and petted during the day by her own delicate hand! Beautiful moon! cold and chaste in thy skyey palace studded with brilliant and innumerable gems, and shedding down thy rich and tender radiance upon this lovely seclusion,—was there upon the whole earth a more exquisite countenance turned towards thee than hers? Wrap thy white robe, dearest Kate, closer round thy fair bosom, lest the amorous night breeze do thee hurt; for he groweth giddy with a sight of thy charms! Thy rich tresses, half uncurled, are growing damp; so it is time that thy blue eyes should seek repose. Hie thee, then, my love, to yon antique couch, with its quaint carvings and satin draperies, dimly visible in the dusky shade, inviting thee to sleep; and having first bent in cheerful reverence before thy Maker, to bed!—to bed, sweet Kate! nothing disturbing thy sweet slumbers, or agitating that beautiful bosom. Hush, hush!—now she sleeps! It is well that thine eyes are closed; for BEHOLD—see! the brightness without is disappearing; sadness and gloom are settling on the face of nature; the tranquil night is changing her aspect; clouds are gathering, winds are roaring; the moon is gone:—but sleep on, sweet Kate! sleep on, dreaming not of dark days before thee.—O that thou couldst sleep on till the brightness returned!"

The foregoing is a favourable specimen of Dr. Warren's style; but a much longer extract would be necessary to show the sort of interest which is most characteristic of the work from which it is drawn. "Ten Thousand a Year" is a novel of incident, not of character or description. There is considerable artistic skill displayed in the construction of the story; the interest is well sustained; the legal knowledge of the author is always put to good account, and sometimes used with capital effect. The work is not unexceptionable in some minor points; but these are comparatively so few and unimportant that we prefer to leave our praise unqualified.

In the story entitled *Now and Then*, Dr. Warren aims at the illustration of a higher moral. Through the medium of incidents of an unusual and affecting kind the author seeks to justify the ways of a mysterious Providence. In this high and difficult design he has neither wholly failed nor very eminently succeeded. All that practical talent and strong religious sentiments could contribute to the end proposed, have evidently been at work; but the absence of genius or superior taste is equally apparent. The story is artificially constructed, and not spontaneously evolved. It is plainly book-craft of the most

deliberate and pains-taking sort, and not a strong, inspired, involuntary impulse, that is here at work. The reader knows this state of things at once, and submits his attention for a limited reward,—the gratification of his curiosity alone. But, happily, Dr. Warren has made his story the medium of intimations and reflections of the greatest value; and while the author is so obviously intent upon commending Christian principles to the reader's mind, and impressing religious sentiments upon his heart, we are reluctant to say any thing which may tend to abate its influence or credit. Sure we are that the amount of scriptural truth embodied in this story gives it a substantial value, in an age when our popular novelists persist in ignoring the fact and presence of true religion in our country, as though it were not the chief element of England's social virtues, the source of her national prosperity and power.

There is another piece in this collection, which claims to take its place in our imaginative literature, and this we must very briefly notice.

Whatever favour the writings of Dr. Warren may have met with from the class of insatiate readers, perhaps the critics were never seriously divided upon their merits, excepting only in the instance of his last production. We allude to *The Lily and the Bee*, which is further designated by the author, "An Apologue of the Crystal Palace." While some of our contemporaries could hardly find terms expressive of their amusement or contempt, others exhausted the language of hyperbole, in attempting to do justice to the sentiments of admiration and delight to which it moved them. The critical effusions of the former are probably forgotten, but the publisher has preserved some pretty specimens of the latter. One writer tells us that in this "Apologue" will be found "the outpourings of a sensitive, a manly, a loyal, a philosophical, and a devout mind,—it is poetry of the very highest order," and it reminds the critic "of the finest passages of Cædmon, and our other Anglo-Saxon bards,—and still more forcibly of the inspired poetry of the sacred volume." The reader may, perhaps, be a little startled by this curious juxtaposition, but he must needs admire the learned memory which is so familiar with the poetry of Cædmon. Another critic is charmed with the "lofty eloquence" of Dr. Warren, and a third salutes him as "the Milton of the Exhibition."

The truth seems to be, that Dr. Warren seized upon a great idea, but failed sadly in his attempt to give it form and character: "The Lily and the Bee" is a pretty and expressive title, but the Apologue itself is a jumble of incoherent fancies. As too usual with him, he fatally over-valued the extent of his abilities, or strangely under-rated the difficulty of his task. The Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations was a spectacle such as the world had never seen, and will probably never see again. But

its difficulty as a poetic theme consists in the many marvels which were comprehended in its total grandeur. The feeling it inspired was of the most complex nature, and, while experienced by all alike, the highest and the humblest, it has hitherto baffled the descriptive powers of lecturer and poet.* Its details were innumerable; yet these details all contributed their quota to the general impression, and the problem of its eulogist and poet is this: to express the moral of the whole without a distinct rehearsal of its parts. This is certainly more than Dr. Warren has achieved. He has felt the vastness of his subject, but is quite bewildered by its multitudinous features. He has found no point of unity, and perhaps the occasion offered none; but however that may be, his prose poem is a signal failure. We do not wonder that some critics have thought the spectacle had turned his brain. He can do nothing but ejaculate in very helpless wonder. He raves through every splendid aisle like one possessed, shouting the names emblazoned on the waving banners or suggested by the trophied stalls. We seem to hear him now above the general murmur, and he is singing as he goes.

"Again within the Nave—all bright! all beautiful!—
"Hail! Welcome! BRETHREN, SISTERS, all!
"Come hither trustfully, from every land and clime!
"All hail! ye loveliest! bravest! wisest! best!
"Of every degree! complexion! speech!
"One and the self-same blood, in all our veins! Our hearts fashioned alike!
"Alike feeling, loving, admiring: with the same senses and faculties, perceiving and judging what the same energies have produced!
"Stay! Has my ear, suddenly quickened, penetrated to the primeval language, through all its variations since the scattering and confusion of Shinar!
"O rare unity in multiplicity, uniformity in endless variety!
"Yonder comes THE QUEEN!
"Nor hideous shot, nor shell, tears open a crimson path,
"But one is melting before her—melting with love and loyalty.
"All unguarded!
"No nodding plume, or sabre gleaming to startle or appal: she moves midst myriads—silent myriads:
"Unheard by her their voice, but not unfelt their thoughts,
"Fondly flowing while she passes by:
"——— O, all from foreign lands! uncovered be awhile!
"Behold a solemn sight;
"A nation's heart in prayer!
"And hear their prayer,
"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

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* A poem by Mr. Thackeray, entitled "May-Day Ode," is the best commemoration we have seen of this famous spectacle.

"——FRANCE! noble, sensitive!
"Our ancient rival, now our proudly-splendid, emulous friend!
"Our Queen in gallant France! But with no fear, ye chivalrous!
"Behold the royal Lady, who, scarcely seated on her throne,
"Quickly responded to your grand request,
"Giving you back your Glorious DEAD,
"Then, after life's fitful fever, sleeping well, in her domain in ocean far away;
"And now upon your soil, his own loved France, sleepeth NAPOLEON!
"——His ear heard not the wailing peal, thrilling through the o'ercharged hearts of his mourning veterans:
"Nor did he hear the mingled thunderings of our artillery, yours, and our own,
"In blended solemn friendliness,
"Honouring his mighty memory.
"Ye, Frenchmen, saw, and heard,
"Weeping nobly 'mid the melting melody: and we even looking on with throbbing heart.
"See, then, our Queen! She wears a crown, and holds a sceptre: emblem of majesty, of power, of love alone!—
"See, see, embodied to your sight!
"England's dear Epitome,
"And radiant Representative!
"All hearts in hers; and hers, in all:
"Britain, Britannia: Bright Victoria, all!—
"——A sadness on her brow! thinking, perchance, of royal exiles, sheltered in her realm:
"It may be of a captive, too, in yours: he no Jugurtha! brave: honourable: noble: broken-hearted—O! French—ye proud and generous."—

Let us follow the author a little further, and keep a prudent eye upon him:—

"GREECE—Greece! The Queen in Greece! And thinking of the radiant past!—
"Of Marathon and Salamis! of wisdom, eloquence, and song—
"All silenced now!—
"The oracles are dumb:
"No voice or hideous hum
"Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving:
"Apollo from his shrine
"Can no more divine,
"With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
"What fates were hers, since Japheth's son set foot upon her soil--
"Javan to Otho!
"Marathon to Navarino!—
"And now, amid the isles
"Where burning Sappho loved and sung
"Gliding o'er Ionian waters,
"Mellow sunlight all around,
"And gently thinking of the days gone by—PROTEOTRIX.

"England in Greece—in Christian Greece!
"Victoria there! But not in warlike form: only, lover of peace, and balanced rule.

"In dusky, rainless EGYPT now!
"Mysterious memories come crowding round—
"From misty Mizraim to Ibrahim—
"Abraham! Joseph! Pharaoh's Plagues! Shepherd Kings! Sesostris!
"Cambyses! Xerxes! Alexander! Ptolemies! Antony! Cleopatra! Cæsar!
"Isis! Osiris! Temples! Sphynxes! Obelisks!
"Alexandria!
"The Pyramids!
"The Nile!
"NAPOLEON! NELSON!
"—— Behold, my son, quoth the Royal Mother, this ancient wondrous country—destined scene of mighty doings—perchance of conflict, deadly, tremendous, such as the world has never seen, nor warrior dreamed of.
"Even now, the attracting centre of world-wide anxieties.
"On this spot see settled the eyes of sleepless statesmen—
"No! a British engineer, even while I speak, connects the Red Sea with the Mediterranean: Alexandria and Cairo made as one—
"Behold Napoleon deeply intent on the great project!
"See him, while the tide of the Red Sea is out, on the selfsame site traversed three thousand years before, by the children of Israel!
"He drinks at the Wells of Moses, at the foot of Mount Sinai:
"He returns, and so the tide: the shades of night approach: behold the hero, just whelmed beneath the waters—even like the ancient Pharaoh—
"Had such event been willed on high!"

We might safely leave these passages to make their own impression; but we cannot help remarking that they fatally overstep the sublime, and have neither rhyme nor reason to order or control them. The poet is a *maker*, disposing, edifying, harmonizing; but here is only so much raw material—and very raw it is—upset before the reader in confusion. There is far more symmetry and order, and therefore more pleasure as well as profit, in the published catalogues of the Exhibition. The lines we have quoted have the merit and effect of neither poetry nor prose. The stanza taken bodily from Milton is the only sign of poetry, or, indeed, of coherent meaning, which the page presents. It is cloth of gold pieced on a quilt of cotton rags.

Dr. Warren makes his defence in an elaborate Introduction,—but all in vain. His Exposition is nearly as long as the poem itself; and, to do it justice, it is far more readable. But no true work of art demands an explanation so elaborate. It makes its own appeal direct and irresistible, passing through the imagination at once into the heart. Dr. Warren's reference to the immortal

allegory of the "Fairy Queen" is quite inapposite. An allegory may admit, indeed, of some slight explanation, but, as a poem, it certainly does not require one. For this plain reason, the precedent of Spenser is simply no precedent at all. The "Fairy Queen," like every genuine poem, supplies its own magnificent defence, while "The Lily and the Bee" is the greatest abortion of the muse of which we have any knowledge. Yet it would not surprise us to learn that the author looked upon it with especial pride. Such partiality is far too natural to astonish us,—even if our sense of wonder were not by this time quite exhausted.

The last volume of this collection consists entirely of *Miscellanies*, contributed to Blackwood's Magazine. They are severally good, bad, and indifferent. The periodical literature of our day abounds in pieces far superior to any of the series,—more original in matter, more correct in style, more nervous in intellectual grasp, more modest in tone, and far more able every way. There is no earthly reason—or none that is not very earthly indeed—to call for their re-production under the imposing form of "Works," when every week and every month supplies the reader with essays of equal and superior merit. There is no element of permanence, no novelty of view, no rarity of learning, no felicity of expression, in any of the papers so greedily collected and so pompously announced: and we have no hesitation in saying, that the Magazine from which they are chosen is far more worthy of being transferred *in toto* to the shelf of British Classics. Our author's contributions might then pass unnoticed and unchallenged into the silent future.

ART. IX.—*New Testament Millenarianism: or, The Kingdom and Coming of Christ, as taught by Himself and His Apostles: set forth in Eight Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, in the Year* 1854, *at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. John Bampton.* By the HON. and REV. SAMUEL WALDEGRAVE, M.A., Rector of Barford St. Martin, Wilts, and late Fellow of All Souls' College. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

THE subject discussed in these Lectures is one of large and growing interest and importance: it excites more attention and is argued with greater spirit and energy in the present, than in any former, period. No mean place has it obtained in our current religious literature. Among the Pre-millennialists it is pursued with uncommon diligence, and proclaimed as the most cherished topic of their study. Tracts in support of their opinion are widely circulated; the Quarterly Journal of Prophecy is devoted to its advocacy; and volumes in large and increasing numbers, varying in size as they do in merit, are sent forth into the world, to enlighten or bewilder, as the case may be, those who give themselves to their perusal. Some of these writers are surprisingly adventurous in the expression of their opinions, and in the interpretations they give of prophetic Scripture and of passing events. The "signs of the times" to them are so clear, that they can discern the speedy approach of the Divine universal Monarch; they see them as so many characters of light, by which they can read the exact period of His second advent. They express their views, not with a modest reserve, but with dogmatic confidence, as if they were admitted into the secret counsels of the Supreme, or as if He had, with distinguishing favour, disclosed to them "the times and the seasons which He has reserved in His own power." Respectfully do we express this judgment; and not without a just appreciation of the candour and caution of a few of their wiser brethren.

The zeal of the Pre-millennialists has happily provoked the more vigorous advocacy of views opposite to theirs. The Anti-Pre-millennialists have of late addressed themselves to this topic with praiseworthy diligence and research. Dr. David Brown, of Glasgow, has wielded his pen with prodigious effect, and shown himself as skilful in Scripture exegesis, as he is ripe in scholarship; as fair in stating the opinions he combats, as he is successful in overturning them. The gifted author of the above Lectures furnishes ample proof that he has thoroughly investigated the controversy; that every book of importance on both sides he has carefully examined; and that his views have been formed honestly, and with a sincere desire to know the truth. Evangelical in tone, Christian in spirit, and practical in tendency,

these Lectures must commend themselves even to those who are of a contrary opinion. They present a fine specimen of the manner in which religious controversy should always be prosecuted. It is well known that the Pre-millennialists' view is on the increase among the Evangelical Clergy in the Established Church of England; and it is this fact which led Mr. Waldegrave, as he says, "not to hesitate to avail himself of the opening given by his appointment to the office of Bampton Lecturer, to indicate the many respects in which he believes the doctrine of a personal reign to be at variance with the plain teaching of Holy Scripture."

The study of prophecy yet unfulfilled, and the intelligent observance of passing events, are by no means to be disregarded. Still we must pursue the study with caution, and in the spirit of profound deference to the word of God; especially in times of great political changes, or of national conflicts and disasters. Who remembers not the strange and fanciful opinions and expectations that were entertained and promulgated, of the second coming of Christ, by some religionists in the days of the Reformation in Germany? Who knows not that a similar state of opinion and feeling existed during the time of our own Commonwealth? Our day, it is true, is not marked with the same extravagancies; but does it not present some likeness, in the earnest belief and dogmatic maintenance of the position that the end of the world is nigh at hand? What do Dr. Cumming's predictions tell us? How does he interpret passing events? No one denies that the present times and seasons are stirring and eventful. They are indeed pregnant with mighty results. But what those results will be, we cannot divine. Prophetic Scripture but obscurely indicates the future; it is a lock whose wards are so intricate, that no key but that of far accomplished fact can open it. There is one truth, however, that shines upon us with more than star-like beauty and clearness, amid the gloom of the present, and the yet deeper gloom in which the future lies buried; namely, that He who is sole Ruler among the nations will fulfil all His pleasure; that in His wise and almighty providence He will make all events subserve the high interests of religion, and the perfect establishment of the kingdom of Him who is "Messiah the Prince."

Before we proceed to the immediate consideration of the Millennium, let it be premised, that we purposely exclude the questions of the restoration of the Jews to their own land, and their formal nationality; and also of the earth being the final heaven of the saints. Too often these questions have been mixed up with the controversy: deeply interesting are they, yet they are perfectly distinct. They are open questions. Shall the Jews, now scattered and peeled, be again gathered, and invested with their former glory? Shall Palestine, the land

once so richly fruitful, when its valleys waved with corn, and its pastures flowed with milk, and its rocks poured forth honey, and its terraced hills were covered with vines; but now under the curse of Heaven,—shall that land, we ask, be restored to its pristine affluence and splendour? When the grand designs of Mediatorship are fulfilled, will the earth, purified by the last baptism of fire, be made the eternal abode of the righteous, the metropolis of the universe, the seat and throne of Jehovah-Jesus? Inviting as these topics are, they must be excluded from our present notice, they lie beyond the province of Millenarianism, they form no essential part of the question in dispute.

The Millennium! Nearly all Christian writers are agreed that this glorious era is yet future; that the Christian Church is destined, under its Divine Head, to fill the earth with truth, and righteousness, and peace. But as to how it will be accomplished,—whether by the more mighty demonstration of the Holy Spirit with the preached Gospel, or by the personal manifestation and reign of the Lord Jesus Christ on the earth,—is the important question that now agitates the Church. In other words, will the second coming of Christ be Pre-millennial or Post-millennial?

As to the Redeemer's second advent in glory and power, there is no dispute. All Christians look for it with lively hope; it is the consummation of their wishes; it is the crown and perfection of their happiness. Sometimes the Pre-millennialists have shown a degree of unfairness in assuming that they are the only persons who look "for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Whereas, it is the common hope of the universal Christian Church.

Did the limits of this paper allow, it would be interesting to trace the history of the millenarian controversy, and the various modifications which it has undergone, down to the present time.

It has of late been the custom with the Pre-millennialists to appeal, in support of their views, to the writings of the ancient Christian Fathers. No disposition have we to underrate the judgment of others, nor to condemn all reference to them. It may be a pleasant, and perhaps a profitable, employment, to search into the past, and find how our forefathers harmonise with ourselves in their views of Christian doctrine. What then? Are early opinions to have any authority over our belief? Can they, on the ground of their antiquity, demand from us an implicit acceptance? To treat them with respect is our duty, to examine their arguments is candid, but to submit to their opinions on the mere ground of antiquity would display a slavish and a feeble mind. We are not thus to be blinded to the great Protestant dogma, that the Bible only is the

rule of our faith, as it is of our practice. Indeed, we agree with the sentiment of Dr. Chalmers, that the people of this age are really the ancients, and have better opportunities and means of arriving at the correct interpretation of Scripture, than the men who lived in the first centuries of the Christian Church. Nearness to apostolic times is apt to breed in us too much confidence in the means and qualifications possessed by the men of those times for clearly understanding the truth of Scripture. We forget their prejudices; prejudices, with many of them, formed from earliest life, and interwoven with all their religious thoughts and hopes. Even the Apostles themselves were not, in the absence of the plenary inspiration of the Holy Spirit, in the most favourable circumstances for ascertaining Christian truth. Their Jewish prejudices and notions rendered them slow of heart to understand the spiritual nature of the Redeemer's kingdom; and it was only by the strong, clear, and infallible teaching of the Holy Ghost, that they could perceive and hold fast the truth as it is in Jesus. If the Apostles, therefore, were under the power of the traditions which they received from their Jewish forefathers, how much more their uninspired brethren, who had been brought from Judaism to accept Christianity! Can it be supposed that they would at once throw off all their previous notions; that their minds came so largely under the light and power of Christian truth, that they could and did master all antecedent prepossessions and clearly comprehend and embrace the doctrines of the new form of religion which they had espoused? No one who understands the constitution of the human mind will contend for this. Who does not know, that, almost in spite of ourselves, opinions early formed give a colour and complexion to our later ones, and that it is one of the highest achievements of the mind, steadily to withstand their influence? The Epistles of Paul to the various Churches that flourished in his day, show the power of prejudices, of previous notions, both amongst Jewish and Gentile converts. We need not to enumerate the errors into which they fell, nor yet to exhibit the manner in which Paul met and confuted them. One of those errors related to the second coming of Christ.

Our only appeal must be to the word of God. What say the Scriptures touching the second advent of the Redeemer? Christ's second coming: will it be Pre-millennial? Mr. Waldegrave contends that it will not. We do not pretend to follow him in each Lecture, nor to give an outline of the arguments by which he seeks to establish his position. He wisely commences, in his first Lecture, by affirming in the most explicit manner, that the Scriptures are our only authority in doctrine, and lays down two important principles or rules by which we are to be guided in our interpretation of those Scriptures.

"The controversy before us," says he, "is, of all others, one which Scripture alone can determine. We may not appeal for its decision to tradition, whether Rabbinical or Patristic. We may not rely upon a progressive development of truth, nor may we look forward to a new revelation. The only question is this, What saith the Scripture?

"Before we begin our Scriptural researches, it is most important that the principles according to which they are to be conducted should be clearly defined. For there is no controversy in which fixed laws of biblical interpretation are more needed,—none in which they have been less observed. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves, in the present discourse, to the task of enunciating and illustrating the very simple, but most valuable, rules, by which, in our judgment, all our investigations should be ordered. Those rules are embodied in the two following axiomatic propositions.

"First, In the settling of controversy, those passages of God's word which are literal, dogmatic, and clear, take precedence of those which are figurative, mysterious, and obscure.

"Secondly, In all points upon which the New Testament gives us instruction, it is, as containing the full, clear, and final manifestation of the Divine will, our rightful guide in the interpretation of the Old.

"Simple though these principles are, they will exercise a very material influence upon our present discussion. For they will direct our investigations into a course the very reverse of that which is usually followed by Pre-millenarians. It is a fact most obvious in all their works, that they lay the foundation of their argument, and erect their superstructure, with materials taken almost exclusively from the Apocalyptic and prophetic domains of figure and imagery. The unfigurative portions of the Divine word are not indeed left unnoticed; but we are guilty of no injustice, when we say, that reference is generally made to them with the view rather of accommodating their statements to the conclusion thus supposed to be established, than of testing those conclusions by their unambiguous teaching."*

Mr. Waldegrave, with great force of argument, successfully establishes the two "axiomatic propositions" which he lays down as essential to the correct interpretation of the word of God. His statement, that the Pre-millennialists invert these "axiomatic propositions," may seem somewhat severe; but the truth of it he fairly shows in the Appendix, by quotations from their own writings. To interpret the clear by the obscure, and the plain by the figurative, and the dogmatic by the prophetic, is, we confess, rather a singular method of discovering truth,—and, to speak seriously, is dangerous in the extreme.

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* "It appears to me a fair and reasonable principle of interpretation,—one, indeed, which might be laid down as a genuine canon, not admitting of dispute,—that, when we find passages of Scripture, historical or epistolary, which are literal in their terms and explicit in their statements, we may conclude with certainty, that we must be under some mistake in our explanation of the prophetic and symbolical, when such explanation is at variance with the unconstrained and obvious meaning of these passages."—*Wardlaw, Sermon xvii., On the Millennium*, p. 512. Edinburgh, 1839.

The "New-Testament Millenarianism" is, after all, the doctrine to be ascertained. Our attention, therefore, must be directed to the teaching of Christ and His Apostles. The Old Testament must, in all fairness, be interpreted by the New. Mr. Birks, an able writer on the Pre-millennial side, appears to be very sensible of this. He says, "The prophecies of the Old Testament, when both advents alike were future, are clearly less adapted to constitute the evidence of the great doctrine to be examined. We must resort to the direct testimony of our Lord and His Apostles, and learn from the life of the Man of Sorrows, or of those who speak to mankind with His authority, the certainty of His return to that world from which He has gone away; and that the heavens, which have concealed Him from us for a time, will not retain Him for ever." Let us, then, proceed to examine the principal Scriptures which are selected from the New Testament on the part of the Pre-millenarians. We say, the principal Scriptures; for there are many of them which do not bear on the subject at all. Mr. Waldegrave truly remarks that the words, "kingdom of heaven," "kingdom of God," and "kingdom of the Son of man," are in the Gospels convertible terms; and that they refer not to His consummated kingdom, but to His spiritual kingdom,—the dispensation of the Spirit. Hence, the teaching of Christ was, that the kingdom of heaven was *at hand*.

"Such," says Mr. Waldegrave in his second Lecture, "was His (Christ's) public testimony. Privately to His disciples He was yet more explicit. 'Verily, I say unto you, There be some standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom.' And when, it will be asked, was this prediction verified? Surely, not on the Mount of Transfiguration, nor in the mines of Patmos; in neither of these cases did the kingdom (as St. Mark hath it) 'come with power.' Rather say, on the day of the Pentecost; but better still, I think, at the destruction of Jerusalem. For there was much more in that awful catastrophe than righteous retribution upon a sinful nation. Allegiance to Moses had been the pretext of disloyalty to the Christ of God. Ritual obedience to that lawgiver was now rendered impossible. The stronghold of rebellion against the kingdom of Messiah was demolished. Had not that kingdom then come with power?"—Page 45.

Not unfrequently do the Pre-millennialists refer with great confidence to those Scriptures which speak of the resurrection of the righteous, as peculiarly glorious and blessed. Mr. Waldegrave, in the Appendix, treats this with great clearness and power. We cannot forego giving it entire.

"I may take this opportunity of adverting to two popular pleas for a divided resurrection.

"I. The first is drawn from such expressions as these: 'the resurrection of *the just*,' (Luke xiv. 14,) 'the children of the resurrection,'

(Luke xx. 36,) 'the resurrection of *life*,' (John v. 29,) '*the* resurrection of the dead,' (Phil. iii. 11,) 'a *better* resurrection.' (Heb. xi. 35.) To these is added the promise, (in John vi. 39, 40, 44, 54,) that the Lord will 'raise up' His people 'at the last day.'

"When reduced to its simplest form, the argument really stands thus: 'The resurrection of the Saints is evidently spoken of in these several passages as something peculiarly excellent in its character: it must therefore take place antecedently to that of the ungodly.'"

"1. But why, it may well be asked, is priority of time required to justify such language? Is not the difference between the resurrection of the saints and that of the ungodly already sufficiently great, without any such adventitious circumstances? 'If, indeed,' says Mr. Gipps, on Phil. iii. 11, ('First Resurrection,' p. 93,) 'whenever the ungodly are raised, they were to enjoy the same blessedness as the godly, then there would be some weight in the argument; because, upon this supposition, there could be no other peculiarity or distinction between the resurrection of the godly and that of the ungodly, except that of priority in order of time. But, as there is to be an unspeakably glorious distinction in the method, nature, and issue of the resurrection of the saints from that of the ungodly, though they take place at one and the same time; and, indeed, in some measure, in consequence thereof, at least as far as the manifestation of it is concerned; we may see at once the ground of the Apostle's earnest desire to partake of the former; and, we may add, the reason why the Lord speaks in language so emphatic of 'the resurrection of the just,' as of a distinguished boon which He would one day bestow upon all true believers.

"2. With regard to Heb. xi. 35, it is well to observe, that there is here no comparison at all between the resurrection of the just and the resurrection of the unjust. The comparison is between that escape from the death of martyrdom which might be called *a* resurrection, (see the case of Isaac, Heb. xi. 17–19,) and that blessedness which, in common with all the people of God, the martyrs shall receive on the morning of *the* resurrection. What may be the nature and circumstances of *that* resurrection, other Scriptures must determine.

"3. Another passage to which reference is sometimes made, is Acts xxiii. 6, as explained by the alleged Rabbinical tradition of a divided resurrection. But why go to Rabbinical tradition for light upon the question? St. Paul plainly tells his own meaning in Acts xxiv. 15.

"II. A second popular argument is drawn from the use of the preposition ἐκ in connexion with νεκρῶν. It is stated thus by Mr. Brooks: ('Abdiel's Essays,' p. 83:) after quoting Phil. iii. 11; Acts xxvi. 23; Luke xx. 35; and other places, he says, 'In all which places there does appear to be a special signification intended;' namely, not of the abstract doctrine of a resurrection of 'dead ones,' (ἀνάστασις νεκρῶν,) nor merely of a resurrection from *death*; but 'ΕΚ νεκρῶν, '*from*' or '*out of* DEAD ONES.'

"1. As to Acts xxvi. 23, (πρῶτος ἐξ ἀναστάσεως νεκρῶν,) the ἐξ belongs to the word ἀναστάσεως, which immediately follows, and not to the word νεκρῶν, which next succeeds. As to Phil. iii. 11, (ἐξανάστασιν τὴν νεκρῶν,) the ἐξ in composition does not govern the genitive which fol-

lows, but has reference to another genitive understood. Thus, for example, ἡ ἔξοδος τῶν υἱῶν τοῦ Ἰσραὴλ could never be rendered, 'the exodus from among the children of Israel;' but the words ἐκ τῆς Αἰγύπτου would rightly complete the sense. (See Gipps' 'First Resurrection,' *note Z*, pp. 84, 85.) So far, then, as any argument can be based upon them, the words of St. Paul would rather tell against the theory in behalf of which they are invoked. For the *formula*, when fully stated, would necessarily be something like this, ἐξανάστασις τῶν νεκρῶν ἐκ τοῦ αὐτῶν τόπου.

"2. And this leads me to the main argument, that, namely, which is based upon Luke xx. 35, and other places in which the very words ἐκ νεκρῶν do occur. Here let it be noted,—

"(i.) That with verbs of motion ἐκ is used to express, not an election out of several objects, but, like ἀπὸ, a removal, *and generally a removal from the inside of a place or thing*. (Matthiæ, Gr. Gr., § 574.) Accordingly, in the formula, ἀναστῆναι ἐκ νεκρῶν, either the word νεκρῶν is an idiomatic expression for the place or state of the dead, or the words ἐκ νεκρῶν are an elliptical expression for ἐκ τοῦ τόπου τῶν νεκρῶν.

"(ii.) In perfect agreement with this view, we find that ἀπὸ and ἐκ are used indiscriminately in the point of the resurrection; *e. g.*, Matt. xiv. 2, αὐτὸς ἠγέρθη ἀπὸ τ. ν., with Mark vi. 14, ἐκ ν. ἠγέρθη: again, Luke xvi. 30, τις ἀπὸ ν. πορευθῇ, with verse 31, τις ἐκ ν. ἀναστῇ.

"(iii.) That Herod, the Priests, Pharisees, disciples, and people in general, understood, by the resurrection of the dead, merely a resuming of life, or living after dying, or rising to live again. (See Matt. xiv. 2; xxvii. 64; Mark vi. 14, 16; ix. 10; Luke xvi. 31; John xii. 1, 9, 17.)

"(iv.) That the resurrection of the dead is used to illustrate the quickening of the soul; that is, the passing of the soul from death to life: John v. 21–25; Rom. vi. 4, 5, 9–11, 13: ὡσεὶ ἐκ ν. ζῶντας.

"(v.) That the words ἐκ ν. are not so much as in a single instance in the New Testament used distinctly of the resurrection of the saints as to their bodies; but are once used of the resurrection generally, Acts iv. 2, besides in the Gospels in the objections of the Sadducees, Mark xii. 25; Luke xx. 35.

"(vi.) *Hence it would appear, that* ἐκ νεκρῶν *is simply the scriptural* formula *for 'from death.'* It is translated accordingly in all the ancient English versions of the New Testament, except the Rheniah, in which it is rendered 'of the dead.' (See Wycliffe, Tyndal, Cranmer, &c.)

"(vii.) The Greek form for 'from the midst of the dead' would be ἐκ μέσου τῶν νεκρῶν. (See Matt. xiii. 49.)"

The Pre-millenarians repeatedly refer to those Scriptures which speak of "looking for the blessed hope," of "waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus," as strongly confirmatory of their views. Their argument is this: that, if any distance of time were to elapse before the coming of Christ, Christians could not, with any propriety, be said to wait for it. The force of this argument, if argument it may be called, we are at a loss to discover. Because an indefinite period must intervene, or certain events happen, before the second advent,

therefore there can be no waiting for that advent! The duty of waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus is plainly enjoined on Christian people; it was so on the Christians in the apostolic times. How many centuries have elapsed since then? How could they wait for an event so distant? It is in vain to say, that they had no knowledge of the time being so remote. But He who inspired the Apostles to give the commandment knew. However inconsistent it may seem to the Pre-millennialists, to urge Christians to wait for a coming that would not take place for centuries, it was perfectly consistent with the all-wise God, or He would never have enjoined the duty. The error of the Pre-millennialists lies in their supposing shortness of time to be essential to the effectiveness of the precept. Christian duty is one thing, times and seasons are another. The sublime truth of the second coming of Christ was the object of their hope; and its practical influence in keeping that hope lively and vigorous, are the great reasons why Christians are always to be looking and waiting for it.

The text, 1 Cor. xv. 23, 24, is urged with great confidence. The Pre-millenarians maintain that this Scripture teaches three distinct and successive resurrections, with long intervals of time between them. We are at a loss to find such a triplicity. Two resurrections are, indeed, named,—that "of Christ, the first fruits," and that of His saints, the harvest. "Christ, the first fruits; afterward, they that are Christ's, at His coming. Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when He shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power." It is said that τὸ τέλος means the completion of the number that are saved. But this is only an assumption. A careful examination of the text will show, that τὸ τέλος refers not to Christ's people, but to the finishing of His kingdom, and His delivering it up to His Father. Instead, therefore, of favouring the Pre-millennialist's theory, it is against it: it proves that, when Christ's people are raised, the mediatorial administration will cease, that Christ will have completed His kingdom, accomplished all the designs for which He undertook the office of Mediatorship, and that the Father, who is the Fountain of Godhead, will be all in all. It must, moreover, be remarked, that the whole scope and bearing of the Apostle's argument refers not to the resurrection of the wicked, but to the happy and eternal relation which subsists between Christ and His people.

1 Thess. iv. 16, is another Scripture adduced to prove the two resurrections; and that the resurrection of the saints will be prior to that of the wicked. Nothing is more fatal to a clear apprehension of the meaning of any writer, than that the criticism be merely verbal, without any regard to the design or connexion. Words are but exponents of ideas. Now, what is

really the case here? The Apostle is not speaking of the *order* of the resurrection at all, in relation to the righteous and the wicked. It is foreign to his purpose. He views the resurrection of the dead in Christ, in connexion with the Christians that shall be found alive when Christ comes. "For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them that are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then (*Ἔπειτα*) we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." The connexion plainly shows, that the Apostle is speaking of the order of the righteous dead, and the righteous living; that the one party shall be first raised, before the other party is caught up, to meet the Lord in the air. The word employed is *πρῶτον*, not *πρῶτοι*, proving, beyond doubt, that the priority relates to the action expressed by *ἀναστήσονται*.

2 Thess. ii. 8 is presented by the Pre-millenarians as a text thoroughly conclusive. Nor can we deny that it looks strongly in that direction, and would, apart from other Scriptures, be difficult to explain. "On this passage," Dr. Brown remarks, "I can say, with the venerable Mr. Faber, that it is the only apparent evidence of the Pre-millennial advent, which, after long thought upon the subject, I have been able to discover." Mr. Waldegrave puts the argument from it in favour of Pre-millennialism, with his usual clearness and candour, and then furnishes his answer. (Pages 374–376.)

"Here it is plainly declared, that the Lord will destroy that wicked one, which is unquestionably the Papal Antichrist, 'with the brightness of His coming.' Now it is equally plain, that the only 'coming' of our Lord Jesus Christ which has yet been mentioned in the chapter, is a personal coming. 'Now we beseech you, brethren,' says the Apostle, in the first and following verses, 'by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto Him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition.'

"It is therefore argued, that, seeing that a personal coming is 'the' coming, the 'only' coming, which has hitherto been spoken of,—it is most unlikely that the Apostle (using, as he does, identically, the same word *παρουσία*) can mean any other than that same personal coming, when (still treating of the same general subject, and continuing, almost up to the last moment, to speak of the same personal advent) he uses the word again. And the case, it is further urged, is stronger even than this; for the expression, 'the brightness of His coming,'—*τῇ ἐπιφανείᾳ τῆς παρουσίας αὐτοῦ*,—is emphatic.

"Now, with regard to this repetition of the word παρουσία, it might well be replied, that, according to the usage of Scripture, it is by no means necessary that, when the same word occurs more than once in the same context, it should be used uniformly in the same sense. Many are the instances of the contrary practice, which the sacred books present. But we need not go far to find one; for the very context under consideration presents an example, and that, too, in respect of the very word which has given rise to this discussion. If παρουσία is used, seven verses back, of a personal coming of Christ, it is used in the very next verse of a potential coming of Antichrist. Notice the words: 'And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord.....shall destroy with the brightness of His coming, παρουσίας: —even Him, whose coming—παρουσία—is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders.'

"It appears, then, that, so far as the mere wording of the passage is concerned, the coming of the Lord, here predicted, as the efficient cause of the destruction of Antichrist, may be not personal, but potential, by His word, by His Spirit, and by the judgments of His providence. Nor can it be said, that the apostolic argument absolutely forbids an interpretation which is, in itself, so agreeable to scriptural precedent."

But, even admitting (for the sake of argument) that the phrase, "brightness of His coming," means the personal advent of Christ, it does not establish the Pre-millennial theory. The Apostle, it must be observed, is not discussing the question of time, as to our Lord's advent, but correcting the mistake into which the Thessalonian Church had fallen; namely, that the event was imminent, nigh at hand. In proof of this, he states that an evil and portentous power would develope itself, in opposition to Christ and His truth; that that evil power should continue during the Divine pleasure, but should be ultimately destroyed by the coming of the Lord Jesus in His glory. There appears to us irresistible force in the opinion of some of our older divines, that the Apostle refers to the development of sin (varying in form and degree) until the final advent, when Christ shall utterly destroy it from the face of the earth. The Apostle, in the spirit of prophecy, and without regard to times, sketches, in a brief yet vivid manner, the history of iniquity,—or the "man of sin,"—and, in the language of triumph, affirms that the Son of God will terminate it by His severe and righteous judgment. Whilst, therefore, we hold the language to be strictly applicable to Popery, it does not exclusively apply to it. Other forms of opposition to Christ and His truth will, in all probability, unfold themselves, marked with greater blasphemy and a fiercer persecution, than any which have hitherto appeared.

Other Scriptures, of less immediate bearing on the controversy, are advanced by the Pre-millenarians; but they are not of sufficient relevancy to call for specific notice. There is one Scripture, however, that must by no means be overlooked. Indeed, we have deferred

it as the final text to be considered because of its importance. Had it not been for this passage, it is more than probable that Pre-millennialism never would have obtained any decided advocates in the Christian Church. It appears as the central text, around which others are made to gather, and from which they derive their Pre-millenarian light: we mean Rev. xx. 4–6.

Without referring to the variety of opinions that have been entertained of this Scripture, we shall content ourselves by simply stating, that Mr. Waldegrave, who discusses it in his Seventh Lecture, seems to advocate the notion, that it has already found its fulfilment. We cannot enter into his reasons; but believing, as we do, that the scenes which this Scripture portrays are yet future, we shall proceed at once to the inquiry,—Is it to be interpreted literally or figuratively? That is the main question to be solved. The Pre-millenarians say it must be interpreted literally. After a careful examination of what has been said in favour of its literality, we are decidedly of opinion that the only consistent interpretation of it lies in its figurative character. There is a strong presumption, that it is the only correct principle of interpretation that can be adopted, from the style of the book itself. Of all the books of Scripture, it is the most emphatically symbolic. How, therefore, can we adopt the principle of literal interpretation, in reference to a book that is constructed on the principle of symbol? Truly has it been remarked, "that it is just as unfair to interpret prophecy on the principles of simple history, as it would be to interpret simple history by the symbols of prophecy." If the literal interpretation be adopted, then, in all honesty, we ought to literalize the context, and hold that the dragon is literal, and the binding of him with chains literal, and the sealing literal,—an interpretation that is simply absurd, and one which even the Pre-millenarians themselves repudiate with indignation. Why, then, pass so rapidly from the figurative to the literal? Why affirm that the thrones and the resurrection are literal, when they are surrounded by symbols? Fairness and consistency require that the principle on which we interpret one part of the vision, be adopted in the interpretation of the other part. But even admitting the literality of the resurrection, it would not sustain the view of the modern Millenarians; for it is plainly restricted in its application to the martyrs and confessors. It does not refer to all the saints, nor can any ingenuity make the language bear that universal sense. The vision, therefore, if taken in its literal meaning, is not *adequate* to the purpose for which it is used. What is the import of the phrase, "And they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years?" Is it to be interpreted literally, or figuratively? We have no hesitation in saying, that the only consistent interpretation is the figurative one, which recognises the revival of the early martyrs and confessors in their spirit and character.

This beautifully harmonizes with the prophetic style of other Scriptures. How vividly the Prophet Ezekiel speaks of the restoration of the Jews! "Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, O My people, I will *open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves,* and bring you into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put My Spirit in you, and ye shall live; and I will place you in your land." (Ezek. xxxvii. 12–14.) The Prophet Hosea speaks with equal force: "After two days will He revive us; in the third day He will *raise us up,* and we shall *live* in His sight." (Hosea vi. 2.) Paul also speaks in the same style: "What shall the receiving of them be, but *life from the dead?*" We have a remarkable example in the teaching of our Lord, as to the manner in which prophetic Scriptures are to be interpreted. Clearly was it foretold, that Elias should harbinger the Messiah. The Jews understood the prophecy in its strictly literal sense. But what said our Lord? "For this is He of whom it is written, Behold, I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee. Verily, I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist. .....For all the Prophets and the law prophesied until John. AND IF YE WILL RECEIVE IT, THIS IS ELIAS, WHICH WAS FOR TO COME." (Matt. xi. 10–14.)

Surely our Lord here furnishes the key by which we are to unlock the meaning of prophetic Scripture. Only, indeed, by the use of this can we avoid falling into serious mistakes. It was the literalizing spirit of the Jews that led them into almost all, if not all, their errors concerning Christ and His kingdom.*

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* "It is indeed declared in the book of Revelation that certain saints shall rise before the general resurrection, &c.; but no less plainly was it declared to the Jews of old that Elias should come before the Messiah, who should Himself appear in the clouds. Is it not likely that there is an agreement between these two prophecies? I mean that, as the one had a figurative and spiritual signification, so also has the other; and, moreover, as the fulfilment of the former prophecy was not (by the greater part of the Jews) perceived, when it did take place, from their being bigoted to the literal interpretation; so also it may be with the other. It may signify, therefore, (and may be for that reason not understood by many when it comes to pass,) not the literal raising of dead men, but the raising up of an increased Christian zeal and holiness; the revival in the Christian Church, or in some considerable portion of it, of the *spirit* and *energy* of the noble martyrs of old; (even as John the Baptist came in the *spirit* and power of Elias, Luke i. 17;) so that Christian principles shall be displayed in action throughout the world in an infinitely greater degree than ever before: and this for a considerable time before the end of the world; though not perhaps for the literal and precise period of a thousand

Having considered the chief passages of Scripture, on which Pre-millenarians build their theory, it will be the less needful to enter at large into the difficulties—or rather contradictions—

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years. And that this should be called a *resurrection*, is not by any means a more strange and violent figure of speech than the use of the expression, 'new birth,' or regeneration, to denote the change wrought in a Christian's heart. This metaphor was, at first, very strange and unintelligible, as we see by the perplexity it occasioned to Nicodemus." —*Archbishop Whately's Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State*, pp. 174–76. Third Edition.

"Make the resurrection of both the parties *figurative*," referring to Rev. xx., "and understand by it first the *extinction* of the one and *triumph* of the other for a thousand years, and then the temporary resuscitation of the defeated party, with their gigantic death-throes under the desperate agency of the old serpent before the final ruin of his kingdom; and not only are all the difficulties of the literal sense avoided, but a meaning put upon the whole chapter consistent with itself, and entirely accordant with the phraseology of Scripture in other places. At the close of the previous chapter, we find 'the beast taken, and with him the false prophet, and cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone.' (xix. 21.) This puts an end to the anti-Christian kingdom; but it is added, 'the remnant,' or '*the rest*,' (οἱ λοιποὶ,) 'were slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth; and all the fowls were filled with their flesh.' (Verse 21.) A marked distinction is thus drawn between the doom of the 'beast and false prophet,' and that of '*the rest*.' The former go to 'the lake of fire,' never more to re-appear. The other do not so, but are merely '*slain* with the sword from the *mouth* of Christ.' We are prepared, then, for the possibility, at least, of their re-appearance upon the stage. Accordingly we find them in the fifth verse of the next chapter under their old name, '*the rest*' (οἱ λοιποὶ) 'of the dead;' dead, that is, in respect of the cause they espouse. In this sense they 'live not again,' (after being slain with the sword from Christ's mouth,) 'until the thousand years are finished.' To use the triumphant language of the Prophet, pointing to this same period, 'They are *dead*, they shall not live: they are *deceased*, they shall not rise: therefore hast Thou visited them, and made all memory of them to perish.' (Isai. xxvi. 14.) Meanwhile the other party, so long held down, are seen springing to life and dominion. The devil is bound, that he may no more deceive the nations till the thousand years be fulfilled. (Verses 1–3.) The earth is at rest from the plots and seductions of the enemy. His cause is at an end, his kingdom extinguished, and for a thousand years 'THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE WORLD IS OUR LORD'S AND HIS CHRIST'S.' (xi. 18.) The Lord alone is exalted in that day; and 'the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, is given to the people of the saints of the Most High.' But the very hint, 'They lived not again *till* the thousand years were finished,' is a warning to expect their re-appearance at the close of that period. Accordingly, though in the sense of a literal resurrection of their bodies we never hear of them

which their theory involves. Whatever contravenes the plain and obvious meaning of the word of God, cannot be in itself true. As in external nature, so in the book of revelation, the one great law of harmony runs through the whole. Freely is it admitted that there are in Scripture things hard to be understood; that some of them, like the hidden mysteries of nature, remain yet to be unfolded; that they invite the reverent and patient investigation of the human intellect: yet one truth cannot contradict another; the utterances of God cannot be at variance with themselves. Looking, therefore, at the analogy of Scripture, and pursuing our search under the guidance of the axiom, "that the passages which are literal, dogmatic, and clear, must take precedence of the figurative, mysterious, and obscure," we shall find Pre-millenarianism antagonistic to the obvious teaching of the word of God. We have only space to indicate a few of these contradictions.

Pre-millenarianism agrees not with the plain Scripture assertions of the manner in which the Gospel shall universally spread among men; and of its being the instrument, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, of subduing mankind to the obedience of Christ, and thus extending and perfecting His glorious Kingdom. Hence, Christ Himself, in a variety of parables, illustrates the mode in which His Kingdom will universally spread:—the sower sowing the seed, (Matt. xiii.,) the leaven hid in three measures of meal, (Matt. xiii.,) the grain of mustard seed (Matt. xiii.) Can any person doubt that the one method of extending the authority and completing the kingdom of the Redeemer is by the word and Spirit of God? If the New Testament is to guide us, then may we not admit of another method. Yet the Pre-millenarians boldly proclaim that, when Christ comes, "a new set of appliances for the salvation of sinners of mankind will be provided." Is not this preaching another Gospel than that which we have received from Christ and His Apostles? A new revelation! a new system of Levitical law! a new method of saving men, which shall supersede the one now employed! Perilous indeed are such opinions; more than perilous; they are subversive of the truths that are already the means of our salvation. Is it not the person of the Saviour, in His atoning and sacrificial character, that is presented as the only ground of a sinner's salvation? Is not faith

again, we find them duly re-produced, as a party, by the old serpent, who is loosed at the close of the millennium for that very purpose. 'When the thousand years were fulfilled,' and Satan is loosed, he shall 'go out to deceive *the nations*;' not, of course, the same individuals, but their *successors*, who are spoken of, under the same name, as deceived first for long ages, then undeceived for a thousand years, and finally again exposed, for a brief period, to deception."—*Brown's Second Advent*, pp. 224–226.

in that atoning Saviour the only condition of salvation? Is not the Holy Ghost the sole agent who brings man to the obedience of the truth, and transforms him into the Divine image? Is not the sacrament of the Last Supper the only rite that commemorates, "shows forth the Lord's death, until He comes" to be glorified in His saints? Can these means be abrogated? We have no promise of another revelation; not the shadow of evidence that another remedial process will be established. When Christ cometh in His glory, it will plainly be to reward the righteous and to punish the wicked. Mr. Waldegrave, in his fourth Lecture, writes with considerable force and earnestness on the dangers that attend the Pre-millenarian scheme, as it bears upon the Divine method of man's salvation. We have only room for the conclusions to which he arrives as the result of an investigation of this important topic.

"If such be the necessary effect of Christ's personal coming, upon His sacraments, His word, and His intercession, we must conclude, (on the hypothesis of a future millennium,)

"Either that for ten centuries before the final judgment no sinners will be brought to God:—

"Or, that a new set of appliances for the salvation of sinners of mankind will be provided:—

"Or, that Christ will not personally come till that millennium is over.

"Against the first of these alternatives, you will all most righteously protest.

"For adopting the second, Scripture.....gives no warrant whatsoever.

"We must, therefore, accept the third alternative, and acknowledge that Christ will not personally come, till that millennium is over."—Pp. 160, 161.

Pre-millenarianism contradicts those Scriptures which plainly declare that, when Christ cometh, His Church will be *fully perfected*. Mr. Waldegrave employs his fourth Lecture in the discussion of this topic. The question he thus states: "Can Christ come personally, when any members of the mystical Church remain to be gathered in?" According to the Pre-millennial system, he affirms, that Christ "certainly must. For it is, on that hypothesis, not until after His glorious appearing that the great body of the saved shall be brought to God. Our text (Eph. v. 25–27) on the other hand, in conjunction with many others, seems to me to say, that the heavens must retain Jesus until the whole number of His elect is accomplished." In a foot-note he refers to Dr. Brown's consideration of the following texts: 1 Cor. xv. 23; Eph. v. 25–27; 2 Thess. 1, 10; Jude 24; Col. i. 21, 22; 1 Thess. iii. 13.

"I think it impossible," (says Dr. Brown,) "to resist the combined force of these passages. One broad magnificent conception pervades them all.

"The absolute *completeness* of the Church at Christ's coming;
"The spotless *purity* in which it will then be presented as a chaste virgin to Christ;
"The resplendent *glory* in which, as the Bride, the Lamb's wife, she shall then be adorned for her husband;
"The *praise* which will redound from such a spectacle to the Redeemer Himself;
"The rapturous *admiration* of Him which it will kindle; and
"The ineffable *complacency* with which the whole will be regarded by God, even our Father."—*Second Advent*, part i., chap. ii., p. 57.

Nearly related to the completion of the Church when Christ comes, is the plainly revealed truth that the entire Church—those who are raised and those who are alive at Christ's coming—will be glorified, and their mortality swallowed up of life. "The same passages," says Dr. Brown, "which show the *completeness* of the Church at Christ's coming, prove also their *simultaneous appearance in the glory of their resurrection.*" Pre-millenarianism contradicts this.

Again: Pre-millenarianism affirms that Christ is not yet seated upon His throne, and will not take possession of His kingdom, until His second advent. This contradicts those plain declarations in the Acts of the Apostles and in some of the Epistles, which affirm that Christ is enthroned in His Sovereignty, has commenced His glorious kingdom, and that He is carrying it on to its completion, and at His coming again He will deliver it up to the Father. (Acts ii. 29–36; iii. 13–15; iv. 26–28; v. 29–31; 1 Cor. xv. 24–26; Col. i. 13; Heb. i. 3; x. 12, 13.)

Again: Pre-millenarianism is at variance with the *simultaneous* resurrection of the righteous and wicked when Christ cometh, and the *universality* of that judgment which is said immediately to accompany it. "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (John v. 28, 29.) What can be the obvious meaning of this language? Will not the *same hour* witness the resurrection of the good and the bad? Will not the *same voice* be heard by all? Would those to whom our Lord addressed Himself understand by this language, that a full thousand years were to elapse between the resurrection of the righteous and the wicked? Would our Lord ever utter such a dark saying,—a saying which, according to the Pre-millennial theory, they could not understand? (See also Matt. xxv. 31–46; Acts xvii. 31; Rom. ii. 5–16; 2 Cor. v. 9–11; 2 Thess. i. 6–10; 2 Tim. iv. 1; Rev. xx. 11–15.)

Again: Pre-millenarianism is contrary to the plain assertion of the Apostle Peter, (2 Peter iii. 7–13,) that when Christ cometh, the present world shall terminate; that the heavens and

the earth that now are shall be consumed by fire, and succeeded by the creation of new heavens and a new earth. We have not time to dwell on the various endeavours that have been made to escape from this difficulty. It is, of itself, positively fatal to the Pre-millenarian scheme.*

Again: Pre-millenarianism contravenes the many Scripture statements that the saints glorified with Christ at His coming, are so absolutely secure in the possession of their perfected happiness, as to be beyond the power of attack from their adversaries. No conflicts can follow their enthronement in complete bliss.

Other truths contained in the New Testament might be adduced which the Pre-millenarian scheme fairly contradicts, but we forbear to mention them. Enough, and more than enough, has been said to prove that, according to the plain and obvious teaching of our Lord and His Apostles, His *literal coming* will not precede, but follow, the millennial reign of righteousness and peace which the Church generally anticipates.

We must now take leave of the respected author of the Bampton Lectures that have come under our notice, thanking him for his valuable contribution to our religious literature. The subject is, in itself, not only deeply interesting, but also interwoven with the whole Christian economy; and one which no Christian can study, under the guidance of the word and Spirit of God, without becoming a wiser and a happier person.

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* "The hypothesis of the *literal* Pre-millennian second advent, as its favourers well know, is incapable of establishment, save through the medium of an unwarrantable tampering with the prophecy of St. Peter, relative to that final deluge of fire which will UNIVERSALLY overwhelm our earth, even as it has already been UNIVERSALLY overwhelmed by a deluge of water, which is avowedly exhibited as a parallel event.

"All agree, that the prophecy in question, as indeed itself declares, respects the *literal* Day of Judgment at the time of the *literal* second advent.

But if this be the case, and yet if the predicted conflagration be UNIVERSAL, then, in the first place, there will plainly be no possibility of the *prosperous* and *permanent* restoration of the converted Jews to their own familiar land of Palestine, agreeably to the repeated declarations of prophecy, because that land will have been destroyed in the UNIVERSAL conflagration; and, in the second place, as little possibility will there be of the formation of a final confederacy of the wicked in the four quarters of our present earth, because, in the same UNIVERSAL conflagration, all the wicked will have perished, and none will be left save the saints.

"Hence, unless the prophecy of St. Peter be so dealt with as gratuitously to change UNIVERSAL into PARTIAL, (that is to say, the *whole globe* into its *northern hemisphere* only, as with Mr. Mede; or the *whole globe* into nothing more than the *platform of the Roman Empire*, as with Mr. Elliot,) the dogma of a *Pre-millennian second advent* will plainly be altogether untenable."—*Faber's Many Mansions*, Preface, pp. xxiii., xxiv.

ART. X.—1. *Russia on the Black Sea and Sea of Azof.* By H. D. SEYMOUR, M.P. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 1855.

2. *Journal of a Residence in Circassia during the Years* 1837, 1838, *and* 1839. By JAMES STANISLAUS BELL. Two Vols. London: Edward Moxon. 1849.

3. *The War and the Negotiations.* Two Speeches by the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. for the University of Oxford, in the House of Commons, on May 24th, 1855, and August 3rd, 1855. Published at the Empire Office, 145, Fleet Street; and sold by all Booksellers. 1855.

4. *A Letter addressed by* MR. COBDEN *to the Editor of the "Leeds Mercury," October* 31*st*, 1855.

5. *Travels in the Trans-Caucasian Provinces of Russia, and along the Southern Shore of the Lakes of Van Urumiah, in the Autumn and Winter of* 1837. By CAPTAIN R. WILBRAHAM. London: John Murray. 1839.

THE campaign of 1855 being now ended, the cessation of hostilities gives us an opportunity of attempting a *résumé* of the progress made, and of the prospects before us. The past is plain, the future is in obscurity: the one period is open to observation, to regret or approval, as the case may be; the other to speculation and hope. The past is history; the future is destined to become so by the course of events. Without anticipating our own future remarks, or pretending to be the exponents of the opinions of others, we think that, considered as a whole, Englishmen have good reason to be satisfied with the posture of affairs, and certainly to be thankful to Divine Providence.

We perceive that it is affirmed by some of the Peace party, that the war is not popular either in France or England. We have no objection to accept this as true, but our inference will be very different from that of the parties in question. In the present state of public opinion, of religious enlightenment, of social advancement, of industrial enterprise, and of political justice, we doubt whether, in the vulgar sense of the expression, any war could be popular. We do not live in the Middle Ages; our intellectual and social state is not that of the Russian serfdom; we have not been educated in the camp; our aspirations have not been directed to visions of conquest; and we have long ceased to risk the national happiness by enslaving our neighbours. But what then? Are there not such things as a conscious sense of duty? as social obligations to other nations? as political forethought and prudence? and as courage to anticipate future evils by present sacrifices? It is perfectly true that the war is not popular as a gewgaw and show, as a revel

and a pastime; but it is not true that its necessity and obligation are not felt and acknowledged by the most thoughtful and even religious people of the country. Indeed, this unpopularity of war, *per se*, in connexion with the deliberate resolve of the nation to maintain its present hostile attitude, is the best assurance we can have at once of the purity and the urgency of our motives. Only a sense of duty and necessity could make this war possible on the part of England.

Had not the Russian aggression outraged the living, immutable, and eternal laws of Providence so manifestly developed in man, in society, and in nature,—now, we trust, apprehended by Englishmen in a much higher degree than in the past periods of our history,—had it not been for this assault on the only principles on which society can possibly rest, it would have been impossible for any Ministry to drag this country into war. It was not merely a breach of treaties, and an outrage on the Turk, that the people of this country saw in the attitude assumed by Russia, but a much more imperative motive to resistance; namely, the violation of all the laws on which society, religion, and freedom must repose, if found at all on earth. No doubt there was much more *popularity* in a war, in the times of chivalry, brought about by a quarrel of true gallant Knights about a fair lady,—or in a Crusade, got up by monks and Priests, to massacre some horde of harmless heretics,—than is now manifested in this country. But when the consciences and convictions of an enlightened people are enlisted on the side of a contest such as is now going on, then we have, as much as is possible in such a case, a war of principle, and, we may add, of policy, in the largest and best sense of the term.

This is the character of the present struggle. It is not on our side a war of passion, and therefore it may not be fantastically popular; but, if we mistake not the temper of our countrymen, it is even much more than this; it is the war of their convictions, their moral sense, and their will. And they are right in placing the contest and their own obligations on this solid foundation. The war, being thus evidently a war of principle, has, as we believe, engaged the national mind, and elicited a fixed and resolute purpose to persevere, till safe and equitable terms of peace can be obtained. What are the principles at issue? As we have seen above, all the laws of morality, of justice, of religion, are involved. But, besides this, the social progress of the human race, the freedom of nations, the political rights of society, and the hopes and prospects of civilization, are equally at stake. For many years the whole business of Russia has been to weave a web to enslave all nations.

The whole of the East has long been entangled in her meshes, and the fall of Turkey would give her the absolute command of every country as far as the Indies. The possession of Poland,

the Ukraine, and Bessarabia, has enabled her to paralyse Germany. Her possession of Finland, and ascendancy in the Baltic, have placed Sweden, Denmark, and Norway at her feet. The possession of Constantinople would give her the command of the Mediterranean; and then, with Germany as her vassal, supplying her with men and munitions, as Poland does now, what would the liberties of the West of Europe be worth? Certainly not fifty years' purchase. The war, then, is not a war of ambition on our side, but of national freedom, and, indeed, of existence; the thunder-bolt being only some few years off, instead of being at our door; the battle being fought in the Euxine and Baltic, instead of the Channel; on the soil of the Crimea, instead of on the fields of France, and, in the end, in the territory of England. This, it may be thought, is a chimerical view of the case. We believe not. The success of the present enterprise of Russia would infallibly give her the absolute command of the German States; and can it be believed that, in the end, they would not be made to promote the views and assist in the aggressions of Russia? At present the German nations know perfectly well that the Western Powers are fighting their battle much more than their own; and yet, either from venality or fear, they refuse to take part in the liberation of themselves from thraldom, and to assume the rank and attitude of free and independent nations. This is not our surmise; it is the fair deduction of reason and common-sense, on their own confession. They have acknowledged that the Western States were morally in the right, and Russia in the wrong: many public acts, in the form of protocols and negotiations, have ratified the admission.

The matter then comes to this,—the whole of Germany is even now entirely Russianized, and the success of the Czar in the East would enable him to exact the military co-operation of Germany in subjugating France and England. In case we finally succeed in the East, this catastrophe will be averted, at any rate, for many years; but in the posture of things prior to the war, we believe the subjection of Germany to Russian influence imperilled the liberties of Europe. Whether, in the interval gained by the successes of the Allies,—supposing them to succeed,—the German States shall recover their ancient spirit, and assume the rank and rights of independent nations, or whether they will sink lower and lower in corruption and cowardice, time must determine; but history tells us in innumerable instances, that nations, once on the descending scale, hardly ever stop till they reach the level below.

In the following extract, Mr. Danby Seymour throws some light on the social degradation of the German people; and this picture, it may be recollected, was fully borne out by Lord John Russell on his return from his notable mission to Vienna. Mr. Seymour says:—

"The supineness and indecision of the European powers, for the last thirty years, have enabled Russia to take up an insolent position towards Europe; and the fears of our own imagination have contributed to swell the *prestige* of the Colossus of the North, and to render his intrigues successful. Our statesmen are now fully convinced of the gravity of our position, and the extent of Russian intrigue both in Asia and in Germany. I had myself personal experience of it in the latter country. In returning from India in March, 1854, I spent a day at the little German State of —— —— to visit a German friend, well versed in the secret politics of his country. He told me how ashamed he was of his countrymen, who were false to their true interests, and cowered beneath the power of Russia. In the morning, when he came to breakfast with me at my hotel, an officer took him aside to speak to him. When my friend returned to me, he said, 'You would not believe, yesterday, the degree of influence which Russia exercises in Germany; you have here a proof of it. That officer who took me aside, commands the —— troops, and he called me aside to show me a diamond ring, and an autograph letter from the Emperor of Russia, flattering him, and conferring upon him an Order. That man is henceforward the devoted servant of Russia.' My friend, who is himself a distinguished *littérateur*, assured me that there were nearly two thousand literary persons in Germany who openly received their quarterly pensions at the Russian Embassies to uphold Russian interests. He even authorized me to authenticate the statement by the use of his name, which, nevertheless, I refrain from doing."

We have thus incidentally referred to the general aspect of affairs on the line of the Russian Empire, to show that, though at present the *locale* of the war is in the East, it has a general bearing on the state of all nations.

It is, in truth, the renewal of the old struggle between the East and the West,—the nomade tribes of the steppes, and the more diversified nations of Europe,—an assault of barbariam under one powerful leader, a modern Tamerlane, upon the more civilized and wealthy portions of mankind. History tells us, that, in all ages, the people inhabiting the level country, the arid plains, the boundless steppes of the East, have been in a state of semi-barbariam and entire slavery, the willing followers of ambitious chiefs. In the present state of man, it is found that mountain fastnesses are essential to the assertion and maintenance of liberty; and that wherever these asylums of the oppressed are found, freedom, often wild and ferocious, nestles there, like the eagle amongst the rocks. Hence the causes leading to the present war are not accidental, but chronic; not the fruit of the passions of Nicholas, except as the instruments of bringing matters to a crisis,—but from the conditions of the world; not something like the falling of an avalanche, producing a limited and momentary desolation, but like the everlasting flow of the ocean in one direction. This law of nature, as we may in some sort consider it, has not been wholly mischievous. The

decrepitude of the Roman Empire embraced the decay of the people, as well as the disorder of the Government. By the customary causes of such catastrophes, the noble Roman blood had worn itself out, and the descendants of her heroes, her sages, her philosophers, her poets, and her citizens, had degenerated into a herd of poltroons and debauchees. Depraved in mind, enfeebled in body, debased in morals, incapable of government, tyrants and slaves, butchers on the one side, beasts for slaughter on the other,—the world had become a pandemonium, and the human race a family of fiends. The Scythian blood infused new life into the decaying mass, and the new Europe, which opened into life on the ashes of the old Roman world, was the fruit of the invasion of the tribes of the steppes. We hope this process of renewal is not necessary in the present day, but this struggle will solve this question. We shall not win the battle unless we deserve to win; we shall not put on the shackles, prepared by the same races for us, unless we deserve to be enslaved. By the ordination of Providence, this design of the cunning savage to enslave mankind comes too late. Had there been a Nicholas, with the present Empire in the fulness of its strength, the million of hardy soldiers found in arms at the beginning of this war, with the command of the Black Sea and the Baltic by numerous fleets and impregnable fortresses;—had this state of things existed before the French Revolution, then the attempt would have succeeded, and Europe would again have received the law from her old masters. And had the then state of things remained, it would have been both a necessity and a boon. But the Revolution answered the prime purpose; it swept away the worn out races, as well as the worn out institutions of France; and though not to the same degree, it has gradually done the same for other countries. But though destructive as a tornado, this great event also gave life to the dead. The Russian armies have not now to meet the debased and enfeebled French people of Louis the Fifteenth's time, led on by debauched Princes and degraded *noblesse*, but the children of revivified France, conscious of manhood, thirsting for glory, enduring and brave, and commanded by men sprung from their own ranks. This makes all the difference in the world in regard to our ally; and though we have not passed through the same ordeal, and our energies have only in part been awakened by the events of the Continent, yet that they have been awakened, the history of this campaign clearly indicates. We have had, and still have, much discussion as to the principle of the war; it is denounced as founded in bad policy, and the question is again and again asked, "What are we at war about?" with taunts about the impossibility of regenerating Turkey, its incurable degeneracy, and the folly of attempting to prop it up in its downward course. If we understand the question,

the war has a much deeper meaning than is indicated by its Turkish bearing. Its significance reaches to the destinies of Europe and the world. The struggle is between despotism and liberty, civilization and barbarism, the domination of the North and East over the West, the usurped authority of the Autocrat of Russia over the nations, and the enforced creed of the Muscovite Church upon the free Churches of Christendom. This is the stake at issue, and nothing less than this is the true principle involved in the contest. Gifted men are sometimes imbued with the prophetic spirit. Under the impulse of one of these inspirations, Canning predicted that the next war in Europe would be a war of principle. Whether he understood his own prophecy, we are unable to say: he probably referred to scenes on the Continent nearer home. But the vaticination has come to pass; this is the first great war which has occurred since Canning's time, and it is pre-eminently a war of principle.

No statesman of any country could doubt that the time must come for this great contest; every thing portended this event; the forbearance of the world alone deferred it. The gigantic nature of Russian armaments gave sufficient warning; a great Empire turned into a camp sent forth no uncertain sound to the world; the cultivation of the military spirit, and the making the service of war the normal state of the population, told the same story; and the decision of Russia that all honour should spring from the sword, to the exclusion of every thing else, completed the *dénoûment* of her unalterable purpose. All this was well enough known, and the world must have been blind not to foresee the coming storm. It has come, but only begun. The other nations of Europe must be involved. The question on this point is only a question of time and circumstances. They cannot escape. We know not the side they may take, but they will be obliged by events to take one or the other. In case the German and other powers see that the Western nations are in earnest, that they intend to do their work effectually, perhaps from self-interest, if from no higher consideration, they may awake from their lethargy to share the benefits of security, if they ignominiously refuse to do their part to win the victory. This latter remark supposes that the victory will be with the Allies; and this idea naturally leads us to the consideration of the present aspects of the war. Has the war been "disastrous?" Let us examine the question. In so doing, it may be as well, for the sake of clearness, to follow the order of events, and to mark the issue.

1. The Crimea was invaded in order to take Sebastopol and the Russian fleet. Some of the events connected with the siege of this place are sufficiently distressing, but can hardly be pronounced "disastrous." The calamities and losses of last winter sprang from this undertaking; the trench work entailed upon

our army originated in the same cause; the losses and sufferings of our men from over work, and the want of suitable shelter and food, arose also out of the siege. But these events are rather attributable to the defective state of our departments, the want of a military organization, and a lifeless routine at home, than to any thing belonging properly to military operations on the spot. After gaining three pitched battles,—the Alma, Inkermann, and the Tchernaya,—the Allies were completely successful in the object of the campaign. And to be able to maintain their ground for so long a period, on the enemy's territory, and in the presence of the utmost force they were able to bring into the field, was no despicable achievement. The enemy was on his own soil; we were three thousand miles from our own shores: his munitions were at hand in exhaustless profusion, with the means of multiplication; ours had all to be transported from France and England: the southern provinces of the Empire were rich in such things as are essential to an army,—corn, fodder, cattle, and provisions of every kind; whilst our Commissariat had to forage the impoverished valleys of the Turkish Empire, or to draw supplies from home: the armies of the Czar were trained soldiers, accustomed to the bivouac, hardships, military movements, variety of climate, subordination to discipline, and all the changes incident to active service; our soldiers were chiefly taken from this country, had never seen an enemy or been under fire, were unaccustomed to camp life, to an Eastern climate, or to the sufferings of active war; and the great majority of our officers, through the circumstance of a forty years' peace, were as little acquainted with actual war as their men. The French had the advantage of us in respect to some of these conditions, from the fact that many both of officers and men had seen war in Algeria; but we believe, the great body of the troops had never seen service beyond their own country. Now, for the Allies to have been able, in these circumstances, to keep the field against the whole available force of Russia, on its own territory, and before a fortress so enormously supplied with all the *matériel* of war, and to which their whole army had free access, argues no mean amount of success, or of generalship to insure it. To have gained so firm a footing in an enemy's country, to have made their position safe, to have been able to resist the utmost efforts of the enemy to dislodge them and raise the siege, is more than an advantage, it is a virtual conquest.

We cannot trace the progress of the siege itself. This event is too complicated and important for a partial survey. The siege of Sebastopol is itself a history, and we believe will be found hereafter to form an epoch from whence the destinies of the world will assume new aspects. Every thing united to make this event one of the great turning-points of history. It is unexampled in the annals of the world. The amount of science,

of engineering skill, of genius in mechanical art, as well as fortitude and bravery, on both sides, must constitute subjects of investigation, of narrative, of poetry, in all time to come: for Sebastopol will have its Iliad as well as Troy. It is but justice to say, that the Russians played their part as well as the Allies; they did every thing which men could do for the glory of their arms, the honour of their country, and the discharge of their duty to their master. The defences, extemporized by them, thrown np on the instant, and in the presence of the French and English armies, and which presented so long and so formidable a barrier against the besiegers, have no parallel in history, and indicate that some marvellous creative genius was present. This genius appeared, as we are told, in a young Lieutenant of Engineers, Todtleben, who, when all the old and long tried officers despaired of the defence of the place, presented a plan to Prince Menschikoff, with the promise to carry it into effect if suitably supported: this was agreed to by the Commander-in-Chief, and the defence of Sebastopol sprang out of this burst of genius in an obscure and unknown subordinate. This man deserved the promotion he obtained; and is destined, no doubt, if life should be spared, to figure in history as the Suwarrow of a new period,—the period of science, of engineering, and of artillery, in the place of the barbaric bravery of the old warrior, who, in his day, gained for Russia so many battles, towns, and provinces. There is something almost startling in this event, as if Providence had given to Russia, now that her territory is assailed, a genius peculiarly fitted for defensive, as the old genius was particularly fitted for aggressive, war. But we have here something to learn as well as to admire. Had this young Lieutenant been found in the British army, his mind might have flashed out in an equal blaze; but it would have been all in vain; transmitted to the old heads, to the departments, to routine, his light would have been put under a bushel; he would have had to trail his conceptions at the heels of dog-trot mediocrity; he would have been amalgamated in the mass of the common-place of our system; and, as to promotion, he might possibly, with the assistance of purchase, in case he could get friends to help him,—for genius is never rich,—at the end of a quarter of a century, find himself a Lieutenant-Colonel. Such is the manner in which we do things, and such is the way Russia does them. But it is useless to repine: if but one of the many men of genius in the British army could have acted, when it appeared before the city, the Russian Argus would have had no scope; for it would have been taken at once. Considered as a combined operation by armies of several nations and under several chiefs, the events of the siege will appear much otherwise than if examined as to the different parts assigned to each. The amount of service performed by our troops was less than that of the French, only because our numbers

were less. We occupy a less conspicuous figure in the picture than our noble Allies, just because we were less in bulk, not because we were deficient in bravery. As there was never any schism in the two services, so neither disgraced the other; as there was but one spirit, so there was but one action; as we fought for but one cause, so, though there were two armies, there was but one phalanx. Had we performed our part as disgracefully as some of our home critics represent, how is it that this cowardice created no confusion, and in the day of trial the ranks and operations of our Allies were not thrown into disorder?

The French were fortunate in finding in Marshal Pelissier so skilful and brave a chief; but it was not any difference between our Generals and this eminent officer which created the disparagement of our position, contrasted with theirs, but the very intelligible circumstance that they possessed threefold our number of men. In the nature of things, our Allies must take the lead; all the chief glory of events must fall to their share: our limited force appears but as a contingent, an auxiliary to the French army; and we must be content, till we take an equal share in the war, to have ourselves described as an inferior military power. The true question lies further back, namely, whether we ought to have undertaken a military alliance with any nation, except on equal terms; these terms themselves involving an exact numerical equality on each side. This might have suited the pride and pedantry of a small minority of the nation, but would have ill agreed with the practical good sense of the vast majority. And why should not the success of the army be considered our success? Why should not the honour won by the arms of France be felt as ours? For if the brunt of the battle fell to the lot of the French in taking Sebastopol, the brunt of battle fell on us at Inkermann, and the two events are links in the same chain, causes leading to the same issue.

Our failure at the Great Redan, at the day of the assault, brought the chagrin of this portion of the British public to the culminating point of indignation. Incapacity has been attributed to the Commander-in-Chief, to the General of Division in command, to the officers leading the assault, and cowardice, insubordination, and disorder to our soldiers. This sweeping condemnation is cruel in the extreme. Is it merited? If so, it is a solecism in the Crimean campaign. Our army has deserved better of their countrymen; and it is the extreme of barbarity in men, who sit quietly at home, enjoying the pleasures and luxuries of peace, and who inherit all the fruits of war without sharing in its privations and dangers, to cavil at every reverse in the dreadful game. But was this a failure in the sense intended? We believe not. Of course we are not in possession of the reason and plans of the attack: our observations are necessarily limited to conjecture and inference; and, following these guides,

we are led to the conclusion, that all the benefit that could be gained by such a movement was really obtained.

From the first, it is now well known, Sir John Burgoyne declared that the Malakhoff was the key of Sebastopol, and, consequently, to get possession of these central works was to gain possession of the place itself. It follows that all other operations must be in subordination to this, and only intended to assist in its capture or its retention. The arrangements for the assault provided that the English should attack the Redan when the French flag floated on the Malakhoff, and not till then. The assault of the Great Redan by the English, and the Little Redan and other works by the French, were meant, as we see, to proceed subordinately to the main object, the seizure of the key of the place. But why, it may be asked, assault these Redans at all, if the Malakhoff was the central fortress, and held all the rest, as links in the chain of works for the defence of the place? Why, when this was gained, hazard any thing to gain the rest? For the simple reason that after capture it had to be retained. Let us recollect that the garrison of Sebastopol was not a garrison in the usual sense of the term, but an army of great force with its communications open with the northern forts, the troops on the Mackenzie heights, and the whole strength of the enemy.

When the Malakhoff was taken, a great battle was imminent, and instantly commenced, the prize of the contest being the Malakhoff, now possessed by the French: this battle raged with intense fury for two or three hours, the Russians assaulting the French, in their newly acquired position, with the utmost bravery. Column after column pressed to the attack with frantic determination, the safety of Sebastopol and the glory of Russia hanging on the success of this fierce and bloody contest. It is in these conditions of the eventful day we may discover the reasons for the assault on the Redan, after the Malakhoff was won. These assaults were so many parts of a great battle then raging; and their value turned upon the diversion, created in favour of the French occupation of the Malakhoff. We are not exactly informed as to the numbers drawn off from the attack for the recovery of the Malakhoff, but we incline to think that at least half the entire Russian army was so engaged. Would the French have been able to resist the Russians, had the assaulting force been double what it was? We have no hesitation in saying we believe this would have been impossible. Then the real importance of the assault on the Redan is found in the fact that this diversion, leading to the division of the Russian force, enabled our brave Allies to secure the Malakhoff; and this being the primary object, it follows that our exertions, and those of the French in the Little Redan, though they did not succeed in obtaining possession of those works, perfectly succeeded in their main design,

and, as parts of an entire plan of attack, contributed their share to the glorious result.

We are fully convinced that, without the operations against these Redans, the Malakhoff would not have been retained, and, consequently, at this day Sebastopol would not have been ours. It was the good fortune of the French to possess themselves of the great fortress, and well they deserved this honour; but the subordinate operations were equally necessary, and without them the higher object could not have been realized.

The Redan was not taken, but the Malakhoff was secured. Our brave men fought against time in this fearful struggle; and they conquered. For, although the fortress remained with the enemy, the end was gained, the key of Sebastopol continued in the hands of the French, and in the night the city was fired, and then abandoned.

The fall of Sebastopol was the crowning glory of these joint operations, and it is a gratuitous assumption to suppose that the British army had little to do with the victory. In the two hours in which we engaged and drew off a large portion of the Russian troops, the French obtained the time necessary to make good their footing in the Malakhoff, so that, in reality, the long contest, maintained by our brave men, led to the ultimate triumph.

It is, indeed, impossible to know, with absolute certainty, whether our Allies would have been able to maintain their ground without the aid of this diversion; but we do know that it essentially contributed to that result.

The fall of Sebastopol was, in its consequences, in a military point of view, equal to several victories in the open field. In the horrible art of war, it is the rule to estimate the value of victories by the destruction of human life, by the number of guns and other *matériel* of war captured, and by their bearing on the general prospects of the war. According to these rules, the fall of the city will be found an advantage of inestimable price. We know not the exact number of men lost in the siege and assault; for the Russian Government keep all such things secret; but we cannot be very wrong in our calculation, if we reckon them as a great army, and not much less than one hundred thousand men. If, indeed, their losses in the three great battles be included,—and they all took place for the safety of the place,—then we imagine the number assigned will fall much below the reality. This is, in itself, a fearful loss, and it must be recollected that the troops which fought these battles and defended Sebastopol were the veterans, the tried soldiers, the soul and sinew of the Empire. Russia may suffer less from the loss of human life than smaller States, but even in her case the diminution must, in the end, be severely felt, and especially in the death of the *élite* of her soldiers. It was generally understood

at the commencement of hostilities, that she had a million of men in arms; and it is affirmed, apparently on good and reasonable *data*, that she has lost four hundred thousand of this number. True, conscription after conscription has been resorted to, to fill up these gaps; but soldiers are not made such by the mandate of the Czar; discipline, drill, and the habits of camp life, are essential to form the awkward serf into a fighting machine. In respect of men, of human muscle and sinew, we imagine the campaign must have lessened the military force and means of the enemy to the amount of one third.

The capture of guns is deemed an important trophy in these contests; and when a hundred pieces of artillery are gained from an enemy, the victory is rightly considered a complete discomfiture. And yet we are told that four thousand of every size fell into the hands of the Allies. These advantages must be considered as equal to many victories in the field. But with the loss of their guns, the enemy lost a corresponding quantity of powder, shot, shell, and fire-arms of every description. And this is not all. Sebastopol was the arsenal of the East: it was creative; the central depôt where all the *matériel* for the armaments of the Czar was either prepared or kept in store; so that the loss of this place is the loss of the means of supplying the army with these necessary instruments of his power. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this conquest to the Allies, or the damage done to the enemy. But even this is not all. Had our fleet met the Russian squadron at sea, and sunk or captured the whole, this would have put the nation into an ecstasy of triumph. Where is the difference between the enemy setting fire to their own ships and sinking them, and our doing it? True to the principle of allowing nothing to fall into the hands of the enemy, they destroyed their own fleet; but the disaster to themselves is equal to capture, though less glorious to us. Thus the discomfiture at Sebastopol is complete.

The value of Sebastopol to Russia in her schemes of conquest in the East cannot be over-estimated. It was essential for a safe and commodious harbour for her fleet, and equally so as a place of arms for her troops. It gave her the means of domination in the Black Sea; it was a constant menace against Constantinople; it furnished the means of keeping Circassia in constant alarm; it constituted the centre of her power against the Turkish provinces in Asia Minor; it was the key to Persia; and gave her the power of aggression against all the neighbouring nations. The capture of Sebastopol includes the loss of all this, and, in a political point of view, we cannot conceive an event of greater importance.

The spell is broken! the illusion of universal dominion is dissipated! this one stroke has snapped the chain which had

been forged in the dark for the past eighty years, by which the nations of the earth were to be riveted to the despotism of the North. The event is of universal interest.

Turkey is now released from her danger, and is at liberty to pursue those plans of reform and renovation which she had so auspiciously begun. The long-oppressed Circassian tribes will have a respite from the cruel visits of the Russian fleet, and the murderous *forays* of the Muscovite soldiery; Georgia will have the opportunity of asserting her long-lost independence; Persia will have a breathing-time for improvement given her; and all Europe will be relieved of the nightmare which rested on her counsels from the fear of Russian preponderance. The fall of Sebastopol is the death-knell of Russian power in the East.

2. The second phase in the history of the campaign and the progress of events is seen in the expedition to Kertch, and the operations in the Sea of Azoff. When the Russians first possessed themselves of the Crimea, Kertch was their principal advanced station; and it was from this place that the Austrian Ambassador predicted the expedition would sail for the conquest of Constantinople, before, as he said, the rest of Europe could know that it had sailed! This event did not take place; and the harbour of Sebastopol presented so many advantages over Kertch, that the Empress Catherine at once began the task of construction. It may be said to have been in progress from that time till taken by the Allies. But it was intended as a naval and military depôt alone; commerce was excluded, as the visits of merchantmen would reveal the mysteries of the place. And it must be confessed that the darkness hanging over Sebastopol was one of the marvels of the age. In this day of universal travel, survey, and exploration, no one knew any thing of Sebastopol. One Englishman,—Mr. Oliphant,—indeed, entered the place in the disguise of a peasant, clad in the dress of the country, purposely, as he tells us, covered with dust, and accompanied by a German cicerone, and, passing the barriers in a droschky, got safely housed in the dwelling of a Greek friend of the German. But, from this gentleman's own showing, he was so frightened that he hardly dared to stir from his quarters, or to be seen peering about the place, and in two or three days he was glad to make his escape. He saw nothing, consequently, of the strength and fortifications of the place; and it is curious to conjecture what he would have been done with in case he had been discovered. Kertch is important from its position. In connexion with Yenikale it commands the heights running from the Euxine into the Sea of Azoff. In a military point of view the Sea of Azoff was of great value to Russia, inasmuch as by its waters the army of the Crimea drew much of its supplies. At the mouth of the Don, which empties itself in the Sea of Azoff, were found vast storehouses for grain, and warehouses for

other produce. From these places provisions were shipped for the Putrid Sea, and passed thence, over a bridge of boats, for the supply of the Russian troops. It is believed that by this easy transit, as long as it was open, their chief supplies were obtained. But, besides grain brought from the country of the Don, the shores of the sea were studded with fishing villages and vast establishments for the cure of fish, this food, also, being forwarded to the Crimea for the support of the army.

When Kertch and Yenikale were taken, it was with a view to obtain access to the Sea of Azoff, into which sea a British armed vessel had, we presume, never entered from the beginning of time. The experiment proved eminently successful: the sea was scoured from end to end: Taganrog and other towns were bombarded, and vast amounts of corn and other produce were destroyed: the fishing establishments on the shores were burnt, and their boats captured, whilst, we presume, every vessel afloat fell into the hands of the allied squadron. This event was a severe blow to the enemy, though it must be confessed that the results have not answered public expectation; the Russians have clearly secured to themselves the means of supply by some other route, yet, we may be certain, at an infinitely greater cost of labour and of money. We are not certainly informed as to whether the ice in winter is sufficiently strong to allow the passage of heavily laden carriages; if so, the enemy will be able to resume this route for a few months; but, at present, the Sea of Azoff, as well as the command of its entrance, are completely lost to Russia. Another important result of this expedition is seen in the loss of Anapa to Russia. This was the last of the fortresses left to the enemy on the eastern coast of Circassia.

As the position of Circassia is now becoming a prominent question, and must become much more so, it may be proper, in this place, to say a few words on these celebrated mountains. It will be seen that these mountain ranges begin near the valley of the Kuban, which river empties itself into the Black Sea, near the Straits of Kertch; so that Anapa commanded the Kuban, and began that chain of iron by which Russia, for so many years, attempted to coerce the Circassians, and reduce them to her authority. Messrs. Bell and Longworthy, the former of whom spent three years in the country, give a most graphic description of these mountaineers, their domestic habits, social usages, personal characteristics, and the nature of their institutions. Then Circassia was, as we presume it still is, purely patriarchal; that is, the tribes were under the guidance of their own chiefs, and all operations in war, against the Russians, have been accomplished by the voluntary co-operation of these tribes, brought together on urgent occasions, to resist the aggression of their powerful enemy. One common sentiment of love for their mountain

homes, their freedom, and their manhood and rights, together with an intense hatred of the Muscovite, glows in every heart. With the exception of those found in the valley of the Kuban, they have been proof against all attempts of the Russians to corrupt them. For half a century Russian gold has been presented to their cupidity, but all in vain; intrigue, coaxing, promises of honours and rank, the prospect of every possible advantage in connexion with the great Empire and the omnipotent Czar, have been successively employed, but to no purpose; the benefits of teaching and commerce were alike held out; and, as they are dependent on foreign supplies for every thing, except the productions of their mountain glens, and especially for that essential of life amongst all people, salt, this would be no slight temptation; and yet it has been manfully resisted: then threats of vengeance, of extermination, and absolute and universal ruin, have been thundered forth against them, all of which they have dared and despised. It is a singular phenomenon that, whilst all Europe, ourselves amongst the rest, was trembling to Russia, cringing, conceding, winking at first one encroachment, then another, these simple children of nature threw defiance at the giant, and challenged him to the combat. This spectacle possesses an air of sublimity, and is a remarkable development of the finest instincts, passions, and moral qualities of human nature in its simplicity. These mountaineers have never been subdued. Neither Greek, Roman, Tartarian, nor Ottoman power could subdue them. Liberty is a living tradition, or, rather, an indestructible law, amongst them, and has descended from time immemorial as the heir-loom of every family.

Every man is a hero, trained to the use of the sabre and the rifle from childhood, and each man is prepared for combat. From the nature of the country, and the war they have had to wage against their enemies, what is called, in European phrase, "military science," "discipline," and "evolutions," have no place amongst these primitive tribes; but, for skill, and a system of strategy suited to their mountain fastnesses, nothing can equal their generalship. Their management of the horse is proverbially superior to that of any cavalier in the world; spare, muscular, wiry in their *physique*, they are said to gambol on the back of their steed like the most adroit of circus equestrians; their dash into the ranks of a Russian battalion of infantry, in the absence of cannon and grape-shot, was unhesitating; a score of these horsemen would not pause for a moment to encounter any number of mere infantry, break their ranks, sabre them right and left, and often fasten a prisoner to their saddle, and ride off with him to the rear. Their aim, whether from the pistol on horseback, or from the rifle in the thicket, was as unerring as a mathematical line, and the Russian was certain to fall. Mountaineers are always brave, hardy, and independent, but the

traditions of the world give to the Circassian race something more than the common meed of glory in these respects: and we may allow that to them belongs, in an eminent degree, the master-quality, from whence all virtues spring,—the love of liberty, and the resolution to be free.

There seems good reason for thinking that Christianity was once preached very extensively amongst them. Traditions, usages, and opinions still prevail, indicating a Christian origin, though, as they are destitute of a literature, the traces of it are but faint. At present, Mohammedanism predominates, yet not, we are told, in a very orthodox form, or with strict observance of its rites; but all authorities agree in stating, that a very high morality generally prevails. The obligations to respect truth, honesty, chastity, hospitality, and the love of country, seem to find place amongst them in a much higher degree than is usually found in more favoured lands. One of our travellers, adverting to the social condition of the people, calls attention to the subject of Christian Missions, and expresses an opinion that a very favourable field here invites the labours of the Church. No doubt a good and pure Christianity is the greatest blessing to be enjoyed by men or nations; but one cannot forget that the Lower Empire was, though Christian, effeminate, profligate, hypocritical, cruel, cowardly, the sink of all pollution, the hotbed of every vice and villany, the school of lying, and the denial of all principle, whether Pagan or Christian. Whatever these mountaineers might have been in their religion, they were, at any rate, better than their Greek neighbours, or, like them, they would have long since sunk into slavery, and, in these modern times, like them, sold themselves, the willing tools of Russian despotism.

The Caucasian mountains stretch from the Kuban to near the Caspian Sea, a distance of about seven hundred miles. Descending from the inaccessible interior are found beautiful glens and valleys, rich in soil, pasturage, and fruit-trees of various kinds. In their valleys, the Circassians plant their villages, farm-houses, and all the appurtenances of rural life. Their corn-fields, gardens, vineyards, pasture-grounds, all lie in these valleys, as the mountains, being devoid of soil, are incapable of cultivation. In times of peace, these cultivated grounds extended to the water's edge, leaving the people in tranquil possession of their romantic homes. We have reason for being thus particular. All the people of this country, who take an interest in such matters, have read, again and again, of Russian forts, about twenty in number, abandoned by order of Nicholas in the commencement of the war. These forts were erected on the sea-shore, at the entrance of the beautiful valleys above referred to, for the purpose of preventing access to the sea, and thus shutting them up in the mountains.

The *matériel* for building these military forts could only be obtained by sea; the stores necessary for the garrisons were obtained by the same means; so that, in the prospect of losing the command of the sea, the Czar withdrew the troops, and blew up the forts, boasting that, whilst the allied fleet lay idle in the Bosphorus, he had out-manœuvred his enemies, and added five thousand veterans to the garrison of Sebastopol. The business of the garrisons was, besides barring the coast against all friendly powers, to harass, pillage, murder, these children of the mountains, by fire and sword; and the fleet, as well as the guns of the fort, was often employed in throwing shot and shell into those pleasant valleys. Such, however, was the bravery of the Circassians, and such the coolness induced by the habit of self-defence, that they often left their houses standing, and cultivated their fields, almost within range of the guns of the forts. Of course this imposed upon them the necessity of perpetual watchfulness; and, if a Russian soldier strayed from the fortress, a rifle from behind a bush, or a rock, was certain to finish his career. The *forays* of the Russians in force, one of which generally took place every summer, often did the people much injury, but gave no positive advantage to the enemy; they never gained more ground in the country than their fortresses stood upon; and not one of the proud mountains of Circassia ever bowed its lofty peak to Russian despotism. The destruction of the strong fortress of Anapa by the Russians finished the work of self-immolation; and, after the murderous proximity of their enemies for so many years, this noble race obtained once more the blessings of security and peace. It almost seems as if God, in His retributive providence, compelled the butchers of these heroes to do justice on themselves. They were compelled to burn their forts and sink their ships; and whatever losses the Allies may be able to inflict on Russian pride, cruelty, and ambition, they will never do an act of greater justice upon her, than she inflicted upon herself, when she set fire to her forts, and sent her fleet to the bottom of the sea, amid the festive songs and exulting shouts of the brave mountaineers, who had so long and heroically resisted her aggressions.

This liberation of Circassia must be coupled with the expedition to the Sea of Azoff; and greatly increases the value and importance of that event. Had it been predicted, some years ago, that, in one year, the fleets of England and France would liberate Circassia, scour the Sea of Azoff, and sink, burn, and destroy every Russian vessel;—that they would, if not in battle, yet indirectly, cause the demolition of that proud fleet which had so long carried destruction to the homes of these mountaineers;—we say, had this been told us, we should have exulted in the circumstance, as foreshadowing one of the most merciful

and beneficent, if not the most glorious, campaigns, to be found in the annals of any nation. If the importance of the overthrow of Russia's power on the Circassian coast and the Sea of Azoff is estimated by the time, labour, expense, and blood it cost her to build it up, it will be difficult to form an adequate estimate of the greatness of this event. It has been affirmed, on good authority, that, in garrisoning these fortresses, and carrying on the wars in the Caucasus, no less than fifteen thousand men were sacrificed annually.

The fleet of the Czar in the Black Sea had no employment whatever, from the time of the last Turkish war in 1828–29, up to the massacre of Sinope, except in carrying troops, provisions, military stores, and assisting the garrisons in the massacre of the Circassians; and as no imposts could be laid on the people, or supplies obtained in the country, the whole expense must of necessity fall upon the public exchequer.

This drain, continuing for half a century, will give us some notion, not only of the cost of this undertaking, but also of the high value put upon the prospective conquest of the Caucasian range. And why? At first sight, it might appear that the independence of these tribes irritated the pride of Russia, and was, in itself, a sufficient ground for all her exertions. No doubt the Czar and his subjects are amongst the proudest, haughtiest, and most ambitious of mankind. No doubt but, as in the case of Mordecai, who refused to bow his head before Haman, the stubborn bravery and unbending resolution of these puny tribes, declining to put themselves under the yoke of the Autocrat of so mighty an Empire, was sufficiently irritating. But pride and policy go together with the heads of the Muscovite Dynasty, and a much deeper cause than pride may be discovered in the resolution to possess themselves of these mountains. We speak truly of Constantinople giving Russia the dominion of Europe; but the Caucasian mountains would give her the dominion of the world. Who should dislodge her from these huge and impregnable ramparts? If the comparatively unarmed mountaineers could for so long defend themselves against all the power of Russia, supposing her in possession of these mountains, who could assail her with success? This point secured, she would be impregnable in the East, and every country, to the confines of India, must fall an easy prey to her dominion. Just as this barrier has all along arrested her progress, found employment for her soldiers, exhausted her means, so its removal would give her free scope to pour forth her strength, first upon Turkey and Asia Minor, and then, in succession, upon all beyond.

This, then, is the estimate we ought to put upon the value of the Expedition to the Sea of Azoff. It finished the overthrow of the power of Russia on the coast of Circassia, and it, as a sure

result, saved that portion of the mountain region to an indomitable people against the future aggressions of their mortal enemy.

3. The siege of Kars and the enterprise of Omar Pasha are events closely connected with those above referred to. How remarkably in war, as in other affairs, one event is linked in another! The siege of Kars has stirred the dilatory Cabinet of Constantinople to activity in respect to Asia Minor. The Allies, who seem to have been unwilling to lose the services of the Turkish troops in the Crimea, could, after the fall of Sebastopol, spare them for the new enterprise. We find several English officers employed in the defence of Kars, at the head of whom is General Williams, an Indian officer, as we believe, and designated as the British Commissioner, but of the nature of his commission we are ignorant. But, be it what it may, it is evident that he took upon himself the chief direction of affairs. He found the Turkish troops in a state of complete disorganization, without discipline, without clothing, without a commissariat, and, after some half a dozen defeats by the Russians, in a state of the utmost discouragement. The Turkish Pasha who had commanded in the previous campaign, had proved a creature of feeble capacity, embezzled the stores provided for his men, and then, on the field of battle, added cowardice to imbecility, fleeing from danger, and leaving his men to shift for themselves as best they could. The altered state of the Turkish power, and its approach to civilization, are seen in the conduct of the Sultan towards this man. In former days his head would have been struck off without mercy; but the more lenient punishment of public disgrace, by stripping him of all the insignia of rank and honour, with banishment to an island, satisfied the mild rule of the present Government.

On his arrival, General Williams set himself to the task of re-organizing the army, clothing, feeding, and exercising the men; improving the old fortifications, and throwing up new works of defence; arming the population, and laying up provisions against the day of trial; and, with incredible energy, succeeded in his efforts. Colonel Lake seems to have been the active engineer engaged, and, from our accounts, we should imagine this engineering was equal, if not superior, as it was certainly more successful than that of the celebrated Todtleben in Sebastopol.

The assault on the town, in fact the battle of Kars, on the 29th of October, put all these preparations to a severe test; the Russians, advancing before day-break, assailed the works with the utmost fury, steadiness, and perseverance. The battle lasted seven hours, and was, we believe, the most obstinate and desperate which has taken place during the war. We cannot follow the contest in its details; but the manner in which the

Turko-English batteries were made to assist each other was such as to justify the opinion that a perfection of strategical and engineering skill was here attained, which has not been seen elsewhere during the war, and could not have been surpassed. It is hardly necessary to add, that the genius which contrived these means of defence, conducted the details of the battle with equal success and skill. It is clear to our unpractised observation, that a presiding intelligence watched over the fortunes of the day, which calculated every emergency, provided for every eventuality, anticipated every change, and, with the promptness of intuition, gave the right —almost, as it appears, the infallible—direction to every movement. It is, indeed, inspiring to discover at length that genius has not quite died out in our army. Confident in their leaders, the Turks displayed indomitable courage, showing that they are still the same men, when properly commanded, as in their best days of military glory. Humanity only degenerates by luxury, effeminacy, and false systems of civilization,—never in the primitive races of mankind. And it is most manifest that the decay of the Turkish power has not arisen from any deterioration of the bravery of the common soldier, but from the debasement of the Pashas and higher grades of the Empire. The Turcoman type of man has been, in all time, amongst the noblest of our race; and, with good government, and competent leaders in arts and arms, it is certain that they would again become equal to any nation. War, like all other great events, excites and moves the faculties and passions of mankind, and it soon becomes manifest whether or not a people retains its original stamina, or has sunk into decrepitude and imbecility. In this case, the Pasha commanding before General Williams, and his chief officers, turned out mere poltroons, true representatives of a class, we are fain to hope, now rapidly becoming extinct; whilst the poor men, half barbarian, and half starved, showed themselves, under different leaders, perfect heroes. In this great battle the Russians left six thousand dead in the hands of the Turks, and, of course, suffered a corresponding loss in wounded. And it is but just to pay a tribute of respect to our other countrymen who took part in this brilliant affair,—Colonel Lake, Major Teesdale, Captain Thompson, Mr. Churchill,—as well as the Hungarian and other refugee officers in the Turkish service. This affair shows the importance of talent, as well as rank, in the command of armies. Indeed, nothing is so fatal as mediocrity at the head of a great army; for, as the army is only the body and limbs of this head, if the head is brainless, all must be confusion and mistake.*

* Since the above sentences were written, the disastrous intelligence of the fall of Kars has arrived. This miserable event entirely frustrates the design of Omar Pasha's expedition, and may seriously jeopardise his small and unsupported army: it is an offset to the Russians against the reverses of the year, and, moreover, involves an

The expedition of Omar Pasha sprang from this investment of Kars. It brings the war on a new theatre, and opens up a scene which must prove of deep interest and importance. The object of the expedition is obviously a diversion for the relief of Kars. It was too late in the season, and the difficulties of a direct march from Erzeroum to the field of operations in Armenia were too great, to be undertaken with any prospect of success. Hence the enemy's own territory has been invaded, to draw him off from Kars. The point of invasion, at present, lies in Mingrelia, but the ultimate object of the expedition is obviously an attack on Georgia. This is by far the most important and valuable province in the Russian Trans-Caucasian possessions. This fine kingdom was acquired in the truly Russian style of protection first, then cajolery, corruption, and total demoralization of the Princes, by pitting them one against another in deadly feud, and then, as the consummation of the process, annexation to the Empire. Georgia, Mingrelia, a part of Armenia, together with a large portion of territory wrested from Persia, with other smaller additions, constitute the trans-Caucasian territories of the Czar, and, in extent, agricultural and other capabilities, are equal to a great kingdom. This territory carries Russia to the Caspian Sea, and plants her power within a few marches of the capital of Persia. The Czar wrested the Caspian entirely out of the hands of this latter power, and occupies its waters by a considerable naval force. By these advances, Persia is placed within his grasp, and only awaits a favourable opportunity to be protected first, and then to be added to the Empire. But the possession of this ancient kingdom would carry Russia to the Affghanistan mountains, and it would only be necessary to gain over these tribes to secure a highway into our Indian possessions. It is well known that the Affghanistan war, with the disasters and glories of Cabul, were occasioned by Russian intrigue, anxious, it seems, to get a footing beforehand amongst the hardy and warlike tribes of this rugged mountain region.

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important territorial acquisition, inasmuch as it extends the basis of operations against Asiatic Turkey, and points towards a third route to Constantinople, in defiance of our occupation of the Euxine. The fall of Kars has been attributed to its right source. The victorious repulse of the Russian storming columns had lulled into inaction all efforts that might have been making for its relief, and the place was considered safe for the winter. For this we have nothing to blame but the incapacity which has throughout characterised the strategy of the war. Such a success ought never to have been permitted to the Russians. Nothing involving foresight and calculation ought to have been left to the Turks. It is unendurable that the two hundred thousand men who have been for two months exchanging long shots with the Russians across the harbour of Sebastopol, and the vast fleet that lies about the Euxine, should have been allowed to watch the struggle for life against sword and famine, enacted at a point so nearly within their reach. The loss of Kars, great in itself, is made greater by the disgrace which it entails upon the counsels of the Allies, by its compromising the moral effect of the victory of Sebastopol, and, possibly, by its involving the destruction of the last remaining army of Turkey.

But in these provinces, as on the shores of the Black Sea, the projects of Russia have been antagonized and partly thwarted by the Circassians. We have already stated that the Caucasian mountains extend for the distance of about seven hundred miles from the Kuban to the Caspian Sea; a considerable portion of this range forms the eastern shores of the Black Sea, and then, leaving the sea, they stretch inland till they reach their termination near the Caspian. If, instead of perplexing us with the unintelligible names of tribes and districts, geographers and travellers would distinguish the whole range by some designation like "the Black Sea Caucasus," and "the Georgian Caucasus," our conceptions would be much more clear and accurate. The latter portion, then, we shall venture to call "the Georgian Caucasus," which, though geographically included in the territorial claims of the Czar, has never been ceded, and never subdued.

In the Georgian Caucasus the celebrated Schamyl resides; and, either by defensive or aggressive war, this great Chief has found employment for the Russian armies for many years. His exploits, as far as they have been made known, are perfectly marvellous, and seem rather to belong to romance than to sober reality. By a strange coincidence, just as the Black Sea Caucasus stood as the barrier to the designs of Russia upon Constantinople and the Ottoman Empire, so the Georgian Caucasus stood as a barrier to the designs of Russia on Persia and our Indian Empire. The treasure and life which have been consumed in fruitless hostility against these bold mountaineers, would have sufficed for the conquest of Persia ten times over. The Russians have been chained to these mountains as by the decree of Fate. They have dashed themselves against these rocks, as the waves of the ocean against an iron coast; their power has been shattered, year after year, in abortive attempts to scale these heights and subdue these heroes; and the consequence, undoubtedly, has been the arrest of the giant strides of Russia in her career of conquest in the East.

These mountains abut upon Georgia, upon one side, to the whole of its extent; and though they have been assailed, again and again, the Russians have only been able to obtain partial advantages at different points, and, in the end, have always been defeated and driven headlong back again into the plains below. On the other hand, the Circassians constantly harass the enemy, carry off their cattle, and sometimes women and children, as spoil, to their fastnesses above. No longer ago than the summer of 1854, Schamyl, in one of his descents from the mountains, threatened Tiflis, the capital of the province, and obliged the Russians to abandon an expedition into Armenia, probably to lay siege to Kars, which must, had they done so at that time, have fallen an easy prey into their hands. Now that

the Russians have lost the command of the sea, their only means of access to these provinces, except by roads at the extremity of the mountains, near the Caspian, is by the remarkable pass of Dariel. Nature has provided, by the connexion of the steppes with Georgia, a chasm in the huge mountains, which has been converted into a military road, and guarded, at short distances, by pickets of soldiers, and, in some places, by artillery. To possess themselves of this pass has been a prodigious advantage, and could never have happened but by the divisions, feuds, and contentions of the mountain tribes: united, they would have been able to keep out their enemy, but, in an evil hour, the latter possessed themselves of this key to the country beyond, though not of the mountains.

It is said to be the purpose of Omar Pasha to unite his forces with the mountaineers, and his operations seem to indicate this purpose. By a masterly movement this great commander passed the Ingour on the fifth of November, with twenty thousand men: his soldiers, wading up to their arm-pits in the attempt, attacked a Russian force intrenched on the opposite bank, and, after a battle of five hours, completely defeated them, taking a number of prisoners and several guns. His object is understood to be the capture of Kutais, the capital of Mingrelia, but the ultimate object must be the invasion of Georgia, and, if possible, the possession of Tiflis. This, like all other Russian posts of value and importance, is strongly defended, and especially by a fortification of great strength perched upon a rock. The conquest of Georgia will, we fear, require more force and more artillery than are at present under the command of the Turkish General. With the assistance of the Circassians, in case a junction can be effected, this seems possible; but if this is not consummated, we apprehend that, although Omar Pasha may be able to accomplish much, he will not succeed in reducing the country, till the turn of affairs enables the Allies to assist him with a large reinforcement. We consider the reduction of these provinces to be of primary importance in the freedom of the East from the Russian yoke; and trust, eventually, that it may be accomplished, and should rejoice to see an English force employed in this service. The Georgians, as well as the Armenians, are Christians, and their respective Church organizations are of very ancient date,—the Georgian agreeing in the main with the Greek rite, and the Armenian possessing a distinctive order of its own. A conquering power, in order to obtain a permanent footing in subjugated nations, must get hold of the PRIESTS and WOMEN. How far the Russians have succeeded in the latter enterprise, we are unable to say; but we believe they have, by the means of gold and caresses, obtained great, almost boundless, influence over the Priesthood of the East. With their accustomed adroitness, the Czars have possessed them-

selves of the metropolitan Churches, both of Georgia and Armenia.

After describing Etchmiadzin, the metropolitan seat of the Armenian Patriarch, and the conversion of an ancient apartment in the old ecclesiastical establishment for the meetings of the new Synod, Captain Wilbraham makes the following statement :—

"The Catholicos, or Patriarch, nominally presides over the Synod, but a Moderator has been appointed by the Russian Government, without whose approval nothing can be done, which makes the Emperor the head of the Armenian Church, throughout the world; a power which works not the less effectually from its agency being unseen. This Moderator is himself an Armenian, but quite 'Russianized,'—a word I do not scruple to use, since, in their own language, they have one of precisely similar meaning."

Who can estimate the value of this to Russia, when it is recollected that the Patriarch is in possession of great and, in some things, boundless influence over the Armenian nation, scattered over the world, and estimated at something like fifteen millions? We believe the Armenian merchants, bankers, stock-jobbers, and money-lenders are too astute to be much influenced by any spiritual mandate from the patriarchal chair; but if the scale of profit should turn on the other side, and the thrifty Russians allow themselves to be cheated as freely as the indolent Turks, we have no doubt that one decree from the Russo-sacerdotal head of the nation, would render all the Armenians in the world, good Russians.

4. We must finish our survey of the progress of the war by a brief reference to the capture of Kinburn. This brilliant event is important by its giving the Allies command of the Dnieper and Bug, as well as placing our fleets and armies in a position to operate against Nicolaieff when the time shall come. The attack, being chiefly directed from the sea, possesses great attractions, as the floating batteries, invented by Louis Napoleon, were here for the first time in action, and proved completely successful. These formidable machines are, it seems, intended to carry artillery of the largest calibre, and are rendered impervious to the shot of those on shore by the means of plates of iron. The men working the guns are protected by casemates of the same material; so that in the action, though placed near the batteries, they hardly suffered any casualties. This invention does great credit to the genius of the Emperor, and shows that his studies in gunnery, in his imprisonment and exile, were not in vain. The great want in the present war has been some means of effectually reaching the monstrous fortifications found every where guarding the harbours and fleets of Russia. If these floating batteries should turn out to be the essential arm, the discovery must lead to great results. It is certain that the Russians had no

misgivings as to the invulnerability of their granite walls, and relied with implicit confidence on the security of Cronstadt, Sebastopol, and probably of this Kinburn. On the other hand, in our naval and national pride, we were accustomed to hear grandiloquent declamations about our fleets with the utmost certainty and ease knocking these fortifications to pieces by their broadsides. However, a little reflection might have informed us that through the last twenty years' war the harbours of Brest, Toulon, Cadiz, and many more of less strength were blockaded, and not demolished. And, to lessen our own vanity, we might have refreshed our memories with the circumstance that St. Vincent, Nelson, Collingwood, Pellew (Exmouth), and Cochrane were the commanders of these blockades. Had it been possible for wooden walls to batter down stone walls, would Nelson have left this feat of arms for his successors to accomplish? And although our ships are in strength such as that hero never commanded, with the addition of steam power, yet the matter is pretty well equalized, by the fact that the Russian fortifications are as much stronger than those referred to, as our ships at present are stronger than those employed in the last struggle. The fleet commanded by Sir Charles Napier or Admiral Dundas before Cronstadt, would not be nearly so strong against those fortifications, as the fleet of Nelson against those of Cadiz. The ridiculous conceit that our ships were to batter down these immense works, only shows that the long peace had turned our heads, filled us with ignorant pride, and prepared us for mortification.

Be this as it may, it seems that the Emperor of the French entertained no such Utopian notion, and, like a man of real and moreover, practical intelligence, set himself to the task of supplying the defect. It seems that the times for the *coups-de-main* are passed, or we should have imagined an instant assault on Cherson and Nicolaieff might possibly have been successful. Indeed, it must be confessed, Russian fortifications are hardly so to be dealt with; and on this ground, we are fain to conclude, that the Admirals and Generals of the Allies acted wisely in abstaining, especially in their comparative ignorance of the channel, from so hazardous an enterprise. We may, however, be certain of one thing, namely, that next spring Nicolaieff will be found another Sebastopol. The Russians are warned, and the winter will give them time to prepare, and by the spring of the next campaign Todtleben will have prepared some rather difficult work for the Allied commanders.

Let us not, however, undervalue the importance of the acquisition of Kinburn. This conquest brings us on the enemy's territory at another vital point. As the Russians have no fleet in the Black Sea, it cannot be of much service to the Allies seaward; but it places us in a position to operate in the country

against the fortresses mentioned above, as well as take the field when the opportunity shall arrive. We cannot always be pent up in the Crimea; and should the Russians be driven from that peninsula, they will probably concentrate their forces near Nicolaieff, in which case Kinburn will give us ingress into the country, and a base of operations suited to the occasion.

Let us sum up our advantages, and endeavour to ascertain our position in this great contest. The war found Russia fully prepared for aggression, her fortresses armed, provided with munitions, provisioned, garrisoned, and in the most perfect state. Her army of a million of men had been organized on the most approved system of modern science in the art of war: these men had also been placed in a state of most complete equipment as to arms, artillery, discipline, and order; their officers were men of first-rate attainments in their profession, and the soldiers were accustomed to their guidance, as well as to act with each other. This army had become the admiration, not to say the terror, of Europe. The notion of its invincibility seems to have possessed the mind of Nicholas and of the nation, and to have been very much acquiesced in by the world. All the nations, at one time, except the Turks, seemed to believe that the military power of Russia must in the course of things be paramount. Ever since the campaign of Moscow, and the Cossacks' march through the centre of Europe to Paris, this sentiment had been strengthened, till, in fact, it became a sort of general feeling that the northern power had no equal; and all the States of Europe, by allowing her encroachments, seeking her aid, following her councils, and, at least, tacitly encouraging her policy, appeared to do homage to this claim. At length the French Empire rose again, and with it the traditions and faith of the first; and under the rule of Louis Napoleon the illusion vanished, and the war has shown that the Russian armies are more formidable in name than in reality. The bubble has burst, and, so far as military advantage and reputation are concerned, certainly the scale has turned on the side of the Allies. This then has been gained. The world has been disabused of its false estimate of the Russian army. We imagine that military judges would allow that this army has shown itself much inferior to the army at Borodino. This has no doubt resulted from the mechanical system of discipline, so rigorously and universally enforced by the late Emperor. In making his army a mere machine, he destroyed its moral force.

The Russian soldier is as brave as ever, but, being less free, less self-relying, he is less efficient. Being trained to absolute submission, he has no will, no intellect, no heart of his own; and if, by death in the field, he is deprived of the guiding mind of his officer, he is perfectly helpless. This seems to be preeminently the case with the hordes of the desert, whom we have been so much in the habit of dreading as the future scourge of

mankind. Without civilization itself in its intellectual and moral elements, its habiliments and discipline only encumber the savage, and destroy that elasticity, nerve, and bravery, which the followers of Attila so remarkably manifested. There seems no accounting for the facts we are referring to, otherwise than on the principle, that the discipline of the army of the Czar has outstripped the moral attainments of his soldiers.

Be this as it may, the superiority of the soldiers of the Western Powers is now fully established; and this first illusion, which, for so long a period, spell-bound all Europe, is now happily dissipated, and it will be long before the world again adopts the belief of the invincibility of the Russian army.

Another advantage gained is that the two belligerent parties have changed sides. Nicholas began the contest by invading the territory of his neighbour; but now the tables are turned, and his son has to defend his own dominions. The invasion of "Holy Russia" by infidel Turks and schismatic Christians of the West, was an event far enough from the thoughts of the Czar, when he ordered his troops to cross the Pruth, seize the two provinces as "material guarantees," and haughtily refused the overtures of all the Governments of Europe, presented in almost supplicatory form. The Christian maxim, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," has in this case been prophetic; now Russian territory, not Turkish, is the battle-field. This is no light consideration. A country occupied by hostile armies, and trampled by the hoof of the invading host, is in a most pitiable state. And it is somewhat singular, that the portion of the Empire occupied by the Allied armies, is the Montpelier of Russia, the place most enriched by nature, the favourite residence of the aristocracy, and the watering-place of her gentry. The Crimea is to Russia what Torquay is to England; and the blow must be felt by the upper classes, just as the occupation of Devonshire or the Isle of Wight would be by us. But this is not all. The shores of the Sea of Azoff have been most fearfully ravaged, and the most fruitful districts of the South rendered next to useless, by our naval operations. In addition to this, the enemy has been obliged to commit greater ravages upon himself, than we have been able to effect. The drain upon the country, in grain, cattle, horses, waggons, and labourers, for the supply of the army, is as great as if the whole south of the country were in the hands of the Allies, perhaps greater; for if we occupied the country, we should pay for our supplies, whereas the Russian Government exacts them without disbursement, or only pays in promissory notes, which are just worth nothing.

Then, again, we have succeeded, directly or indirectly, in demolishing many of the fortifications of the enemy. The south side of Sebastopol, Kinburn, Eupatoria, Kertch, Yenikale, have

fallen by the exertions of the Allies; and Anapa and the twenty other forts on the Circassian coast have been destroyed and abandoned by the Russians themselves. This is a loss of power of enormous magnitude. These fortifications were the *foci* of the monster. They were all designed for aggression, and to pour destruction into the countries around. Their loss is irreparable in the present war, and gives the Allies great advantages, as compared with their position in the beginning of the contest. But the crowning advantage on our side is the destruction of the Russian fleet. As long as it remained, though little damage might be apprehended from its prowess, yet it required a large portion of our fleet to blockade the port, and prevent its escape: the self-immolation inflicted by the enemy on this object of their ambition, has left our entire navy at liberty for other purposes. The capture of Kinburn and the return to France of so large a portion of the French fleet, no doubt in anticipation of other, perhaps greater, services, are the fruits of this event.

Thus, on examining the progress of the war, we are gratified by the palpable evidence of so much ground gained, which opens to us the prospect of important results in future, and, as we hope, a speedy and successful termination of the contest. We pretend not to predict the events of the future, but, judging from the past, we think we are warranted in indulging the hope, that eventual success will, by the blessing of God, crown our efforts. The past argues well for the next campaign; and, unless some untoward event should arise, which there is no reason to anticipate, we may fairly expect something that must tell on the power of the enemy in the course of the next year.

In contemplating the final result, we are led to ask, What would satisfy the demands of justice? which can be nothing less than the security of the world against the future encroachments of Russia. As to the Four Points, they are gone into the limbo of the past, never to return; and the world has heartily to thank the Czar that, in the fulness of pride, he so haughtily rejected these meagre and useless stipulations. If we obtain nothing better than these guarantees, we must believe the war to have been a prodigious blunder, and all our blood and treasure will have been spent in vain.

Three things are clearly essential to secure the objects proposed by the war: the expulsion of Russia from the Crimea, as also from the trans-Caucasian provinces, and the command of the mouths of the Danube. The first, her expulsion from the Crimea, is absolutely necessary to the security of Turkey. Let this territory be restored, in case it is conquered, and what have we gained in behalf of our ally, the Turk? Positively nothing. Would she not rebuild Sebastopol, create another fleet, and appear in the waters of the Black Sea in as great or greater strength than ever? The

Crimea is the organ of Russia against Turkey, and it would be the height of folly to imagine Turkey safe as long as she is in possession of that peninsula. The only possible advantage that Turkey would, in this case, derive from the contest, would be the brief respite of perhaps a quarter of a century. But we may be certain that this respite would be counterbalanced by intense hatred, and a more fixed determination than ever to seize the first favourable opportunity for the accomplishment of the long cherished purpose of Russia. And then, as regards justice to England, we cannot rid ourselves of the impression that to abandon this place again to Russia, would be an act of immorality against our countrymen. Millions of money have been expended, and our best blood shed, to gain this prize, and to abandon it to the enemy would be a sin against the dead and the living. We say nothing as to how the Crimea should be disposed of; we leave the solution of that somewhat difficult question to our statesmen; but that it cannot be restored to Russia, without the commission of an act of political suicide, we are perfectly sure.

In the second case mentioned, the trans-Caucasian provinces, the reasons are similar, though their application is different. The base of Russian aggression against the Caucasian tribes, and also against Persia, Armenia, and, contingently, against our Indian Empire, is found in this territory. The Circassians can never enjoy peace, develope their mountain resources, progress in civilization, consolidate themselves into a united people, enjoy the advantages of commerce and free intercourse with the rest of the world, and, above all, their moral, religious, and intellectual elevation can never be hoped for, as long as they are exposed to the depredations of the Russian armies; those armies having Georgia for a *point d'appui*. The same is the case with the other places mentioned above. The possession of these provinces by Russia is a continual menace to the whole of Asia Minor,—indeed, of the East. That it is in the power of the Allies to expel the Muscovite hordes from this fine territory, the victory of Kars, and the operations of Omar Pasha, fully demonstrate; and, moreover, we believe it ought to be held as a paramount duty, and not desisted from till it is accomplished. That the Circassians will maintain their independence we have no doubt; but after their protracted sufferings, their heroic endeavours, their share in arresting the progress of the despoiler of nations, if there is a spark of generous feeling, an atom of justice, or the smallest degree of political wisdom in the statesmen of France and England, they will take care to secure this independence, free from the molestations of their deadly and murderous enemy. As to the third point, the removal of Russia from the mouths of the Danube, that is essential to the freedom of commerce. In fact, however, it is a matter that concerns Austria much more than the Western Powers. And judging of Austria rather by her

actions than by her professions, we have no doubt but that she would be glad enough for the Allies to lay siege to Ismail for her, and remove all obstructions, so that the benefit might be hers without the cost. Here, again, the end to be sought is so to develope the Principalities, as by them to raise a barrier against Russian aggression on that side. But this is clearly impossible, so long as Russia commands the Danube; so that, in fact, though Austria is more interested in the question than any other power, yet, by reason of its breadth and connexion with other vital matters, it becomes an European question, and can only be settled by the interposition of the Allies; possibly by arms, certainly by diplomacy.

But we await a campaign at home, not without interest and some forebodings,—the campaign of the House of Commons. Of the principle and resolution of the nation we have no doubt. Insult has been offered to the people by some of their representatives, in speaking of them as heated by passion, as governed by blind impulse, as being ignorant of the merits of the case; and it is said, moreover, that, in their fickleness, their clamours for peace would become more urgent than their demands for war. Those who make these affirmations know not the heart of England. The people understand the question and the interests at issue far more accurately than these gentlemen imagine, and by an instinct of common-sense they are led, in a remarkable manner, to correct conclusions. The Government, too, is *now*, we believe, in earnest, desirous energetically to carry the contest to a successful close, and, as we trust, is not prepared to sacrifice the fruits of victory. Certainly no man in Europe can understand the question, in all its bearings, better than Lord Palmerston; and, although suspicion had been aroused from his apparent acquiescence in the encroachments of Russia, during his long Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, we now conclude that this arose from the force of circumstances, rather than from connivance. We rejoice to see him in his present phase of character, and are willing to believe that, after all his transformations, he has at length passed into his own real manhood. He evidently understands the nation; and if he is faithful to the cause of justice, of truth, and of liberty, in repressing the outrageous encroachments of Russia, we believe he will receive a stout and unflinching support from the people of this country. The *personnel* of the Ministry, it is true, is feeble, but their principle is strong; and so long as they trust in this, they too will not want support. But what will the factions do? We trust we are not to look upon the opposition as a faction; and yet if the "Press" is the true exponent of the sentiments of Mr. Disraeli, as is confidently believed, then, though the great party of which he is the leader may not be a faction, most assuredly this gentleman is playing a factious part. How

supremely difficult it is for men to forego the best of their nature! The high position occupied by this gentleman cannot eradicate the old leaven. Nothing seems certain respecting Mr. Disraeli, except that he is living in some intrigue, and manœuvring to overthrow somebody. It does not matter much who he may happen to be, friend or foe, Whig, Tory, or Radical, the pleasure is in doing the noble deed itself. It appears that some kind of fraternity is sought with the Peace party, obviously for the purpose of embarrassing or overthrowing the Ministry; and, as Lord Palmerston took office, by the call of the nation, to carry on the war with vigour this opposition is clearly a factious opposition to the will of th country. Then are we going to have the disgraceful practices o the last great struggle repeated? Is Mr. Disraeli going to play the part of the Greys, the Whitbreads, the Ponsonbys, of the past age? It may be seen by the documents of the time in question, the Parliamentary Debates, and the Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington, that the war at home cost much more trouble than the war abroad; and it seems not unlikely that the same tactics of party are about to be played off again. It was an evil day in the history of political parties in this country, that placed a mere adventurer in the leadership of the country gentlemen of England in the House of Commons. But will these gentlemen follow in the wake of their leader, and allow themselves to be dragged through the mire at his bidding? Will the followers of that great party, which so resolutely carried on the last war to its close, now, simply because they are not in power, turn their back upon their country, and assist the enemy by uniting with the avowed advocates of the cause of the Czar? We cannot believe this possible. An opposition becomes a faction when it opposes the avowed will of the nation; and certainly nothing could be more unequivocally made known, in the absence of a general election, than is the will of the people of this country made known in favour of carrying on the war to a successful termination. But what of the Peace party itself? This is divided into two factions of equal parts, three and three; Messrs. Gibson, Cobden, and Bright, constituting one trio, and Sir James Graham, Messrs. Gladstone and Herbert, the other. There is some difference in the standing of the two juntas, and in the respect due to each, though none in their opinions and movements. We conceive the meed of respect vastly preponderates in the favour of the representatives of the Manchester school, though we fully believe that they do not, in this particular, represent the opinions of Manchester men. To these gentlemen is due the respect of consistency. They have opposed the war from the beginning, and, no doubt, most sincerely, honestly, and, we believe, in their own feelings and intentions, patriotically. We question not their motives, and respect their conduct; we only differ from their opinions. All three have

given utterance to very strong views on the question, in their place in Parliament; and Mr. Cobden has placed some of his in a permanent form in his letter to the "Leeds Mercury." We intended to analyse this document, and expose its fallacies, but want of space forbids.

Mr. Bright, as a Friend, must, of course, on principle, object to all war; but we always find him leaving this lofty ground, and debating the matter as a question of policy. This, it must be confessed, is manly and statesmanlike: we do not recollect that, in a single instance, Mr. Bright has taken refuge under the garb of his creed. As a member of the Peace Society, Mr. Cobden must be expected to prefer the arbitration of some imaginary tribunal to the arbitration of war. As to Mr. Gibson, we must leave him to his craft, knowing of nothing that he can have to lean upon, but fraternal love for his colleague, Mr. Bright. What surprises us is, that these gentlemen, who are all, *par excellence*, Liberals, should be found on the side of this, the most huge and crushing despotism in the world. These gentlemen will deny this. Well, but they cannot deny that their opinions tend to weaken our hands, and strengthen the hands of our enemies. We are in a deadly struggle, rightly or wrongly, with a gigantic enemy; and truly it is not very patriotic to be incessantly taunting us, that the war is bad in principle, bad in policy, and is also—for this is the word used by Mr. Cobden—"disastrous" in its progress. Neither is it very English to be perpetually eulogizing Russia; depreciating our allies, the Turks; endeavouring to sow discord between us and our French neighbours; and telling us that the war is not "popular" in that country. In all these things, and much more, we believe that these gentlemen are in the wrong. They, of course, have a right to their opinions; but we doubt whether honour would not, if consulted, lead to a resignation of their seats; for it is notorious that they no longer represent the opinions of their constituents. They cannot, we presume, be entirely regardless of the public voice. They owe their elevation to this, more than any men; and how it comes to pass they should consider it legitimate to be carried into Parliament on the surge of popular opinion on the question of the abolition of the Corn Laws, and despise, and, moreover, abuse, popular opinion on another question, certainly of equal importance, is to us an inexplicable anomaly. The iniquity of sitting in Parliament for a rotten borough, as expressed most vehemently during the Reform debate, turned on the principle that such Members represented nobody but the patron. And yet here we have seen in Parliament, taking part in its debates, and contesting its decisions, men who are in a worse plight than the poor nominee, who only represented his patron,—for they represent nobody. How soon do sentiments, once held vile and

obnoxious, become palatable in altered conditions! We are certain that all the Peace party are lower in the schedule—we forget the letter—in which old Gatton and the rest were found.

We must say a passing word on the other three notables found in the peace category,—Sir James Graham, and Messrs. Gladstone and Herbert: how different to the other three! These gentlemen belonged to the Cabinet which brought us into the war; and now they are traitors to the work of their own hands. We have endeavoured to discover the grounds of this tergiversation, but have had great difficulty in finding the true clue to the event. Sir James Graham stated that he was certain that, if Sir Robert Peel had been living, he would do as he was doing, and that he was only supporting the opinions and policy of that eminent statesman. This is, for aught we know, the reason for the course he is taking; at any rate, we know of no other. Does Sir James mean that Sir Robert would have adopted the whole line of conduct pursued by himself;—that he would first adopt a war policy, and, in a few months, adopt a peace policy; that he would lead the country into all the horrors and difficulties of hostilities with the greatest military power in the world, and then abandon it? We have no such opinion of Sir Robert Peel. It is true, he did not hesitate to change his course, when he saw reasons for so doing; but he did not, in an incredibly short period, abandon his new line of policy. We imagine Sir Robert would have either had the sense not to go to war at all, or, having arrived at the conviction of its unavoidable necessity, he would then have carried it on to some useful issue; but Sir James Graham has neither had the sense to prevent the war, nor the patriotism frankly to support it. A very modest assumption this! Sir James, according to his own account, is the embodiment of Sir Robert; he is sure he speaks his sentiments, and is carrying out his policy! Then, according to this, the Right Hon. Baronet is in possession of a mind just of the dimensions of Sir Robert,—his intellect, his judgment, his great sagacity, his statesmanship, his lucid powers of thought and expression. And there he stands, Sir James, a young Peel, the very image of his ancestor; for he is doing exactly as Sir Robert would have done, and consequently he must possess the same faculties to do it with. This is the cant of one of our modern statesmen! And it exactly falls in with the habits of all mediocre minds. These creatures always think they are doing as some great man would have done, which is just the same thing as if an animal of a mixed breed, which shall be nameless, should bray, as he passed the road, that he was a very Arab, because he possessed the same number of limbs, and could snuff the winds. In this illustration we have a fair character of the routine mind; the mind which adopts the opinions and maxims of others, without one particle of original conception. This war is a great crisis, it

involves profound interests, it shakes the fabric of existing nationalities, it portends endless consequences of good or evil to mankind; and Sir James Graham comes forward, and tells the world, that he does not look upon events with his own eyes, but with those, as he imagines, of Sir Robert Peel; that he has no policy of his own, but that he is carrying out that of his departed friend; and, moreover, that he imagines that Sir Robert's peace policy will do very well for ever; in truth, that it is a policy suited to all times, all contingencies, all conditions of the world. These are the sort of men who, in war, lose battles, and, in any great emergency of nations, plunge them into ruin.

So far as we can judge, Mr. Gladstone's reasons for the course he has adopted are moral. He argues that to press Russia beyond the Four Points, and his own interpretation of the third, would be "immoral and sinful." We really confess our inability to determine these questions, namely,—How far war is consistent with morality, and is free from sin? how many human lives may be sacrificed? how much property may be expended? and how much mischief may be inflicted on an enemy? All this, however, Mr. Gladstone's metaphysics, or acquaintance with casuistry, it seems, enable him to do. He can have no objection, *per se*, to war; for he, too, was one of the Ministers who led us into the difficulty. He seems to imagine, however, that war can be arrested at any point, as his War Budget was founded on the principle of providing the ways and means within the year, without having resort to loans. Every body knows that Mr. Gladstone is a theorist, and we quarrel not with his theories, but with his conduct. The prolix style of Mr. Gladstone makes it difficult to get through his speeches, and equally difficult to pick up his meaning. We believe, however, we have discovered the principle of his objections to any further prosecution of the contest. We are bound to respect such reasons up to a certain point, as they originate in morality. But the morality of the question embraces both sides; and it seems rather unfair to denounce the Divine vengeance upon us, for our part in the war, and leave Russia unscathed. Yet so it is; all the moral turpitude is on our side; all the virtue, moderation, moral glory, up to the point of sublimity, in the person of Nicholas, is on the side of Russia. These pro-Russian tendencies are difficult to account for, only that we are reminded that paradox is the privilege of great men. But, with these tendencies, is Mr. Gladstone fit to take a part in any Government of this country? We had, with many others, looked forward to the time when, as we hoped, Mr. Gladstone would have filled the office of Premier. This hope is gone. A statesman whose principles are so ill-defined in his own mind as to allow him to take two sides, the antipodes of each

other, in a few weeks, can hardly be said to have any principles at all; and, even on the lower ground of policy, surely Mr. Gladstone's notions of what is for the good of the State must be extremely crude, when, in so grave a question as that of war or peace, he could one day judge it politic to go to war, and the next to end the contest, without any result at all. We expect, then, from the fusion of these discordant elements, that the next Session will be fierce and ardent. We hope Lord Palmerston will maintain his ground; if not, appeal to the country; and we are certain the country will sustain him.

Thus, then, the matter stands, at home and abroad. Nations have a mission; and the mission of this nation, for centuries, has been to exercise a balancing power in Europe, so as to prevent the domination of one nation and the extinction of liberty in the rest. Our infant navy destroyed the grand Armada, and thus ended the ambitious projects of Spain; our armies, under Marlborough, with the assistance of allies, smote down the power of Louis XIV., then apparently on the point of becoming universal; and Wellington arrested the career of Napoleon in the Peninsula, when all Europe lay prostrate at his feet, and again adjusted the equilibrium.

And now our course is exactly the same, though on an Eastern field, and, we doubt not, the result will be the same. We fear not Russia; we fear ourselves. Our factions are our bane. How profoundly humiliating that, in the presence of a great crisis, even our leading men cannot forego the paltry ambitions of party,—forget themselves, their prejudices, passions, and interests, and make their country alone the object of their solicitude and love!

The meanness of clique and party intrigues, in a great emergency like the present, is only equalled by its moral turpitude; and those who are found incompetent to serve their country by the dominancy of such passions, ought to be rejected from Parliament by the indignant voice of an insulted people.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain. By W. H. Prescott. Two Vols. London: Bentley. 1855.

A POPULAR author is in danger of falling into one of two extremes. Either he becomes so fastidious, so fearful of risking his reputation, as to retire prematurely from the exercise of his powers; or, knowing that his name will command a market, and forgetting that "*l'auteur se tue à allonger ce que le lecteur se tue à abréger*," he overlooks the brevity of human life, the costliness of thick octavos, and that every thing superfluous is of the nature of a blemish. Into this latter fault Mr. Prescott has fallen. The scale on which the work is framed is altogether out of proportion to the importance of the period and the personages described, although that is by no means small. Descriptions of dress and of Court pageantry may fitly form an ample portion of the biographies of royal ladies, but can claim scanty attention upon the page devoted to grave national affairs; and yet such descriptions occupy no inconsiderable part of Mr. Prescott's volumes. We should suppose, at least, four more such volumes will be required to complete the work.

Philip II. of Spain is one of the most fearful characters in history. If we credit him with industry and sincerity, we have exhausted the list of his virtues; while he is chargeable with nearly every vice that can darken the character and molest mankind. Perfidious, without a conscious blush, and cruel, without the poor excuse of passion, he ruled over the greatest Empire of the age; viewing men with suspicion, and controlling them by craft, he stands before the student of history the most notorious example of what a narrow and contracted intellect may become when pervaded by the principles of Papal Rome. The sworn foe of all mental or religious freedom, the perfecter, though not the founder, of the Inquisition, the master-butcher, through his instrument Alva, of the unhappy Netherlands, his blighting influence is felt to the present day in his native Spain, whose declension in the scale of nations commenced when the last spark of Protestant light was trodden out by his foot. Such is the chief figure on the canvass before us.

But not only is the character of Philip deserving of the closest study; the secondary actors in the scene are men, and women too, of more than average proportions. The two Grenvilles, William the

Taciturn, the Duke of Alva, Counts Egmont and Horn, Margaret of Parma, and others, are each studies in themselves, presenting features of individuality unusually marked, and whose fortunes were mixed up with events of the deepest importance. And in addition to the dramatic force and picturesque beauty of many of its episodes, the epoch itself is one of those typical periods to which we have referred in noticing Dr. Rule's "Studies of History." Mediæval ignorance and submission were waning, and freedom of thought and action were beginning to assert themselves, even in the presence of a despotism the most complete. Principles which in their infancy had chequered the career of his father, the Emperor Charles V., now grew apace in France, the Netherlands, and elsewhere, in spite of all the astuteness and cruelty of his son. During the life-time of the man who certainly had the will, and apparently possessed the power, to extinguish every free aspiration, and bend every will to the service of despotism, the principles of civil and religious freedom were fully and finally established in one kingdom,—and that the richest portion of his own dominions,—and their seeds planted in the soil of others, to spring up, we doubt not, after the gloom of the ages which have since transpired.

We are glad to see that this work is to be included in the cheap edition of our author's histories. The popularity of the series is no matter of surprise to us, when we find the "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella" comprised in a portable and handsome volume, and offered for the sum of five shillings. The lover of sound and entertaining literature could find, perhaps, no equal bargain, even in these days of cheap and valuable reprints. We have always thought the "Ferdinand and Isabella" one of the noblest compositions of its class. It is history in such magnificent examples as this, and not the domestic and social novel of our day, which is the true successor of the Homeric poems. To aid in its production, old chronicles furnish the materials, Providence stands in place of the machinery, and genius, worthy of any age, supplies the presiding art. The story of the Spanish Peninsula is a romance in every part of it, and in all its details; but the author, with an artist's eye, has selected the choicest period, and grouped the whole with an artist's skilful hand. The characters and the events which come before us are both worthy of the epic treatment they receive. The calm, and politic, and kingly Ferdinand; the noble, beautiful, and more than queenly Isabella; Gonzalo the great Captain, and Ximenes the astute Cardinal,—these are a few only of the personages in this historic pageant; while its episodes are themselves of thrilling interest, and bear the names of the Holy Inquisition, the Conquest of Granada, and the Discovery of the New World. The author could not have chosen a theme more various and romantic, nor can his reader desire composition more skilful, or an outline more complete. If "Philip II." is not quite equal to this masterpiece, we have said enough to lead our readers to wish to place it on the shelf which bears that work, as well as the "Mexico" and the "Peru."

The volumes of Mr. Prescott are too extensive for us to travel through. The chief subjects embraced in them are the wars of Philip with the Pope (for, strange as it may seem, staunch defender of Catholicism as he was, his arms were first turned against the Pontiff)

and with France, the commencement of the great struggle in the Netherlands, the war with the Turks, and, lastly, the domestic relations of Philip, and the dark history of the unfortunate Don Carlos. The narrative on all these subjects, most interesting in themselves, is precise, and, as we have stated, in parts only too copious. It will be no more than fair to give the reader a specimen or two of our author's style of displaying his material. It has been well remarked, that the story of Egmont has in it every element that can move the human heart to pity, and inspire it with profound detestation of cruelty and faithlessness. No man of his day was more truly brave and chivalrous. His sword had ever been at the service of Philip. He had gained for him the brilliant victory of St. Quentin. He was even a staunch Romanist, and had been treated by Philip with the greatest apparent cordiality. But his death had been determined upon, and the condemnation of himself and Count Horn was pronounced by Alva and the terrible Council of Blood. The following is our author's account of the execution:—

"Egmont was dressed in a crimson damask robe, over which was a Spanish mantle fringed with gold. His breeches were of black silk, and his hat, of the same material, was garnished with white and sable plumes. In his hand, which, as we have seen, remained free, he held a white handkerchief. On his way to the place of execution, he was accompanied by Julian de Romero, *maître de camp*, by the Captain, Salinas, who had charge of the fortress of Ghent, and by the Bishop of Ypres. As the procession moved slowly forward, the Count repeated some portion of the Fifty-first Psalm, 'Have mercy on me, O God!' in which the good Prelate joined with him. In the centre of the square at Brussels, on the spot where so much of the best blood of the Netherlands has been shed, stood the scaffold, covered with black cloth. On it were two velvet cushions with a small table, shrouded likewise in black, and supporting a silver crucifix. At the corners of the platform were two poles, pointed at the end with steel, intimating the purpose for which they were intended.

"The low sounds of lamentation which, from time to time, had been heard among the populace, were now hushed into silence, as the minister of justice appeared on the platform, approached his victim, and with a single blow of the sword severed the head from the body. A cry of horror arose from the multitude, and some, frantic with grief, broke through the ranks of the soldiers, and wildly dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood that streamed from the scaffold, treasuring them up, says the chronicler, as precious memorials of love and incitements to vengeance. The head was then set on one of the poles at the end of the platform, while a mantle, thrown over the mutilated trunk, hid it from the public gaze."

The following extract, which, characteristically enough, also relates a tale of blood, has reference to the fate of the survivor of two noblemen sent to Spain as a deputation from the Flemish Lords. The facts relating to this treachery have only recently been made known from the archives of Simancas; and from these documents we learn that minute directions for the murder were given under the hand of Philip himself.

"The problem to be solved was, how to carry the sentence into

effect, and yet leave the impression on the public that Montigny died a natural death. Most of the few Ministers whom the King took into his confidence on the occasion were of opinion, that it would be best to bring the prisoner's death about by means of a slow poison administered in his drink, or some article of his daily food. This would give him time, moreover, to provide for the concerns of his soul. But Philip objected to this, as not fulfilling what he was pleased to call the ends of justice. He at last decided on the garrote,—the form of execution used for the meaner sort of criminals in Spain, but which, producing death by suffocation, would be less likely to leave its traces on the body.—

"At about two o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth of October, when the interval allowed for this solemn preparation had expired, Father Castillo waited on the Governor and the Alcalde, to inform them that the hour had come, and that their prisoner was ready to receive them. They went, without further delay, to the chamber of death, attended by the Notary and the executioner. Then, in their presence, while the Notary made a record of the proceedings, the grim minister of the law did his work on his unresisting victim.

"No sooner was the breath out of the body of Montigny, than the Alcalde, the Priest, and their two companions were on their way back to Valladolid, reaching it before dawn, so as to escape the notice of the inhabitants. All were solemnly bound to secrecy in regard to the dark act in which they had been engaged. The Notary and the hangman were still further secured by the menace of death, in case they betrayed any knowledge of the matter; and they knew full well that Philip was not a man to shrink from the execution of his menaces.

"The corpse was arrayed in a Franciscan habit, which, coming up to the throat, left the face only exposed to observation. It was thus seen by Montigny's servants, who recognised the features of their master, hardly more distorted than sometimes happens from disease, when the agonies of death have left their traces. The story went abroad that their Lord had died of the fever with which he had been so violently attacked."

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans: with Critical Notes and Dissertations. By Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. Two Vols. London: Murray. 1855.

Mr. Jowett is of opinion that the *text* of Lachmann—the numerous and glaring defects charged upon it by Tischendorf notwithstanding—"has many claims to be considered as the most perfect which has hitherto appeared, and that any advance which can hereafter be made on the text of the New Testament is not likely to be so great as that by which he is separated from previous editors. The peculiarities of his edition being these: that he aims at reproducing the text, not as it ought to be, but as it was: that is, not as it may be supposed to have come from the autograph of the writers themselves, but as it actually existed in copies of the *fourth* century." This text is adopted accordingly, with references to the various

readings of the third edition of Robert Stephens, 1550; and the authorized English translation is given on the opposite page, with what Mr. Jowett calls, "slight corrections." Of these "*slight* corrections," one occurs in Rom. xx. 5; where, instead of reading, "Of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is God over all, blessed for evermore," we are instructed, on the authority of Lachmann, to read, "Of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came. God, who is over all, is blessed for ever." *Slight* correction, indeed! And yet Mr. Jowett has thought it sufficiently important to spend two half-pages of elaborate Notes upon it!

On the subject of religion generally, Mr. Jowett teaches that we can "find no vestiges of a primeval revelation, common to all mankind, nor conceive how such a revelation would have been possible, consistently with those indications of the state of man, which language and mythology supply:" that a "primitive or patriarchal religion" is but "an imaginary picture, the baseless fabric of a vision." And so he assumes, as an historical basis, the existence of "a religious principle," independently of any previous revelation, common to all the primitive peoples of mankind, and having its first developments in objects and forms of worship, varying with their race, climate, language, and physical susceptibilities.

He admits, indeed, "one stream of revelation,—the Jewish;" but, on his hypothesis, that there was no primitive revelation to mankind, as such, nor even a "patriarchal religion," we are driven to the conclusion, that this stream did not begin to flow until the time of Moses. Be this as it may, according to his showing of the case, the earlier "religions of nature," as he calls them, went onward, after a manner equally remarkable with that of their supposed beginning. "Slowly the veil is drawn up; the walls of the prison-house of human nature seem to fall down, and the world within to prevail over the world without. The mystery of human nature reveals itself in the law of progress. The age of mythology succeeds to the era of the formation of languages; the age of poetry to that of mythology; to that of poetry, philosophy or history. The individual is no more identified with nature, or thought imaged by sense. A thousand links of fancy still connect them; the twilight of the human understanding does not at once pass away; it is the early morning still, not the clearness of noonday. The world itself seems to be pervaded by one universal life or mind, or to pour forth from its surface myriads of universal forms dancing in the light of heaven, or to be ever labouring in travail of some mystery which no sphinx may guess, or to be divided, between good and evil, into an upper and under world, or to be filled with giants and grotesque beings tortured into deformity, or radiant with unearthly beauty. Gradually this superhuman life subsides; the gods come down to us in the likeness of men, no longer springing up every where, but at last set within the rigid bounds of their own marble forms." And it was out of "these various forms of the religions of nature," that, "in a certain sense," philosophy arose; in particular, the philosophy of Socrates and Plato. Concerning the latter of these, we are instructed to believe, that "the germs of all ideas, even of most Christian ones, are to be found in his writings,"—"that in the age of Plato or Cicero mankind had far truer notions of the

Divine Being than at any previous period of human history,"—and that, "as of the Jewish dispensation, so also of Pagan philosophy, it may be said, that it was 'a light shining more and more unto the perfect day.'" "Even in the counsels of perfection of the Sermon on the Mount, there is probably nothing which might not be found, in letter or spirit, in Philo or some other Jewish writer;" and the *language* of the New Testament, though "the language of the Old Testament" in part, "is still more the language of the Alexandrian philosophy." In short, according to his showing, Christianity itself would appear to be the product of a fusion of Platonic, Oriental, and Jewish philosophy together, with the addition of another element supplied by the teaching of Christ and His Apostles, to give it a consistency, and, above all, a power, which, in the other three elements, were wanting. The following are specimens of the *theology* to be found in the Notes: "We cannot say that all men are regenerate or unregenerate. All things may be passing out of one state into the other, and may therefore belong to both or neither. Mankind are not divided into regenerate and unregenerate, but are in a state of transition from the one to the other, or too dead and unconscious to be included in either." Again, comparing Gal. ii. 19, 20, Mr. Jowett "traces three stages in the Christian state:—1. Death; 2. Death with Christ; 3. Christ living in us. First, we are one with Christ, and then Christ is put in our place. So far we are using the same language with the Apostle. At the next stage a difference appears. *We* begin with figures of speech,—sacrifice, ransom, Lamb of God; and go on with logical determinations,—finite, infinite, satisfaction, necessity, or the nature of things. St. Paul also begins with figures of speech,—life, death, the flesh; but passes on to the inward experience of the life of faith, and the consciousness of Christ dwelling in us." "When it is said, that 'Christ gave Himself for our sins,' or as a sin-offering, the shadow must not be put in the place of the substance, or the Jewish image for the truth of the Gospel. Of such language, it may be remarked, (1.) that it is figurative, natural, and intelligible to that age, not equally so to us; (2.) that the figures themselves are varied, thereby showing that they are figures only, and not realities or matters of fact; (3.) that the same sacrificial language is applied almost equally to the believer and his Lord; (4.) that the effect and meaning of this language must have been very different, while the sacrifices were being daily offered, and now that they have passed away; (5.) that such expressions seldom occur in the writings of St. Paul, another class of figures, in which the believer is identified with the various stages of the life of Christ, being far more common; (6.) that, in general, the thing meant by them is, that Christ took upon Him human flesh, that He was put to death by sinful men, and raised men out of the state of sin, in *this* sense, taking their sins upon Himself." "We nowhere find in the Epistles the expression of justification by Christ, exactly in the sense of modern theology. But, on the other hand, we are described as dead with Christ; we live with Him; we are members of His body; we follow Him in all the stages of His being. All this is another way of expressing: 'We are justified by faith.'" From these specimens the reader may conjecture the strange teaching to be found in the author's Dissertation on the

Atonement. We have neither space nor inclination to go into it. It is a matter for higher authority than ours, if that authority will only do its office. Nor will we further vex our readers by a rehearsal of the incorrectnesses in narrative and logic, which he charges on Evangelists and the Apostle Paul. We close this notice, as we began it, with a sigh.

Lives of Philosophers of the Time of George III. By Henry Lord Brougham. Griffin. 1855.
Lives of Men of Letters of the Time of George III. By Henry Lord Brougham.
Lives of Statesmen of the Time of George III. By Henry Lord Brougham. Two Vols.

In these volumes the noble Lord appears as a biographer and critic. If we are to judge merely by the value and interest of the whole series, we must conclude that the author has exercised his functions with eminent success. We believe that a larger amount of important facts and personal traits, having, for the most part, an historical significance, has never been contributed by one man to the illustration of a single age. It is true the noble Lord is not original in the majority of his communications, nor quite correct in all; yet there is sufficient that is new to stimulate curiosity, and perhaps a greater degree of accuracy than might reasonably be looked for in a chronicle so varied, and reminiscences so numerous. It is clear that the author has made utility the grand design of his present effort, and this, indeed, is quite in keeping with the practical and substantial character of his whole career. It is pleasant to find the memories of our great men permanently preserved by the patient industry and practical skill of one who was the personal friend of many of their number, the rival of some, and the intellectual peer of all. Our distinguished writers may take a lesson from the noble Lord's example, and, instead of striving after a doubtful or unprofitable originality, bend their powers to the discovery and statement of literal truth, whether natural, moral, or historical.

It is no great disparagement to say, that the literary merit of these volumes is lower than their historical importance. They derive more value from the interest of their subjects than from the genius of their author. Lord Brougham supplies another instance of the difficulty encountered in the attempt to sustain an equal reputation in the arena of politics and the world of literature. The obstacles in his Lordship's case have been seriously augmented by his professional education and career. The habit of public speaking is seldom favourable to the attainment of elegance of style, whose chief elements are temperance and accuracy, both of thought and language; but the practice of a lawyer at the English Bar is, perhaps, the worst species of education for one ambitious of adventuring also in the sphere of polished literature. Posterity is not likely to be either charmed or convinced by the eloquence employed to startle a modern jury from its propriety, to lull its impartial judgment, or excite its dormant prejudices. Even the advantages of classical learning and good native taste are unable to counteract this great practical and incessant draw-

back. It is of no avail that the noble Lord is sincere in his admiration, as well as unwearied in his praise, of Demosthenes and Cicero; for this praise and admiration of pure and lofty oratory are seen in conjunction with a style the most feeble, slovenly, and incorrect. Even his Lordship's speeches are of very unequal merit; and the rude force and biting sarcasm, by which they are supposed to be distinguished, form not the staple, but the exception, of a style that is greatly overlaid with verbiage of the most indifferent sort. In the sketches before us, composed expressly for the literary world, the same defects prevail, almost to the exclusion of those redeeming qualities. We have, it is true, some sensible criticism from his Lordship's pen; but we are only the more surprised, on that account, to observe how frequently and obviously he lays himself open to literary censure. The construction of some of his sentences is not merely clumsy, but ungrammatical, and that in more numerous instances than we could possibly find room to quote; but one characteristic specimen may be given. The following sentence is found at the commencement of a tribute to the ability and worth of John, fourth Duke of Bedford: "The purpose of the following observations is, to rescue the memory of an able and an honourable man, long engaged in the public service, both as a Minister, a negociator, and a Viceroy, long filling, like all his illustrious house in every age of our history, an exalted place among the champions of our free constitution,—from the obloquy with which a licentious press loaded him when living, and from which it is in every way discreditable to British justice, that few if any attempts have, since his death, been made" [to relieve his memory? no, but] "to counteract the effects of calumny, audaciously invented, and repeated till its work of defamation was done, and the falsehood of the hour became confounded with historical fact." We leave the reader to construe this curious sentence for himself.

But the remarks of our author are frequently as trite in substance as they are feeble in expression. Nothing but an unusual felicity of phrase could fairly warrant, in an author of such mark, an observation so common-place as this: "Popularity is far from being contemptible; it is often an honourable acquisition; when duly earned, always a test of good done or evil resisted." If only a "test of good done or evil resisted," when it is otherwise found to be "duly earned," it is surely no test at all. "But to be of a pure and genuine kind, it must have one stamp,—the security of one safe and certain die; it must be the popularity that follows good actions, not that which is run after." We submit that writing of this description is possible to any one who can hold a pen and spell correctly. A fluency, unchecked by reflection, is, unfortunately, no rare accomplishment in any age or country.

We are not more satisfied with our author as a moralist. Adopting always an air of deference and reserve, in regard to the claims of Christian truth, he more than once betrays an inclination to lower the authoritative standard of duty and belief, and admit the variable dictates of individual opinion and caprice. Thus, in his temperate, but unsound, defence of Voltaire, we find the following aphorism: "An atheist is wholly incapable of the crime (of blasphemy). When he heaps epithets of abuse on the Creator, or turns His attributes into ridicule,

he is assailing or scoffing at an empty name,—at a Being whom he believes to have no existence." Is it indeed so? Some startling corollaries of this proposition may well make the reader doubt if it be sound in ethics. On the same principle, for example, his Lordship might equally maintain that the Heathen are incapable of idolatry, since they ignorantly pay that homage to images of wood and stone which is due only to the true God. This is surely to bring an extenuating circumstance in disproof of the very crime itself. If blasphemy consists in speaking against the character and claims of the true God, it is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of fact; and if the plea of sincere and profound unbelief be boldly urged, judgment is, indeed, removed from the lips of fallible men, but it stands over to that Being who searches the heart. If God has indeed left Himself without an adequate witness, either in nature, conscience, or Scripture revelation, verily He is a just God, and will not gather where He has not strawed. But this is an awful position to assume; and those who have dared to blaspheme His name, may well tremble, to put in the plea of honest unbelief before Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire.

Our remarks have necessarily been of a very general character. The subjects of these volumes are not only multifarious in themselves, but each might readily become the suggestive text of some wide and important inquiry. To enter into a minute criticism is therefore impossible in the space to which we are now confined. We must remark, however, that in addition to faults of execution, these memoirs are very imperfect in outline and design. They are too sketchy; and the biographical and critical matter is carelessly as well as unequally disposed. The author seems to have written them without any previous plan, neither including nor omitting by express design, but inditing his thoughts in the order of their casual occurrence. Many of these sketches—as those of Pitt and Fox—are quite unworthy of the subject and the author; while some evince his Lordship's political bias (no doubt unconsciously imparted) in a marked degree. On the whole, we prefer the literary and philosophical portraits to those of eminent lawyers and politicians. The latter have more of novelty and personal character, but the former are drawn with greater care. Though so faulty and defective in his own writings, the noble Lord has much critical acumen, and is, for the most part, just in his strictures and awards. His remarks on the tragedies of Voltaire are favourable evidences of his literary taste. Of Robertson the historian he speaks, we think, in terms of unmerited eulogy, and forms too lofty an estimate both of his character and genius. Of Hume, the rival of his Lordship's famous kinsman, he forms a judgment correct enough in the main, but the merits of his History are not admitted to the full. The Lives of the Philosophers are quite equal in interest to those of the Men of Letters. We prefer the sketches of Priestley and of Black. But we must not be led into any further observations on this interesting gallery, but conclude with a hearty commendation of the author's industry and judgment; for in spite of the drawbacks which we have thought it proper to indicate, the work is substantially a great work, the product of vast intellectual energy, and of wide personal experience.

Ramus, (Pierre de la Ramée,) sa Vie, ses Ecrits et ses Opinions. Par Charles Waddington, Professeur agrégé de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris, et aux Lycée Louis-le-Grand. Paris: Meyrueis.

It is some years since the illustrious French philosopher, Victor Cousin, called the attention of the literary world to one of the founders of modern metaphysics, Peter Ramus or La Ramée. Up to the publication of the volume now under consideration, very little indeed was known concerning the life and doctrines of the great anti-scholastic teacher. Traditionary reports ascribed him a rank amongst the worthies who are indebted to their own exertions for the high station they occupy here below; vague and ill-defined rumours of his success as a lecturer were abroad, and we may say that his tragical death, on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572, was the best-known circumstance in his eventful career. In fact, a biography of Pierre de la Ramée was still a *desideratum*, and it is with feelings of no small satisfaction that we find that task to have been admirably performed by a writer who, both as a Protestant, and as one of the most promising French *savans*, was doubly qualified to undertake it.

M. Charles Waddington's volume is written with that lucidity of exposition, and that elegance of style, which we have long been accustomed to find in French philosophers; but there is, besides, a deep vein of feeling running throughout the whole work, and imparting to it all the vigour of heart-inspired eloquence. To quote from the Preface:—

"We have to study, in Ramus, the lecturer, the philosopher, and the Christian:—the philosopher who contributed so much towards the emancipation of the human mind, whose influence throughout Europe was so long and so wholesome, of whom a writer belonging to the last century said, that the Paris University never produced a greater thinker;—the lecturer whom the historian Pasquier beautifully describes as a 'statesman, when engaged in teaching young men;'—the Gospel Christian, in fine, who sealed with his blood his faith in the Saviour. On all these accounts, I confess it, his memory is dear to me; on all these accounts, too, I have felt called to the honour of composing his *éloge*, since, through a concourse of circumstances which I cannot help regretting, I am, at the present time, in the French University, the only Protestant Professor of Philosophy."

M. Charles Waddington goes on to assert, that the nineteenth century is not agitated by any of the angry passions which characterized the sixteenth: whether this is quite the case, may be safely left as a matter of doubt; at all events, the tables are turned now; and if Rabelais were to make his appearance in the midst of us, he would certainly not look for the advocates of persecution within the precincts of the *Sorbonne*. The life of Ramus was one long protest against Aristotle, and no party leader ever fought on the battle-field with half the determination, the spirit, the self-denial, exhibited by that learned champion. Jurists, Councillors, the King's Ministers, the King himself, the University of Paris, the Academy of Geneva, the majority of public schools in Europe, joined together for the purpose of crushing the bold innovator. They succeeded, verily, in

destroying him; but they found it impossible to stop the spirit of inquiry which he had helped so powerfully to spread abroad; his books were quickly circulated from one end of the land to the other, and, despite of the "Sorboniseques, Sorbonicoles, and Sorbonisants," the emancipation from the Stagyrite's yoke was soon universal. Whether the reader is anxious merely to peruse a biographical sketch, drawn with consummate ability, or to study a chapter in the history of modern philosophy, he cannot do better than spend a few hours in perusing the work to which we have been referring. We quote one more passage from the author's Preface:—

"Ramus was a tall man, handsome, and of an agreeable countenance. His head was large, his forehead well developed, and his face stamped with masculine beauty.....Full of eagerness for work, indefatigable in his studies, he shunned the pleasures of the senses, as the root of all vices, and the greatest enemies to a scholar's existence. His mode of living was extremely severe: satisfied with a truss of straw by way of bedding, he was always up before the crowing of the cock, and his days were spent in reading, writing, and meditating. His fare was of the coarsest; for twenty years he never drank anything but water, nor would he have dreamt of tasting wine, had not the physicians prescribed its use to him as absolutely necessary. Gifted with a strong constitution, he supported it, not by remedies and medicines, but by abstinence and exercise. He avoided, as a poison, all conversations of an immoral character.....His love of truth amounted to a passion, and the extreme anxiety he felt, to become more and more perfect, induced him to correct and revise his writings with constant diligence.....Humble in prosperity, he was never pulled down by misfortune, and nothing could shake his trust in God. He knew how to forgive injuries, and he had acquired the difficult habit of never answering his adversaries, endeavouring, by long patience, to overcome the extreme bitterness of their attacks.

"His sentiments were noble and refined; he could not stoop to flatter any body. Satisfied with the fruit he derived from his labours, he refused, more than once, to sell the talents with which he was adorned. 'Eloquence,' he used to say, 'is a gift of God, and a holy prophecy; the orator worthy of that name should never be a dealer in falsehood.' Not only was he disinterested, but, remembering his original poverty, he liked to help poor scholars, giving away part of his income to those who appeared most worthy. More than one foreign student found at his house a generous hospitality.....Every year, when, during the vacations, he visited his native town, Ramus solicitously inquired for such poor children as manifested dispositions for study; and he brought them up in his college, at his own expense."

It would be quite superfluous, to add here, by way of comment on the above, the expression of our own admiration for the character of Ramus: *à propos*, however, of M. Waddington's excellent work, we would just say that we view with the greatest interest the steady development of Protestant literature amongst our French neighbours. Whilst want of space forbids us from giving more than a very brief notice to a production fully deserving an extensive and detailed criticism, scores of new publications claim our attention on equally good grounds. Let us, at least, hope that some opportunity will

soon offer, of reviewing, *in extenso*, the *Histoire Critique des Doctrines Religieuses de la Philosophie Moderne* of M. Bartholomèss, and the *Histoire de la Théologie Chrétienne au Siècle Apostolique* of M. Edouard Reuss.

Essai sur la Vie et la Doctrine de Saint-Martin, le Philosophe Inconnu. Par E. Caro, Professeur Agrégé de Philosophie au Lycée de Rennes. Paris: Hachette.

THE title of *philosophe* was one which, during the last century, came to be applied in a very one-sided and extraordinary manner. The smallest scribbler, the most contemptible *écrivassier*, could strut about as a philosopher, if he had only mastered Voltaire's pamphlets, and learned to preach a sermon on the famous text, "Crush the wretch." All such were philosophers; none else seemed qualified to bear that name. Nor would the Condorcets, the Raynals, the Saint-Lamberts, the d'Holbachs of former days have been slightly astonished, had they been told that, at the very time when all *enlightened* men were aspiring to become *hommes-plantes*, or *hommes-machines*, an obscure officer in the Regiment of Foix entered a protest against the materialism of a society on the eve of dissolution. This man was Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, a writer who hitherto has not met with the attention his works assuredly deserve; and who claims, on account of the influence he enjoyed, far greater notice than he has obtained up to the present time.

We may just state, *en passant*, as a curious symptom of the age we live in, the fact, that eminent metaphysicians and critics have now set about deciphering the dark sayings of the *philosophe inconnu*. Whilst the current, in France especially, seems directed towards views quite as gross as those maintained of yore by Helvetius; whilst a proud scepticism has made its prey of most of those who have not yet sunk entirely under the thraldom of the senses, it is noteworthy that several thinkers are now renewing the attempt to rouse men to spiritual consciousness by the rehabilitation of mysticism. The volume which we propose examining here very briefly is not the first, but it is certainly the most complete, sketch we have seen of Saint-Martin's doctrines; it is written with the greatest impartiality; and, although M. Caro takes up every now and then the critic's scourge against doctrines which he rightly conceives to be dangerous both in theory and in practice, it is not difficult to ascertain that, between the *Encyclopédie* and the *Homme de Désir*, his sympathies are altogether for the latter work.

M. Caro introduces his biography by an interesting chapter on mysticism in general during the eighteenth century. Swedenborg, Boëhm, Lavater, Law, Mesmer, Cagliostro, are in turns noticed by him; and the singular group which he thus brings together, forms a sort of planetary system, in the midst of which appears the remarkable man who, notwithstanding many feats and vagaries of an ultra eccentric description, has yet left behind him one of the best refutations of sensualist errors on record.

It is not our intention to give here any particulars respecting Saint-Martin's life. Born in Touraine, January 18th, 1743, he had

been originally brought up for the Bar; but his own tastes were decidedly against the pursuit of jurisprudence, and, through the influence of M. de Choiseul, he obtained a commission in a regiment where he met with several officers who had been initiated into a sort of mystical freemasonry by the Portuguese Senhor Martinez Pasqualis. We can hardly imagine the nature of a metaphysician and a dreamer amidst the excitement of military life: Saint-Martin soon threw up his commission, and spent the remainder of his career in writing, meditating, and endeavouring by every means in his power to "crush" what really deserved to be denominated as "the wretch,"—we mean the cold, heartless form of speculation, which was then every where the order of the day. With his eyes fixed upon the invisible world, he passed unscathed through all the horrors of the French Revolution; he saw the Reign of Terror, the Directory, the Consulate, and he died quietly and happily at Aulnay, near Paris, October 13th, 1803.

M. Caro has given a complete list of Saint-Martin's works: they are rather numerous, but some of them bristle with such obscure conceits, that they would baffle the patience of the most clear-headed readers. The best are the following: *Des Erreurs et de la Vérité*, *L'Homme de Désir*, *De l'Esprit des Choses*: these supply a clue to the main features of the author's character, and by a careful study of them we are enabled to ascertain the exact position he occupies in the gallery of modern metaphysicians.

All the mystical schools have sooner or later found their natural issue in fanaticism; against this rock Saint-Martin also struck; and despite the guarded manner in which he handles theological questions, the heresies contained in his writings are neither few nor small. The clearest and by far the best part of his system is his refutation of materialism; and, as M. Caro very fully demonstrates, whenever the *philosophe inconnu* confines himself to the questions which belong to the province of what is called "natural religion," he has uniformly the advantage over all his opponents.

The legislators of the first French Revolution, in their attempt to remodel society after the Reign of Terror, had taken as their code of laws, and as their universal panacea, a debasing theory which they, however, imagined would regenerate the world, and according to which they most naturally therefore wished to train the new generation. Such was the origin of the *Ecole Normale*, subsequently remodelled and organized by Napoleon, and still rendering the greatest services as a seminary of teachers. Saint-Martin had been sent by the district he inhabited to attend the lectures delivered in that school, and, of course, was expected to receive as sound Gospel the teaching of the celebrated philosopher Garat, whose prelections on "ideology" were scarcely any thing else but a *réchauffé* of Condillac, dressed up with much taste, but still more assurance. The disciple of Jacob Boëhm, the young mystic, felt that what society required was not the deification of matter, nor the *Encyclopédie* made easy; he boldly rose up to refute the Professor; and by a reference to the third volume of the *Débats des Ecoles Normales*, the reader can follow all the circumstances of a discussion which ended in Garat's discomfiture. M. Caro has supplied a valuable *résumé* of the whole affair,—an extremely important epoch in the life of Saint-Martin.

The influence of the *philosophe inconnu* has been great and useful. Some of the ideas which he propounded on the momentous topics of original sin, man's fall, the doctrine of sacrifices, are essentially correct, although too often expressed under a form unnecessarily obscure. They were subsequently adopted by Count de Maistre, Viscount de Bonald, and other publicists, who had imbibed more thoroughly than they chose to acknowledge the spirit of the *Theosoph*.

The Phases of Matter; being an Outline of the Discoveries and Applications of Modern Chemistry. By T. Lindley Kemp, M.D. Two Vols. London: Longman. 1855.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of Manuals, Systems, and Dictionaries of Chemistry, we cordially welcome this work. In some respects the author takes new ground, and sets an example worthy of imitation by other writers of scientific works. We refer to his insisting upon the unity of science, and to his endeavour, successful as far as it goes, to show the mutual relations of its separate branches. It is to a popular account of Chemistry, in this enlarged sense of the science, that the work is devoted. Geology and Mineralogy are enlarged upon to a considerable extent; and he has endeavoured to make the whole into a general system of Philosophy with regard to matter and its changes.

The work is divided into four books. The first is on "the Revelations of the Laboratory; or, the Present State of Inorganic Chemistry, containing the Elements and the Compounds that they form in the hands of the Chemist;" the second, on "the Crust of the Earth; or the Chemistry of Geology, giving the Composition and Properties of the principal Minerals and Rocks;" the third, on "Matter Vitalized; or, the present State of Organic Chemistry, describing the Compounds formed in the Structures of Animals and Plants;" and the fourth, on "the Chemistry of Life, or the Chemico-Physiological Laws of Animal and Vegetable Life," including Digestion, Respiration, Causes of Death, &c. An Appendix of some extent is added, on the Application of Chemistry to the Arts.

The following extract is from the chapter on the Composition of Minerals:—

"Among the more important of these sub-varieties (of quartz) we may enumerate,—

"*A. Flint.* This is usually of a dark grey colour, and consists of about 98 *per cent.* of oxide of silicon, with a little lime, alumina, and iron. It is found in the chalk formation, and is the quartz of the older rocks that have formed these, mechanically altered by the changes it has gone through. Flints, when exposed to the air, in time crumble down, and then constitute that variety of sand called gravel. Flints used to be much used for guns and for glass-making; but percussion-caps and pure silicious sand are now generally substituted for them.

"*B. Rock Crystal.* This is a nearly pure quartz, distinguished by being always transparent, and generally white or brown. It is usually found in the primitive rocks. It is principally used as a gem, and made into seals, necklaces, &c., and, when large, into drinking-

cups. These last were held in great esteem by the Romans. Some times rock-crystal is of an orange colour, in which case it is often called a topaz, and, in Scotland, a cairngorum. Its form of crystallization is a hexagonal prism.

"*C. Amethyst.* This is also a pure quartz, remarkable for its purplish violet colour; and which occurs, although sparingly, in a great many formations.

"*D. Jasper.* This is quartz, with from nearly two to four *per cent.* of oxide of iron, which communicates a colour to it usually of a reddish brown nature. It occurs in a great many formations, and is employed for ornamental purposes.

"*E. Chalcedony.* This variety of quartz includes the cornelians (generally blood-red) and the heliotropes, (commonly dark green with deep spots,) or blood-stones.

"*F. Opal.* This is a hydrated quartz, sometimes containing as much as ten *per cent.* of water. It is generally of a milk-white colour, and semi-transparent. It is found in primitive and trap formations, and is used as a jewel.

"*G. Hornstone.* This is a compact translucent form of quartz, probably not very pure. It is common in many secondary and tertiary formations, and frequently contains petrefactions. This name, hornstone, is given to it from its somewhat resembling horn in colour, fracture, and transparency. Its colour, however, is sometimes yellow or green. It is used as an ornamental stone, and for mill-stones.

"*H. Agate.* This is not a mineral, but a rock; that is to say, it consists of several minerals; but its chemical constitution is an oxide of silicon. It is, in fact, composed of a mixture of the above varieties, quartz, chalcedony, flint, hornstone, cornelian, jasper, and amethyst."

A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, with a Revised Translation. By C. J. Ellicott, M.A. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1855.

This work forms the second part of a Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, founded on the same principles, and constructed on the same plan, as that on the Epistle to the Galatians, of which we had the pleasure of giving a very favourable notice in a former number of the "Review." With respect to this second part of his work, the author reminds his readers "that, as in style, matter, and logical connexion, this sublime Epistle (to the Ephesians) differs considerably from that to the Galatians, so the Commentary must necessarily, in many respects, reflect these differences and distinctions. Several points of grammatical interest, which particularly characterized the former Epistle, are scarcely perceptible in the present; while difficulties which made themselves but slightly felt in the vivid, argumentative, expostulatory language of the Epistle to the Galatians, are here, amidst the earnest hortatory comments, the deeper doctrinal expositions, and the more profound emanations of the primal counsels of God, ever maintaining a distinct and visible prominence." These differences and distinctions refer chiefly to the greater importance which in the former of the Epistles attaches to the significance of the *particles;* and in the latter, to that of the cases, *especially* the genitive.

The same system of exposition is pursued as in the former work; and the same critical and grammatical characteristics are maintained. Above all, the same reverential and evangelical spirit breathes through the whole. We can generally go with the author in his criticisms, as well as in the expositions founded on them. But we would very respectfully suggest to him a re-consideration of that part of his note on Eph. i. 8, in which he pleads for a *transitive* rendering of the verb ἐπερίσσευσεν, on this ground, among others, that "περισσεύω, though used by St. Paul twenty-two times intransitively, is certainly transitive in 2 Cor. iv. 15; ix. 8; 1 Thess. iii. 12." The words referred to by Mr. Ellicott are supposed to be in the *optative* mood, but may they not be more properly regarded as being in the *infinitive?* (See Buttmann's Gr., § cxliii., cxliv., obs. 5, and Matthiæ's Gr., § 547.) We would also express something more than a doubt as to the correctness of the statement made in his note on Eph. i. 8, to the effect that "a customary or repeated act" is "a meaning which the aorist never bears in the New Testament."

The author expresses himself in terms strongly indicative of a characteristic humility, when he says, "Though I have laboured with anxious and unremitting industry, and have spared neither toil nor time, but with fear and trembling, and not without many prayers, have devoted every power to the endeavour to develope the outward meaning and connexion of this stupendous revelation, I yet feel, from my very heart, how feeble that effort has been, how inexpressive my words, how powerless my grasp, how imperfect my delineation." But his Commentary will, we doubt not, be generally hailed as a valuable addition to our biblical literature; and the volumes yet to follow will be looked for with great interest.

A Commentary on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to the Colossians. By John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature to the United Presbyterian Church. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Co.

Professor Eadie thus explains his purpose in issuing the work before us: "My aim has been to trace and illustrate the thoughts of the inspired writer, to arrive at a knowledge of the truths which he has communicated, by an analysis of the words which he has employed." We think that the Professor has attained a large share of success in the prosecution of his object. We are, on the whole, well pleased with his translation of the Epistle: in many instances he has undoubtedly exhibited the Apostle's meaning more clearly and forcibly than the Authorized Version.

Dr. Eadie has borne in mind the peculiar character and circumstances of the people whom St. Paul addresses. The Phrygians (whose capital was Colosse) were strongly inclined to wild superstition. Their religious worship was a species of delirious fanaticism. The national temperament was dark and mystical; they were powerfully attracted to any extravagance that laid claim to a fellowship with the spiritual world. This impulsive disposition, in connexion with an uncultivated intellect, exposed the Colossians to those errors mentioned by Paul in this Epistle,—"an intruding into things not seen, will-worship, and a

neglecting of the body." His fears were awakened, and prompted his clear and faithful exposure of their dangers. We are disposed to conclude, that the errors upon which the Apostle animadverts, were not yet fully developed into system; they were indicated, thrown up by the current, and thus discovered prevailing tendencies, but were not shaped into formal and defined heresy. These errors arose in the Church and were produced by a combination of influences. The party who taught them were not unbelievers; they assumed no hostility to Christ and His claims; they sought not to subvert Christianity, but to perfect it. They did not deny Christ, but they discrowned Him. The Lord of angels was placed among the angels, as if He had been a selected delegate out of many illustrious compeers. That He was superhuman, they did not deny; but that He was truly human, they did more than question. His atonement was not rejected, but it was undervalued. Ascetic austerities and mystical speculations took the place of reliance upon Christ's propitiation.

Confused notions of the spiritual world prevailed. The Gospel was shorn of its simplicity, and grievous errors mingled with most important truths. In striving to adapt it to a vain philosophy, they deprived Christianity of its light and power. They sought peace and purity by ceremonial observances and rigid mortifications, and were "subject to ordinances" of men, in respect "of meats, and drinks, and holy days." They thus injured the Church by placing the commandments of God and the traditions of men upon the same level. They aimed at what the Gospel promised, but not in the spirit of implicit reliance upon that Christ whom the Gospel revealed.

This exposition we have carefully read, and with unusual satisfaction. The following specimen of exegesis we select with pleasure, and commend the work with confidence to the Ministers of the Church, and also to those private Christians whose tastes and opportunities lead them to such studies; assured that both parties will feel grateful to Dr. Eadie for the additional obligation imposed upon them by the publication of such a work. The comment is on the twelfth verse of the first chapter:—"Inheritance of the saints in *light*." "Heaven is a region of light. The radiance of Him who is light streams through it, and envelopes all the children of the light who live and walk in its lustre. A happy and unfailing intuition, sustained by its vicinity to the uncreated mind, is the source of unchequered and perfect knowledge. Intellectual refinement is robed in 'the beauty of holiness.' The brilliancy of the Divine Image is reflected from every stainless heart, and the material glory of the residence is only surpassed by its spiritual splendour. That light is liable to no revolution, and suffers no eclipse; it glows with unchanging permanence, and, meeting with no obstruction, creates no shadow. For they are 'saints' who dwell in this kingdom, adorned with purity and perfection. Now, such being the nature of the inheritance, it is not difficult to discover what are the elements of meetness for it. Man is incapable of enjoying it by nature; 'For darkness covers his mind, and impurity has seized upon his heart, and he must needs be changed.' (John iii. 3.) He has no loyalty to its God, no love to its Saviour, no relish for its pursuits, and no sympathy with its inhabitants. His nature must be brought into harmony with the scene, and into congeniality with the occupa-

tions of such a world of light. So that every element of mental obscurity, all that tends to the dark and dismal in temperament, and all that veils the nobility of an heir of God, is dissolved, and fades away in the superior glory. The 'saints' possess it, therefore their sanctification is complete. No taint of sin remains, no trace of previous corruption can be discerned. The language of prayer is superseded by that of praise, and the tongue shall be a stranger for ever to moaning and confession. None but the saints, as being 'light in the Lord,' can dwell without light. An unregenerate spirit would feel itself so solitary and so unhappy, especially as it saw its hideousness mirrored in that sea of glass which sleeps before the throne, that it would rather plunge for relief into the gloom of hell, and there for a moment feel itself at ease among others so like it in punishment and crime. Again, the one inheritance is shared by *many* participants, and they who are to enjoy it are made meet for *social* intercourse. Selfishness vanishes before universal love, the intense yearnings of a spiritual brotherhood are developed and perfected; for the entire assemblage is so united as if only one heart thrilled in their bosom, while one song bursts from their lips."

Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day. By Edward About. Translated by Authority. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable. 1855.

This is a recent addition to the excellent little series of Miscellaneous Foreign Literature which we have already introduced to our readers. It is written with great vivacity, and bears every mark of truthfulness. And if truthful, our worst suspicions respecting the Greek character would seem to be confirmed. The statements made by M. About constitute a serious bill of indictment against a people who recently possessed the good will and sympathies of Western Europe. The manners of even the educated portion of the community would appear to be extremely uncaptivating, to use the mildest word at our command. Their want of courtesy to the female sex, their faithlessness to engagements, their inhospitable behaviour to foreigners, their greed of gain, and their cowardice,—make altogether a tableau upon which the eye does not love to dwell. M. About is a man with a character to lose, and we presume would not have ventured to make such circumstantial statements, so damaging to the people amongst whom he has sojourned, unless prepared to maintain their correctness.

Of the public notabilities of Greece, the Queen only appears to possess a distinctive character, and of her M. About thus writes:—

"The Queen is a woman of thirty-five, who will not grow old for a long time; her *embonpoint* will preserve her. She is of a powerful and vigorous constitution, backed by an iron health. Her beauty, famous fifteen years ago, may still be perceived, although delicacy has given way to strength. Her face is full and smiling, but somewhat stiff and prim; her look is gracious, but not affable; it would seem as though she smiled provisionally, and that anger was not far off. Her complexion is slightly heightened in colour, with a few imperceptible red lines, which will never grow pale. Nature has provided her with

a remarkable appetite, and she takes four meals every day, not to speak of sundry intermediate collations. One part of the day is devoted to gaining strength, and the other to expending it. In the morning the Queen goes out into her garden, either on foot, or in a little carriage, which she drives herself. She talks to her gardeners, she has trees cut down, branches pruned, earth levelled; she takes almost as much pleasure in making others move, as in moving herself, and she never has so good an appetite as when the gardeners are hungry. After the midday repast, and the following *siesta*, the Queen goes out riding, and gets over a few leagues at a gallop to take the air. In the summer she gets up at three in the morning, to go to bathe in the sea at Phalerum; she swims, without getting tired, for an hour together. In the evening she walks, after supper, in her garden. In the ball season she never misses a waltz, or a quadrille, and she never seems tired or satisfied."

The volume affords many quotable passages, but it is small and cheap, and we must send our readers to cull for themselves.

The Intellect, the Emotions, and the Moral Nature. By the Rev. William Lyall, Free College, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1855.

THE *scientific* character of this work will bear comparison with other modern works on the same subject, and is all the better for the Author's not having been carried from his proper course, as certain others of considerable name have been, "by the *prestige* of the German philosophy and its outlandish nomenclature." And, what is a still higher recommendation, it renders to the authority of scriptural truth, as well as to that of common sense, a deference not always apparent in modern systems of philosophy. An analysis of the work, in this place, is impracticable. But the following are specimens, under each of its three divisions, of the style and spirit of the author.

Under the division of the Intellect, in reference to our earliest ideas of an external world,—after stating, at some length, the theory of Dr. Brown upon that subject, in answer to it, he says, "The process by which we pass *from an external feeling* to an external object as its cause, must ever remain unaccountable, but on the ground of an original and intuitive law of the mind. We believe in our own consciousness, as intimating a personal existence, according to the same kind of law. We might have had that consciousness for ever, and never passed to the idea of personal existence, without such a law or tendency of the mind,—a tendency, like all its original tendencies, wisely stamped upon it by the Creator. The will of God, and the constitution which God has stamped upon mind, and that in its relations to an external world, is the only way of accounting for the idea or belief in question." He adds, with respect to the various theories which have been put forth from the time of Plato downwards, "They all proceed upon the necessity of accounting for what should have been left unaccounted for from the beginning,"—attempting an explanation of what is inexplicable, except by admitting the will of the Creator as a sufficient cause.

Again, after mentioning the "greater intellectual and spiritual yearning of this age, he proceeds, "Mental philosophy must strike in

with this hopeful characteristic. The productions of the pulpit (also) must excel the tendency. The tone struck must not be lowered in the teachings from the sacred rostrum; and it is interesting to think that, the more spiritual the ministrations of the pulpit are, they will the more meet both the intellectual and the spiritual wants of the age. Spiritual truth will always be found in advance of intellectual, or it will embrace it. Literary beauties, too, will always be found not far off from genuine spirituality, as flowers grow spontaneously in Paradise. Let us be assured of even the uncultivated mind uttering spiritual truths, and we are certain it will compel the most uncultivated to listen, and draw forth the homage of the highest intellect."

And how just, as well as beautiful, is the following supplement to Dr. Brown's enumeration of the *secondary* laws *of the* Association of Ideas! "There is an influential association principle which should not be passed over in connexion with this subject; we mean *spirituality* of mind, or that state of mind produced by the reception of the Gospel, and the regenerating grace of God. This gives a peculiar direction to all the thoughts. Where there is true spirituality, it will exert a more powerful influence than any other associating principle whatever. It will take all the rest into its own direction. It will be above and around all,—form the element of all. Science will not be contemplated but in connexion with the more astonishing display which God has made of His perfections in the scheme of redemption. The plurality of worlds will be reviewed, as the theatre of God's moral attributes, and in its connexion with the superior honour conferred upon this earth, as the scene of redemption. The song of the angels will be re-echoed, 'The whole *earth* is full of His glory.' Nature will not be contemplated apart from—not merely God in nature, but—Christ, or faith within; and the life of faith will find every thing capable of reminding of Him, or yielding some lesson connected with the spiritual life which is hid with Christ in God."

In the same strain of reverence for Scripture and common-sense, under the division of the Emotions, he says, "Philosophy has contented herself with an incomplete view, is limited to the present state of man, and is not carried up to one of superiority and perfection. Man is not now what he once was. It is from a very different point of view, that we *now* contemplate his whole mental and spiritual constitution. We see it deranged, or broken into fragments,—or an element in it, which introduces an entirely new set of phenomena. Whenever we enter the emotional department of our nature, this element must be taken into account. We cannot otherwise properly deal with the phenomena that are presented. It is not with this department, as with that of mind simply. There we had the phenomena simply, without any disturbing element to take into view. Now we have this element continually to have regard to. Writers on this department have, for the most part, had no regard to this element."

Under the division of the Moral Nature, we would hardly say, as he does, on the subject of the eternal and immutable distinctions between right and wrong, that "we may put the law of those distinctions in a place of authority in which it can be regarded *apart from* Him." We yet concur with him in the following observations: "Now," at least, "in our *fallen* state, God gathers up the prin-

ciples of moral rectitude, and imposes them as a law upon us. He has now authoritatively promulgated it, while before He had written it only on the heart. He has challenged it as His law. He has put His will *directly* in the case. It is His law now pre-eminently. He has published the rule of life. He has put it on the tables of stone. He has given His *imprimatur* to it."

We regret our inability to make further extracts, and, without intending to commit ourselves to all his opinions or expressions, very heartily introduce it to the attention of our readers, as a work of more than ordinary interest and value.

The Wonders of Science: or, Young Humphry Davy (the Cornish Apothecary's Boy, who taught himself Natural Philosophy, and eventually became President of the Royal Society). The Life of a Wonderful Boy, written for Boys. By Henry Mayhew. London: David Bogue. 1855.

Of the numerous Christmas gifts, suitable for young people which are now offered to the public, we can conscientiously recommend the above. The subject is well chosen, and the style decidedly above what is generally thought requisite for the purpose. The career of Sir Humphry Davy is not followed with chronological accuracy; but its main portions are wrought into a very pleasing tale, and the interest it excites is likely to be of permanent benefit to the young. It is intended to create a taste for that self-education which is sure to follow a strong tendency to any particular branch of knowledge. Mr. Mayhew, while adapting his book to the present state of science, has deviated as little as possible from the biographical facts, and has striven to be true to the character of his hero, which, after all, is the great thing required in "story-books." He has endeavoured to show youths that they have it in their own power to do as the Cornish apothecary's boy did, if they will but set about the work, quickened with the same determination to succeed. To prove our assertion, that the book is written in a style beyond what is customary in books of this class, (and we have constantly protested against writing down to the capacities of young people,) we give a portion of the description of the scenery of the Land's End: "Despite the blocks of granite that protruded through the land, like the bones of the earth itself, the ground round about was rich in parts with flowers. Now the soil was purple with the richest heaths, and now it was yellow as a plate of gold with the bloom of the dwarf-furze, the latter filling the air with a perfume like apricots, while the green patches of grass were almost iridescent with the various wild flowers that peeped with their delicate blossoms from out the blades. The air, too, was savoury with the odour of the sea, and fresh with the spray that, like a dew, brushed against the cheek. Still, amidst the solemn convulsion of rocks, and the vast belt of water which encompassed the beholder as far as the sight could stretch, a feeling of overpowering loneliness—a sense of one's own insignificance and helplessness, such as travellers are said to feel in deserts—oppressed the mind there,—*there*, at the very brink, as it were, of one's native country,—the last bit of the land with which

all one's affections and associations were linked,—and wrapped in a ghastly silence, that was broken only by the moan-like booming of the monster sea, as it beat into the cavities of the cliff far beneath the feet, or, now and then, by the shrill shrieking of the cormorant, or the whirr of some passing sea-mew's wing." The scientific descriptions are lucid, and well illustrated by diagrams, and the volume is beautified by some excellent woodcuts.

Woman in the Nineteenth Century, and kindred Papers relating to the Sphere, Condition, and Duties of Woman. By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Boston: Jewett. 1855.

We have been greatly disappointed in this volume. It is the "expansion," truly, of an article which originally appeared in a Boston paper, entitled, "The Great Lawsuit,—Man *versus* Men; Woman *versus* Women." What that might mean, is not very intelligible to us on this side the water; but it seems it was a vindication of "woman's rights," as they are called. Whatever power that article may have possessed, it seems to be lost by being dilated into a volume, which is a medley of middling and very indifferent things, put together with little judgment, and without any obvious plan. The style is a sort of cross between German and American, which confounds us. To say that it is un-English, might not, by the friends of the authoress, be thought much condemnation; but we believe neither reader nor writer can understand some portions of the book. The opening sentences of a goodly volume ought certainly to bespeak the favourable opinion of the reader; yet the following are from the first page:—

"If, oftentimes, we see the prodigal son feeding on the husks in the fair field no more his own, anon we raise the eyelids, heavy from bitter tears, to behold in him the radiant apparition of genius and love, demanding not less than the all of goodness, power and beauty. We see that in him the largest claim finds a due foundation. That claim is for no partial sway, no exclusive possessions. He cannot be satisfied with any one gift of life, any one department of knowledge or telescopic peep at the heavens. He feels himself called upon to understand and aid nature, that she may, through his intelligence, be raised and interpreted; to be a student of, and servant to, the universe-spirit; and king of his planet, that, as an angelic minister, he may bring it into conscious harmony with the law of that spirit."

We have given the punctuation as it is given to us. This may be fine writing, for any thing we know; but we decline the task of stating what it means, especially the last sentence, with its jumble of images. The book is written mainly in the same style.

Its aim, as far as we can judge, is to advocate the cause of woman; and much do we desire to see her claims earnestly, but judiciously, pleaded. But it is not by urging that she should mount the rostrum as well as wield the pen; or by such unscriptural dogmas, as that "the husband is *not* the head of the wife, because God has given her a mind of her own;" by which reason no mother can rule her children, because God has also given them "a mind of their own." The province of woman, and her capabilities and sympathies, agree; and a *truly* "strong-minded woman" is rejoiced to meet the obligations of her position, and to find her meed in her own conscience, and the

approbation of the wise and good. Woman needs a higher education to show of what she is capable, and to enable her to become a better wife and mother. And the time is come when her "non-existence," in some important civil respects, ought to cease. But the adjustment of her rights is a large question, and needs much consideration. Like every other question, it has two sides; and woman's original and scriptural position, and her natural weakness, give her a proper sense of dependence, and just claims for protection and help. Much is equitably yielded to her; and in proportion to the progress of civilization, or rather of Christianity,—the parent of true civilization,—the position of woman is improved. But our authoress abnegates Christianity, rather than opposes it. Human nature in the "Christ-child" only needs to be cultivated, and all needful virtues may be produced, and society raised to the required level. This is our gravest objection,—that the book is without principles, and practically ignores Christianity. Such books do immense mischief, by habituating the minds of readers to the exclusion of the greatest moral forces in the greatest of moral questions. A misty atmosphere is created, where there can be no clear outline of truth, no moral perspective, no proportion, no true colouring. Nothing is taught, nothing is realized; but human nature is left to yearn after some undefined good; and, without any Divine help, or objective truth, is left to feel its way through important duties, having a vital connexion with morals and a life to come; yet without a motive from Christianity, or a reference to its obligations and final recompenses. We are wearied of it; and prefer, infinitely, the philosophy of common-sense, and the plain truths of the Bible. Our English taste requires, on behalf of woman, a different class of books; and we may challenge all countries to show more practical regard to woman, in her rights and influence, her heart and power than among us. "England is the paradise of women," after all; and that because we love facts and plain sense, and prefer Christianity to "philosophy and science, falsely so called."

A Summary of the Evidence of the Existence of the Deity; Abstract, and from the Works of Nature: with an Answer to the more usual Objections against Natural, but especially against Revealed, Religion. By the Rev. J. Taylor, M. D. London: Longmans. 1855.

Generally speaking, inquiries and researches like those before us are unpopular with the bulk of readers, because they are not well written, but very dry, without charm in the style, and devoid of interest in the course of thought and illustration. Many, indeed, assume that the discussion is superfluous; but surely to the Christian reader it cannot be uninteresting or unprofitable; for objective religion is the knowledge of God; and the various modes in which, besides the primary and supreme one, God reveals Himself, clearly show His purpose, that men should study the various revelations for their instruction and delight,—to improve their religion, and to enhance their devotion.

It is difficult to construct the *à priori* argument for the existence of God, so as to give satisfaction to a dozen acute metaphysicians;

yet we venture to express our conviction that Mr. Taylor's is logically consecutive and equitable,—a fair and sound argument. The evidence *à posteriori* is very full and satisfactory. But this argument is cumulative; and to the end of time will expand and grow. All remarks, especially in natural science, augment the proofs; and new books will always be written by those who gather and skilfully arrange the materials which others, without intending to illustrate natural theology, have accumulated. Mr. Taylor has done this with great judgment and acuteness; and we trust his book will be largely read by those for whom it is especially intended,—those middle classes, who are, after all, the people who can fully appreciate an intelligent book, giving the results of considerable reading and close thought. His volume may not attain to the wide acceptance and success of Archdeacon Paley's; but it will grow into fame, or we greatly mistake its value.

The Monarchy of France: its Rise, Progress, and Fall. By William Tooke, F.R.S. London: Sampson Low. 1855.

Mr. Tooke's volume is not a consecutive history of France; neither is it a series of historical pictures. To the student of history it will prove more valuable than either. It is in the form of annals, and embodies information not readily found elsewhere. The tabular matter is extensive and interesting, and is particularly rich respecting the Revolutionary period. We may mention the "Alphabetical List of Deputies to the States-General," the "New French Calendar adjusted to the Old," as well as the account of the style and duration of the several Governments, Directorial, Consular, Imperial, and then, again, Royal, Provisional, Republican, and Imperial, which have prevailed in France since the dissolution of the National Convention.

Natural Goodness: or, Honour to whom Honour is Due. Suggestions towards an appreciative View of Moral Men, the Philosophy of the present System of Morality, and the Relation of Natural Virtue to Religion. By the Rev. T. F. Randolph Mercein, M.A. New York: Carlton and Phillips. 1855.

Let no hyper-orthodox reader be alarmed at the above title. We at once assure him that our author is sound in the faith, notwithstanding his blazoning what might be deemed such a doubtful title-page. It is a capital book, written in sound English, with deep earnestness and just discrimination. Forsaking alike the beaten path of sermonising, the flowery one of technical phrases of religious experience, and the thorny one of systematic theology, he proposes to meet one particular class of intelligent persons, enjoying Christian advantages,—those who possess a considerable measure of comparative goodness, yet are unconscious of their utterly depraved nature and personal guilt. The operation of that law of Divine Providence by which the virtues most beneficial to society are most beneficial to the individual, brings upon them many temporal blessings; and this, with the consciousness of possessing a high degree of social morality and rectitude, furnishes presumptions against all notions of

deep guiltiness. These are dealt with as a class clearly to be distinguished from gross sinners, but as truly needing personal repentance, faith in the great Atonement, and spiritual regeneration. The true principle of morality is shown to be religion, or the love of God, resulting, by a Divine and gracious appointment, from faith in the one sacrifice for sin. We thank Mr. Mercein for a volume which treats on a topic which but few writers in our own country, except Dr. Chalmers, have treated *specifically;* our author has dealt with it boldly and yet tenderly,—with equal fidelity and skill.

The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith. By John Forster, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth." A New Edition. With Forty Woodcuts after Designs by C. Stanfield, R.A., D. Maclise, R.A., John Leech, &c. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1855.

THIS is an abridged edition of Mr. Forster's former two volumes. Although we think so highly of the merits of the work that we would recommend its perusal after each reading of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," if one wou'd obtain a complete view of the circle which revolved round that great man, we could still have desired some further curtailment. Mr. Forster interrupts the narrative too often by his own reflections. He might have shown more confidence in his reader's ability to draw his own conclusions; and he might have remembered the opinion of Goldsmith's uncouth but noble-hearted friend, as given by himself: "The man who tells the world shortly what it wants to know, will, with his plain, full narrative, please again and again; while the more cumbrous writer, still interposing *himself* before what you wish to know, is crushed with his own weight, and buried under his own ornaments." We also observe a tone of querulousness, and a degree of self-assertion, very characteristic of a certain literary *clique* of the metropolis, which are by no means pleasant. Having thus expressed our opinion of the defects of the volume, we conclude by recommending our readers to invest seven-and-sixpence in its purchase. The woodcuts are admirable.

Controversial Correspondence between the Rev. Paul M'Lachlan, Roman Catholic Priest in Falkirk, and R. W. Kennard, Esq., of Grahamston, N. B., and Upper Thames Street, London. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1855.

THIS Correspondence was carried on in the "Britannia," and the "Glasgow Free Newspaper," during a period extending from December, 1853, to May, 1855, and comprehending sixty-nine letters, written at such length as to occupy nearly seven hundred pages. Many of the points on which Protestants and Papists differ from each other are largely canvassed and disputed, and with apparently as much good temper on each side as could reasonably be expected. But, after some time, the controversy is brought to an abrupt termination by Mr. M'Lachlan's suddenly discovering, that it had been evident that, in contending with such an opponent as Mr. Kennard, he was, in a great measure, losing his time;—no doubt!—and that a victory over

him, however decisive, could bring him neither literary honour, nor religious merit, nor even—

> "That stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

The discovery was made—fortunately, we may believe, for Mr. M'Lachlan, since he gave up the field at the time—just when the controversialists were about to enter on the *peculiar* doctrines of the Romish Church. Such controversies often originate in accidental circumstances; but that does not diminish, nay, it often enhances, their claim to be regarded as possessing a permanent interest and value. The value is greatly increased, in the present instance, by the addition of a very copious Index. For this reason, as well as for the ability displayed on our side of the question, we recommend our readers to place it among their books of reference.

The Suffering Saviour: or, Meditations of the Last Days of Christ on Earth. By the Rev. Frederick W. Krummacher, D.D., Chaplain to His Majesty the King of Prussia. Translated, under the express Sanction of the Author, by Samuel Jackson. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1856.

THE design of the Author of these Meditations is, to "display to his readers, at least, a portion of those riches which are contained in the inexhaustible treasury of our Saviour's sufferings;" and which are considered under the separate *heads* of the "Outer Court," the "Holy Place," and the "Most Holy Place," for the purpose of marking out the different stages of those sufferings, from their commencement to their close. The work appeared originally in a series of Discourses; but, in order to render it more generally acceptable and useful, the translator has moulded it into a form more appropriate to its title; although, here and there, the original form of discourse is clearly retained. A name so well established as that of Krummacher among evangelical writers, will now give currency to every thing he publishes; but this work may well stand on its own merits, apart from the *prestige* which it gathers from Dr. Krummacher's former publications. We are under no obligation to adopt certain views on certain points; and we may take leave to think, that some of his *descriptions*—considering the mysteries with which they are connected—are rather *too* closely descriptive. But the *theology* of the work is not spoiled by *philosophy*, which, for a continental writer on biblical subjects, we hold to be great praise; and he writes in a *spirit* which can hardly fail to leave upon the minds of his readers a good impression.

Sermons for the Times. By Charles Kingsley. London: Parker. 1855.

A NEW thing in the earth,—a volume of Sermons without Preface, explanation, apology, or petition! Several of these Discourses have reference to the "Church Catechism," and uphold that controverted type of a Christian's faith as most sound and unquestionable, and to

be received with most hearty faith and dutiful submission. Even its omissions are represented as most commendable points. The teaching of the volume is in accordance with these views; it is very general, and the author glories in it. It justly reverences the memory of England's greatest worthies, the martyrs for the doctrine of justification by faith; but we take leave to say, that if *they* had not had more definite and scriptural views of the doctrine than are here exhibited, they would not have found in it the motive and strength for such terrible sufferings. It is not correct to say, that "they taught the children simply about God; who He was, and what He had done for them and all mankind; that so they might learn to love Him, and look up to Him in faith, and trust utterly to Him, and so remain justified and right, saved and safe for ever." They sent every one to *Christ* for salvation, and declared that justification might be forfeited and lost, and could only be restored and recovered by "turning again to God unfeignedly," to be again "washed by this sacrifice from their sins." They taught that it is essential to our justification that, "on Christ's part, there should be the satisfaction of God's justice, or the price of our redemption, by the offering of His body and shedding of His blood; and, upon our part, true and lively faith in the merits of Jesus Christ; which yet is not ours, but by God's working in us." They taught the people, many of whom were but children in understanding, these and cognate truths, as the guide and support of faith. They did *not* teach that the Church Catechism will make children good, "giving them an honest, frank, sober, English temper of mind;" and that the failures arose "from the Catechism being neglected for the sake of cramming the children's brains with scholarship, or because the Catechism has not been honestly taught." The volume is pervaded by these errors; and children of the Church by baptism are thus taught to look upon God as their Father, and to rest there.

We do not like the teaching of this volume, for we believe it to be seriously erroneous and mischievous; but the style is admirable. It is dogmatic, earnest, sensible, plain, and colloquial, without being offensive. It is the style which the pulpit greatly needs,—*earnest talk on subjects well thought out*,—and in this respect we greatly commend the volume.

Philips's Atlas of Classical, Historical, and Scriptural Geography, comprehensively illustrating the various Countries, Conquests, Kingdoms, and Distribution of Races, from the remotest Ages of the World; with Topographical Details of the celebrated Localities, Battle-fields, Sieges, &c., of Antiquity, affording a comparative View of Ancient and Modern Geography. Liverpool. 1855.

We have quoted the title of this splendid Atlas at length, in order to exhibit its contents. The volume has several novel features; and throughout, as far as we have been able to examine it, gives evidence of great research and accuracy. The obscure geography of the primitive Greeks, and afterwards of Herodotus, Ptolemy, and Strabo, form a suitable prelude to the more perfect attainments of the

Egyptians and of the Hebrews. The Empires of Sesostris, Ninus, and Semiramis; that of Persia, at the time of Cyrus and Darius; of the Medes, the Parthians, and the Kingdom of Macedon; the Expedition of Alexander the Great; of Cyrus the Younger, with the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; and of Hannibal,—all have distinct geographical illustrations, by full and accurate maps. The world, as first peopled after the Flood; and, as the science of Geography became illustrated by discovery, its wider range; the different States of the Grecian and Roman Empires, the countries chiefly implicated in Scripture history; the extent of Mohammedanism; the Crusades for the recovery of the Holy Land; and the various conditions of Europe, from before the invasion of the Huns, A.D. 370, down to the period of the French Revolution,—are all illustrated in this beautiful Atlas. The fifty-one maps are classified under thirty-six subjects. When we get into the defined territories and knowledge of true history, they become intensely interesting, and valuable beyond computation; and show that Geography is truly "one of the eyes of History." The importance of those maps which illustrate great expeditions, voyages, and travels, and especially the scenes of great battles, will be at once evident; and the present Atlas abounds in them. The names of places are numerous and clear, the boundaries carefully traced; and the tinting is transparent and harmonious in colouring.

We should have been glad had the volume been accompanied by some letter-press introductions, containing a short history, both of the subject treated, and the authorities relied upon. And we think the page before us would have looked brighter, if the ocean-shading had not been so dark. In other respects, the execution is most beautiful; and the enterprise and labours of the spirited publishers deserve the largest public support.

Messrs. Philips and Son have nearly completed a Commercial Atlas, which, from the parts we have seen, we are sure will be a fit companion volume to the present Classical one.

Handbook of Natural Philosophy. By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L., formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in University College, London. Mechanics: with 357 Illustrations. Vol. I. Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, and Heat: with 292 Illustrations. London: Walton and Maberly. 1855.

The older cultivators of science must be greatly amazed at the change in the class of introductory works since the time when they commenced their studies. Scientific instruction is now become absolutely seductive, and the royal road to learning, whose existence has so often been denied, would seem to have been actually discovered. The happy idea has been conceived and acted upon, that only the masters of a science are fit to stand at the porch and introduce aspiring candidates to its mysteries.

The volumes before us may fairly be termed classical; and we cannot imagine that any one will be bold enough to attempt to provide competing Handbooks of Natural Philosophy for some time to

come. The subjects are unfolded to the reader by such gradual steps, the illustrations are so simple and intelligible, and the descriptions are so devoid of mathematical technicalities, that nothing seems wanting that might urge the student on his way, or smooth the difficulties of his path.

Excelsior: Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature. Vols. III. and IV. London: Nisbet. 1855.

This serial continues fully to make good its title and professions. Each volume is welcomed by intelligent young folks as if it were a Christmas gift; and, while it maintains the intrinsic value of its predecessors, it has the freshness that belongs only to perennial verdure and bubbling springs. The articles are very condensed and brief, so that a new series is begun in each new volume. "Life in its Intermediate Forms," and "Ourselves," are papers that are deservedly popular. The notices of the most valuable publications, and the chief events of each month, are always acceptable. We are much delighted with the woodcuts: they are few, but they are gems, perfect gems; their force, sharpness, brilliancy, and softness, surprise us. We can only say that the young people of our circle will be sorry when the series of "Excelsior" shall close.

Life and Times of the Rev. Elijah Hedding, D.D., late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By the Rev. D. W. Clark, D.D. New York: Carlton and Phillips. 1855.

We are sorry that want of space prevents our giving more than a cursory notice of this beautiful volume; beautiful in every respect,—its subject, the treatment of it, and its getting up. Bishop Hedding was born in America in 1780. He found religion among the Methodists when about eighteen years of age; and in three years he entered upon the public ministry. He was a most energetic, judicious, and faithful Minister for upwards of fifty years; "a pattern of Christian propriety and integrity, and a model Bishop." His ministry extended over a period of the greatest excitement, and full of the most pregnant events in the New World and its Churches; so that his Memoirs are replete with the most valuable information and heart-stirring incidents. But it would require a lengthened article to do the most ordinary justice to topics such as these; and we must, for the present, forego the pleasure of endeavouring to portray a man whose character may challenge the strictest scrutiny, and whose life was a most illustrative comment on his teaching.

The Museum of Science and Art. Edited by Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. Illustrated by Wood Engravings. Vols. V.–VIII. London: Walton and Maberly. 1855.

We can only repeat the commendations we have before given of this beautiful series of *Science made easy*. The explanations are exceedingly lucid, and, although brief, they are sufficient. The "Common Things" will give an ingenious youth a powerful impulse

to think, explain, and invent for himself. We are glad to see the Microscope receive a fair share of attention; and only wish that good instruments could be brought more within the reach of those whose pecuniary resources are much more narrow than their desire for knowledge. The last volume contains a very good chapter on Instinct and Intelligence, although, if our space would permit, we should find occasion to dispute some of Dr. Lardner's positions.

These volumes derive immense advantage from the profusion, correctness, and beauty of their illustrations; and we consider "The Museum" to be among the most interesting, the *cheapest*, and best of the serials now so numerous.

The Footsteps of St. Paul. By the Author of "The Morning and Night Watches," &c. Second Edition. London: Nisbet and Co. 1855.

THIS belongs to a class of books which we rejoice to see multiplying. The Scripture narrative is formed into a consecutive story, and illustrated by a reference to the history and geography of the period. Much of the valuable information is reduced from the standard works of Conybeare and Howson, Kitto, and Stanley. It contains some elegant engravings.

A Popular Harmony of the Bible, Historically and Chronologically arranged. By H. M. Wheeler. London: Longmans. 1855.

A VALUABLE little volume, containing a well-digested harmony of the Old and New Testaments, and a compendious history of the period between the two. Mr. Wheeler has also condensed a good deal of matter in reference to various biblical subjects, such as quotations, parallels, the arrangement of prophecies, the Jewish Comments, Sects, Calendars, &c. It will be useful to heads of families, and even to lie on the study-table of Ministers; and it has our hearty commendatio n.

Nineveh and Persepolis: an Historical Sketch of Ancient Assyria and Persia, with an Account of the Recent Researches in those Countries. By W. S. W. Vaux, M.A., Assistant in the Department of Antiquities, British Museum. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1855.

THE object of this little book is to furnish the general reader with a clear and intelligent idea of what has been accomplished in the recent discoveries in Assyria and Persia. A considerable portion of the book consists of extracts from Mr. Layard and other travellers in the East; but the author has shown great judgment in his selections, and has avoided the fault so general in abridgments,—that of sacrificing the spirit and force of the original work for the sake of conciseness. As an introduction to these accounts, we have presented to us a very clear and succinct history of the Assyrian and Persian Empires, tracing the former from its first mention in the Scriptures, down to

the period of its being merged in the Persian Empire; and continuing the latter until the Mohammedan era.

The illustrations, which are numerous, are taken principally from the monuments recently placed in the British Museum, and are therefore, to that extent, similar to those published in Mr. Layard's work.

We think the author has well fulfilled his intentions; and that his book will be found, to use his own words, "useful to those whose object, or whose time, does not admit of separate investigation."

MISCELLANEA.

Letters of John Calvin, compiled from the original Manuscripts, and edited, with Historical Notes, by Dr. Jules Bonnet. Translated from the Latin and French Languages by David Constable. Vol. I. Edinburgh, 1855. The admirers of the great Reformer will shortly have no reason to complain. When this series of his voluminous correspondence is completed, in four demy octavos, nearly the whole of Calvin's writings will be accessible to the English reader. The present publication is full of interest, biographical and historical; and the general student will probably esteem it of more value than the author's famous Commentaries.—*Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects. Cambridge: Macmillan.* 1855. The topics of this volume were chosen with some reference to the "plan of a Female College for the help of the rich and the poor;" but their value is not really so limited. Many of the Lectures, as those on "Law as it affects the Poor," and on "Sanitary Law," have interest for men as well as women; and such teachers as Kingsley and Trench will always reward the attention, even when they do not completely carry the assent.—*Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty. Discourses by John James Tayler, B.A.* This belongs to a very unsatisfactory class of books. Mr. Tayler writes in a devout and elevated style; but the reader is startled, every now and then, by grave doubts as to his belief in the reality even of the life and death and resurrection of our Lord. The author has great admiration for the sentimental part of our religion, but seems to discourage the vulgar notion of its positive and historic basis. This is transcendental Christianity. What would Mr. Tayler think of a transcendental astronomy, which accepted the doctrines of gravitation, motion, distances, &c., but denied the existence of the heavenly bodies?—*Patriarchy: or, The Family; its Constitution and Probation. By John Harris, D.D. Partridge and Oakey.* 1855. The learned author proceeds with eminent success in the evolution and application of his great argument. We hope at some future time to review the series of which this volume is a part.—*Agamemnon the King: a Tragedy. From the Greek of Æschylus, by William Blew, M.A.* Mr. Blew has produced a very interesting volume. His translation of the Agamemnon is, in many parts, truly fine, and, in spite of some doubtful experiments in metre, we think the author has surpassed the great majority of his predecessors. His Prologue evinces a genuine poetic vein; his Preface and illustrations an equal share of learning and taste.

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